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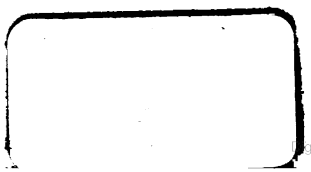
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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL PAPERS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

THE SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,

ETC.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
AIRD AND BURSTALL, PUBLISHERS, TAVISTOCK-STREET,
COVENT-GARDEN.
1844.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY AIRD AND BURSTALL, TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

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PREFACE.

In submitting to the public the Forty-third volume of The Mirror, little need be said of a periodical, which, small though it be, is read and approved in every civilised country. It was lately shown by a quotation from a journal published in that quarter of the globe, that even in Africa, it is held in high estimation. Testimonials equally flattering could be adduced from quarters still more remote, to prove that it is known "to all the ends of the earth."

While its original character is essentially unimpaired, it cannot have escaped observation that in some respects important changes have lately been made, which it is confidently hoped will be recognised as improvements. More original matter is supplied than it ever contained before, and translations made specially for these pages, will be found very different from the word for word readings which appear elsewhere, which never can convey the true spirit and meaning of an author of merit. To catch the sense, not merely to transcribe the expression, is the true art of translating; and the admiration expressed for the tales which have been furnished from the French and German, within the last half year, sufficiently proves that in this, the opinion of the Conductors of the Mirror is shared by its readers.

New exertions will continue to be made, to deserve a continuance of that favour which has attended this publication through so many years. Its illustrations more than ever varied, reflect whatever is most

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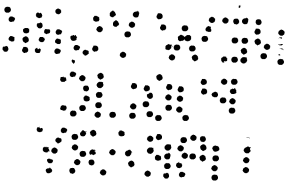
interesting at the passing moment, and aim at perpetuating striking scenes, remarkable inventions, and local improvements, which must prove hereafter valuable.

Looking for additional support as they proceed, the Proprietors will not relax in their exertions to deserve it, always most happy when they can promote the welfare of the votaries of Science and Literature. The able writers who enriched the former volumes continue their support, and many correspondents of distinguished talent have lately assisted with their contributions. Gratefully acknowledging their aid, they have to apologise for the apparent neglect growing out of the confusion inseparable from changing the place of publication. It will be their anxious care to guard against a recurrence of the evil.



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MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS ATTWOOD, ESQ.

Late Member of Parliament for Birmingham.

To the long list of remarkable characters that have appeared, from time to time, in this publication, we are enabled to add as a frontispiece to the present volume, a striking likeness of Thomas Attwood, Esq., drawn by Mr. Wyvill. Those who regard with interest the features of public men, will value the almost speaking picture of a gentleman who has acted so important a part, through a series of years, in connection with public affairs.

This gentleman is the third son of Matthias Attwood, Esq., of Hawn House, near Halesowen, in the county of Salop, and was born on the 6th of October, 1783. At an early age he was sent to the Free Grammar School of Halesowen, and subsequently completed his education at that of Wolverhampton. A few years afterwards he became a partner in the respectable banking establishment, carried on in Birmingham, under the well-known firm of Spooner, Attwoods, and Co.; and scarcely had he completed the twenty-eighth year of his age, when, in October, 1811, he was elected to the office of High Bailiff of Birmingham.

It was at this time that Mr. Attwood thought it right to oppose the commercial monopoly of the East India Company, which he prosecuted with unremitting ardour until he saw its termination. About the same time, he distinguished himself by his exertions to obtain an abandonment of the celebrated *Orders in Council;* and in April, 1812, he headed a deputation of his fellow-townsmen to London, where he was examined at considerable length before the House of Commons, touching their effect upon the commercial interests of the country; when he so forcibly pointed out the disastrous consequences resulting from them, as to be mainly instrumental in causing them to be thrown aside; but not, however, until it was too late to prevent the collision with America which unfortunately ensued, the declaration of war and the repeal crossing each other upon the Atlantic.

Desirous of testifying their gratitude to Mr. Attwood for his exertions on these memorable occasions, the artisans of Birmingham held a meeting in the month of June of the same year, at which they passed the following resolutions:—"1st. That they who endeavour to promote the commercial prosperity of the country, upon which its welfare and happiness so materially depend, deserve the lasting gratitude of the people." 2nd. "That, in particular, we would offer our unfeigned thanks to Thomas Attwood, Esq., High Bailiff of Birmingham, for his invaluable services in

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this cause—services which it were needless to recapitulate, as they are, without doubt, engraven on the memory of every mechanic of this town." 3rd. "That as a farther expression of our gratitude to Thomas Attwood, Esq., a subscription be immediately entered into to defray the expense of a piece of plate, with a suitable inscription, to be presented to him; and as we consider it desirable to have numerous rather than large subscriptions, that no person be allowed to give more than sixpence." The sum of three hundred pounds was thus raised, and at a public meeting convened for the purpose, a superb and massive silver cup, of classic shape, and exquisite workmanship, was presented to Mr. Attwood, amidst the cheers of thousands of his fellow-townsmen, and was acknowledged by him in a speech replete with sentiments of genuine patriotism and philanthropy.

In 1815 and 1816, Mr. Attwood commenced writing on the *Currency*, and shortly afterwards addressed two letters to the Earl of Liverpool, then First Lord of the Treasury, on this most intricate and important subject; and it is a remarkable fact that he continued to publish upon it during every succeeding year for *five and twenty years* afterwards. On the introduction of the measure, commonly designated "*Peel's Bill*," in 1819, he predicted that ruinous consequences would inevitably result from it; and both in and out of Parliament, he has been its most strenuous and determined opponent.

As a means to this end, Mr. Attwood had long been persuaded that a thorough and searching reform in the Commons House of Parliament, was of paramount importance; and with a view to the attainment of that grand object, he formed the bold design of establishing a "Political Union between the Lower and Middle Classes of the People;" and having fully matured his plans, and consulted with his friends respecting the contemplated measure, he convened a meeting of his fellow-townsmen at Beardsworth Repository, in Birmingham, on the 25th of January, 1830; where, after having given to the assembled thousands a detailed statement of his views, the union was instituted under the name of the "*Birmingham Political Union*," and a council was at the same time nominated, with Mr. Attwood as its chairman. During the first and second year of its existence, many thousand persons joined the Birmingham Union, subscribing from four shillings to two guineas each, per annum, and comprising many individuals who afterwards became eminent in public affairs; and such was the importance attached to the principles upon which it was founded, that similar societies were soon formed in London, Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, and innumerable other places.

Without entering into a history of the Birmingham Political Union, which our limits necessarily preclude, it will be sufficient to state that it greatly tended to the success of the Reform Bill; and it is due to Mr. Attwood to remark, that immediately on the passing of that bill, this formidable body of men "*sunk to rest*," as he had often pledged himself that it should, "*as gently as the infant on its mother's breast.*" In the year 1838, it was *reformed*, and for a time it appeared likely to be successful in carrying a further extension of reform; but in the spring of 1839, it was again discontinued, on account of the state of the public mind at that time rendering its movements dangerous to the public peace.

The prominent part which Mr. Attwood had taken in the achievement of this great though peaceful victory, which had been secured without the shedding of a single drop of blood, or the infringement of a single law, was recognised by his grateful countrymen in a variety of ways, but, perhaps, in none more signally than by the citizens of London, who, in Common Council assembled, with the Lord Mayor at their head, presented Mr. Attwood with the freedom of the city, an honour which had previously been conferred only upon royal personages, and upon the most eminent statesmen and public servants. How highly he appreciated this enviable mark of distinction, may be collected from the following short extract from the eloquent speech which he delivered on the occasion, a speech which has literally been *printed in letters of gold*:—"My Lord Mayor, and Gentlemen of this high and honourable Court,—It is not possible that I, on this great occasion, should not feel as a man of sensibility and honour ought to feel—it is not possible that the true spirit of an Englishman should not be kindled within me. I am here this day covered with a great and lasting glory. You have conferred upon me an honour which kings and emperors have coveted, and been desirous to obtain: an honour,

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too, which warriors and statesmen have looked up to, as an accumulation of their glory. Why, then, should not I, a plain and humble citizen of Birmingham, plodding my calm but steady way through the weary and dangerous course of politics, feel more than usual exultation and gratitude at the receiving of such an honour?"

No sooner was Birmingham invested by the Reform Bill with the elective franchise, than Mr. Attwood was singled out by the people he had led on to victory, as their first representative in the Reformed House of Commons. The election took place on the 12th of December, 1832, when Mr. Attwood, having been proposed by Thomas Wright Hill, Esq., and seconded by John Betts, Esq., (two old and staunch reformers) was elected by a unanimous vote of the crowded assembly who had met for that purpose—and Joshua Scholefield, Esq., the respected vice-chairman of the Union, was at the same time elected as Mr. Attwood's colleague, on the nomination of G. F. Muntz, Esq., seconded by Thomas Clark, Esq. The *chairing* of the two members took place on the 17th of the same month, and a memorable day it was for Birmingham. Under the direction of the committee of management, a magnificent car of the most elegant shape was made for the occasion, and the populous district of which Birmingham forms the centre, poured forth its tens of thousands of happy beings to do him honour. It is described to have been a spectacle of surpassing interest; and not only was every window and roof thronged with admiring spectators, but every street through which it passed presented a dense mass of human beings, all seeming to be animated with one common feeling—that of unbounded joy and gratulation.

It were needless to attempt an outline of Mr. Attwood's parliamentary career, the cordial and enthusiastic manner with which his re-appearance among his constituents was always greeted, sufficiently attests the degree of estimation in which his valuable services were held; and but for his resignation, it is probable he would have been again and again returned at every succeeding general election, so long as his life, health, and faculties had been spared. It was from the island of Jersey, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, that Mr. Attwood, on the 9th of December, 1839, transmitted to Birmingham a formal resignation of his seat in Parliament, to the unspeakable regret of the large and intelligent constituency whose esteem and regard he had so completely won by his uniform endeavours to promote their interest in every possible way. In this highly interesting document, which occupied several columns in the newspapers of the day, he gives a masterly and comprehensive view of the existing state of affairs, and of his motives for withdrawing from public life, concluding his address as follows:—"Injured in my health, and mortified to the very heart at the state of things which I have described, both *domestic* and *foreign*, both *in Parliament* and *out of Parliament*, I now retire from political labour. Standing on the rocks of Jersey, or wandering over its most beautiful and happy vallies, I have had leisure to reflect upon the course which duty requires, and I am satisfied that no further sacrifices can justly or beneficially be required of me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your long continued and well-tried confidence in me. I have never solicited the vote of any of you, and I know not that I have ever thanked any one of you, individually, *for* his vote. Your own virtue and public spirit, and your own, too friendly, I fear, appreciation of me and of my character and disposition, have been my only passports to Parliament. You have selected me with a noble and high-minded patriotism. I have had no honours and no emoluments to offer you, and no hopes to allure you. The seat which you gave me I have always held at your command—'at the command of the *electors* or of the *non-electors* of Birmingham.' I now retire from your service, exhausted, disappointed, and mortified, but rejoicing in the reflection that I have never *sold* you, nor *betrayed* you, nor *deceived* you. I do most sincerely hope, that in the choice which now devolves upon you, you will succeed in finding a representative, who, with equal honesty of purpose, will be more successful than I have been in relieving the distress of the people, and averting the *doom* which overhangs our country."

In reference to Mr. Attwood's retirement, a contemporary writer has well remarked, that, "He carries with him into his retirement a name without stain, without reproach, without suspicion. Of honour unquestioned, of intentions pure and disinterested, of temper and deportment mild, benevolent and conciliatory, he has

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contrived during a long life, both in and out of Parliament, to attract more of the kindness and good-will of all parties, than has often fallen to the share of one whose opinions harmonised so indifferently with those of the men by whom he was commonly surrounded. We believe that there is not an individual among his townsmen whose hearty good wishes do not accompany our own,—that as his public life has been one course of uprightness, so may the private life, on which he has now entered, be crowned with comfort and peace."

Since Mr. Attwood's retirement, a meeting of his late constituents has been held for the purpose of testifying their gratitude to him for past services, when, Joshua Scholefield, Esq., M.P., being called to the chair, the two following resolutions were unanimously carried, amidst the most enthusiastic cheering:—1st. "That the exemplary devotion shown by Thomas Attwood, Esq., to the welfare of the commercial and trading classes of the community, during the long course of thirty years—his eminent political services during the struggle for Parliamentary Reform, so successfully crowned by the great act of 1832, and his zeal and integrity, as a member of the Reformed House of Commons, for seven successive sessions, entitle him to the warm and lasting gratitude of the country at large, and in a special manner, to that of his fellow-townsmen, the inhabitants of Birmingham." 2nd. "That in the opinion of this meeting, such gratitude ought to be recorded by some public and permanent monument, which shall be at once worthy of the merits of Mr. Attwood, and of the high character for liberality and intelligence, of this great and populous town."

It is manifestly impossible, within the limits of this brief memoir, to go at large into the merits of Mr. Attwood. As a public speaker, his distinguishing characteristic has ever been a fearless and open exposure of the truth, to all persons and upon all occasions, whether combining the lower and middle classes of the people in Political Unions, or contending with their opponents in the House of Commons. Nothing, it may confidently be affirmed, was ever farther from his thoughts than the practice of "misrepresentation and delusion" (with which he has been charged), unless, perhaps, the desire of promoting violence, or discord, or misery among the people.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

NOTES

ON

GLYPHOGRAPHY.

CHEAP Literature being the order of the day, cheap Art also deserves attention. A better proof of its uninterrupted progress cannot be furnished than in the extraordinary publication (its price borne in mind) now prepared for the patrons of this miscellany; and as many correspondents have written for minute information on the subject, we are anxious to meet their wishes by giving a copiously-illustrated exposition of the art itself, as well as of the means used to make it available.

To reflect objects of interest peculiar to the present time is the proper office of 'The Mirror.' It has therefore been resolved in the present instance to depart from the course which has usually been pursued at the completion of a volume, by giving, instead of the biography of a distinguished individual, a fuller account than has yet been offered of the new process of Glyphography, which has furnished many of the embellishments of the following pages, which is likely to produce important effects in periodical literature, and generally in connexion with the Pictorial Art.

It is hoped the readers of 'The Mirror' will derive no common gratification from the splendid specimens now submitted. Some description of the art of Glyphography will be found in the article on 'Lambeth Palace,' which appeared in September last. Since that period, through the persevering labours of Mr Palmer, it has made gigantic advances towards perfection, and countenanced as it is by many distinguished artists, its importance must continue to increase.

The illustrations we are about to give will convince the most sceptical that effects have already been produced by Glyphography equal to the best specimens of wood engraving. In proof of this, we refer to the beautiful representation of Milton composing his 'Paradise Lost,' which appears as our frontispiece. Its merits are so striking that to comment on them is almost superfluous. It is taken from Messrs Tilt and Bogue's beautiful illustrated edition of 'Milton's Poetical Works,' and is a *fac simile* copy of the original engraving on wood from the drawing of Mr Harvey.

The antiquarians of the present day, like their curious predecessors from the time of Leland, and probably from a much earlier period, are very pathetic on the rapidity with which old buildings, and other memorials of former ages, are vanishing from the face of the metropolis and its environs. Truth to say, their alarm is not groundless; for the march of brick and mortar has been so onward, and so expeditious, that many of the old land marks, as they were considered, have been lost to the view as com-

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pletely as the old houses on London Bridge, London Bridge itself, and London Wall. But the Leland or the Grose of a future day may be for this in some degree consoled, as the pencil is now so industriously plied, that not only will most buildings of importance be faithfully delineated, but the events identified with them will also be pictured; and the attitudes of the actors seized upon by the artist, as well as the more enduring edifice.

Nor is this all, persons of the most exalted station we will not affirm create memorable incidents in order to furnish pictures for those who come after them, but we may say, when it is known that such must occur, they are careful not to let them pass away without sending the presence of some skilful votary of the pencil, that if a stern necessity forbids them to do more than "wear those glories for a day," that, at least, it shall be known to future ages what they were. Thus, the Duke of Wellington has not forbidden a painter to be in attendance at the Waterloo banquet; Queen Victoria allowed the artist a place at her coronation and marriage; and Louis Philippe took especial care that one should not be wanting at the famous Royal interview at Treport.

This being the case, and the taste of the public calling more and more for such gratification, the art of which we are now treating becomes the more important, mingling, as it is likely to do, in all the most animated passages of contemporary history.

In 'The Mirror' of September 30, a brief description of this novel art was given, and the manner of conducting the process. That need not be here repeated, but the following rules for drawing may be acceptable. It is to be observed—

1. That every stroke, dot, or mark of any kind, made on the plate with the view to its ultimate appearance on paper, must be made *quite through* the white *ground*, so that the blackened surface of the copper be distinctly seen either through a glass or with the naked eye; although if, peradventure, the black be removed also, and the bright metal appear, the drawing will be in no way deteriorated thereby; but the artist should observe that all such parts will print as dark as though the *black* were not removed.

2. Every stroke, &c., must be perpendicularly cut out; or, in other words, it must not be *underworked* so as to leave the edges of the lines projecting over the work. Also that every particle of the *ground* displaced by the point, &c., must be entirely removed from the edges of the work, and likewise from the plate itself.

3. It must ever be borne in mind that, since the *ground* in its nature resembles wax, as has been already noticed, it follows that it is very easily affected by change of temperature, so that while on the one hand it would become clammy and clog the point on exposure to a high temperature, it would on the other hand be rendered brittle and liable to crack off from the plate by a great reduction of the same. The two extremes of temperature should, therefore, at all times be guarded against, and a medium temperature (say 65° Fahr.) as far as practicable maintained; but whether or no, when about to be used, the artist would do well to submit it to a severe test by putting a little close cross-hatching on the edge, to see if it chips off; if not, he may proceed with safety, otherwise it is necessary to apply a very moderate degree of heat to its back, but not sufficient to make the *ground* clammy. And *vice versa*, in the height of summer, it may sometimes be needful to chill the plate by the application of cold water, air, &c., to the back.

The process is so simple, that in the hands of a clever artist it can be successfully dealt with from the first. We have just seen a beautiful drawing worked by a single tool, in which each object is distinct and true to life, and the eye is charmed with every variety of light and shade.

The manner in which the artist is to proceed is thus described in Mr Palmer's pamphlet:—

"Any kind of point may be used so that the *ground* be entirely removed, as described in Rules 1st and 2nd; but, since experience and close observation have taught the writer that which could be learnt in no other way, he may be allowed to make a remark or two relative to the kind of point that has been found to answer best, not only by himself, but by every successful glyphographer. The first idea which seems naturally to present itself to the mind is that of a kind of needle-point, which, doubtless, answers an etcher's purpose well, seeing that in that art he has no perceptible substance to obstruct his path; but in Glyphography we are obliged to have some substance—a foundation, as it were—from the nature of the after process, although no thicker than tissue-paper. It therefore becomes needful to have something more than a needle-point, which will merely force its way; we must have an edge that will *cut* out the ground; consequently any point that is made to act on the principle of a gouge will undoubtedly answer best. Those accustomed to the use of the graver will therefore avail themselves thereof with advantage in formal, straightforward work; but the draughtsman must have a tool that he can work with as freely

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as possible. In order to combine both these objects in one instrument, a piece of steel wire, of the required length, is inserted in one end of a cedar handle resembling a pencil, and bent at right angles; the point is first sharpened like that of a needle, and then an edge formed on the inside at an angle of about 45°, whereby it is rendered capable of being held like a pencil. In using it, it is very necessary to observe that it must be drawn from *right* to *left*, and as nearly to the angle above mentioned as may be convenient. This tool will be found applicable to all kinds of shading, tinting, cross-hatching, and for *finish* generally; and although it has sometimes been objected to at first on account of its awkward form, as some that have never used anything else but a pencil have remarked, yet practice has very soon (perhaps in less than half an hour) familiarized its use.

"A straight pentagonal point is also supplied by the patentee, on account of the freedom with which it is capable of being used; but it should only be employed in light foliage, or in any other kind of free *outline* work, where it will be found extremely useful If used in crossing, or in any kind of close tinting, &c., it will be found to cut sideways as well as in front, and consequently in such places the small particles of the ground between the lines of a close tinting, &c., will be very liable to crack off; and where a line is crossed with this point it will be seen, on close examination through a magnifying glass (which may be advantageously used to examine fine work), that the angle thus formed is not perfect; this being repeated often in a piece would tend to produce a very disagreeable appearance in the print. It should, moreover, be observed that this, as well as any other sort of *straight* point that may be found available to the artist's purpose, should be held as nearly perpendicular as possible, to prevent *under-working* the *ground*."

By means of Glyphography, many draftsmen will be able to illustrate their own works, which have hitherto been kept in the background. We could name several distinguished artists who are about to take it up, in order to bring out some valuable original sketches which have not yet been suffered to see the light, from an apprehension that justice would not be done to them in wood engraving.

This art is adapted for elaborate and highly-finished subjects of any size. How capable it is of doing justice to drawings of rural objects will be seen in the accompanying landscape, from an original design by Childs.

Could the pencil be employed with happier effect?

The initial decorations of this article prove the fitness of Glyphography to illumi-

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nate pictorial works after the manner of our forefathers. How many weeks and months have the pious illustrators of missals, prayer-books, and bibles consumed in laborious industry, to the prejudice of their health and the ruin of their eyes, to produce similar effects, which, when successfully wrought, were judged by sage men to be of inestimable value, but which may now be accomplished for a trifle. To the artist's efforts great importance was formerly attached. We, at the present day, might smile to see such pains bestowed on a picture of "St Denys with his head in his hand;" "St Agnes carrying her breasts in a dishful of blood;" or "The Devil walking as an obsequious footman behind St Lucy:" but superb representations of holy legends were long held to be works of great sanctity. Their most startling incidents were not unfrequently painted on church windows, and to have damaged or destroyed them would have subjected the offender to the penalties of sacrilege.

Years, nay lives, are believed to have been devoted to some of those illustrations of holy books produced in the monasteries which flourished during the middle ages. They of course exhibited "various degrees of excellence; and in 'The Life and Times of Lord Cobham,' we read some specimens which have been handed down to us are in a style of surpassing beauty, profusely illustrated with a degree of taste and ingenuity which, even in these times, could scarcely be equalled. The Bedford missal still exists. This was a holy volume prepared for the Duke of Bedford, when he was acting as Regent in France in 1422. No fewer than fifty-nine miniature paintings graced its pages, and among them are the only portraits of the Duke of Bedford, and Anne of Burgundy, his duchess, which are extant. This volume is still in a high state of preservation. The vellum leaves are surrounded by superb borders of carefully laboured foliage, and it is bound in crimson velvet with gold clasps, which seem to bear the stamp of antiquity. By the Duchess of Bedford this highly-valued book was deemed a fit present to Royalty, and it was accepted as such from her by King Henry VI.

"Certain it is," the same writer continues, "that poetry, painting, and sculpture, dissimilar in themselves, but kindred in their nature, gained value and importance in the eyes of our ancestors from the influence of piety. The tender passion failed not in connexion with them to make itself conspicuously important. Many of the most exemplary members of the church deemed it not sinful, or, it may be affirmed, considered it a solemn duty, to sustain the ardour of their sacred fires by a mortal flame. In their breviaries the features of the mistresses they admired were exquisitely painted as those of the mother of Jesus. The beauties thus distinguished were not always patterns of the unsullied purity which might be expected from the representatives of "the blessed Virgin," but the fond hearts enamoured of them were conscious of a more fervent glow, when, repeating their *Ave Marias*, they pressed to their bosoms the images of those who were most dear to them on earth. The muses and the fine arts, prompted and sustained by love and religion, may boast without a figure their divine origin. Whether their early inspirations greatly served the cause of Christian piety, may be more than doubtful."

From a very early date, from a period when, in comparison with Englishmen of the nineteenth century, our ancestors were almost in a state of nature, this taste for the pictorial existed; and every celebrated minster was converted into the artist's exhibition; all miraculous fables were perpetuated by painting, or still more costly sculpture. We may name, as a case in point, the ancient font in the Winchester Cathedral. In this the figures are about as grotesque as those of our ordinary playing cards, but they are cut in a block of jet-coloured marble, have been preserved for many ages with reverential care, and are supposed to be of Saxon origin. The history to which it refers can only be guessed at. A small Pam-like figure, holding a cup in his hand, is supposed to be a king's butler, and a bishop appears to take hold of him by the hand. The heads of three men, presumed to be falsely accused by the butler, are seen, and these, it would seem, are to fall by the axe of the executioner, who appears with the fatal instrument in his hand. In a second compartment the bishop is praying that the guilt or innocence of the condemned may be proved. His appeal to heaven is not in vain. The sufferers are rising from the dead, and the false accuser lies lifeless at his feet. In a third compartment, however, the bishop having relented in his favour, and prayed for the sinner, the butler appears to be rising to rejoin in life those he had sought to consign to the grave.

Though such devices can no longer interest or engage the attention of the seriously disposed, the taste for rational illustration of sacred or historical events is anything but gone by. The art, therefore, of which we write, combining cheapness with higher finish than could heretofore be obtained, will hardly fail, when generally known, to be duly appreciated.

One advantage which it possesses over etching and wood engraving is, that in the former the artist draws his subject as he intends it to appear, without reversing it, as

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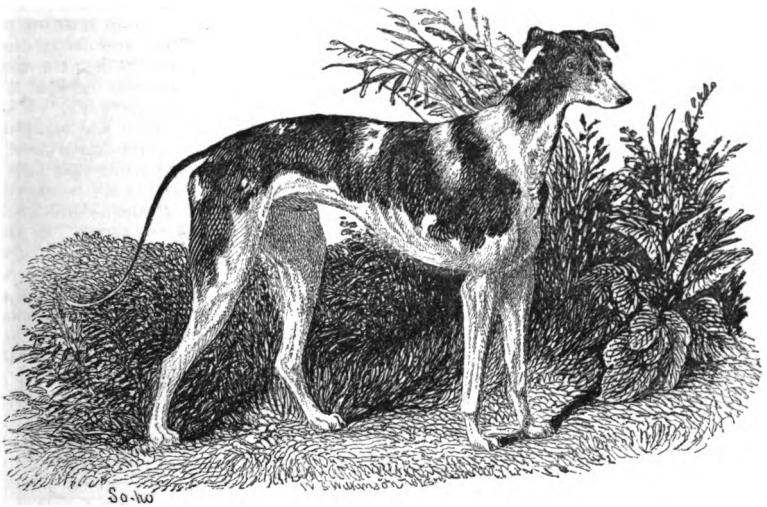
is requisite in both the latter, and which is extremely difficult and perplexing, at least to beginners; of course practice and experience tend to remove those difficulties, although in drawing figures many artists prefer using a mirror, to see what they are about; but Glyphography at once removes this difficulty, and thus facilitates the artist's labour.

And last, though by no means least of its peculiar merits, and that which makes it of the highest importance to every true lover of the fine arts, is the freedom afforded to the artist, and consequent scope for the exercise of his talent, and multiplication of *fac similes* of his own work. Every connoisseur in the arts knows what sort of comparison to make between etchings and any other kind of prints, although they may be the productions of the same hand; and why? simply on account of the stiff formality and studied regularity of the latter, which, though perhaps pleasing to the eye, is by no means natural; consequently, the same facilites are here afforded as in etching, without that tediousness associated therewith, and the other disadvantages already enumerated.

It has been seen how happily Glyphography can be applied to cottage scenery and initial illustrations; we now proceed further to show how invaluable it is to the naturalist. A bird will be found in a preceding page, and the dog which follows may serve to prove that by no process yet known can animals be more correctly represented.



Looking at the effect this must have on the juvenile books of the present day, it has fairly been urged that parents must necessarily feel those to be vastly superior which "contain pictures bearing, at least, some slight resemblance to what they were intended to represent, to those wherein were introduced all manner of frightful blots, calculated rather to destroy than improve or inculcate any taste in the minds of the children."

The following suggestions are given for amateurs by the patentee.

"In addition to what has been already said under the head of Directions, it may be well to offer a remark or two to such as are inexperienced in Surface Printing. It has been erroneously supposed by some that, by putting as much work as possible in a drawing, under the idea of producing a *finish*, it will be proportionably improved thereby. This may be true as regards either a pencil drawing or a line engraving, where the effect is produced by *depth* of colour, and hence their soft and delicate appearance; but not so in surface printing, where the effect must be produced entirely by *width*. In order, therefore, to produce a good surface print, it is requisite to give great breadth of colour, and to let the work be bold and decided; nor should a single stroke be introduced in any part of the piece that is not decidedly important, otherwise it will lessen the general effect, which should be as vigorous and full of spirit as possible. In a word, the nature of surface printing is such as to exclude the possibility of introducing much

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detail in the *high lights*; they should, therefore, be left entirely open, as some of the best drawings have been spoiled from inattention to this particular.

Regarding what is termed *style* in engraving. it may be well to make a remark or two, as far as Glyphography is concerned, although much more may be learned from a careful observation of the best productions of the art. In the first place, the width of the strokes should be varied (by using different sized points) according to the effect required, in order to produce beauty of style, so that the nearest shades should be produced by bold lines, which must be gradually decreased with the distance. In crossing one series of lines with others, in order to produce a half tint, the crossing lines should, *in most cases*, be about half the strength of the principal lines, and a second series of cross lines, if used, should be still weaker. All bright and reflecting surfaces, such as water, mirrors, polished metals, &c., should be represented by straight and stiff lines; but the reverse is to be observed in the representation of non-reflecting surfaces, as, for instance, wood, masonry, ground, &c."

We need say little more, but,—perhaps, we cannot give a more perfect view of the fineness of touch which may be obtained than is furnished by Mr Palmer's card; and we are assured that, with care, more than 100,000 proofs may be taken from a single block.

The invention may be called the "Artist's Friend;" for we understand Mr Palmer is happy in the case of any draftsman of talent who has clever sketches by him, which he has not had the means of bringing before the public, to aid him in so doing, without claiming remuneration till his productions have found a market; the blocks being retained as security for the fulfilment of the engagement entered into. Such an arrangement may give many a man of genius a chance of making his way who, otherwise, might toil through a wearisome life to little purpose, might pine in obscurity and die unknown.

The patentee at all events conceives that he has done much for the artist, by not leaving him at the mercy of the engraver. "So tied and fettered is the wood draftsman, that he is obliged to leave the tints entirely to the engraver's taste and skill, contenting himself with staining with Indian ink, &c., that part of the block to the desired colour or tone; nor is his outline secure unless in the hands of a clever cutter, and even then its freedom and beauty is sometimes entirely spoiled from a variety of

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causes; but in Glyphography, on the contrary, any sort of work, whether sketchy or finished, free or formal, is introduced with equal ease (according to the skill and experience of the artist); and, moreover, what may seem strange to those unacquainted with the nature of the after-process, the more elaborate and complicated the drawing, the less time and trouble required in its conversion into a surface-printing block, as hereafter described."

Hitherto we have seen no application of this art to caricature sketches. Landscapes, public buildings, human heads, animals, and rural pictures have occupied the artists who have taken it up. But we apprehend it will succeed equally well with comic subjects. "The cowardly soldier, the deaf musician, the bandy-legged dancing-master, the corpulent running-footman, the antiquated fop or old maid, the drunken justice creating a riot, the tailor on a restive horse, the lord mayor or alderman dancing in his gold chain, and the judge or sergeant in his wig, similarly engaged," might all, for aught we see, be as happily pictured as domestic scenes of interest, or the wild beauties of nature, by the new method as by the old one. We see no necessity for confining it to any set of objects, and think it may be as potent in satire as in sentiment. If there be a limit to its powers, we confess we know not where the line is to be drawn. Some of Hogarth's admirable scenes we should like to see represented through this medium, and the patentee, we think, would do well to take the hint.

Those who for amusement would make an experiment in the pictorial way, can produce an impression from a glyphographic block, and thus obtain a *fac simile* of their drawing by the following means:—Take a little printer's ink and spread it evenly upon a plate, or some similar smooth surface, then with a dabber (made by rolling up tightly some cotton wool, or something of that nature, in a piece of soft kid or silk), apply it to the printing parts of the block until they be covered uniformly therewith. Next place carefully over it a piece of India-paper, hold it firmly down with a card that it may not alter its position, and rub with some sort of burnisher (a bone knife, for instance, or any other hard and smooth substance) the back of the card, pressing as hard as possible on the darkest parts and very gently on the lightest. By lifting up a portion of the card at a time it will be seen if the impression is properly taken, if not, the burnishing is to be continued for a long or short space of time, as needs be.

We add one more instance of the varieties to which this art is applicable.

We hope we have now said enough to make the subject thoroughly understood by all who are interested in the progress of art. From time to time we shall be happy to announce the advances that may be made, and the additional proofs afforded of its utility.

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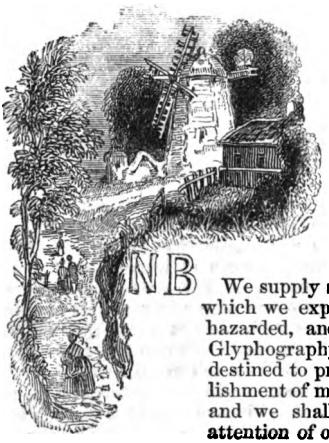

NB We supply a postscript for the purpose of adding a specimen, which we expect will tend to support what has already been hazarded, and add to the weight of evidence in favour of Glyphography. At a future day this notice of an art, which is destined to produce a most unlooked-for change in the embellishment of modern literature, will be referred to with interest, and we shall not regret having so particularly called the attention of our readers to its merits.

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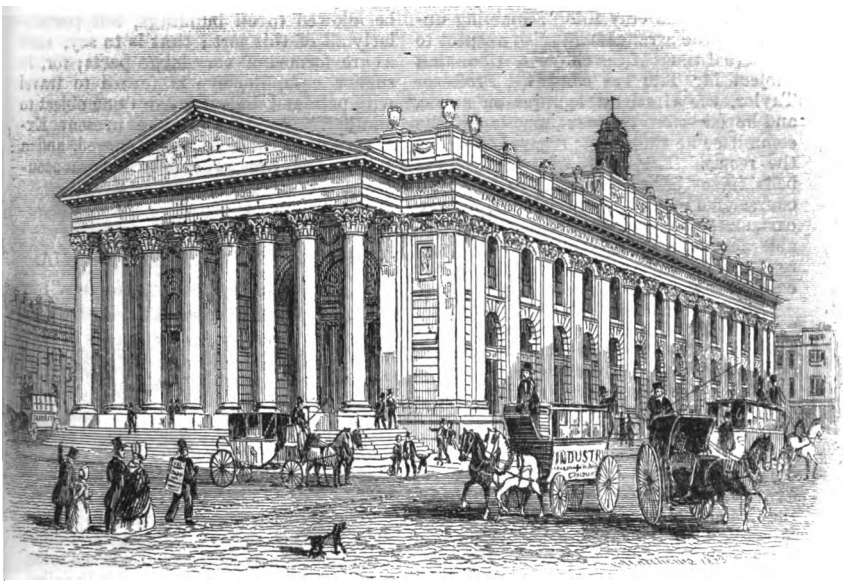
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 1.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1844. [Vol. I. 1844.



Palmer's Glyphography.

Original Communications.

NEAR COMPLETION OF THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

"How swiftly time passes!" is the universal reflection at the opening of every new year; and many a time and oft it occurs to all of us in the progress of each succeeding twelve months. To our readers, as to ourselves, looking back it will not seem very long since a graphic representation of the Royal Exchange appeared in 'The Mirror,' on the occasion of the first stone being laid of the new mart of commerce of this great emporium of the civilized world; and now the note of preparation is sounded for its completion, and within a very limited period the vast edifice, such as it is represented in our engraving, will be opened to the traders of London.

Mr Tite, the architect, sanguinely anticipates that no delay will occur. He declares that he can apprehend nothing at present, unless some unusually severe weather should occur shortly, to prevent the realization of his hopes, that the contract will be completed in the time originally agreed upon.

In a report sent to the Gresham Committee, on the 20th of last month, on the state of the New Exchange, he has supplied a very gratifying account of the advance of the works, and of the prospect before him. It appears, from this document, that very little now remains to be done in the decorative portion; the roof is nearly finished, and the tower is completed to the cleaning down of the stone-work, which will be done whilst the scaffold is removing. With regard to the sculpture, Mr Tite reports that every figure has been transferred from the model to the stone, and that a month's labour will complete the work, so that it will be ready for hoisting within that period. When the sculpture shall have reached its position, the finishing touches will be given to it by Mr Westmacott.

The little time which it is expected this

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will consume may surprise many of our readers. Judging from its present advanced state, the architect says he has no hesitation in assuring the committee that, if necessary, it could all be in its place and completely finished within two months from this date. The dials and hands of the clock had been prepared, and were to be put up as soon as the scaffold had been sufficiently removed to enable the men to place them with safety. The machinery of the clock is very nearly completed, and the only thing remaining unsettled is the arrangement with respect to the actual tunes of the chimes. Upon that subject Mr Tite has consulted Professor Taylor, the Gresham lecturer on music, and hoped before the next meeting of the committee he should be prepared to report the result. The moulds for some of the bells have been prepared, and, in the course of a month, several of them will be cast, and we may mention that the remarkable grasshopper of the Old Exchange, regilt, has been restored to its former exalted situation.

Everything seems to have favoured "the march of brick and mortar" in this instance. It is said the utmost harmony and good will have prevailed between the architect and those employed under him. How ridiculously other public works have been in some instances delayed, from discord, strikes, and combinations, need not here be told. Out of the proceeds of the exhibition of the pavilion, as fitted up for the laying of the first stone by Prince Albert, a fund was raised, which has since been augmented from various sources, for the relief of the workmen who might suffer through any accident. From this arrangement the best results have been experienced, and comfort afforded to those who were so unfortunate as to suffer among those casualties which are almost inseparable from the raising of an edifice so stupendous. Mr Tite concludes with congratulating the committee, at the close of the third year of the work, on the favourable state of the seasons throughout the whole period. The mildness of last winter, and the unusually fine spring which followed, were greatly in favour of building operations; and though the early part of the summer was wet, yet since August up to the present time, scarcely a day had been lost by interruption from the weather.

Before the Exchange is regularly opened, it is in contemplation to give the public the benefit of a passage through it from Cornhill to Threadneedle street.

It is opposite the entrance, represented in our present cut, that the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington is to be placed. That also, we are informed, is proceeding rapidly towards completion under the direction of Mr Weeks.

We hope the whole will be worthy the great names of Smirke, Gwilt, and Hardwicke, who were originally called upon to furnish a design worthy of the age in which we live and the country which it is to adorn. On the late Exchange, Dr Smollett, in the 'Critical Review,' remarked, "A building of that extent, grandeur, and elevation ought, without question, to have had an ample area before it, that we might comprehend the whole and every part at once. This is a requisite which ought to be allowed to all buildings, but particularly all of this sort; that is to say, such as are formed of very large parts; for, in such a case, the eye is forced to travel with pain and difficulty from one object to another." In building the present Exchange this has been remembered, and a much nobler area provided than was occupied by its predecessor.

MR SNEEZE AND HIS DRAMA.

(By the Author of "George Godfrey.")

CHAPTER II.

The play of Mr Sneeze is acted with the usual improvements. He is congratulated on its success, and gains as much notoriety as he could desire.

PERHAPS I am too particular; Mrs S. is sometimes of that opinion; but I certainly was by no means satisfied with the proceedings of the theatre as the time approached when my play was to be performed. Not only was time utterly disregarded, but in everything, it seemed to me, there was a perfect absence of discipline. The scene-shifters, supernumeraries, and carpenters were bullied in a tone sufficiently loud, and in terms quite coarse enough for anything; but no sedate, continuous, business-like attention, appropriate to the importance of the subject, was bestowed upon my play. Both Mr Grunt and Mr Sinister were anything but perfect at the last rehearsal. This, I should mention, took place on the stage while a melodrama was going on in the saloon, and the music of an operatic drama being tried in the green-room, each of which contributed a variety of dissonant sounds, from time to time, in order to make the confusion in which I was mixed up complete. I was, however, told by Snubby and others the piece went beautifully, that it was quite safe, and that I should find when the performers came before the audience that all were completely *up* in their parts.

At length the night so long looked forward to with hope and expectation arrived. I was a little startled, on going behind the scenes, to hear from Sinister, the piece having been previously reduced from three to two acts, that he and Grunt were both

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decidedly of opinion that it would play infinitely better in one.

To this I would not consent. I showed that events were supposed to pass between two of the scenes, divided by the closing of the act, which it would be preposterous to say had occurred if the action continued, as the characters whom they affected remained in the presence of the audience on the stage.

I went to the box reserved for me and my family on the momentous occasion. The lamps were up, the band was playing, the house was tolerably full, and in a few minutes I saw the curtain ascend. A dialogue was commenced, but to my infinite astonishment and discomfiture the characters were not those I expected to see. The fact was, the parties who came on were acting the second scene, not a word of the first having been spoken.

Again I went behind, and was so fortunate as to find Mr Sinister, who was just about to go on.

"Here's a fatal mistake," I exclaimed, in a voice faltering from deep emotion.

"Mistake! What mistake?" he inquired.

"Why, they are doing the second scene instead of the first."

"Instead of the first! O no, the first is cut out."

"Cut out!"

"To be sure it is, old chap."

"But it was not cut out while I was present."

"No; that was settled this afternoon, shortly after you left. Grunt said the piece must not occupy more than an hour and ten minutes in acting, and so the first scene was omitted.

"But without that," I remarked, "what follows cannot be understood."

Just then a burst of applause was heard in front of the house.

"There, old chap! do you hear that?" cried Sinister, in a tone of congratulation. "Your piece is going famously. As to the audience not understanding it, what the devil does that signify so they do but laugh and applaud? *We* know how to manage these things better than you do."

Another sound of laughter and clapping of hands came at that moment to support Mr Sinister's speech, and I began to incline to his opinion, that so the audience did but laugh and applaud, the rest was a matter of secondary importance.

A little tranquillized by this feeling, and by the favourable state of things, so far as I could judge from the laughter still heard in front, I returned in better humour to my box. Here, the moment I entered, my wife flew at me like a fury, "for introducing such low, vulgar jokes into my play, and bringing my own daughter there to listen to them." I was totally unprepared for this, as the thing which I had all along plumed myself upon, even more than my wit, humour, and invention, was delicacy; and to show that mirth could be excited without grossness of any description, I had uniformly avowed to be one of the many excellent lessons or examples intended to be given, both to authors and actors, in my drama.

My daughter, though she affected not to hear, or not to understand, what her mama was saying, looked as sour and as solemn as if she had been denied permission to go to a ball. I was on the point of replying, with some impatience, to a charge so totally unfounded, when I was thunderstruck at hearing a coarse witticism from the stage, which I had never for a moment thought of connecting with my dialogue, and a string of slang speeches followed, which I had no more to do with than had my predecessor, the late Mr Shakspere. These so disgusted me that I felt disposed to jump on the stage and address the audience, to explain the nature of the outrage thus in course of perpetration.

With difficulty I refrained from adding, by such a step, to the gratification of the grinning multitude. The laughter continued; but I could clearly perceive that not a little of it was ironical, and the cries of "bravo, bravo," which repeatedly followed, were carefully shouted, when anything peculiarly absurd or censurable came out, by Mr Dickenson and his brothers, and a party of their friends who had come in on free admissions which I had procured for them as supporters of the play and the author, and who were in this way, not knowing that my eye was upon them, diverting themselves at my expense.

The principal scene was now to open, and as both Grunt and Sinister were in it, I hoped, for their own sakes, they would endeavour to do something worth seeing, and that they would keep to the text, remembering, as I did, Captain Snuff had assured me those gentlemen were invariably "letter perfect." My disappointment and affliction are not to be described.

"The greatest of the versifying tribe,
To paint them, holds an inefficient pen,"

when these "*letter perfect*" professors stood before me, and I heard them open the scene and immediately proceed to the concluding speeches. Then they went back to what ought to have been spoken before, and closed the dialogue by repeating several of the passages which had been prematurely delivered. The audience were puzzled: some scornfully laughed, and others peevishly hissed; while I, burning with shame, sat panting, like *Zanga*, for revenge.

By this time my pride of authorship was pretty well humbled, yet it caused me to

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experience many an additional pang to hear the silly, wanton, and preposterous deviations which occurred in every scene. The underlings successfully copied the insolent negligence or wilful foolery of their better-paid accomplices in literary murder; and lumps, who had but six lines to recite, misconceived, transposed, forgot, or blundered in four of them. When a jest turned on a particular word being hastily spoken, that word was withheld, or another substituted for it, so that the point was effectually sacrificed. A serious speech, through inaccuracy in the less prominent passages, was rendered feeble and unmeaning. I saw the folly of trusting fine language to these hackney jabberers, and cordially applauded the scorn expressed by Sir Walter Scott, for the "Twopenny Tearmouths" of the stage.

I ought to state, however, that Snubby was an exception. He did not throw the author overboard, but spoke what was set down for him with but few, and those not very miserable, additions of his own. It gave me, however, as much pain as pleasure to remark, that where the play, as originally prepared, was allowed to come before the audience, their applause was loud, and, as I thought, genuine. It was when the *improvements* by the practical gentry, who knew what would take, were reached, that contempt and disgust were manifested. The trash which the malice or the muddy brains of old Grunt and his crew had supplied came like an overpowering blight (so my poetical imagination suggested) to wither and annihilate. After all that I had said, to my astonishment and horror the piece was performed in one act. This crowning piece of intrepid folly was all that was wanting to complete my confusion and despair.

When the curtain fell I was behind the scenes. Snubby, who had been a good deal applauded, congratulated me on the success of my piece, and whispered to me that I had better thank Mr Grunt for his wonderful exertions; at the same time, he good-naturedly added, it would be as well in my preface, when it was published, to "*soap* him," by giving him the customary "heartfelt tribute to his skill as a manager, his genius as an actor, and his kindness and singleness of heart as a man."

As the old savage drew near I attempted compliance with the first part of this kind advice, by thanking him for —— a scene happily fell at that moment and spared me the necessity of completing the falsehood.

I made rather an uncomfortable supper that night. My wife said little, but I thought I saw an expression of disdain, which I should have resented almost with fury, but that I felt I deserved it. Nothing that had occurred at all lowered my estimate of the high talent with which I had long held myself to have been most bounteously endowed, but I felt degraded by the reflection that so gifted a writer as I was should have meanly given way to the insolent and ridiculous airs of a *clique* of trumpery playhouse dunces. To think of this was wormwood. Tears stood in my daughter's eyes. She had assumed so much consequence, and talked so grandly in company about "papa's play," which was about to be produced, that my disappointment touched her heart. My little boy, whose unaccountable dulness at the early readings has been noticed in the proper place, was the only one of the family who kept up his vivacity. He, while he recalled what he had witnessed in the course of the evening, was frequently seized with a fit of laughter not less hearty and involuntary than that formerly produced the horsewhip; and said in answer to a question I put, and I believe he spoke the truth, that to him the whole affair seemed very droll.

All night long I was restless, and but small comfort came with the morning. I sent to borrow the newspapers the first thing. I really know not how to characterize the feeling which they caused me to experience. The lively ridicule of some, and the severe contempt of others, alternately took my breath away, and made me foam with rage. The worst of it was I could not deny that the strictures which annoyed me were apparently but too well founded. The absurdities on which their writers descanted were all they described; but they were not mine; the sarcasms in which they indulged were well merited; but it was not my play that was to blame, but the manager's and players'. Not only were my prospects of fame and profit, so far as the theatre was concerned, given to the winds, but I was held up to the scorn of the town for fooleries in which I had no share. When the morning and evening papers had done with me, the weekly journals took up the theme with the same amiable vivacity, and in due time the monthly magazines did the like. The abortion supposed to be mine was visited with the most unsparing ridicule, and all the scorn of which it was the object, my friends, without a single exception that I ever heard of, concluded must of course belong of right to me.

I have not since aspired to improve public taste and reform the stage, and I am by no means so eloquent as formerly on the deficiencies of modern dramatists. The system I have pictured, and which I have reason to believe is not confined to one theatre, explains to my satisfaction why playwrights have degenerated more than any other class of writers. A few sala-

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ried hacks are retained to scribble dramas wholesale, for a stipend which would not more than requite the labours of a decent journeyman carpenter; and these, animated by "self-love, the spring of action," do their best to destroy all that might tend to throw them into the shade, and ably seconded as they are by the profound dulness of managers and the impertinent meddling of players, combined with the perfect exclusion of rational discipline, their labours in this respect are successful, and for the drama furnished by one out of the theatre, a farrago of incomprehensible grossness and foolery is inflicted on the public scarcely to be endured. Few who have had the treat once, will put themselves in the way of it a second time. The breaker of stones by the roadside, and the sweeper of a crossing, may severally boast that theirs is a more tolerable occupation, and I am much misinformed if they have not the advantage of being better paid for their toil—a circumstance which some of the muses' votaries may deem *rather* important.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Letter VIII.

Every portion of the animal may, with advantage, be used for manure; but the substances generally employed by the farmer are the *solid* and *liquid excrements*—*the hair, horns, flesh, blood,* and *bones.* In some cases, as in the use of fish as a manure, the entire carcase is thrown on the land.

We may mention here the interesting fact, that, although we do not employ the products of respiration as an artificial manure, yet the immense volumes of water and carbonic acid excreted from the lungs of all animals are principally expended in the processes of fertilization and reproduction. Thus, every healthy man gives off, every twenty-four hours, a quantity of carbon—that essential constituent of plants—varying from nine to fifteen ounces.

The solid excrements employed are principally those of the horse, the cow, the sheep, the pig, the deposited matter of some birds, and, lastly, night-soil. These substances are not all of equal value, as much depends upon the food of the animal, and the form in which it is taken. Thus, the cow gives a much less valuable dung than the horse, because the former takes a larger quantity of liquid food, and gives off the saline and nutritive organic matter in its milk. In fact the dung of the cow contains nearly 80 per cent. of water. Farmers distinguish some excrements as "hot" or "cold." Thus, the dung of the horse is "hot," because it easily heats, and passes into the putrefactive state. The dung of the cow, and of the swine, are "cold," because they do not readily ferment. They, therefore, form useful additions to those manures which decompose too readily, and consequently but transiently benefit the soil or the growing plant.

The dung of birds is very valuable, as it contains all the combined advantages of the liquid and solid excretions. Pigeons' dung has been valued from the earliest ages; and in ancient times formed an important article of commerce.

The dung of seafowl, called by the natives of Peru *guano*, has lately been much employed in this country. It is found in immense quantities on the uninhabited islands and rocky shores of the Peruvian coast. The samples imported are occasionally largely mixed with sand, and even earthy matters, which during successive ages have been deposited with the dung. The more recently formed guano contains also feathers, &c. An article has, within the last few months, made its appearance in the market, under the name of African guano, obtained, we believe, from some port of the African coast. One or two samples sent for analysis to the laboratory of the Royal Polytechnic Institution were found equal, if not superior, to any brought from the new world. The locality from which it is obtained is kept strictly secret by the fortunate speculator, who has sent out several ships to bring home as much as possible, before other parties discover the store. The most valuable, however, of all manures is night-soil; and yet, of all others, this is most neglected in this country. In China it has long been used most successfully; and in Paris, and some other continental cities, after being dried and mixed with lime, or gypsum, is sold to farmers under the name of *poudrette.* In England the dried night-soil is used to a small extent, under the name of "animalized charcoal," made by mixing it in a dried state with gypsum and wood charcoal, in a fine powder.

The urine of some animals is also used for manure, but not half so extensively as it deserves. This liquid excretion contains numerous important salts, upon whose presence its fertilizing power depends. If we take human urine as an instance, we find that 1,000 parts consist of

Urea, and other organic matters containing nitrogen	49
Phosphate of ammonia, soda, lime, and magnesia	6
Sulphates of ammonia and soda	7
Common salt and murate of ammonia	6
Water	932
	1,000

We have, therefore, in this fluid an immense quantity of those salts which form the richest ingredients of all manures, viz., the urates and other salts of ammonia. In fact, from every 1,000 lbs., we may obtain 68 lbs. of solid matter of the greatest value. It is really to be deplored that so

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rich a fertilizer should be continually wasted. It has been calculated that the urine of 10,000 persons would supply all the manure required for "a farm of 1,500 acres, yielding a return of 4,500 quarters of corn, or an equivalent produce of other crops." In Flanders the urine of the cow is collected and saved, and realises about 2*l.* a year. The Chinese, too, preserve all the urine, both of men and animals. If tanks and receptacles were constructed in this metropolis alone, an immense quantity might be collected, and an enormous revenue obtained. The amount of urine voided in a year by each man averages about 1,000 lbs., from which, recollect, we can obtain 68 lbs. of solid matter of the richest quality, so rich, in fact, that it could not be used for manure alone, but would have to be combined with gypsum or composition of some kind.

Blood is employed sometimes as a manure; rarely, however, in its separate state, but as it comes from the sugar refineries, mixed with lime and animal charcoal.

Horn, hair, and *wool,* are sometimes used. In China, where every animal product is economized and preserved, the very hair shaved every ten days from the head is collected and sold as a valuable manure. *Bones* are valuable, because they contain not only the usual constituents of animal organic matters, but also numerous earthy substances, which are necessary ingredients in good soils, more especially the phosphates of lime, and magnesia, with soda, and common salt.

The value of animal manures is generally measured by the amount of nitrogen they contain, indicated by the quantity of ammonia evolved; and if we compare the fertilizing effects of animal matters with some vegetable manure, such as farmyard compost, as a standard, we find that to do the same good as 100 lbs. of that material, we require of

Cow-dung - - - -	125 lbs.
Horse-dung - - -	73 „
Cows' urine - - -	91 „
Horses' urine - - -	16 „
Pigeons' dung - - -	5 „
Feathers - - -	3 „
Hair - - - -	3 „
Horn shavings - - -	3 „
Woollen rags - - -	2½ „

From this statement we learn that 3 lbs. of feathers will do as much, as a fertilizer, as 100 lbs. of farmyard compost. We must not forget, however, that some of these substances act but slowly as manures, on account of their tardy decomposition. Such is the case with feathers, woollen rags, &c., which, although ranking high in the scale, would confer no benefit upon the land perhaps for weeks, or even months.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY MR C. DICKENS.

They stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses: whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snowstorms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water.

The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet there was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant

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shufflings, ankle deep, through withered leaves; there were Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags, and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The grocers'! oh, the grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar, as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint, and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat, and in its Christmas dress: but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humour possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh, that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at, if they chose.

ALMANACK FOR 1844.

We give the subjoined tabular view of the months, weeks, and days arranged for the coming year, in the hope that it will be found useful for some of the more important purposes of a diary, while it is so compendious as to be readily transferred to a pocket-book, if desirable. Its use will be at once apparent: for instance, the 1st of January falls on a Monday; hence the table not only presents in the column under that head the date of every Monday in that and succeeding months, but also at one glance, in other columns, the figures corresponding with every day in the year:—

1844.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
January		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
February					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29		
March						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
April		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
May				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
June							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
July		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
August					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
September	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
October			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
November						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
December	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES.

Golden Number, or Lunar Cycle	2
The Epact	11
Solar Cycle	5
Sunday Letter	G F
Roman Indiction	1
Julian Period	6,557
Year of the World	5,848
Shrove Tuesday	Feb. 20
Ash Wednesday	Feb. 21
Easter Sunday	April 7
Low Sunday	April 14
Holy Thursday	May 16
Whit Sunday	May 26
Trinity Sunday	June 2
Advent Sunday	Dec. 1

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Arms. Quarterly; first, sa., a fesse, between three lambs, passant, ar., for Lambton; second, ar., a fesse, gu., between three popinjays, vert, collared, of the second, for Lumley; third, ar., an inescutcheon, sa., within an orle of cinquefoils, gu., for D'Arcy.

Crest. A ram's head cabossed, ar., attired sa.

Supporters. Two lions, the dexter, gu., the sinister, az., each ducally gorged and supporting a staff, or, therefrom banners of the second, the dexter banner charged with a cross, patonce, and the sinister with a lion, passant, guardant, of the third.

Motto. "*Le jour viendra.*" "The day will come."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF DURHAM.

THE Lambtons are an ancient family in the county of Durham, as the regular pedigree goes back to the twelfth century, and charters and other evidence prove them to have been established there shortly after the Norman conquest.

Robert de Lambton, feudal lord of Lambton Castle, died in 1350. From him descended, the eighth in succession, John Lambton, Esq., who was born in 1505. He married Agnes, daughter and co-heir of Roger Lumley, Esq., of Ludworth, niece of Richard, Lord Lumley, and great-grand-daughter of King Edward IV, through his natural daughter, Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Thomas Lumley, eldest son of General Lord Lumley. Mr Lambton died in 1582, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Lambton, Esq., of Lambton, who married Frances, the daughter of Sir Ralph Eure, Kt., sister of William, Lord Eure, and a descendant of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. He died in 1583, and was succeeded by his son, Ralph Lambton, Esq., who, in 1593, was succeeded by William Lambton, Esq., of Lambton, his son, who was a colonel of infantry in the service of Charles I, and received the honour of knighthood in 1641. He fell in the battle of Marston Moor, July 2, 1644, and was succeeded in his estates and title by his son, Henry Lambton, Esq. He had several children; but Ralph, the youngest, is named as the "continuator of the line," who, in 1696, married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of John Hedworth, Esq., of Harraton heir general and representative of the family of D'Arcy, of Harraton and Herrington. On his decease, in 1717, he was succeeded by his youngest son, John Lambton, Esq., who succeeded to the estates of his brother William, and became owner of Lambton Castle. He was a major-general in the army, colonel of the 68th foot, and represented Durham in six parliaments. In September, 1763, General Lambton married Susan, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Strathmore. His eldest son, William Henry, on his death, in 1794, succeeded him. The last-named gentleman married, in June, 1791, Anne Barbara Frances, daughter of George Bussey, fourth Earl of Jersey. By her he had a family of three sons and one daughter. William Henry died November 30, 1797, and his widow, who afterwards married the Hon. Charles W. Wyndham, deceased in 1832. His eldest son, John George Lambton, Esq., the late peer, succeeded him. He was born April 12, 1792, and was many years Member of Parliament for the county of Durham, and was elevated to the Peerage, as Baron Durham, January 29, 1828, and advanced to the Viscounty of Lambton and Earldom of Durham, March 15, 1833. His lordship served his country as Ambassador at the Court of St Petersburg, and was Lord Privy Seal from 1830 to 1833, and subsequently Governor-General of North America. He was also G.C.B. Knight of the four orders of St Andrew, St Alexander Newsky, St Anne, and the White Eagle of Russia; as also of Leopold of Belgium, and the Saviour of Greece; a Privy Counsellor and High Steward of Hull. He married, first, in January, 1812, Miss Harriet Cholmondley, by whom he had three daughters; and, second, December 9, 1816, Louisa Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, Earl Grey, by whom he had issue, Charles William, born January 16, 1818, George Frederick, Mary

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Louisa, Emily Augusta, and Alice Anne Caroline. He died in 1840, and his first-named son having preceded him to the grave, he was succeeded by his second, George Frederick D'Arcy Lambton, the present peer, who was born September 5, 1828.

LAURENCE STARK.—A FAMILY PICTURE.

THE above is the title of a work well known to scholars, by Engel, an admired German writer. It has recently been translated and published in the Duchy of Baden. The Grand Duke, who is well acquainted with our language, and a patron of English literature, has permitted it to be dedicated to him; and, as was mentioned some weeks back, granted the translator a private audience, and received him most graciously. To English novel readers 'Laurence Stark' may appear to be rather too quiet, but 'The Family Picture' presents many graceful and affecting touches, with graphic sketches of German life. It opens thus:—

"Mr Laurence Stark was regarded in all H****, where he lived, as a very whimsical, but also a very excellent old man. His dress and his conduct announced at the first glance the old German simplicity of his character. His clothes were always of one uniform colour, grey or brownish, but of superfine cloth; on his head was a little bob-wig, and on occasions a well-powdered periwig; with his little hat he came twice out of the fashion, and twice into it again; the stockings were carefully rolled up over the knee; and the strongly-soled shoes, on which shone a pair of very small, but very brightly polished buckles, were cut off square in front. He was no friend to superfluous linen before the bosom and over the hands; his greatest state was a fine laced neckerchief.

"The faults, of which this excellent man had not a few, and which were often very annoying to those who were obliged to live with him, were so entwined with his best qualities, that it appeared as though neither could exist without the other. Being really wiser than almost all those with whom he had to do, he had become very arbitrary and positive; feeling that no one could justly reproach him with his sentiments and actions, he was towards others a very free, often very troublesome censor; and because, although his customary goodnature would not suffer him to be greatly excited by any fault, he was unable to pass over one unnoticed, he had become very ironical and bantering.

"In pecuniary matters, things went remarkably well with him; for, during the long, long years, in which he had traded and kept house, he had followed the simple maxim: that, in order to become rich, the expenditure must be less than the receipts. As his beginning was but small, and he was indebted for his fortune to his own industry and frugality, he had at first helped himself but very sparingly; but even afterwards, when he had long since earned the first twenty thousand, of which he was accustomed to say, that it had proved sourer to him than all his subsequent wealth, the original spirit of economy still reigned predominant in his house; and this was the principal cause of the constant increase of his fortune.

"Of Mr Stark's many children, only two survived: a son who, after his father's example, had devoted himself to trade; and a daughter. The latter was married to one of the most noted physicians of the place, Dr Herbst: a man possessed of no less skill in producing than in preserving life. He had quite a houseful of youngsters, and this circumstance made the daughter the favourite of the old man, who was a great friend to children. As the son-in-law lived not far from the church which Mr Stark was in the habit of visiting, it was agreed that he should dine with his daughter's husband every Sunday: his piety, indeed, had willingly sometimes have dispensed with the church, if his grandfatherly love could only have dispensed with the sight of so many dear grandsons and daughters. It always opened his heart, when, on entering the house, the little swarm sprang shouting towards him, seized his hands and coat-tails, and coaxed the little presents from him, which he had for them in his pockets. During grace, the eyes of the little ones would sometimes wander about, and then he would softly whisper to them to pay attention; but the one who was the least attentive was himself; for his whole heart was, where his eyes were, with his grandchildren.

"Mr Stark was proportionately dissatisfied with his son. On the one hand, he was too extravagant, spending too much on dress, in riding and driving; but particularly as he went too frequently to the cafés, and into the company of gamesters. On the other hand, it vexed Mr Stark that his son, as a merchant, had so little of an adventurous spirit, and, as a man, too little of the beneficence and generosity of his own character. He regarded him as something between a miser and a spendthrift; two qualities which Mr Stark equally detested. He was himself a true economist, who, by saving and hoarding up, had not so much the money as the great benefits which might be effected by money in view. Where he perceived no object, there he was certain not to give a fraction; but where the aim appeared worthy of the

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sacrifice, he gave whole hundreds in the coolest manner in the world. But that which vexed him most with his son, was the fact that, in his thirtieth year, the latter still remained unmarried, and that, judging by appearances, he would increase the number of old bachelors. The father would not persuade the son to any marriage, the son would not conclude any marriage without the father's consent; and both were in taste and way of thinking far too different for their choice or wish ever to agree."

The father is a benevolent oddity; differences occur between him and a worthy but impracticable son, who becomes attached to Madame Lyk, an amiable widow, who has two children. On certain conditions, after serious estrangements and a variety of incidents, the senior consents to be reconciled. A portion of the scene which ensues is subjoined:—

"'But why do you not mention one of the chief conditions, your marriage. Have you made no choice yet?'

"With the customary shyness, with which questions of this description are usually answered, the son said—'I have.'

"'Do I know her you love?'

"With still greater shyness he brought forth the words—'Only lately.' But how fluently did he speak, as he began to praise the virtues of his lady, and to abuse the malice of certain wretches who discharged their spiteful, venomous darts even at the purest, most unspotted virtue.

"'This preface,' said the old man, 'might frighten me. May I ask the name of your choice?'

"It was of no use that the son pronounced the widow's name, in a very low, modulated voice. He was forced to repeat it all the louder.

"'She!' said the old man gravely, taking a few turns up and down; 'the widow! Is it only information that you are giving me, or'——

"'It is the exposition of my profoundest, dearest wish, for which I entreat your kind approbation, your paternal consent.'

"'Between yourselves, I hope, everything is already arranged. You are agreed?'

"How rejoiced was the son now to have followed the advice of his brother-in-law, and to be able to assure his father, without swerving from the truth, that not even the first word of love had been exchanged between him and the widow; not even preliminary, under presupposed consent of the father.

"'So much the better!' said the old man. 'Then there is nothing to be undone.'

"'To be undone, my father? Should it, must it be so?'

"'I see the path this love has taken very clearly. You have acted towards the widow with an honesty, with a generosity, of which your heart convinces you that they contribute to your honour, to your greatest honour. Thus the sight of her has naturally become dear to you, for it reminds you of the best action of your life; but real, profound love, which will last till old age, and indemnify you for all that you must give up and sacrifice on her account. No, my son, I cannot possibly presuppose this here; it's impossible!'

"'Wherefore impossible, my father—and what should I give up on her account—what should I sacrifice? I see nothing.'

"'Is the wealth nothing to you, that so many others would bring? The widow herself is without fortune.'

"'True! but'——

"'Her share of the paltry remnant of Lyk's former fortune is, by our laws, the half. How far do you expect this will reach in covering what I may perhaps be compelled to draw from the business?'

"'I will retrench, my father. I will retrench the business as far as may be needful, and my household to the very utmost. I will be saving and active in the highest degree.'

"'Good! But all this you will ask at last, and I ask *now*: for whom? For a woman, who is already none of the youngest, and of whose beauty no traces will be left in a few years.'

"'Is it then her beauty that I look at? God is my witness! I have never compared her with any other. That which moved me, and has won me to her for ever, are her virtues, which have been proved in so many a sorrowful, trying position, and of which I was for months a near and a happy witness.'

"The old man walked about again, and was silent. 'She has children,' he then recommenced.

"'They increase my love for her. They are a pair of angels.'

"'But angels that have wants. When the little of the father's property that remains for them is exhausted, these children will have called you father, and you will be bound to provide for them as a father.'

"'That I certainly shall, and shall do it joyfully.'

"'Joyfully? What you expend on them will be lost to your own children. Will you foolishly throw away on strange blood what might benefit your own. Tell me, I beg, how can you even imagine such a thing—allow it to take possession of you even for a moment?'

"The son knew the father too well not to be exceedingly alarmed. 'You do not speak from your own heart, my father; impossible!'

"'How do you mean? From whose heart but one's own can one speak?'

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"'You assume a strange, narrow, extremely limited soul, which you lend me as mine. From it you utter these things with which you think to perplex or convince me. I see, I have entirely and for ever lost your respect. I must therefore go my own way; and I will do so. My sole wish to God is' —folding his hands together—'that you may live long, very long, and still see with your own eyes, how much you erred in me, how much you wronged me.' He turned from his father to the window, his heart distracted and lacerated by the most adverse feelings.

"The father could not require more than such a proof of his sentiments, and of the total change in his character. After a deep, solemn pause, in which he gave the son time to collect himself, he called him gently by his Christian name: *Charles!*

"The mild, trembling accents of this tone, irresistibly compelled the son to turn round. What were his feelings, at seeing the good, venerable old man standing there, his eyes filled with tears, and his fatherly arms opened to receive him! '*Charles!*' again exclaimed the old man: 'why have you so long concealed yourself from me?'—and now the son, overpowered by his emotions, although still uncertain what he had to hope for, rushed towards his father, seized one of his hands in both his, and covered it with kisses.

"'Will you,' said the old man, 'in this beautiful, and for us both, certainly never-to-be-forgotten hour, swear to me, sacredly swear to me, that you will never think otherwise than as you have just declared yourself? that you will never, not even in the inmost depths of your heart, reproach the good Madame Lyk, or her children with their want of fortune? that you will look upon her love and virtue, as more than all fortune, and always regard her children, as if they were your own?'

"The son was not only moved, he was overwhelmed. 'I will, I will!' he stammered, and was incapable of uttering another word.

"'I take your emotion as an oath.' And now laying his hand on his shoulder, he drew him to himself, and kissed him repeatedly and from his heart. 'As to the position in which I shall place you, depend upon me; I am no ungenerous father: and therefore take my house and business; and further—my tender fatherly blessing on your love!'"

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The secretary read a paper 'On the Daguerreotype art,' including a complete history of its origin and progress. The most important part of this communication related to an improvement lately applied; it is a process of engraving on a metallic plate. M. Fizeau, who has effected one of the greatest improvements in the Daguerreotype, namely, the fixing of the image, is the discoverer of this new mode of engraving. Professor Grove has tried the process, which consists in dissolving, by the electrotype process, those parts of the picture which consist of pure silver. Thus the plate is etched in, and transformed into an engraved plate for printing; the action, however, of the galvanic battery sometimes extends to those parts which should remain unattacked.

Dec. 20. W. H. Hughes, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A. H. Simpson, S. Lewis, jun., and C. K. Dyer, Esqrs., were elected members. The secretary explained the Automaton Calculator invented by Dr Roth, of Paris, by which any number, either simple or compound sums, may be rapidly and accurately added together, provided the whole amount does not exceed 999,999, or 999,999*l.* 19s. 11¾d. The instrument consists of an oblong mahogany box, fifteen inches and a half long, two inches and a half wide, and one inch thick, having a metal plate at top, in which are nine semi-annular perforations, beneath which are fixed the requisite trains of wheels. Round the perforations are engraved the index figures, opposite to which, in the perforations, are the teeth of corresponding wheels. Under the indexes are nine circular holes, in which the numbers set down appear, as if written on paper or a slate. To set down any required figure, a pointer is inserted in the notch corresponding with that figure on the index, and by pressing the pointer against the left-hand tooth of the notch, it is moved down to the left extremity of the annular perforation, and the figure is at once exhibited in the circular hole beneath. When the operation of adding up any amount within the range already mentioned is finished, it is requisite that 0 should be shown in each of the semi-circular holes, before another operation can be performed; this is done by pulling out a slide at the left end of the instrument, which first gives 999,999*l.* 19s. 11¾d., and by adding ¼d., the nine 0s are obtained at once. Mr G. A. Hughes, who has been blind for seven years, exhibited his system of Stenography. The system consists of two dots, the one smooth and the other rough, which, with the aid of a guide line, are so arranged that all the letters of the alphabet, as also the numerals, are readily represented, merely by impressing the paper, either with the smooth end or rough end of the embossing instrument, in squares, regulated by what Mr Hughes calls the formula, consisting of a brass frame, furnished with vertical and horizontal bars.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—*Dec.* 20.—A communication from Mr Tuck, upon certain Parasites in the Dog, was read. These parasites were found by Mr Topping, on

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examining microscopically the contents of the pustules of a mangy dog. They belong to the genus Demodex (Owen), first discovered, figured, and described by Dr Lemon, of Berlin, as inhabiting the sebaceous sacs and hair follicles of the human skin. The discovery of this parasite may throw some light on the cause of the disease called "mange," a distemper by no means confined to one class of animals.—Mr Ross communicated an observation relative to the Daguerréotype Process first noticed by R. H. Solly, Esq. If an ordinary Daguerréotype portrait be examined with a power of about 200 linear, the surface in the parts upon which the light has acted, instead of being perfectly smooth, is found to be covered with a series of minute dots or globules, arranged in a hexagonal form. —A fluid for cleaning glass was also presented. It consists of a strong solution of nut-galls. Glass wiped with this fluid is effectually freed from all greasiness.

The ambassador from the Horticultural Society, Mr Fortune, who was sent out to collect plants for that body early in the present year, reached Macao about the 9th of July, and has established himself for the present at Hong Kong. Everybody to whom he had letters received him with the greatest good will. Messrs Dent and Co. very liberally offered him the use of their gardens; and Colonel Malcolm had kindly taken charge of a box of plants (which has since been received, with the contents in excellent order). On the mountains a Habenaria, probably H. Susannæ, with beautiful fringed white flowers, was common; and Mr Fortune also met with a small yellow-flowered Cælogyne, and Arundina chinensis. In the gardens he found a white Glycine, not so handsome as G. sinensis, but rather pretty, and a charming Mussænda, with large white bracts and sweet-scented yellow flowers. The Lagerstrœmias were most beautiful, flowering as freely as our hawthorn, even on small plants.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

(*From the Latin of Sir Thomas Moore.*)

BY T. BEST.

May the companion of your life be such,
Who neither talks too little or too much;
Let her be learn'd, for science have a turn,
If not at least be capable to learn:
A woman thus adorn'd is sure to choose
From proper authors subjects to amuse;
No change of fortune can affect her mind,
If things go well she's pleas'd, if ill resign'd;
In her you'll have a friend, as well as wife,
Who'll cheer your hours throughout this tedious life:
Your lovely children from their earliest youth
She'll train to wisdom and a love of truth.
When forc'd by business from your house to roam,
Impatiently you'll wish to be at home,
From all your social friends with glee retire
To her soft bosom whom you most admire:
When she with skilful hand the lyre explores,
And from her voice melodious accents pours,
(Than which not Philomel's can be more clear)
She'll soothe your cares and charm the list'ning ear:
Pleas'd with her sweet discourse, both day and night
You'll dedicate to hear her with delight;
New beauties in her ev'ry day descry,
And pass the fleeting hours in love and joy.
When you to mirthful nonsense are inclin'd
In proper bounds she'll keep your captive mind;
And when by anxious care it is distress'd,
Will never suffer it to be depress'd;
Thus all her eloquence, in each extreme,
She'll use to keep it tranquil and serene.
Such was Eurydice the Thracian's wife:—
He scarcely for a fool expos'd his life,
Or with the charms of music e'er had tried
From hell to repossess a silly bride.
With such a daughter Ovid too was blest,
Of copious ingenuity possess'd.
Such Cicero's Tullia was, upon whose tongue
The eloquence of all her father hung.
And such the mother of the Gracchi fam'd,
From whom they all the lib'ral arts attain'd.

ON THE GREAT DUKE'S SLEEPING IN THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

The Sovereign smiled upon the chief
At finding he a nap was taking,
Because, 'twas more than a belief,
Her foes would ever find him waking.

THE COIL OF ROPE ON NELSON'S PILLAR.

That frightful mass of cord, I feels,
Such lubber foolery to check,
Should be removed from Nelson's heels
And put about his Sculptor's neck.

BEN BACKSTAY.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL MYSTERY.

PALMS OF THE HANDS AND SOLES OF THE FEET.

In the *Times* journal (August 14, 1841),* an East Indian correspondent states, 'that in the March previous, on crossing the Soubunreekâ river, his attention was attracted to a number of human skeletons, which lay scattered upon the white sands adjacent to the course of the stream. Upon inquiry he learned that these were the unfortunate relics of pilgrims whe were on their road to the great pagoda at Juggernaut, and were drowned two evenings before. On his approaching these remains of mortality, he perceived the flesh completely devoured by Pariah dogs, vultures,

* This narration again appeared in the same journal, October, 1843.

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and other animals, leaving entire the *bottoms* of the *feet*, and the *palms* of the *hands*: this extraordinary circumstance reminding him of the passage recorded in the 2nd Book of Kings, ix, 35: "and they went to bury her (Jezebel), but they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands.".

In 1834, a middle-aged man, an American by birth, appeared at Westminster Hosptal, in order to show himself to the physicians and surgeons of the establishment. He was covered over with a green horny substance in the shape of quills, excepting his face, the *palms* of his *hands*, and the *soles* of his *feet*. He was known at the fairs as the 'Porcupine Man.'

In the *Philosophical Transactions* (vol. xxxviii, p. 299), mention is made of another man covered with a horny substance, like the quills or bristles of a hedge-hog, all over his person, excepting his face, the *palms* of his *hands*, and the *soles* of his *feet*.

In 1841, a Welsh youth named Thomas Jones, called the 'Cambrian Porcupine Youth,' was exhibited at the Cosmorama Rooms, Regent street: he also was covered with a coat of hardy thorns, resembling that of a hedge-hog or porcupine: excepting his face, the *palms* of his *hands*, and the *soles* of his *feet*.

Again: small pox never affects either the *soles* of the *feet*, or the *palms* of the *hands*.

G. S.

GRANDMAMMA'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The wants of others, Lord, we pray relieve;
With grateful hearts thy blessing we receive.
And oh! accept from us the humble lays
We offer for thy bounties in thy praise.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

For all we have received, eternal Lord,
We offer gratitude with one accord;
Grant that our life on earth may always be
A course of thankfulness and thoughts of thee.

PLAN OF WOLFF, THE MISSIONARY TRAVELLER, FOR SEEKING BRITISH CAPTIVES AT BOKHARA.

Recent advices encourage a hope that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, who were reported to have been murdered by the Khan of Bokhara, are still in the land of the living. Curiosity now anxiously turns to what may be accomplished by Mr Wolff, the missionary, who has volunteered to endeavour to ascertain their fate, and if possible effect their release. The enterprise is one of difficulty and beset with danger. From the 'Friend of India' we learn Wolff proposes to go as a Christian minister. On the former occasion he entered Bokhara on horseback with his Hebrew Bible and his Greek Testament in his hand. He now proposes to enter it on foot, robed as a doctor of divinity, with his gown and hood. We question whether the haughty King of Bokhara will open the prison doors of the captives at the request even of the wisest doctor of Cambridge or Oxford. As a rigid Mahomedan he can have no respect for the sacred orders of the unbelievers. Neither can Wolff expect to obtain their release for money or without it. If he takes no money he will be laughed at; if he carries the money in his portmanteau it will probably be taken away, and he himself sent to keep the prisoners company, with the hope that the ransom of three will be higher than that of two. To invest him with a public character, and depute him as an envoy from the government, would be to compromise the character of that government, without any hope of effecting the object. The King of Bokhara would be infinitely more likely to cast the accredited agent into a dungeon than to liberate the prisoners at his request. Every effort that could be made, short of the despatch of a public mission, was made by Sir W. Macnaughten to effect the release of Colonel Stoddart at a time when we were all-powerful in Affghanistan, and seemed to hold the destinies of Central Asia in our hands; but he failed.

Miscellaneous.

Mesmerism.—A boy was lately said to have been mesmerised at Deptford. Mr D. Hope, surgeon to the Dreadnought hospital ship, treated the case as an attempt to impose on public credulity. Mr Vernon, the individual reflected upon, a lecturer on mesmerism, in consequence requested, in the course of last week, the presence of a number of medical men to witness a renewal of the experiments. The result of these is described to have been such as to shake the opinions of those who had been most sceptical on the subject, and to establish the skill and integrity of Mr Vernon.

Last Moments of Casimir Delavinge, the celebrated French Poet.—"The invalid, accompanied by his wife and son, was obliged to stop at Lyons by his malady. A physician was called in, who considered his illness fatal, and informed Madame Delavigne that her husband had only a few hours to live. He succeeded, however, in restoring calmness to the patient, who had been alarmed. About eight the same evening, the poet, lying in bed, and in full possession of his faculties, asked his wife, in order to amuse the son, to read aloud. She took up 'Guy Mannering,' and continued reading for three quarters of an

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hour, at which time the patient asked for drink. As she was taking some precaution, when offering him the glass, not to fatigue him, he cried, 'Oh! give it, I am strong enough!' He raised himself up with some difficulty, and, leaning his head on his right hand, asked his wife to continue. But his features were changed, for death was near. Madame Delavigne perceived the alteration, but, concealing her grief, resumed her reading, which her emotion rendered unintelligible. 'Why,' said the dying man, 'you are skipping whole sentences;' and, addressing his son, told him to go on himself. A moment after the head of Casimir Delavigne fell back on the pillow. He began to recite some verses of a tragedy at which he had been at work for some time, and which was to be called 'Mélusine.' In two minutes after life had fled, and the nearly concluded work, which occupied his thoughts during his last moments, perished with him, for the deceased never wrote his pieces until after having completed them in his mind, and then recited them from memory at the moment of preparing them for the theatre."

CHARCOAL MOST EFFECTIVE IN THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.—Mr Barnes, of Bicton, says, "Charcoal is the most astonishing article to make use of for all purposes of cultivation, and especially for plants under artificial treatment. I judge from many years' experience in its use. My pine soils consist of nothing but charcoal and loam, without a particle of manure of any sort. Every plant under my care has some charcoal used about it. I never yet saw the plant that did not delight in it, and to heaths it is most especially acceptable." Mr Stewart, gardener at Stradsett hall, has exhibited to the Horticultural Society some cucumbers grown in equal parts of loam and charcoal, without any manure. No stimulant could have given better fruit, so far as health was concerned.

OPENING OF THE TOMB OF HENRY THE FIRST AT QUEDLINBURGH.—His Majesty of Prussia paid a visit to Quedlinburgh at the end of last month, to the celebrated vault beneath the chapel of the castle in that town,—which chapel is built entirely of sandstone, whose exhalations are reported to have the property of preserving bodies from corruption. To test the virtue of this species of embalming, his Majesty caused to be opened the tomb containing the remains of the Emperor Henry the First, who died in 936, and that enclosing the body of the famous Countess of Konigsmark, the mother of Marshal Saxe, who died in 1728. The body of the Emperor was dried up, the features were undistinguishable, and the vestments crumbled into dust:—but the body of the countess was wonderfully preserved, the face yet retaining the traces of her marvellous beauty. Her dress, consisting of a robe of silver brocade, a Mary-Stuart cap, in white velvet, embroidered with silver and pearls, white silk stockings, and white satin shoes, had all the gleam and freshness of novelty.

FRENCH HUSBANDS WITH ENGLISH WIVES.—It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the strong prejudices which the French entertain towards England and the English, the French gentlemen give a decided preference to English ladies, when they mean to marry. An Englishman visiting Paris is surprised at the number of English ladies with French husbands, whom he meets with in society. If an English lady, of passable appearance, remains long unmarried in Paris, the presumption is that the fault is her own. It is worthy of remark, on the other hand, that an English gentleman, resident in Paris, very rarely marries a French lady.—*Paris and its People.*

STATISTICS.—The rate of increase of the population between 1831 and 1841 in England, varies from 2·4 per cent. in the county of Hereford, to 36·9 in Manchester. The rate of increase in the number of inhabited houses for the same period, varies from 4·7 to 41·1 per cent., the houses in Westmoreland having only increased 4·7 per cent., whilst those of Durham have increased 41·1 per cent. In the following counties of England the number of males exceeds that of the females:—Hereford, 78; Lincoln, 914; Monmouth, 6,857; Rutland, 140; Stafford, 7,224: and in Wales—Brecon, 545; Flint, 697; Glamorgan, 4,550; Radnor, 296. The greatest excess of females occurs in the county of Middlesex, where there are 1,133 females to 1.000 males, no doubt arising from the great number of female servants in the metropolis and its suburbs. In the county of Bedford, 25 in 100 women marry under age; in Huntingdon, 25; in Cambridge, 23; in Essex, 23; in Northampton, 22; in Hereford, 22; in the West Riding of York, 21; in the East Riding of York, 11: Cumberland, 10; Westmoreland, 10; Devon, 9; Salop, 9; Hereford, 9. The lowest annual value of real property per square mile in England, is 349*l.*, being the county of Westmoreland; and the highest the county of Middlesex, 25,683*l.* In Wales, the lowest in the county of Merioneth, 175*l.*; and the highest in the county of Flint, 877*l.*

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—It was her temper that involved her in lawsuits with her own children. Her eldest grandson, Robert, Earl of Sunderland, died before he had forfeited her favour. Charles was no sooner elevated to his father's dignity, than she openly quarrelled with, and in the Court of Chancery pleaded her own cause against him. She accused him of

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pawning, one by one, the diamonds in the famous baldric of the great Marlborough's sword, and his extravagance gave point to the charge; yet John, her youngest grandson, who was no less profligate, retained her favour in the midst of his excesses. Her grand-daughter, Lady Anne Egerton, was as proud as the duchess herself, and no less fiery; on some quarrel between them, the Duchess of Marlborough had Lady Anne's picture daubed with black, and over it this inscription, "She is much blacker within." With her the ruling passion was strong even against death. About four years before her demise, the duchess was attacked by a dangerous disease, and had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physician, believing her case very bad, said, "she must be blistered or she will die." Her grace, who had listened with attention, called out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!" She kept her word.

Scenes at Taunton. — Taunton was twice in possession of rebels during the reign of Henry VII. First it was seized by one Flemmock, a Cornish lawyer, and Michael Joseph, a blacksmith, who here murdered the provost of Penryn, a commissioner of that subsidy which provoked the Cornish to rebel. Not long after the impostor, Perkin Warbeck, took possession of it, but was soon compelled to fly by the Devonshire forces. In the time of the civil wars a garrison was first placed here by the parliament, which was soon driven out by the Marquis of Hereford's men. Nor did the royal party long continue in possession; for the place was in a little time taken by Colonel Blake, afterwards general and admiral, who was appointed governor. Not long after it was besieged by a party of the royal army, under Lord Goring; but Blake defended it till he was relieved. Taunton was also, after the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth, the chief scene of Jeffrey's and Kirk's inhuman executions. The latter caused nineteen wounded men to be hanged here without even permitting their friends or relations to speak with them. Vast numbers were condemned by Jeffreys. He persuaded the poor wretches to confess their guilt, and throw themselves on the king's mercy. But this was only a snare: he caused them to be immediately executed, and their quarters to be exposed upon trees by the roadside. Above twenty gentlemen were ignominiously executed; and when James II issued a proclamation of pardon, forty young ladies were particularly excepted, because they had presented the duke with colours made at the expense of the town. Taunton has two annual fairs—the first 17th of June, and the second 7th July and two following days.

The Gatherer.

Workhouse Occupations. — The notice lately taken of the cruel practice of making in workhouses garments at a very reduced price, has caused several praiseworthy efforts in the metropolitan parishes to put a stop to the evil. The Hackney Union guardians were summoned for this week to consider of a resolution deprecating the low remuneration of sempstresses, and ordering that the master be now desired not to receive any more slop-work at the present remuneration paid for it, nor, in fact, at any price until the same has been previously submitted to, and approved by, the board; in the hope that this example may be followed by other boards of guardians, and the evil so loudly complained of redressed.

Metropolitan Drapers' Association.—From an able address on the subject, which appears among our advertisements, it will be seen that a powerful effort is making to shorten the hours of business, now uselessly protracted, with every prospect of success.

Density of Population. — In the county of Westmoreland there are only 74 inhabitants to a square mile, while in the county of Lancaster there are 944. In the county of Middlesex, the number is 5,591 inhabitants to a square mile. In Wales, the numbers vary from 59 in the counties of Merioneth and Radnor, to 274 in that of Flint. The average number of inhabitants to each house in England in 1841, was 5·4, and in Wales 4·8.

Master Printers in the Time of Charles I. —Archbishop Land procured a decree to be passed in the Star Chamber, July 1, 1637, "to regulate," says Heylyn, "the trade of printing, and prevent all abuses of that excellent art to the disturbance of the church." By this decree it was ordered, "That the master printers from thenceforth should be reduced to a certain number; and that if any other should secretly or openly pursue that trade he should be set in the pillory, or whipped through the streets, and suffer such other punishment as that court might think fit to inflict upon him.

Alarms of the Rich and Poor.—In no government can the powers be so balanced, and rights and duties so clearly defined, as to obviate all suspicion that the authority entrusted for the welfare of the community will not be abused. The wealthy dread the open aggression of the poorer classes. The latter stand in no less alarm of the silent invasion of their liberties by the rich, who, being usually possessed of considerable legitimate power, have no occasion to set the laws at defiance when endeavouring to increase their own

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privileges at the expense of those of their fellow-citizens.

French Romance.—The *Morgue* is the source of much of the inspiration of *la jeune France.* When we put together the prison, the gibbet, the pillory, the gallows, the dissecting-room, the hangman and the priest, the monster-criminal and the monster-beauty we shall have enumerated a considerable portion of the elements of the modern French romance. We nearly complete the list by adding an air of antiquity, assuming the language of the ancient chronicles, a monarch mad or cruel, an alchemist's laboratory, a monk or a soothsayer.

Destructive Engines shorten War.—If the annihilation of armies could be made to depend upon the pointing of a single great gun by the Emperor Nicholas or the Emperor of Austria in any particular direction, no army in the world would stand such imperial manœuvring; whole nations would stand up as one man, protesting against being made imperial ninepins, and warfare would cease to be a royal game.—*Westminster Review.*

A Denbighshire Charm.—The well of St Thecla, in Denbighshire, was celebrated for the cure of epilepsy, by the following ceremony:—The sun being set, the patient washes himself in the well, and walking thrice round it, repeats the Lord's prayer each time. If a male, he makes an offering of a cock; if a female, she offers a hen. The fowl is carried in a basket round the well, and then into the churchyard. The patient enters the church and places himself under the communion table, where, putting a bible under his head, and being covered with a cloak, he rests till daybreak; and then, having made an offering of sixpence, and leaving the fowl in the church, he departs. If the fowl dies the disease is supposed to be transferred to the bird, and the cure, of course, effected.

Arithmetic Taught at Grammar Schools.—The Charter-house grammar school was founded in 1610. The statutes made in 1627 provide that it should be "the master's care and the usher's charge" to teach arithmetic to those boys who might be more fitted for trades than for the learned professions, so little did our forefathers insist upon inviting all to devote themselves exclusively to classics.

Archbishop Laud's Dying Pun.—This unfortunate prelate was never accused of levity in his parting moments, but there was something like a play upon words in the last sentences he uttered. Turning to approach the block, but finding the way obstructed by people who had placed themselves upon the scaffold, he begged them "to let him have room to die." Being close to the block he took off his doublet, and seeing through the chinks of the boards that some people had got under the scaffold about the very spot where the block was placed, he called to the officer to stop the chinks, or to remove the people thence, saying, "it was no part of his desires that *his blood should fall upon the heads* of the people."

Anti-Nepotism.—"In the trust I have exercised through life," says Jefferson, the American President, "with powers of appointment, I can say with truth, and with unspeakable comfort, that I never did appoint a relation to office, and that merely because I never saw the case in which some one did not offer or occur better qualified."

Earl Hardwicke and the Corn Laws.—At his annual rent audit Earl Hardwicke made an important statement. He said he, in common with Sir R. Peel and the Duke of Buckingham, was opposed to free trade, but he thought that ultimately free-trade principles must prevail. But he conceived the result would not be so disastrous as had been anticipated.

Anachronism in Hamlet.—"The first act ends," says Voltaire, "with the king giving his royal orders (and which must never be disobeyed) to fire all the cannon round the ramparts, two hundred years before the use of gunpowder was known."

The Hobby.—In 'The Regulations and Establishment of Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, 1512,' mention is made of the number of horses kept for the use of "my lordis and my ladys." Among them we find the *Hobys* particularly mentioned: they were of a small size, and active; originally from Ireland; and were so highly prized, and so universally admired by every one, as to become a proverbial expression—"he's riding his hobby."

Abode of James.—The residence of the ill-starred James, Duke of York, is still standing in High street, Peckham. It is an unpretending building, with a stuccoed frontage, having two Corinthian pilasters. The fore-court and ground-floor are now being converted into a general dealer's shop.

— Gilded roofs do not keep out sleepless nights.

— A hundred years of trouble are not worth a day of tranquillity.

— Pythagoras says, "Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The usual Supplement, price two pence, beautifully illustrated, with Index to the Volumes, is published with the present number.

Answers to several correspondents are necessarily delayed. We hope shortly to diminish the arrear.

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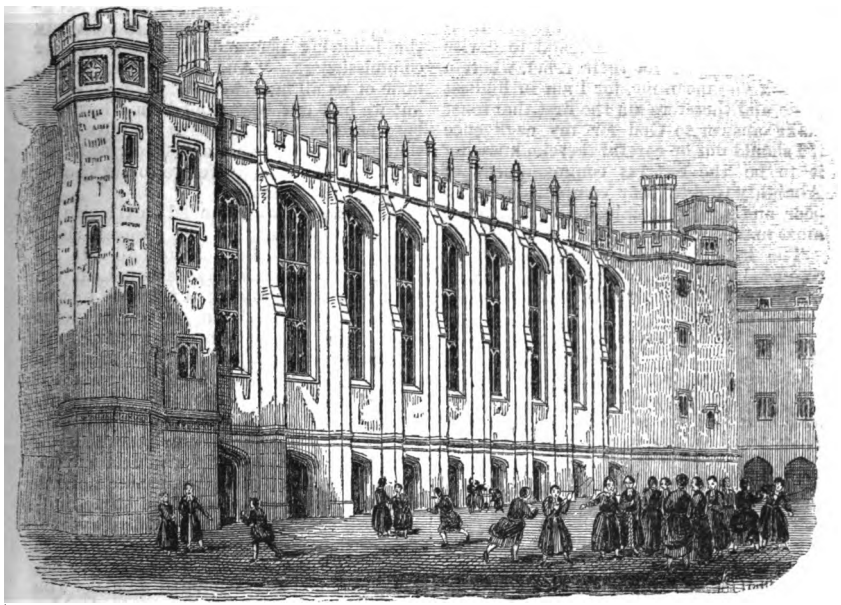
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 2.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844. [VOL. I. 1844.



Palmer's Glyphography.

Original Communications.

THE HALL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

To the local pictures which have lately appeared we this week add the hall of Christ's Hospital. Few acquainted with the city have failed to admire this elegant structure, as few can regard the noble establishment with which it is connected without admiration. The youthful monarch by whom it was founded passed to his grave too early for England's welfare. He was so unlike his royal sire, that had life been spared, so far as man could judge, he must have ranked among the most illustrious kings whose deeds are recorded in our annals. Some interesting facts are related of the origin of this charity. Grafton writes that Dr Ridley, then Bishop of London, preached before the king at Westminster, and in his sermon made a fruitful and godly exhortation to the rich to be merciful to the poor, and also to move such as were in authority to travel by some charitable ways and means to relieve them; whereupon the king, finding that poor people swarmed in the city, sent of himself to the bishop, as soon as his sermon was ended, and willed him not to depart till he had spoken with him. He adds, "This that I now write was the very report of the said Bishop Ridley, who, according to the king's command, gave his attendance, and as soon as the king's majesty was at leisure he called for him, and caused him to come unto him in a great gallery at Westminster, where, to his knowledge, and the king likewise told him so, there were present no more persons than they two; and therefore made him sit down in one chair, and he himself in another, which, as it seemed, were before the coming of the bishop there purposely set, and caused the bishop, in spite of his teeth to be covered, and then

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entered communication with him in this manner:—First, giving him hearty thanks for his sermon and good exhortation, he therein rehearsed such special things as he had noted, that the bishop said, 'Truly, truly!' for that commonly was his oath, 'I could never have thought that excellency to be in his grace, but that I beheld and heard it in him.'

At the last the king's Majesty much commended him for his exhortation for the relief of the poor. 'But, my lord,' quoth he, 'you will such as are in authority to be careful thereof, and to devise some good order for their relief, wherein I think you mean me, for I am in highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer to God for my negligence if I should not be careful therein, knowing it to be the express commandment of Almighty God to bear compassion of his poor and needy members for whom we must make an account unto him.'

The king then desired the prelate to communicate with others on the way in which most effectual relief could be afforded to the sufferers.

Surprised at this communication, Ridley expressed his readiness to be the instrument of good. He said, 'he doubted not but the mayor and his brethren, and many others in the city, would be ready to co-operate in such an undertaking, and that if it would please the king's Majesty to direct his gracious letters unto the mayor of London, willing him to call in such assistance as he should think meet, to consult of this matter for some order to be taken therein, he doubted not but good would follow thereon; and he promised the king to be one himself that should earnestly assist."

In consequence of this the bishop put himself in communication with Sir R. Dobbs, the Lord Mayor, and extensive plans were formed for the relief of the needy, and it was in consequence of this that the Hospital of Christ Church was founded. Edward, calling for pen and ink, in his last sickness, assigned an income of 4,000 marks per year, which done, he exclaimed, in the hearing of his council—'Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of thy name.' Two days after this benevolent act Edward was no more.

From what has been stated, it will be seen how zealously Ridley laboured in the good cause. In this he only acted in the spirit of another eminent prelate of that day. It is known that when Cranmer, with other commissioners, visited Canterbury to settle a school there, some of them wished to admit none into it but "sons, or younger brethren of gentlemen; as for husbandmen's children, they were more meet, they said, for the plough, and to be artificers, than to occupy the place of the learned sort. It was meet for the ploughman's son to go to the plough, and the artificer's son to apply to the trade of his parent, and the gentleman's children are meet to have the knowledge of government, and rule in the commonwealth." Cranmer successfully urged many reasons for another course, which was determined upon, "such a seasonable patron of poor men," says the historian, "was the archbishop," who was shrewd enough to apply the following personal argument to the commissioners,—"And to say the truth, none of us all here were gentlemen born, but we had our beginning from a low and base parentage." Hence it will be seen that to churchmen we are largely indebted for our knowledge, as we are to our knowledge for our liberties.

The hospital was founded on the site of the old monastery of the Grey Friars. After the fire of London its hall was rebuilt, but the edifice represented in the Glyphographic drawing at the head of this article, was erected ten or twelve years since, from designs furnished by Mr Shaw.

The exterior is raised upon an arcade of flat pointed arches; each end is terminated by two large and lofty octagonal turrets, finished on the top with panels and embrazures; the hall externally consists of nine lofty and spacious windows of the pointed style, divided into three heights and four widths, by moulded stone mullions. The windows are divided by buttresses that support the principal trusses of the roof, and are finished by lofty octagonal pinnacles and foliated finials. The centre of each window is again marked by intermediate pinnacles, supported by sculptured corbels, and the parapet between them is formed of moulded embrazures. The whole structure is composed of fine Haytor granite, of a close compact nature, and of a beautiful gray colour, which harmonizes well with the architecture, and completes the beauty of the whole. The length of the interior is two hundred feet, but the width is only fifteen: along the two ends and the side opposite to the windows, there runs a spacious gallery, and it is in this hall that strangers are admitted to see the children sup in public. A fine organ is placed at one end, and under the centre window a pulpit is affixed, where Divine Service is performed. The decorations are exactly of the character which suits the place they occupy, being bold and massive: the brackets of the ceiling, the beams and the galleries are of oak; the walls being of a light stone colour.

We may add the public suppers, of which this hall is the scene, form one of the sights of London. The following

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lively description of them in 'Recollections of a Blue-coat Boy' will be read with pleasure. "From the Sunday after Christmas till Easter Sunday inclusive, we used to sup in public, on which occasion the hall was lighted up with chandeliers and patent lamps; the floor was spread with sawdust, and the organ, which was in a gallery over the great gates which formed the principal entrance to the hall, was opened, and those boys who were best able to sing were placed in this gallery to conduct the singing of the psalm which always formed part of the worship before supper, but which on these occasions was longer than usual, and accompanied by the organ. Visitors were admitted into the hall formerly by tickets, but of late years by the personal introduction of a governor or some officer or master in the establishment.

There were seats at the upper end of the hall raised one above another, and covered with green baize for the accommodation of the visitors. In the centre of the lowest range of seats was placed an arm chair, in which sat the president or treasurer, or some senior governor; the rest of the governors present sitting on either side of the chair. The governors on this, as on most public occasions, were distinguished by slender painted wands. Before supper one of the Grecians mounted a pulpit on one side of the hall, and read out of the New Testament the lesson appointed for the evening service, then a prayer composed for the use of Christ's Hospital by Dr Gibson, formerly Bishop of London; after this a psalm was sung by all the boys accompanied by the organ, then followed grace before supper. The boys next took their seats at the table, their butter and beer served out to them, and the visitors walked about and amused themselves observing the boys. Many of the persons present as visitors were the friends or relatives of the boys, and it was to the boys themselves a kind of holiday, especially to the younger ones. The supper, consisting only of bread and butter, was soon finished. The steward then gave a signal, and the boys left their seats and arranged themselves on either side of the hall; grace was then said by the Grecian as before, and an anthem was sung by some of the best singers among the boys, who were placed in the organ loft; the chorus was performed by the whole number. After this came the ceremony of bowing round before the governors."

A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY.

One day—I had it from a hasty mouth,
Accustom'd to make many blunders daily,
And therefore will not name, precisely, South,
Herschel, or Baily—
But one of those great men who watch the skies,
With all their rolling, winking eyes,
Was looking at that Orb whose ancient God
Was patron of the Ode, and Song, and Sonnet,
When thus he musing cried, "It's very odd
That no Astronomer of all the squad
Can tell the nature of those spots upon it!"
"Lord, master!" muttered John, a liveried elf,
"To wonder so at spots upon the sun!
I'll tell you what he's done—
Freckled himself!" T. Hood.

THE KE-KO-KA-KI, A NEW DOMESTIC ANIMAL.—M. Audubon, in a letter of the 20th of June last, written 110 miles above Port Union, in latitude 49 degrees 10 minutes N., communicates the "discovery of an animal which bids fair to become not only a valuable but a domestic one." He had taken refuge in a wood during a storm, and saw two enormous beasts at play, somewhat resembling kangaroos. A companion shot one of these animals; the other fled. "The buffalo or mountain elk," says M. Audubon, "is nothing in comparison to this animal in the scale of worth. It sits on its hind legs, its front legs or arms are short, but armed with sharp claws, and it bounds or jumps with its hind legs. It has a tail, somewhat like that of a sheep, about ten inches long; and round the middle of the body it has a ring of flesh, about twelve inches wide and eight thick in the middle or centre, which produces a large quantity of oil. On their heads they have two horns very similar to the horns of the deer, but no more than eighteen inches long; the head is also shaped very like that of the deer, and has the same kind of teeth; but what is most remarkable, their coat is of the most beautiful fur I ever beheld, of a dark brown colour. The one we killed weighed, to the best of our calculations, upwards of 600 lbs., and it measured from the top of the head to the end of the tail, nine feet four inches. We had no sooner killed this one, than some Indians joined us; they said that in these woodlands similar animals were in great abundance. They called it in their tongue the *ke-ko-ka-ki*, or jumper; they feed on grass, herbs, and foliage. Upon observing us take off the skin, the Indians expressed a desire to have some of the flesh, which we gave them. We cooked some, and found it delicious; it was white and tender, and tasted very similar to veal; but the ring on the body was nearly all oil, and the whole upper part will produce a great quantity. The Indians took us to their huts, or village, which consisted of six families; there we saw no less than six of these animals domesticated. Two young ones, male and female, I bought for some beads."

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ALGIERS AS IT IS IN THE HANDS OF THE FRENCH.

BY CAPT. LUCAS.

LETTER I.

(For the Mirror.)

THE entrance to the Bay of Algiers is grand. To the left the Atlas mountains are seen, which extend many hundreds of miles; the Bay is circular, and the scenery, interspersed with villas, is beautiful and picturesque. Looking to the right, the city of Algiers is seen established on a lofty hill, sloping towards the sea. The houses for the most part have flat roofs, and are whitewashed all over. At a distance, as seen from on board ship, they present the aspect of a vast field of snow, which almost dazzles the eye. The plan of the houses strikes a European as curious. Without, nothing is seen but a wall and a door, but when you enter the scene presented is agreeably varied and grotesque. Looking into a court yard, you see fruits and flowers, fountains playing, and such other embellishments as the tastes of individual owners may supply, and galleries run round the court yard, one, two, or three stories high. They are supported by marble pillars elaborately worked. The rooms, corridors, and yards are all paved with marble or glazed tiles. As the tops of the houses are flat, many have gardens there, and neighbours are accustomed to cross a number of these gardens to visit each other, without descending to the court yard.

Most of the streets, though certainly now their number is diminishing, are miserably narrow, being only six feet wide. In some instances the opposite houses actually touch each other. The streets are in consequence dark passages, here and there illuminated by a ray of light, admitted through an aperture some two feet square. Scarcely a window is to be seen, but merely a few openings, like pigeon holes, and a door. Still the fashion of the streets is not to be altogether condemned. The heat of the climate is the cause of their not being more spacious, and the European who has in his "mind's eye" the magnificent streets of London and Paris, is well content, when the sun is high in the heavens, to gain shelter from the insufferable ray beneath the overhanging upper stories of the dwellings of the Algerines, which provide him below with a cool and comfortable thoroughfare.

Hussein Pacha, the last of the Deys, had two palaces, one at the lower and one at the upper part of the town. They are singularly built, and not easy to describe. It was in the one at the top of the hill that Hussein generally resided. Twice a week he came to the lower part of the town, to superintend ordinarily the decapitating of some of his subjects. He was a violent barbarian, and once chopped off the head of a man with his own hands. It was his uncontrollable violence that caused his fall. Algiers had claims on France for corn which had been supplied by two merchants named Bacry and Busnach, and some demur having been made on the part of the French Government, Hussein demanded that the sum claimed for the merchants just named should be paid to him, and that the French creditors of Bacry and Busnach should be sent to Algiers, *there* to establish the validity of their claims; and that there should be remitted to him a further sum of 80,000*l*., which he accused the French consul of having received as the price of certain alleged good offices rendered to Bacry. He also required that an immediate and precise answer should be given. The subject was extremely embarrassing; the accounts were in confusion; and delay unavoidably occurred. Hussein believed himself cheated and insulted, and, in the transports of rage which this feeling excited, broke out against the consul, whom he called the vilest and most immoral of men. Matters were in this state when M. Duval presented himself before the Dey, on the 27th of April, 1827, to compliment him, according to custom, on the occasion of the festivities of the Bairam. "Have you a letter for me from your government?" demanded Hussein furiously, the instant the consul appeared. M. Duval answered respectfully in the negative; upon which the Dey, overcome by rage, broke out into the most virulent reproaches and menaces, made use of most opprobrious epithets, and finally struck the consul on the face with a fly-fan which he held in his hand.

France resented this insult, and blockaded Algiers. She subsequently offered peace upon moderate terms, but it was rejected with insult and defiance.

Bitterly must he have lamented his outrageous conduct. In June, 1830, a formidable army from France landed at Algiers. The French were victorious in several battles, and the Dey, completely crest-fallen, was obliged to send a flag of truce to General Bourmont, by his private secretary, Sidi Mustapha. He approached the conqueror, and offered, on the part of his master, the abandonment of all his old claims against France, the reparation which had been demanded of him before the rupture, and the payment of the whole expense of the campaign, provided the French would consent to leave the country. These conditions were proposed with much hesitation by Mustapha, while his features exhibited the liveliest impression of terror. They were sternly rejected. "Tell the

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Dey," said Bourmont, in reply, "that, master of the fort of the Emperor and of all the commanding positions, I hold in my hand the fate of the city and of the Cassauba. A hundred pieces of artillery, which I have brought from France, and eighty cannons and mortars, found in the Algerine batteries, of which I am already in possession, will be sufficient to destroy, in a few hours, the Cassauba and the walls of Algiers. I consent to spare the lives of the Dey, the Turkish soldiers, and the inhabitants of the town, provided they surrender at discretion, and instantly put the French troops in possession of the gates of the city, the Cassauba, and of all the exterior forts." After some further negotiation it was agreed to respect the personal property of the Dey and the inhabitants, but he and all the Turks were to leave the city without delay. Upon these terms Algiers surrendered. The public property found in it was estimated at 2,227,381*l.*, besides guns, stores, houses, &c., belonging to the government, so that France gained at least 3,000,000*l.* by the capture. At first the Dey was greatly depressed by his defeat and its consequences, but eventually he recovered his composure. The advice which he gave to his conquerors, however, shows, in a striking point of view, the character of the despot. "I recommend to you," said he, "to be on your guard against Abduraman-Aga, Bey of Tittery; he is a thorough knave. He will come to offer himself; he will swear to be faithful to you; but he will betray you the first opportunity. I had resolved some time ago to cut off his head; your arrival has spared him that ceremony. The Bey of Constantine is less perfidious and less dangerous. Being an able financier, he sweats the people of his province without mercy, and pays his tribute with great punctuality; but he is without courage and without character. Men of this stamp are not suited to trying circumstances, as my sorrowful experience has just proved." Of the French consul, Duval, he added, "I take blame to myself for not having made him expiate by the halter his falsehood, his baseness, and his criminal manœuvres, which have caused my ruin. If I had chopped off his head or strangled him, I should not have been worse than I now am, since I have lost my throne, and life is of little moment to me; I would have had the satisfaction of being avenged."

The palaces of Hussein are now converted into barracks for the French soldiers. A great part of the old town, near the harbour, has been pulled down, and splendid houses, hotels, and bazaars have been built, forming a grand square open to the sea, round which orange trees are planted, and forms a beautiful and favourite promenade, especially of an evening, when a military band is generally in attendance.

The less happy consequences of the fall of Algiers will furnish matter for another letter.

PULPIT COSTUMES.

"St Jerome says, in his book against Pelagius, 'what harm or enmity, I pray, is it against God, if I use a more cleanly garment? If a bishop, presbyter, deacon, or any other of the ecclesiastical order, come forth in a white vestment, when they administer the sacraments?' St Chrysostom also intimates, that the deacons wore a peculiar habit in their ministrations, when he says, 'their honour, crown, and glory, did not consist so much in their walking about the church in a white and shining garment, as in their power to expel unworthy communicants from the Lord's Table.' Nazianzen, in his vision of the Church of Anastasia, represents the deacons standing 'in their bright and shining garments.' And in his will he leaves to his deacon Evagrius [Eutropius?] a *camasus*, and a *sticharium*, which were then the common names for these surplices, or white garments, used in divine service. The Council of Laodicea has two canons concerning the little habit called the *orarium*, which was a scarf or tippet, to be worn upon the shoulders, and might be used by bishop, presbyter, and deacon, but not by subdeacons, singers, or readers, who are expressly debarred the use of it in that Council. The fourth Council of Carthage speaks of the *alba* or surplice, which the deacon is ordered to wear, when the oblation is made or the lessons are read. The Council of Narbo mentions the same. The Council of Braga speaks of the *tunica* and the *orarium* as both belonging to deacons; and the third Council of Braga orders priests to wear the *orarium* on both shoulders, when they ministered at the altar. By which we learn that the *tunica* or surplice, was common to all the clergy; the *orarium* on the left shoulder, proper to deacons, and on both shoulders the distinguishing badge of priests.

"Now the Fathers here quoted lived near the end of the fourth century; the earliest of the Councils was held in the third, the latest in the sixth; so that the surplice has, beyond a doubt, been the officiating habit of the clergy for at least sixteen hundred years; while it does not appear that the gown has been adopted as a preaching dress for much more than two hundred. It is very true that the above quotations say nothing about *preaching*, but it is most probable that the habit then worn was the same as that in which they officiated."—*Letter of a Layman.*

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RELICS OF LONDON.—No. XVII.

ELY CHAPEL.

Most humbly, gentle reader, I have to crave thy pardon and that of the venerable relic whose name is at the head of the present paper, for passing by Ely chapel without a sign of recognition. What! conclude the series of "Relics" without a notice of the reverend ruin of Ely place! Unpardonable omission! Yet I doubt whether I should have been reminded of my error had I not had recent occasion to pass through the vicinity, and beheld the scattered remains of the Bishop's chapel, with a frown upon its time-worn face, as if, had it been anything but stone, it would have upbraided me for my neglect; and, struck with compunction, I determined to add another paper to my concluded series, that Ely chapel might not be unrecorded.

The spot on which the chapel is situated was first distinguished by the residence of the Bishops of Ely in the thirteenth century; but all vestiges of the inn in which those prelates dwelt, and which was the scene of such festivity as made poor Stowe open his eyes with very wonder as he recorded it, have long since vanished; all, save the chapel, which is so defaced and altered—so pulled down here, and rebuilt there, as to be almost undistinguishable. On the left-hand side of Ely place, however, there is the western window, and through the passage annexed to the "Mitre" tavern access may be obtained to the southern side. The relics of the northern exterior of the chapel are distributed among courts and alleys calculated to daunt the most enthusiastic antiquary; and the western end joins the back of the houses in Hatton garden. So much for the exterior—the interior is even still more mutilated. If we could enter the chapel by the porch which yet remains, but is now disused, we should very soon find that that was the only original portion visible, for the stained windows, once the glory of the edifice, are darkened by screens and drapery. There is also in existence a crypt of the Bishop's chapel, but this is used as a cooper's cellar; and, with the exception of a few fragments in Bleeding Heart yard, these are the only traces of the chapel of "Elie's Inn."

Malcolm observes of this chapel, that it stands as if designedly hidden from sight, and retiring from public observation; and assuredly, as I looked upon its remains, I could not but remember his trite remark, and mourn over the dilapidation of the fine old chapel, which appeared so ashamed of its wrecked and shattered state as to hide itself behind its upstart neighbours of modern date, in sad and lonely grief. These are odd and unaccountable phantasies, which frequently flit through the mind as we look on the relics of the past; something approaching a poetical superstition steals over us, and for the moment the ancient ruins appear endowed with feeling. I can never look upon the tower walls without thinking that they glance contemptuously on the matter-of-fact generation of the present day, and are silently mourning for the days of chivalry; the "Tabard" talks to us about Chaucer and the pilgrims; St Helen's breathes a whisper of monastic secrets; Crosby hall still reverberates with the loud revelry of Gloucester; and even Ely chapel pines in its obscurity for the faded glories of the past, and who that looks on its melancholy aspect can forbear to — nay, do not smile,—*to pity it!*

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE NEW STAYS, OR A LAMENT FOR THE LADIES' HOOP.

SIR,—I am one of those unfortunates, called disappointed women, and the object of this letter is to caution the vain and unwary of my own sex against falling into the same error with myself, by pointing out the cause of my present unhappy situation.

However improbable it may at first appear, Mr Editor, I can assure you that the simple fact of my indulging myself with a pair of *too easy stays* was the primary cause of my falling from that modest and chilling reserve which so efficiently shields the young maiden from the daring approaches and insidious wiles of the other sex.

Seeing the newspaper lying on the breakfast table waiting for my father, I was tempted to look into it; and, passing over politics and other subjects which had no interest for me, my eye was attracted to an advertisement, which put forth its most seductive powers of persuasion to purchasers, for stays of a peculiar quality. They would *make any shape look elegant*—were of the most *durable materials*, and, what riveted my attention most, "they would yield to the least motion of the body without losing their elasticity or forming a crease."—"Ah!" said I, "what treasures! would I were possessed of such a pair!" I partook, as many girls do, of that thriftiness and tenderness with respect to my stays, that there was scarcely a whole bone left in them; so loath was I to abandon friends who had been long *closely attached*. But all at once I became enchanted at the idea of possessing a pair such as those advertised. Every turn I made I had a fault to find with my old ones, and resolved to part with them. Fatal resolution! old though they were, they had protected me hitherto from too easily yielding curtsies to every gentleman

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who had the boldness to praise my figure or compliment me on my graceful carriage.

They seemed to be perpetually on the watch to prevent me from offering acknowledgments of insidious compliments, by giving me a dig in the side with one of their broken bones, which were on the alert, whichever way I yielded, to give me such due warning, that, before the curtsey or the graceful bend was half completed, I would reassume my wonted air of indifference and impregnability to the attacks of flattery.

I parted from them; and now behold me equipped in their dangerous successors. From that day my disposition seemed to have altered. Every one noticed how amiable and compliant I had become. "Would I dance?" "With pleasure."—"Would I waltz?" "Not the least objection."—My new stays appeared actually to take a part in every conversation addressed to me; for I could feel them gently draw me away from one gallant to receive the homage of another. Till at length, bending to one and bending to another, I too readily yielded to the flattering speeches addressed to me on every side. My affection for the other sex seemed to vacillate and yield in the same proportion with the pliability of my new stays, and I became so completely enamoured of general adulation, that I flew from the flattery of one to compare it with the honied words of another. By degrees my admirers became disgusted with my fickleness, and left me, each declaring that I had become a thorough-paced coquet.

I had my day as such, but am now suffering the pangs of that neglect and disappointment which invariably terminate the life of such a character. I am forsaken by all my own sex, from a recollection of my former triumph; and by the other, from a fear of having their best feelings trifled with.

Oh, woman! how true it is that thy heart is too compliant and yielding to be trusted without restraint! Our great grandmothers knew their weakness. They encased their charms in walls of whalebone; and carefully threw out a formidable hoop by way of fortification, which forbad a lady, in those days, to lend her ears to the soft whisperings of a lover, or to the too dangerous propinquity of the waltz or country dance. I feel satisfied, Mr Editor, from my own fatal experience, that stays were first invented for the purpose of restraint instead of support to the bodies of our fair but frail sex. But how these artificial bulwarks have been taken away one by one, and reduced to an article subservient to the body instead of a protection against attacks upon it, I am unable to account, and will leave it to the serious consideration of those who rule the female fashions of the present time, whether it would not be better to revert to our former means of security adopted by our grandmothers, than to add another to the fast-increasing list of *Flexibles*, to which class your unfortunate correspondent belongs.

I am, &c. &c.

MATILDA PLIANT.

Bendermere, Jan. 31, 1838.

THE BOCCIUS LIGHT.

GREAT exertions are now being made in the scientific world to produce the most brilliant light at the least possible cost. It is our intention to lay before our readers, as soon as we can find space, some of the most important of them. The Boccius holds a high place amongst recent discoveries, and is to be seen every evening burning at Charing cross and on the steam wharf, London bridge. The general arrangement is as follows:—

The burner of the Boccius Light may consist of one, or several concentric rings; when more than one is employed, the inner ones are placed to a higher level than the outer, as shown in the annexed engraving (which is a section) of the burners, glass funnel, and metallic chimnies. The burners, B B, are perforated with numerous minute holes, in about the proportion of 60 to a circle of an inch in diameter. The inner are supplied with gas from the outer, and to make up for the diminished supply, the holes in the inner are rather larger. Above the burner, at a given distance, two concentric metallic chimnies (D) are placed, whose diameter is regulated, in great measure, by that of the outer ring. The chimnies are supported by three wires (C), upon the glass holders, and surrounding the whole, a glass funnel (F), proceeding from the level of the burners to the top of the metallic chimnies. The upper part of these glass funnels is frosted; the lower is transparent, to emit the light. The glass in the smaller burners is perfectly straight; in the larger ones slightly bell-shaped at the bottom. When the gas is turned on and lighted, the lower part of the burner—that is, the rings (B B), and crutch (A) become to some extent heated, and communicate a portion of their heat to the ascending gas. The amount of heat is, from the construction (accuracy having been attained by experience), so nicely adjusted, that no carbon is deposited in the ring; but the warm gas escapes, ready to deposit its solid matter on a slight increase of temperature; and the cold air, too, in rushing between the crutches and rings, becomes warmed, and the burner is thus supplied with hot air; the chimnies, especially the inner one, rob the ascending

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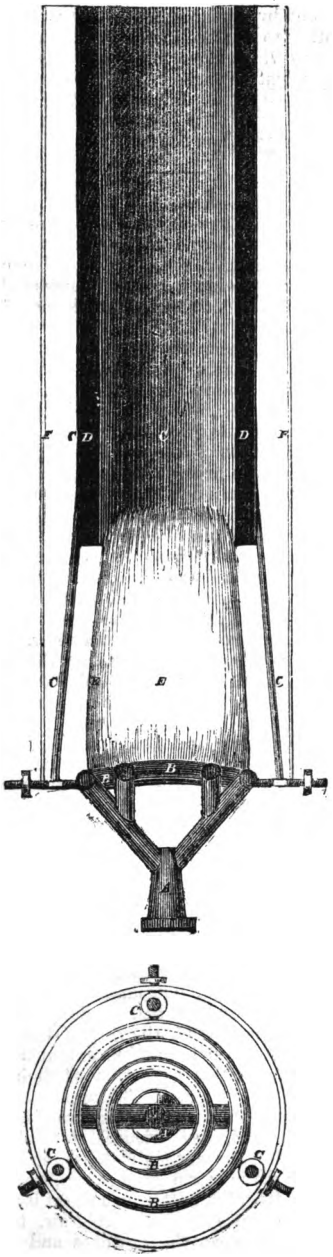
current of a great portion of its heat, which it in turn communicates to the upper part of the flame, and carries the particles of carbon there to an intense temperature, causing them ultimately to unite with oxygen. The quantity of air entering is so regulated by the size of the separate openings, that it produces nearly a perfectly cylindrical, instead of a conical flame. By the incandescent state of the inner chimney the products of combustion are separated from one another, and appear at different positions. The ascending current of air between the glass and outer chimney supports combustion, as of a taper; when placed between the two chimnies, the taper is extinguished, and relighted again when brought over the central aperture. The novelties in arrangement of this lamp are the *rising concentric rings* and the *metallic chimnies*. We have, in the engraving, represented a large double-ring burner in the centre; the diameter of the outer ring is five inches; and of the inner, three inches. This sized burner will consume about 50 feet per hour, and be equal to 48 Argand burners, consuming five feet per hour, or 240 feet; this effects a great saving. Mr Moxhay's Hall of Commerce, in Threadneedle street, is illuminated with this light. So also is the London Coffee house, Ludgate hill, as well as a number of churches and chapels, and other public establishments. To shopkeepers these burners are of consequence, as they carry off the carbonic acid gas, and thereby no injury is caused to articles exhibited in their windows.



The following advantages the patentee offers to the public:—

1st. Obtaining the greatest quantity of light from a comparative small quantity of gas.

2nd. From the same cause, the comparatively small amount of heat generated.

3rd. From the complete combustion, *the impossibility of escape of noxious gas into the air.*

4th. The complete absence of soot, smell, and smoke.

5th. The possibility of applying, with success, the principle to burners of all sizes, from one consuming one foot, to another consuming 100 feet per hour.

6th. The entire absence of all danger, there being no gas used beside the common carburetted hydrogen; consequently, *no explosion can take place.*

7th. The very moderate cost at which the burners are *sold*, and the great reduction in the number of lights generally used, affording a saving of at least one half; in some cases reaching to 85 per cent.

ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S STATUE FOR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE BEING FINISHED BY MR WEEKS.

The Duke and horse long talked about,
As being wrought some four years past,
A mare's nest proves! at least turns out
To be at last but *one Weeks' work.*

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Arms. A cross flory, sa., charged with five mullets or; on a chief az., three roses of the third.

Crest. A dexter arm, embossed in armour, ppr., garnished, or, about the elbow with a wreath of oak revert: in the hand a roll of paper, ppr.

Supporters. Dexter, a female figure representing *Fortitude*, vested in gold, the zone and sandals gu., mantle, az., her exterior arm resting on a Tuscan column, ppr.; sinister, a female figure, representing *Prudence* vested, az., the zone, mantle, and sandals, gu., in the exterior hand a mirror entwisted by a serpent, all ppr.

Motto. "*Suum cuique.*" "To every one his own."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LANGDALE.

This is a new peerage. Not to the merits of his ancestors, but to his own, Lord Langdale owes his title. His talents as an advocate raised him to the bench, and his acuteness and impartiality as a judge have given him fame.

If we were to place on record the many triumphs which he has professionally won, this article would greatly exceed the usual length. They are, however, generally so well known, and the public are so frequently reminded of them from his continued efforts on the judicial bench, that such labour may be spared. Burke tells us that Henry Bickersteth, Esq., who died May, 1821, left by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of John Batty, Esq., four sons, John, Henry, Edward, and Robert. The second son is now Lord Langdale. His Lordship graduated in the University of Cambridge as senior wrangler in 1808, and was called to the bar in 1811. He was appointed Master of the Rolls in 1836, and raised to the Peerage on the occasion, on the 23rd of January in that year.

A MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW, THE AMERICAN POET.

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow:
"Caw, caw!" the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll!
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—
"Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

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AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

Michigan, Nov. 7.

THE following Indian tragedy is related by Mr James Fowle. It occurred in this vicinity, the parties being his neighbours.

In the spring of 1837 Nogisqua, an Indian of the Potawatamy tribe, residing in this vicinity, having pawned his gun and a part of his clothes to a man named John N——, for intoxicating drink, the trader proposed to the Indian that, if he would sell him a certain cream-coloured pony belonging to his squaw, and a present from her father (Bawbish, a chief of the tribe), he would give him up his gun and clothing, and let him have more strong drink, from time to time, until the price agreed upon was paid. To this Nogisqua agreed, and privately gave up the pony, which was sent farther west. It appeared that his squaw, having some suspicion of what was going on, employed her younger brother to watch the result.

Upon the return of the Indian to his camp, partly intoxicated, his squaw, highly enraged, accused him of selling her pony. She became more and more enraged about his indifference of the affair, and at length declared she would kill him. He handed her his scalping knife, and drawing aside his hunting shirt, and making his bosom bare, coolly exclaimed, "Kina poo!" (kill away). She instantly plunged it to its handle in his breast, which caused his death in a few minutes. Her father, the Indian chief, being then absent some twenty or thirty miles east, a runner was dispatched to acquaint him of what had happened. Soon after, Mr Fowle says, he saw him pass by his house, with a sad countenance, towards the place of the murder. A heart-rending duty now devolved on the old chief. His word was to acquit or condemn his agonized daughter, according to Indian usage from time immemorial. His daughter was the handsomest squaw of her tribe, and a darling child, and the wails of her relatives, together with his own sympathies, rolled upon the mind of the chief, in the figurative language of his countrymen, like the rushings of the mighty deep upon the lonely rock in the sweeping storm. He must be the judge. No other tribunal was within the Indian code of criminal justice. The performance of this duty required more than Roman firmness. The Great Spirit and the blood of his murdered son-in-law seemed to say, "Bawbish, according to the customs of your forefathers for ages past, now decide justly." The chief, like agonized Joseph, when he made himself known to his brethren, could contain himself no longer. His integrity as an Indian chief prevailed. He rolled his troubled eye for the last time upon his darling daughter, then upon his kindred, and upon a portion of his tribe that stood before him, and then invoked the Great Spirit to grant firmness. The storm of agony in the mind of the chief had passed away, and in deep sorrow he decided that his daughter ought to die by the hand of the nearest of kin to the murdered Indian, according to their custom for ages past. The person of the father, chief, and judge, then withdrew, with nothing but his integrity to console him. It was ordered that Jonese, a brother of Nogisqua, then south, near Fort Wayne, should execute the sentence. Accordingly a runner was sent for him, and he came without delay. After hearing what was deemed his duty, the cry of a brother's blood from the ground on which he stood strung every nerve, and gave tone to every muscle for revenge. There were white persons present at the execution, who relate it as follows:—The brother proceeded to the fatal Indian camp, and, after sharpening his scalping-knife to his liking, and performing several ceremonies customary with their tribe since their acquaintance with the Catholic missionaries, he took the victim by her long flowing hair, and led her to the front of the camp, and then made an incision on her forehead in the form of a cross, bared her bosom, and plunged the knife to the handle in her body. A shriek, a rush of blood, a few dying groans and convulsions, followed, and the fair form of the handsome squaw lay stiff in death. From the time of the murder until the execution the female relatives of the murderess never left her tent, the time being spent in lamentations over the young squaw. After the execution both bodies were buried together in the sand-bank, where they now lie side by side. The Indians and squaws became reconciled, and all seemed satisfied that no other atonement could have been satisfactory. Thus perished, says my informant, the best Indian and handsomest squaw of their tribe—the victims of the whisky seller, who is far more guilty than either of the others of a moral wrong. My informant also says that, from first to last, there was manifested no desire to escape or evade the fate of the unfortunate young squaw.

[Surely some law should be made to prevent the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors to those people who, for want of education, are ready at all times to poison themselves for the benefit of gain to the traffickers in this murderous drink. No doubt it is made intoxicating enough by baneful drugs. There is no excise officer to test its strength or to notice its impurities; and the unfortunate creatures who take it are lulled into the insensibility produced by opium and other narcotics.—ED.]

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GEORGE IV's STATUE AND NELSON'S PILLAR.

CHANTREY's equestrian statue of George the Fourth, originally intended to stand on the marble and in front of Buckingham House, has been erected in Trafalgar square. It is a noble object; there is grace and animation in every part. Though arrayed in that flowing drapery which taste has pronounced to be most appropriate to sculpture, it accords so well with the robes George was in the habit of wearing on state occasions, that every one who saw him, must instantly recal the elegant and commanding figure of that luxurious monarch.

It is not easy to declare what is doing, or what is intended to be done, with the piece of stone lately elevated on the column as the statue of Nelson. The singularly unsightly aspect it presented, viewed in several directions, startled every one. After its exaltation it was concealed for several days, or only the cocked hat was allowed to be visible; but, by degrees, bolder grown, it was further exhibited. The effect was not exactly that of a blushing beauty slowly unveiled to admiring eyes, but rather that of an unfortunate object in the street whose sores are offensively exposed. It had been supposed that the precaution used was wisely adopted, lest the too sudden display of such a noble work of art "should dazzle with a luxury of light." It has, however, again been concealed; and now a huge square box appears on the summit of the column. It is not particularly ornamental; but unless something better can be presented than has yet been seen, it may as well be permanently fixed there.

GARDENING HINTS.

HOTHOUSES, CONSERVATORIES, &c.

THE temperature of the stoves should not exceed 60° now by fire heat, and a fall of 10° may be allowed at night in very cold weather. Although all plants now at rest should be kept comparatively dry, they will require to be looked over daily, to see that they do not suffer for want of water, particularly those nearest the pipes and flues. Orchidaceæ may be potted, tied up to logs, or fitted into wire baskets at any time when little can be done in the open air, but they need not be watered or enticed to grow for a long time.

Conservatory.—Of all plant houses this requires the smallest quantity of air in winter. Plants thrive very well that do not receive air by ventilators for weeks together. To keep down dust—so injurious to plants—the paths should not be swept quite dry. Very little watering will do, and that should be nine or ten degrees warmer than the temperature of the house, which should be about 45°.

Greenhouse—The temperature of this house should not be raised much above 40° now; the watering ought to be finished early in the day, and the plants should be constantly looked over to keep them free from dead leaves, insects, or soddened mould.

Cold Pits.—Half-hardy plants may be kept in these without artificial heating, but at the outset, notwithstanding all care, some of them may be lost; deaths, however, will occur in the best plant houses.

Forced Flowers.—Where forced flowers are in great request two divisions are necessary—one for such hardy plants as do not succeed in a high temperature, the other with means for bottom-heat, for Gardenias and other stove plants. Almost all plants, however, in forcing, are benefited by a mild bottom-heat.

FLOWER-GARDEN AND SHRUBBERIES.

Out-door Department.

After the late frost and snow but little can be done except in alterations and trenching of ground for planting; but it will be advisable to keep the frozen or snow-saturated surface soil at the top, as, if thrown into the bottom of the trenches, it will remain cold for a long time. Keep the walks and grass neat and clean, to compensate a little for the want of flowers.

Reserve Garden.—Beds containing autumn-sown annuals should have a few branches of evergreens stuck into them to shade the plants from sunshine after frost, and to protect them from drying winds. Plants generally in the open air are tender this season.

Pits and Frames.—Secure the young stock of plants against frost, and give them all the air and light possible on fine days; keep them free from decayed leaves and moisture. Where Hydrangeas are required to turn into the beds in the flower-garden in April and May they must be put into the forcing-house. Get dung prepared, to form a propagating bed next month.

PINERIES, VINERIES, &c.

Pinery.—If the fruiting-pit is kept at 60° by night it will be sufficient, raising it 5° or 10° by day, according to the clearness of the atmosphere. Take every favourable opportunity of admitting air; water sparingly with a fine rose pot; it is scarcely safe to use a coarse rose at this season. Keep a moist atmosphere, but be careful that steam is never of so great a density as to settle on the leaves, and run into the hearts of the plants. Maintain a steady heat of 80° in the tan, or soil if the pines are planted out. The young stock should not have more heat than is sufficient to keep them from going to rest;

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57° by night is quite high enough during this month. The bottom-heat for the young succession plants may be kept about 76°. Keep a less moist atmosphere during this month, and admit fresh air on all favourable occasions.

Vinery.—Where the vines are showing keep a heat of 55° to 60° by night, and raise the heat in the morning 5 or 10 degrees. Admit fresh air during sunshine, which can be more safely done by opening each ventilator at the top of the house a little, than by one or two. Where the vines are now being started 45° to 50° will do for the first ten days or a fortnight, and if fermenting material can be conveniently used it will be beneficial to the vines. In whatever way the heat is applied be sure to keep a moist atmosphere. Cover the outside borders, if the roots extend into them, with litter and leaves, and of a sufficient thickness to cause a gentle heat to enter the border.

Peach-house.—If the buds are swelling, 50° by night may be maintained; sprinkle the trees frequently, and protect the roots from the effects of frost. It is an excellent plan to have a stock of peach trees in pots or tubs for the first early crop. If these are in bloom it will be well to assist the setting of the fruit by means of a camel-hair pencil. Trees in bloom require a temperature of 57° by night and a rise of 5° of 10° by day with fire-heat, according to the state of the atmosphere.

Strawberries.—Bring some pots of the strongest plants into a pit or frame, where there is the means of supplying a gentle heat of 45° to 50°, giving plenty of air whenever the air is mild. Stir the surface of the soil in the pots, and top dress with some well-decayed manure and fragments of charcoal.

HARDY FRUIT AND KITCHEN GARDEN

All unoccupied ground ought to have been turned up by rough digging, trenching, or ridging, regulating these operations according to the character of the soil and the nature of preceding and contemplated future crops. Look to cauliflower plants under hand-lights, and those fit for use, as well as lettuces, endive, and radishes, in cold frames or turf pits, protecting those in the latter with straw, or reed covers neatly made, or with hurdles thatched with straw, or spruce-branches. Protect by throwing any loose litter over artichokes, asparagus, seakale, and rhubarb; not that the three latter will be injured by frost, but they will come in much earlier if the ground is not cooled to a low temperature. If not already done, seize the earliest opportunity of mild weather to sow the first crop of peas and beans, choosing for the main crop established early varieties. Defend celery from frost; it will keep good for a considerable time if taken up with balls, placed upright in rows in a shed, and clean dry straw put between the rows, so as the heads do not touch each other. Examine and defend all stored roots and fruits.

Prune, nail, and plant. It is always advisable to get forward with these operations even before Christmas. Protect young newly-planted trees by mulching. The wood of peach trees will not be over well ripened this season in unfavourable situations. All the young shoots of peaches and apricots should have been unnailed some time ago. The free exposure of them would render them better hardened. In addition to this, the stems might be bound round, not over closely, with hard-twisted straw bands, and a little long litter thrown over the border to the width of four or five feet. Move soil, turn composts, and wheel manure. Do not forget to give a little manure as mulching or top-dressing to your strawberry-beds.

LORD MAYOR'S NEW YEAR STORIES.

In the year 1633, Frederick Duke of Holstein sent ambassadors to the Great Duke of Muscovy and the Shah or King of Persia. Their travels were continued till 1639. Attached to the embassy was John Albert de Mandelslo, and when the mission ended he obtained permission to visit other parts of Asia by himself. From English merchants in the East Indies he received great attentions, and on his return he found his way to London. Such a traveller was of course one of the lions of the day; and on the 2nd of January, in the year 1640, he received an invitation from the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Edmund Wright, to visit him, which he and some of his friends accepted. "His lordship," says Mandelslo, "was excellent for discourse;" and having heard what dangers his guests had encountered, he undertook to show them that, great as they were, they were not equal to some with which he was acquainted. What he told shall be given in Mandelslo's words, who writes:—

"He gave us the story of a Dutch seaman, who being condemned for a crime, his punishment was changed, and he was ordered to be left in St Helen's island, a place we have spoken of before. This unhappy person representing to himself the horror of that solitude much beyond what it really was, since it came not near that we shall have occasion to speak of anon, fell into a despair, that made him attempt the strangest action that ever was heard of.

"There had that day been interr'd in the same island an officer of the ship: this seaman took up the body out of the coffin,

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and having made a kind of rudder of the upper board, ventured himself to sea in it. It hapned fortunately to him, to be so great a calm that the ship lay as it were immoveable, within a league and a half of the island; but his companions seeing so strange a kind of boat floating on the water, imagined they saw a spectre, and were not a little startled at the resolution of the man, who durst hazard himself upon that element, in three boards slightly nail'd together, which a small wave might have overturned, though he had no confidence to be received by those who had so lately sentenc'd him to death. Accordingly it was put to the question whether he should be received or not, and some would have the sentence put in execution; but at last they concluded in *mitiorem*, and he was taken aboard, and came afterwards to Holland, where he lived in the town of Horn, and related to many how miraculously God had delivered him.

"Whereto the Lord Major added, that it was a great mistake in the said seaman to take so desperate a resolution, upon pure thoughts of the solitude of that place, since the Spaniards leave their sick there from year to year, to recover themselves of the inconveniences of their long voyages, and that he could give them an example which condemned the fortunate temerity of that man, whom fear caused to do what the most resolute courage would never have attempted.

"In the year 1616, a Fleming named Pickman, well known in England and Holland for the art he had in getting out of the sea the great guns of that Spanish fleet which was forced upon the coasts of Ireland and Scotland in the year 1588, coming from Dronthem in Norway with a vessel loaden with boards, was overtaken by a calm, during which the current of the sea carried him upon a rock or little island, towards the extremities of Scotland, where he was in some danger to be cast away. To avoid a wreck, he commanded some of his men to go into the shallop, and tow off the ship. These having done so, would needs go up into a certain rock to look for eggs; but as soon as they were got up into it, they at some distance perceived a man, whence they imagined there were others lay lurking thereabouts, and that he had made his escape thither to avoid some pirates which might surprise their ship; so that they made all the haste they could to their shallop, and returned to their ship. But the calm continuing, and the current of the sea driving the vessel against that island, they were forc'd to get into the long boat and tow her off again. The man they had seen before was in the meantime come to the brink of the island, and made signs to them with his hands, intreating them to come nearer, and falling on his knees, and joyning his hands together, begg'd relief from them. At first there was some difficulty made; but coming nearer the island, they saw something which was more like a ghost than a living person, a body stark naked, black and hairy, a meagre and deformed countenance, and hollow and distorted eyes, which raised such compassion in them, that they proffered to take him into the boat; but the rock being so steepy thereabouts that it was impossible to land, they went about the island, and came at last to a flat shore, where they took the man aboard. They found nothing at all in the island, nor grass, nor tree, nor ought whence a man could derive any subsistence, nor any shelter but the ruins of a boat, wherewith he had made a kind of hut, under which he might lye down and shelter himself from the rain and the injuries of the weather.

"The sun was set ere they got to the ship, and immediately there rose a wind, which forc'd them off from the island: whence they imagined that what they had brought with them was not a man, since he had not the figure of one; whereupon they would know of him who he was, and how he came to that uninhabitable place. He made answer, 'He was an Englishman, and that about a year before, being to pass in the ordinary passage-boat from England to Dublin in Ireland, they were taken by a French pirate, who being forced by the tempest which immediately rose to let go the passage-boat, left us to the mercy of the waves, which carried us between Ireland and Scotland into the main sea, expecting to be cast away every minute, as at last we were. For the bark being split against the rock where you took me in, I escap'd with one of my comrades into the island, in a more wretched condition than if being swallowed up by the sea, we had been delivered out of the extremities we were in for want of meat and drink.

"'Of some of the boards of our boat we made the hut you saw, and we took some sea-mews, which we set a drying in the wind and sun, and so eat them raw. We found also, in the crevices of the rock upon the seaside, some eggs, and thus had we wherewithal to subsist, as much as served to keep us from starving, but what we thought most insupportable, was thirst, in regard the place affording no fresh water but what fell from the sky and was left in certain pits which time had made in the rock; we could not have of it at all seasons, by reason the rock being small, and lying low, the waves came over the island and fill'd the pits with salt water. We lived in that condition six weeks, comforting one another, and finding some ease in our common misfortune, till that being left alone, it began to grow insupportable to me; for one day awaking in the morning, and miss-

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ing my comrade, I fell into such a despair that I had some thoughts of casting myself down headlong, and so putting a final period to that affliction whereof I had endured but the one half, while I had a friend divided it with me. I know not what became of him, whether despair forc'd him to that extremity, or whether getting up in the night, not fully awake, he fell into the sea; but I am of opinion he fell in through carelessness as he looked for eggs in the crevices of the rock, which, as you saw, was very steepy on that side; inasmuch as having observed no distraction in him, I cannot imagine he should of a sudden fall into that despair, against which he had fortified himself by continual and earnest prayers. I lost, with my comrade, the knife wherewith we killed the sea-dogs and the mews, upon which we lived, so that not able to kill any more, I was reduced to this extremity, to get out of one of the boards of my hut a great nail, which I made a shift to sharpen upon the rock, that it served me for a knife. The same necessity put me upon another invention, which kept me the last winter, during which I endured the greatest misery imaginable; for finding the rock and my hut so covered with snow that it was impossible for me to get anything abroad, I put out a little stick at the crevice of my hut, and baiting it with a little sea-dog's fat, I by that means got some sea-mews, which I took with my hand from under the snow, and so I made a shift to keep myself from starving.

"'I lived in this condition and solitude above eleven months, and was resolved to end my days in it, when God sent you hither to deliver me out of the greatest misery that ever man was in.'

"The seaman having ended his discourse, the master of the ship treated him so well that within a few dayes he was quite another creature. He set him ashore at Derry in Ireland, and saw him afterward at Dublin, where such as had heard what hapned to him gave him wherewithal to return into England.

"Thus the Lord Major made us acknowledge that in all we had suffered there was nothing extraordinary, and that long voyages are never without great dangers and inconveniences. He urged it to us, that as ships are now built, and considering the knowledge men have of the course taken for the Indies, there is no more danger in those long voyages than in such as are made in the sight of land, which seamen fear most.'"

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

See how she sits, like a sweet angel, watching
Her babe, attentive to the slightest start,
And ev'ry gentle undulation catching,
Which thrills with rapture her maternal heart.

Oh! how she pictures future years with joy,
When proving worthy of her highest pride,
He rises from the noble-minded boy
To stem with manliness life's swelling tide.
Ah! sanguine mother, may no fatal blast
Wreck ev'ry fondly-cherish'd hope thou hast,
But may he be e'en more than thou dost paint,
Honouring thy life, and cheering its decline
With tenderness and love, while thoughts divine
Present the embryo of a glorious saint.

L. M. S.

Miscellaneous.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—THE PHASMIDÆ.—An extract was read of a letter from Mr Fortnum, Adelaide, of in South Australia, to the Rev. F. W. Hope. He had obtained a Phasma, with one of its legs broken off, and he had fed it on the leaves of the gum-tree, and on shedding its skin, in the place of the leg which was broken off, a new one, but very small and imperfect, had made its appearance. At the second time of shedding the skin the leg was much larger, till at last, after four sheddings, it assumed a natural size. A remarkable fact in the habits of Phasmidæ is, that the moment they are out of their old skin they commence eating it. Mr Fortnum had captured at Adelaide three species of Mantispa, and also of Ascalaphus.

LATE HOURS OF BUSINESS.—To keep some thousands of young men in attendance every night when there is no business to be done, consuming gas-lights and fire, is obviously inflicting an irksome duty to worse than no purpose. The linendrapers continue their efforts to abate the injurious practice. Mr Owen and other employers, supported by many distinguished names, have generously come forward in the cause. We say generously—we might add wisely; as the health of the young men cannot be improved by such waste of time, and to remain unemployed is never beneficial to morals; for, according to Dr Watts,

"Satan always finds some work
For idle hands to do."

BROWNING OF GUN BARRELS.—Make a strong solution of sal ammoniac in water, and wash the barrels over with it. If to be one colour, when it is browned all over oil it, and rub it afterwards with a leather; if it is to imitate a twisted barrel, pass a feather round it that has been dipped in oil, when the barrel is half browned; and those parts which the oil touches will not brown any more, and that which escapes will go deeper. Oil the whole when complete.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—Mr Barrow complains that he has been denied access to letters supposed to exist in the Burleigh family. He says: "As Sir Francis Drake was much in com-

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munication with the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, and had frequent correspondence with him, I applied through a friend of the Marquis of Salisbury to have access to the Burleigh Papers, at Hatfield house, or to know what was the nature or extent of the documents relating to Drake. The reply was, that it would be a long time before the catalogue was finished, and that his lordship must decline to let any person have unlimited access to the papers (which was not exactly asked), but as soon as they are completely arranged his lordship would let me know how far he could contribute to my object. My next application was to the Marquis of Exeter, who was supposed as likely to be in possession of documents connected with Drake or his family; his reply was, that he had sent all his papers to Lord Salisbury. Thus, then, these memorials, whatever they may be, are and have been closed up for two centuries and a half since the death of this extraordinary man, as it were, in a *mare clausum, in* or *out* of which he, when living, never suffered himself to be confined or excluded."

Plague of Locusts.—The following account appears in one of the Indian papers received by the overland mail:—There has been a vast flight or flights of locusts, which have apparently laid waste a belt of country extending from the right bank of the Ganges across the Dooab, and penetrating over the Jumna into Gwalior. They committed dreadful ravages in the districts of Furukabad, Etawah, on both banks of the Jumna, and at Dholpore in the Gwalior State; and it was feared later accounts would show much more damage to have been committed. The following are the particulars:—On the 16th September, about five P.M., they came over to Futteghur, the principal city of the Furukabad district, and in an hour's time they had stripped every vestige of cultivation, *breaking down large branches of trees with their weight.* From Etawah a traveller going down the river Jumna writes on the 17th, that the ravages committed have extended for miles. In passing over the boat the noise is described as being like distant thunder. But a letter just received from Dholpore states that the flight passed over it on the 14th, that it came from the eastward, and after remaining twenty-eight hours took its departure in the same direction; so that there must have been more than one flight to have been simultaneously at Etawah and at Futteghur, distant nearly one hundred miles. The destruction to the crops in that portion of the north-west provinces, through which in a month or two troops will be passing, is stated to be enormous.

The English Yeoman.—There is no class of men, *if times are but tolerably good*, that enjoy themselves so highly as farmers. They are little kings, their concerns are not huddled into a corner, as those of the town tradesmen are. In town, many a man who turns thousands of pounds per week, is hemmed in close by buildings, and cuts no figure at all. A narrow shop, a contracted warehouse, without a yard of room besides to turn in, on any hand, without a yard, stable, or outhouse of any description, perhaps hoisted aloft up three or four dirty pair of stairs, is all the room the wealthy tradesman often can bless himself with; and there, day after day, month after month, year after year, he is to be found, like a rat in the hole of a wall, or a toad in the heart of a stone or of an oak tree. Spring and summer and autumn go round, sunshine and flowers spread over the world, the sweet breezes blow, the sweetest waters murmur along the vales; but they are all lost upon him; he is the doleful prisoner of Mammon, and so he lives and dies. The farmer would not take the wealth of the world on such terms; his concerns, however small, spread themselves out in a pleasant amplitude, both to his eye and heart; his house stands in its own stately solitude; his offices and outhouses stand round extensively, without any stubborn and limiting contraction; his acres stretch over hill and vale; there his flocks and herds are feeding, there his labourers are toiling; he is the king and sole commander there; he lives among the purest air and most delicious quiet. Often, when I see those healthy, hardy, full-grown sons of toil going out of town, *I envy them the freshness and repose of the spots where they are going to.* Ample old-fashioned kitchens, with their chimney-corners of true projecting-beamed and seated construction still remaining; blazing fires in winter, shining on suspended hams and flitches. Guns supported on hooks above, dogs basking on the earth below. Cool shady parlours in summer, with open windows, and odours from garden and shrubbery blowing in. Gardens wet with purest dews, and humming at noontide with bees; and the green fields and verdurous trees, or deep woodlands, lying all around, where a hundred rejoicing voices of birds or other creatures are heard, and winds blowing to and fro, full of health and life and enjoyment. How enviable do such places seem to the fretted spirits of the towns, who are compelled not only to bear their burdens of cares, but to enter daily into the public strife against selfish, evil, and ever-spreading corruption! — *Howitt's Book of the Seasons.*

The Gatherer.

The Toad.—Much prejudice is evinced to this harmless animal. The vulgar is, that it is venomous, which is not the case.

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It may be handled with as much safety as the frog. It is of great use in gardens, and should never be destroyed. When placed in a melon or cucumber frame, the wood-lice, beetles, ants, slugs, and other destructive insects, disappear, being the food on which the toad exists. The mode by which the toad takes small insects is by a very sudden elongation of the tongue from the mouth, and, touching the insect, it attaches itself to the tongue, and is drawn into the mouth of the toad. So sudden is the movement, that the insect disappears from the surface as if it had jumped down the throat of its destroyer.

OPPORTUNITY LOST.

"The flower — the flower — the bride — the bride—
Is to another bosom gone;
O fool! to let the time and tide,
Which might have made her mine, pass on."

Lettish Popular Poetry.

The Double-headed Fly.—At a late meeting of the Entomological Society, it appeared, from an extract of a letter from Colonel Hearsey to Mr Westwood, from central India, which was read, that he had taken an abundance of Diopsis, the double-headed fly, at different times and in different places. Mr Westwood described two new species of sacred Beetle, for which he proposed the name Ketocerus. They are most nearly allied to the genius Heleocantharis.

Punning Prisoners.—A petition from the inmates of an American prison was lately presented, praying that the Tree of Liberty might be planted within the yard, and each allowed to *cut his stick.*

Transcendentalism. — A young lady astonished a party the other day, by asking for "the loan of a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations;" or, in other words, a thimble.

Colossal Statue.—At Kowno, on the 10th of November, the colossal statue erected by the Emperor of Russia to commemorate the war of 1812 was inaugurated. On one side appears the inscription, "God is against the aggressor." On the other the following:—"In 1812, 700,000 soldiers of the enemy perished in Russia, and 76,000 only were saved." These were passages in one of the despatches of the Emperor Alexander written at the time.

Power of Galvanism.—A foreign journal has the following:—"Weinhold cut off a cat's head, and when its arterial pulsation had ceased took out the spinal marrow and placed in its stead an amalgam of mercury, silver, and zinc; immediately after this the pulsation recommenced, and the body made a variety of movements. He took away the brain and spinal marrow of another cat, and filled up the skull and vertebral canal with the same metallic mixture. Life appeared to be instantly restored; the animal lifted up its head, opened and shut its eyes, and, looking with fixed stare, endeavoured to walk, and whenever it dropped tried to raise itself upon its legs. It continued in this state twenty minutes, when it fell down and remained motionless. During all the time the animal was thus treated the circulation of the blood appeared to go on regularly, the secretion of the gastric-juice was more than usual, and the animal heat was re-established."—*Lancet.*

Zinc Labels, to write on with a common Pencil.—Slightly rub with pumice-stone the part of the label upon which you wish to write, then mark upon it with a common lead pencil, and, when the letters have been exposed to the air for two or three days, they are indelible. If you wish to efface the writing, you must rub the label with the pumice-stone, and, if the labels become covered over with earth or oxide, rub your finger, slightly wetted, over them, and they will re-appear. Old zinc is preferable to new for this purpose. M. Paul Manoury, gardener in the Garden of Plants, of Caen, made this discovery several years ago.—*Rev. Hort.*

ON THE TREATY WITH CHINA OPENING HER PORTS TO ALL NATIONS.

Our game in China is confessed so clever,
That few imagined such we could or dare play.
O! may Great Britain act the same part ever,
And win both friends and enemies by Fair play!

Fairies.—In Wales there are two distinct species of fairies; the one of gentle manners, and well disposed towards the human race; the other malicious, and full of mischievous sportiveness. The former is denominated *Tylwyth Têg*, or the Fair Family; the latter, *Ellyllon*, elves, or goblins. The Tylwyth Têg are a mild and diminutive race, residing in cool caverns, or in the hollows under sunny knolls, and befriending fond lovers, pretty dairy-maids, and hospitable housewives.

Reprobate Females. — In the 'Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham,' just published, it is shown, among other historical curiosities, that the city authorities, in the time of Richard II, punished disorderly females by shaving their heads and parading them through the streets.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications, intended to appear this week, will be inserted in our next.

The "Tale of Espionage" will appear.

We think "The Blue Stocking" would be better without the chorus, and the stanza with the Greek words.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 3.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1844. [Vol. I. 1844.

Palmer's Glyphography.

Original Communications.

HERNE CHURCH.

The gay visitor who repairs in the more genial season of the year to Herne Bay may do well to pay a visit to the remarkable memorial of the piety of former ages, represented above. It will, at all events, furnish an interesting contrast to the modern varieties in the neighbourhood of the Bay. The parish is in the Hundred of Blangate lath of St Augustin, county of Kent, being five miles and three quarters from Canterbury, and contains about 1,700 inhabitants—or at least did so before the adjoining spot was patronized as a fashionable watering-place; since that period, as might be expected, great changes have occurred. These it is not our present object to describe. The church given in the cut, a specimen of the early style of English architecture, with additions made of later and more decorated styles, deserves attention. It is a vicarage in the peculiar jurisdiction and patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A remarkable surmise had been hazarded from discoveries made in this vicinity; nothing less than that the Romans were in the habit of exporting crockery ware in vast quantities to Britain. This inference has been drawn from the numerous fragments of Roman earthenware which have, from time to time, been found in the channel near the Bay, the presumption being, that some enterprising merchant from "the Eternal City" had here the misfortune to suffer shipwreck, and lose at once both his vessel and his cargo.

The church of Herne was anciently accounted one of the chapels belonging to Reculver, which was parcel of the possessions of the See of Canterbury. The inconveniences arising from the distances of those chapels from the mother-church, among other reasons, induced Archbishop Winchelsea, in 1296, to institute perpetual vicarages in them.

The whole roof of the church is covered with lead. It is dedicated to St Martin, and is a spacious and handsome building, consisting of three aisles and three chancels, having a well-built square tower at the west end, in which are six bells.

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The stone font is an octagon, and is known to be of great antiquity. In each compartment is a shield of arms:—1st, The See of Canterbury impaling Arundel; 2nd, arms which time or accident has obliterated; 3rd, France and England; 4th, three crescents within a bordure; 5th, three wings, two and one; 6th, three pelicans, with other heraldic devices.

On the pavement there is a figure of a priest in brass, in memory of John Darley, a former vicar. A number of old tombs will be found within the walls.

THE PRIZE PLAY HUMBUG.

When some of the wiseacres of the daily press took it into their sage heads to imagine it was vastly to Mr Webster's honour that he should have offered to give 500*l.* for a comedy on modern manners, to be ready for acting about this time, it was shown off-hand in the 'Mirror' to be a ridiculous, claptrap humbug. Other persons are now beginning to say the same thing. They want to know when the motley crew—the critico-vagabond parliament, that was to sit in judgment upon this "all-absorbing question," are to meet, and where? No satisfactory answers can be given to these very natural questions. It has been announced by the 'Observer' that no known dramatist of talent is among the candidates. That, perhaps, is not to be regretted, as the door would be opened all the wider for rising unfriended talent, if fair play were to be looked for. But the whole affair was so preposterous from the first, with the jury or committee of authors and critics, and Mr Webster, as the presiding Solomon, to give the casting vote, that few could entertain the thing seriously, more especially those who knew how scurvily authors had been treated at the Haymarket Theatre during his management, to say nothing of the few behind the scenes who had had the advantage of hearing from head quarters that a good play, *i. e.*, a play pronounced to be good, must remain shelved twelve or eighteen months before it could possibly be produced in consequence of existing arrangements.

How the matter will end is a matter of speculation. It is supposed some inexperienced gentlemen have started for the 500*l.* We wish they may get it, but are fearful they have some time to wait, whatever their merit, for the realization of their hopes. If, indeed, an idea should be entertained that two or three overflowing houses would be obtained by acting this prize comedy, it would do something towards encouraging a move, and in that case a brisk patchwork translation of French slang might gain the casting vote, and the umpire sitting alone in his glory, the cloud-compelling Jupiter, would be content to pay something, unassisted by the counsel of players, as in the ordinary course of business he would have done, without the flashy announcement in which he puffed himself off as the fostering patron of struggling talent.

THE BLUE IMMORTAL STOCKING!

Air—"*The Green Immortal Shamrock.*"

My wife is of the middle size,
Her form, tho' round, is slender;
Her lofty brow and soft blue eyes,
Show feelings high and tender.
But woe is me, the idle jade
(Truth must bid shame defiance)
Hath very little progress made
In scholarship or science!

Her piety, I freely grant,
For I'm not prone to grumble,
Is free from vanity or cant,
Is pure, sincere, and humble;
But if polemics constitute
A part of orthodoxy,
On these, alas! my wife is mute,
I'm foro'd to be her proxy.

In each great character of life,
As mistress, friend, or mother;
But oh! supremely as a wife,
I ne'er knew such another!
In every graceful art she shines,
That e'er her sex was put in;
But oh! that I should write these lines,
She knows not Greek or Latin.

Withal, if firmness, eloquence,
Or talent is required,
This dunce displays such wit and sense,
You'd swear she was inspired.
Persuasion from her tongue or pen
Flows—certain to entwine us;
And yet I'll take you ten to one,
She ne'er hath seen Longinus.

Of learning fit she hath some share,
Part serious, part amusing;
For *little* reading with *much* care,
Informs without confusing;
But though she quotes both verse and prose
With apt discrimination,
I'm very doubtful if she knows
The rules of punctuation.

And now to close this culprit's case,
In spite of all apologies—
My wife, I fear, must hide her face,
If tried on "ics" and "ologies;"
But, not to lengthen her distress,
Though some will deem me mocking,
I vow I love her not the less
Though she wears no blue stocking!

"So then this trial's all in sport,"
Cry some pedantic misses;
"To silence these, in open court,
She must be fined two kisses!"
And now the blues may rail at will,
My wife has my permission
To be a dunce, if she but still
Act right—by intuition. G. H. C.

The Austrian Army.—In time of peace the Austrian regular army comprehends about 430,000 men.

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NECROMANCERS AND JEWS.

(From the 'Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham.')

One of the exercises of those true to the Holy Catholic Church was, to denounce crimes which in latter years have escaped censure, as conviction has been gained that to perpetrate them by mortal hand is impossible. Four centuries ago our ancestors not only believed in judicial astrology, but witches and necromancers were supposed to infest every country in Europe. These guilty human beings, from the description given of them, seemed almost to possess the might and authority of the Omnipotent, whom they lived but to affront. Their terrific doings are thus set forth by Cornelius Agrippa, as rendered in the translation of San Gent.

NECROMANCERS AND ENCHANTERS.

A people hateful to the Lord,
Welskilde to staine the skie,
Which nought by nature be, and eke,
They can the things on hie
Subvert as starres and powers of things
Which firm and stable are,
For they know how to stare the poles,
And flashing flames sende farre;
They drive the air downe under earth,
And mountaines rent and marre.

It was understood that men possessed of superhuman or infernal powers were numerous, various in those evil doings, and incessantly at work. There were oriolers, auspices, augurs, dreamers, and others; some of them maintained that the history of every mortal was written in the stars, and to them was given the knowledge to read it. They sold charms to relieve from sickness, and protect from danger, which were worn about the patient's neck. They were fiercely denounced by the disciples of Wickliffe. Admitting that in some cases they had proved efficacious, they were still condemned, and it was insisted that any relief or benefit required should be asked by the pious believer from God, with the firm conviction that it would be granted if good, and ought in no case to be accepted from the devil, whose devout worshippers the enchanters were affirmed to be.

To these wild and extravagant ideas may in part be referred the dreadful persecutions which the ill-fated Jews were doomed through many centuries to undergo. Their fate was as extraordinary as it was distressing. Good men—sincere Christians, as they professed to be, deriving all their hopes of mercy, happiness, and immortality, from the revered book, which described the Jews as the chosen people of God, sought to honour that God by the most heartless persecution of his favoured race. Secret horrid rites were said to be connected with the exercises enjoined by their faith, which required the blood of a Christian to render them complete. Charges not less formidable than those preferred against the primitive Christians, on account of their Thyestian feasts, by the orthodox vindicators of the sacred name of Jupiter, were brought with mournful effect against the helpless sons of Abraham. The Jew, it must be owned (such as he had been made by unrelenting cruelty), was necessarily viewed with distaste, and also with suspicion. Poverty seldom renders men amiable, but it often renders them, to common eyes, most odious. Everything was against the poor Hebrew. Denied the privilege of making himself a home in any Christian country, precluded from exercising his industry in common with other men, with little security for his life, and none for his property, he of course became timid, indolent, suspicious, and artful. Obliged to conceal the wealth that he dared not to enjoy, his mean attire and rejected person moved the virulent and scornful Pharisee, the *soi-disant* "follower of the Lamb," to revile the Hebrew, "to spit on his gabardine," and to outrage him on account of his deplorable appearance; and, when beneath his wretched tatters articles of value were found, which he could not hope to retain except by his personal guardianship, the discovery, it was thought, proved him a cheat, and all his nation were branded as fraudulent, proclaimed the possessors of unbounded riches, and subjected to the most intolerable exactions.

It is melancholy to trace the course pursued by men who wished to be distinguished as humble and sincere adorers of the true God. Stern zealots loved to denounce Judaism as a religion of blood. In the Old Testament they read, that what was devoted to the Lord might not be redeemed, but should assuredly be put to death; and this declaration, with respect to animal life, and the severe denunciation against certain conquered idolators, were regarded as proofs that the Jews held themselves justified in silently murdering all those who were not of their persuasion. That Jephtha, in fulfilment of a rash vow, had, as they assumed, taken his daughter's life, was construed, by the foes of the Hebrews, to afford the clearest, most indisputable evidence that, because one Jew had sacrificed his own child, every living Israelite would deem it virtue to destroy the children of all Christians! It was pretended that the young victims were put to a most cruel death, being actually crucified, in derision of the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

This horrible calumny was sustained by monstrous inventions. The solemn, peaceful, and interesting festival of the Passover, in which gratitude for past mercies, and an affecting appeal to the God of their fathers, craving his future blessing and support—where rational celebration of former release from bondage, and an anxious petition for future restitution to peace and unity, breathed the pure spirit of true devotion, was denounced as sullied

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by orgies the most revolting, and instead of the modest repast commemorative of the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb, a hideous banquet was imagined, and atrociously ascribed to the persecuted race, which, according to the perverted notions of religion, could only be completed and rendered acceptable to the Almighty by the addition of blood drawn from Christian veins.

Such frightful cruelty, it was pretended, was perpetrated in conformity with the ancient Jewish law, and the punishment of it was promoted by bishops, who could not but know that in Scripture the children of Israel were most positively enjoined "to eat no manner of blood," yet the blood they were supposed to crave was asserted to be used for making unleavened bread. The commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," was as binding on the Jew as on the Christian; but it was supposed the minds of those it was the practice of the age to pursue with such detestable rancour were so perverted that the slaughter of a helpless child would not be regarded as murder. Had this been possible, still there were no grounds for charging the Jews with using the blood, even of an animal, for the purpose described; as in the sacred volume the Eternal himself declares, "Flesh, with the life therein, which is the blood, shall ye not eat. And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man—at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Than this nothing could be more conclusive. The only ground on which the oppressor might really suspect the Jew of such malevolence grew out of consciousness that it is in human nature for those who are wantonly tortured and oppressed, to thirst for revenge. In the forcible language of the modern vindicator of his brethren, Mr D. Salomons, "The Israelite, degraded because he was oppressed, and despised because he was degraded, the oppressor thought he would not scruple to commit every possible crime. It would indeed seem," as the same writer ingeniously but fairly argues, "as if the turpitude of Judas were alone remembered, while the virtue of the remaining disciples, equally Hebrew with the fallen one, was entirely overlooked."

Improbabilities were not for a moment allowed to have any weight, and the senseless and shocking fables which have been described, wild and extravagant as they were, found general belief. The ferocity and cupidity which invented, were not wanting in cunning to make them pass with the credulous for facts, which it would have been madness to deny, and which it was virtue to believe.

THE CONCORDIUM.

A LECTURE to young men, on chastity, by Sylvester Graham, of New York, has lately been published. It gives some excellent advice to youth. We must, however, decline quoting the reflections, but hasten to a notice appended to it of a new society, "The Concordium," which, it seems, has been established at Ham, in Surrey. Of this little community we are told:—

"They usually rise early, say from four to half-past five o'clock. Bathing and other personal operations occupy till a quarter-past six, when the bell rings for work of all kinds to commence; and each in their respective department work till a quarter before eight, when they prepare for breakfast. This commences at eight o'clock, and consists generally of Scotch oatmeal-porridge, rice, brown wheaten bread, apples, lettuce, and other green food, such as the garden produces at the time. In winter, figs, dates, or raisins are provided, instead of the variety the summer affords. During the breakfast, one of the members reads aloud a portion of some interesting work selected by themselves. A great variety of subjects are thus brought before the consideration of the members, and considerable information is obtained by them. This practice is also observed during both dinner and supper time.

"At a quarter before nine o'clock each one resumes his or her particular employment. The occupations consist chiefly in printing, shoe-making, clothes-making, gardening, baking, washing, and carpentering. These works are generally carried on in small groups of two or three together. By mutual converse during their labours, the time is happily spent, and the tediousness of long monotonous toil obviated. The return of dinner time soon comes round. At a quarter before one, the bell rings to prepare for it; at one o'clock all meet in the dining-room, and partake of a simple repast. This generally consists of rice, or other puddings, potatoes, and other vegetables, as cabbage, beet, parsnips, peas, beans, vegetable marrow, artichokes, apples, pears, &c., according to the season. At two o'clock all return to their occupations. Having been refreshed both mentally and physically, they resume their work with ease and pleasure. At half-past four, eight hours' labour has been performed, and then the bell rings to relinquish the physical exertions of the day; and each member joyfully commences another mode of action. He now goes more immediately into the mental sphere; and each one exercises that branch of instruction to which his taste directs him;—some to a class, some to writing, reading, or music. At six o'clock all partake of the third meal, of bread, rice, fruits, and vegetables, with

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clear spring water, the sole beverage of the society. In the summer, supper is generally followed by a walk or recreation in the garden. At other seasons, most evenings are engaged in some way previously arranged,—as on Monday, dancing and music; Tuesday, classes; Wednesday, family meeting, for the arranging of all the business of the society, reading of correspondence, receiving members, appointing officers or leaders of departments, and all other duties of the members, and general business of the society; Friday, conversation, &c. Sunday is chiefly occupied in receiving visitors, and attending lectures given on the premises.

"The time for retiring to rest is from nine to ten o'clock. All sleep upon mattresses, not a feather bed being in the house, as it is considered that lying on feathers is both enervating and unhealthy. The proof of this may be seen by the unwillingness to rise and the lassitude which is felt by persons who are sunk all night in a bed of feathers or down. The animal moisture which is retained in feathers, even though ever so well dried, becomes offensive and unhealthy by being often slept upon. The odour issuing from a newly-opened bed that has been long used, proves how bad a condition it must be to the healthy development of the human frame. They rise early, that their labours may be performed by the natural light of the sun, rather than the artificial light of the candle. This is better for the eyes and for general health. The bright quiet of the morning, interrupted only by the sweet songsters of nature, is most conducive to thought and good feeling.

"The general aspect of their practice may appear to be restrictive and ascetic; but to those accustomed to simple regimen, it is anything but painful—it is most agreeable, healthy, and pleasant. The initiated of any long standing would not exchange it for any of the old habits of society.

"The general reason for their abstinence from the accustomed dietary, and other modes and usages of the world, is, that no divine law may be transgressed by unnecessary cruelty; that the development of the love and wisdom faculties, in connexion with the Universal Spirit, may be uninterrupted; that the life power may not be expended solely upon the physical organs and the enjoyment of the senses."

REFLECTIONS OF A GERMAN LIBERAL.

We conceal hatred easily, love with more difficulty, indifference with the greatest difficulty of all.

On the stage of the world, destiny is the prompter, who reads the piece in a low breath, and without emotion, without gesture, without declamation, whether it be a tragedy or a comedy.

Luther knew what he was about when he threw his ink-bottle at the devil's head. There is nothing the devil hates more than ink.

Our times are not favourable to light. We are so constantly snuffing the candles, that people can see nothing.

A constitutional throne is a chair with a back; an absolute throne is a seat without one. If Napoleon had given a charter to France, he would not have fallen from his throne when a vertigo seized him; he would still be Emperor of France.

Moderation, as the word is often used, means something like this—one person wishes for day and another for night; a ministry wishes for a sort of moonlight, to please both parties.

Before the march of a new era, it sends forth men acquainted with its views to procure it accommodations; but instead of receiving these heralds and listening to their counsels, they are denounced as demagogues, seducers, revolutionists, and they are thrown into prison. But Time arrives, with all her suite, and finding nothing prepared, she makes her lodgment as she can, overturning and destroying far more than would otherwise have been required to make room for her.

THE LADRONES AND MALAY PIRATES.

"O, what an enemy is man to man!"

A series of islands are found on the southern coasts of China which have long been infested with a regularly organized body of freebooters, called the Ladrones. To suppress these the supercilious though feeble government of China made repeated efforts, but in vain. The Chinese mariners displayed their joss lights and sounded their gongs, but even these terrible engines of war did not subdue the Ladrones. They fought desperately; when successful treated their prisoners with great cruelty, and when defeated expected to be dealt with accordingly. To ships that would pay for them they sold passes, which saved them from being molested, but all others were exposed to their attacks. Some of their doings were marked by enormous brutality. If the captured ship made a fierce resistance, they would murder some of the crew and subject the rest to cruel tortures. Europeans and persons of distinction were generally detained for ransom, and often very harshly treated during the negotiation; but when a mandarin junk had the misfortune to fall into their fangs, the crew were mostly inhumanly butchered, being nailed to the deck, beaten almost to death with twisted rattans, and then cut to pieces.

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Fierce retaliation was to be expected for such atrocities, but Edmund Scott, in his vengeance, so far lost sight of humanity, that, from what he himself writes, admiration is awakened for the suffering Ladrone pirate, and horror inspired for the civilized European commander. The wretched man he deemed it his duty to punish was caught while perpetrating an act of incendiarism. For this he was doomed to a dreadful death. He says :—

"Because of his obstinacy, and that he had set our house on fire, I caused him to be burnt, by means of sharp irons thrust under the nails of his thumbs, fingers, and toes, and the nails to be torn off; and because he never flinched, we thought his hands and feet had been benumbed with tying, wherefore we burnt him in other parts, as the hands, arms, shoulders, and neck, but even this had no effect. We then burnt him quite through the hands, and tore out the flesh and sinews with rasps, causing his shins to be knocked with hot searing irons. I then caused cold iron screws to be screwed into the bones of his arms, and suddenly snatched out, and to break all the bones of his fingers and toes with pincers. Yet, for all this, he never shed a tear, neither once turned his head aside, nor stirred hand or foot; but, when we asked a question, he would put his tongue between his teeth, and strike his chin on his knees to bite it off. After using the utmost extremity of torture in vain, I made him again be laid fast in irons, when the ants, which greatly abound there, got into his wounds and tormented him worse than we had done, as might be seen by his gestures. The king's officers desired me to shoot him to death, which I thought too good a death for such a villain; but as they insisted, we led him out into the fields and made him fast to a stake. The first shot carried away a piece of his arm, bone and all; the next went through his breast near the shoulder, on which he bent down his head and looked at the wound. At the third shot, one of our men used a bullet cut in three pieces, which struck his breast in a triangle, on which he sunk as low as the stake would allow. Finally, between our men and the Hollanders, he was shot almost in pieces."

After this it will not be denied that the palm of fiend-like cruelty was carried by the "gallant officer" who could so write of what he himself had caused to be done.

Among the Malays, or at least favoured by the Malay chiefs, was one daring robber, known by the name of Rajah Ragah, who continued a long career of depredation. This fearless monster, in the year 1813, cut off three English vessels, and killed their captains with his own hand, an achievement of which he delighted to boast; as well as that he had personally slain twenty-five out of upwards of forty commanders of European vessels which fell into his clutches. Such exploits, together with the seas of blood wantonly shed by his myrmidons, gained him favour among the treacherous Malays. The following anecdote of this desperado was given by Mr Dalton, who resided sometime in the Eastern Archipelago, and visited Pergottaha, the grand focus of piracy :—

"Two British sloops of war scoured the coast; one of which, I believe the 'Elk,' Captain Reynolds, was attacked during the night by Ragah's prow, who unfortunately was not on board at the time. This particular prow, which Ragah personally commanded, and the loss of which he frequently laments, carried eight guns, and was full of his best men. He had himself landed at Pergottaha a few days previously, and sent off the prow with a favourite panglima (or commander) to pick up any small things which might be seen off Point Salatan. An European vessel was faintly descried about three o'clock one foggy morning; the rain fell in torrents,—the time, the weather, were favourable circumstances for a surprise, and the panglima, determined to distinguish himself in the absence of Rajah Ragah, gave directions to close, fire the guns, and board. He was the more confident of success, as the European vessel was observed to keep away out of her course on approaching her. On getting within about a hundred fathoms of the Pariah vessel, as they supposed her to be, they fired their broadside (four guns), gave a loud shout, and with their long oars pulled towards their prey. The sound of a drum beating to quarters no sooner struck the ear of the astonished panglima, than he endeavoured to get away; it was too late,—the ports were opened, and a broadside, accompanied by three British cheers, gave sure indications of their fate. The panglima hailed the English captain, and would fain persuade him that 'it was a mistake.' It was indeed a mistake, and one not to be rectified by any Malayan explanation. The prow was sunk by repeated broadsides, and the commanding officer refusing to pick up any of the people, they were drowned, with the exception of five, who, after floating four days on some spars, were picked up by a Pergottahan prow, and told the story to Ragah, who swore anew destruction to every European he should henceforward take."

Lady Burdett —This lady, for fifty years the wife of Sir Francis Burdett, died on Friday last. She was the youngest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Coutts, the eminent banker.

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THE DESPONDING LOVER TO HIS HARP.

Imitated from the French of Louis Elizabeth De Lavergne, Comte de Tressau.

Harp thrilling melancholy, always soft!
My hand dare not thy livelier tones invite
To join those airs the happy lover oft
Sings while exulting in his soul's delight.

Those chords which image anguish, groans, and fears,
In gentle murmurings, pensive, faltering, slow,
I listen to while my unbidden tears
Claim them as fit associates of their woe.

For ever pining with the self-same thought,
That thought, which utterance never may obtain,
I listen eagerly with anguish fraught,
Yet soothed by thy expressive, mournful strain.

Against Love's darts can I myself defend?
She I admire from heaven received the prize
Of matchless beauty! Dare I then pretend
To woo the glorious favourite of the skies?

Fly far from me, mad, wild, ambitious Hope!
In vain thy hand is prodigal of flowers.
Keep them for others. Give my thoughts no scope;
In ceaseless sorrow I would pass my hours.

Silence my lowly destiny commands;
I fly, resigning all but deep regret.
'Tis much to suffer thus at Fortune's hands,
But all in vain I labour to forget.

Hope, radiant Hope! before thy joyous throne
The wretched bow, imploring thee to send
Days of felicity they have not known;
Never for me wilt thou to earth descend.

The eyes of millions by thy hand divine
Are dried, while unabated all my woes.
Ah! since thy favours may no more be mine,
Let Death afford the aching heart repose.

CURIOSITIES EXTRAORDINARY.

Sir W. Brereton enumerates the following curiosities preserved in the Anatomical Museum at Leyden:—

"An Egyptian king, a blackamoor, who is said to have died three thousand years ago, was embalmed and so preserved from putrefying to this day: his name was Pharaoh, brought hither within this thirty years. Here are the skins of men and women tanned: a man's much thicker and stiffer than a woman's. Here the anatomy of a woman executed for murdering her bastard child, and the child anatomized in her arms. Here we numbered the ribs in two anatomies of a man and a woman, and found eleven ribs in a man's side, and twelve ribs in a woman's side. Here is also an Egyptian king's daughter, a blackamoor, embalmed; the jaw of a whale four or five yards long; the teeth of a whale, near half a yard long one of them, twelve in number, the rest every two less than other; a young whale, cut out of his dam's belly, which lies below in the cellar, eight yards long. *Fulminis sagitta*, the dart of a thunderbolt, about the length and thickness of your little finger. Here are the anatomies of divers creatures, men, women, and children; bull, horse, stag, water-dog, goat, monkey, ape, baboon, fox, swine, musk-cat, house-cat, which hath fifteen ribs; divers other creatures whose ribs we numbered (as bull, horse, dog) had but twelve; whale had seventeen ribs; greyhound, wolf, bear, swan, eagle, cock, stork, pigeon; the guts and maw of a man thirty-six foot long; head of elephant; two tigers' skins stuffed; an Indian mole stuffed, as big as a cat; turtle shell, two yards every way; crab-fish, with an horn in the forehead about two foot; the body of a West India fowl, *phœnicoptaras*, three yards long, the body almost as great as a swan; short wings, red and black, long legs, long neck, crooked bill, feet like a goose; a cancer, East India, with a shell like a broad platter on her back; divers serpents, one great one, three yards long; a very great Roman urn, wherein they put the dust of their great persons dead, when their bodies are burned; a lamp used [to be] placed by the Romans in the sepulchres, which is said to burn perpetually; the proportion of two crocodiles, one four yards long; *caput alces*; two Indian canes, nine yards long, half-yard about; many more rarities which I found in my book, and there pricked, and many more there are which are omitted."

A greater curiosity than any of these was found near Amsterdam:—

"This woman had twenty-four husbands; six of them drowned, two of them slain. She died about five years ago. She was a man-like woman. Stephen Offwood, our host, hath seen and known the woman; she died in this town. One of her husbands lived with her seven years, and she had divers children. This day, 10 *Junii*, I walked out of town to the house where she lived, wherein I saw her picture hanged up; her name was Frische Roomer; it is a tapp-house, and herein I drunk a can of beer."

Brutal Folly.—Connected with the belief in witchcraft was the senseless idea that burning alive an animal would release the party suffering from the machinations of a witch or wizard. It may be doubted if the practice has yet wholly ceased, as it was stated within the last ten years (in the 'Morning Herald,' in December, 1834), that a gentleman being alarmed by the horrible screams of some animal in extreme pain, upon going to the spot, discovered a man roasting, or burning alive, a young pig; declaring that he had reason to believe that the whole litter was bewitched, and that this was the only way of saving the rest.

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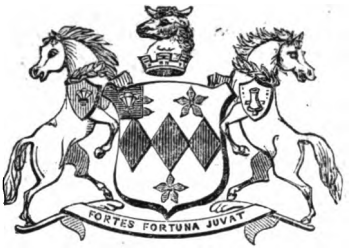

Arms. Ar., three lozenges, in fesse gu., between as many cinquefoils, az.; on a canton of the last, three ostrich feathers of the field, issuing through the rim of a royal coronet, or.
Crest. Out of a mural crown, or, charged with two cinquefoils, in fesse, az., a bull's head ppr.
Supporters. On either side a horse, reguardant, ar., their tails flowing between their hind legs, each gorged with a chaplet of oak, ppr.; the dexter charged, on the shoulder, with an escocheon, gu., thereon a plume of feathers, as on the canton in the shield; and sinister with an escocheon, or, charged with a grenade, sa, fired, ppr.
Motto. "Fortes fortuna juvat." "*Fortune favours the brave.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BLOOMFIELD.

The noble lord whose heraldic banners appear above is descended from an ancient family in Ireland, maternally from that of Jocelyne, his grandmother, Waller, being sister to Lord Jocelyne. His lordship at an early age entered the artillery, of which he is now colonel. In 1808 he was appointed attendant upon his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, and during the subsequent Regency he filled the offices of Marshal and Chief Equerry to the Prince Regent. In 1815 he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1817, on the resignation of Sir John McMahon, he succeeded that gentleman as Receiver-General of the duchy of Cornwall, and Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Regent. In September, 1824, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Sweden, and was elevated to the peerage of Ireland May 14, 1825.

His lordship was born April 13, 1762. He is a Lieutenant-General in the army, and Colonel in command of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, G.C.B. and K G.H. He married, September 7, 1797, Harriet, daughter of Thomas Douglas, of Granthan, in Lincoln, and has issue John Arthur Douglas, born November 12, 1802, and two daughters.

Lord Bloomfield, though more than four score years of age, has continued up to a recent date, if not to the present moment, to attend to his military duties with all the activity and vivacity of a man in the prime of life. On him years have pressed lightly, and it might almost be said that—

"Panting Time toiled after him in vain."

THE IRISH CENSUS IN 1841.

Captain Lancom, under whose direction this census has been made, is charged with having fallen into many serious errors. He has, however, not been indolent. Not content with furnishing the ordinary population tables, he submits accounts or estimates of almost everything comprehended in the land; descending so low that we may almost expect to find a return of the number of spiders and flies inhabiting the Emerald Isle. The women, according to this document, are in number 4,155,548, and the number of matrons eight.

There are 1,380 physicians; and, strange to say, only eight coffin makers.

The ministers of justice are 19,483; those who minister to education, 11,381.

There are 8,334,427 head of poultry.

The asses are not forgotten. We find them thus set down:—

Leinster Asses . . .	23,599
Ulster do.	23,970
Munster do.	13,337
Connaught do. . . .	29,409
Total Irish Asses	90,315

On this our contemporary, the 'Athenæum,' archly remarks:—"The return is not at all incredible; 90,315 is not an eightieth part of the entire population. We are not sure that a census of English, Welsh, and Scotch asses might not exhibit a larger proportional result. The commissioners, with their usual negligence, have omitted to state the average length of ear; nor have they given us any data to show in what part of Ireland the bray is loudest, or where it is most protracted."

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MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

A FASHIONABLE comedy was produced at Covent Garden Theatre early in the last year. Its success, on the first night, was great, unequivocal, triumphant. In the play-bills it was announced to be performed three times a week till further notice, but it has not yet reached a second representation.

Aggrieved at seeing his play thus crushed, Mr Robert Bell determined on seeking legal redress. A bold man to fly from a theatre to a court of justice—to bring an action, and that, too, against a manager! This was rash, but the result justifies the experiment. Mr Bunn, we understand, has made his peace with the author, agreeing to bear all expenses, and over and above these to pay a sum of money down, and, moreover, to write a letter explaining the circumstances which caused the comedy to be put aside, and which, it is understood, will distinctly prove that it was not from an opinion that it wanted merit, or that it had not gone through the awful ordeal of a first night with great *eclat*. A full statement of these facts, among other matters, are likely to appear with a second edition of the play, which is now preparing, and the preface which will accompany it, as Mr Bell, like Mr Bunn, says—

"I am (not) forbid
To tell the secrets of the prison house,"

is expected to have as much interest for play-writers, play-actors, and play-goers, as ever was possessed by the preface to the 'Iron Chest.'"

THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

BY MR C. OLLIER.

(From 'Ainsworth's Magazine.')

A LOVER journeying to his expectant mistress and her friends loses his way. Lights are seen which

"Allure from far; but as he follows, flies;"

but when he retreats they pursue. These he finds to be Will-o'-the-wisps. He advances in great uncertainty, not knowing but he is moving from the place he desires to approach.

"After having walked about a mile further he saw something looming in the obscurity, which, on nearing it, proved to be a tree. His eyes by this time were so accustomed to darkness, that objects which would be invisible to one going out of a lighted room were discernible by him; and he soon perceived that he was in a woodland neighbourhood. Other good prognostics were at hand; for shortly a square mass met his sight. 'A house, I'll be sworn!' ejaculated he in delight. 'I'm not deceived this time. Gad, here's the gate! Now, shall I rest against this till day-break, or waken the inmates, and so have a chance of admission? Necessity has no law. A storm is coming on. I am desperate. Here goes!' And finding the handle of a bell, he rang a long and loud peal, waiting anxiously for the effect of his summons.

"In a short time a lighted candle was seen at one of the windows, which being opened, a man thrust out his head and demanded who was at the gate.

"'I'm a traveller, and have lost my way,' replied Elford.

"'Be off, then, and find it again,' responded the man.

"'I have tried to do so for many hours, and can't succeed. Let me in, I beseech you.'

"'Let you in, indeed!' echoed the man. 'You must think me a fool. Be off, I say; or I'll make you.'

"'Why,' returned Elford, 'do you take me for a thief?'

"'To be sure I do.'

"'Then, my friend, for once you are mistaken. I am a gentleman.'

"'Twont do,' observed the man. 'If you don't tramp, I'll just see, by way of experiment, which is the hardest—the bullets of my blunderbuss or your head.'

"'Fire away, and lose your ammunition,' rejoined Locke. 'This gate is hung to a good square piece of masonry; and with that between you and me you can't hit me, you know. Here I stay.'

"'Well, then, my fine fellow,' pursued the other, 'I've another method of sickening you of disturbing folks at this hour. The mastiff shall be turned loose.'

"'I don't mind about that either,' coolly replied Elford. 'I know a trick or two about dogs. Set the fiercest you have at me, and come out with a lantern to see fair play. If I don't make him run yelping to his kennel in two minutes, give me a taste with your blunderbuss. You'll then have a good aim.'

"'Nonsense!' was the surly response.

"'You see I am resolved,' continued Elford; 'so pray do me the favour to tell your master (if, indeed, you are not that worshipful person himself) that a gentleman solicits the protection of one of his out-houses for a few hours. I am sure that is a modest request.'

"'Go about your business, I tell you,' responded the man, 'and don't alarm the family.'

"'I won't go about my business, for, except to gain shelter in these premises, I have no business just at this moment; and I *will* alarm the family. A drenching rain is coming on. I am so worn out with fatigue that enough heat is not left in my frame to resist a soaking. You would not, surely, be so unchristian as to deny the shelter of a loft or stable to one under such circumstances.'

"The light disappeared, and Elford

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knew not what would ensue. He was determined, nevertheless, not to give up his point. Shortly the man came forward to the iron gate, bearing a lantern, and armed with his blunderbuss.

"'Have you brought the dog?' inquired Elford; 'if so, I am quite ready.'

"'No,' replied the other. 'I don't want any more noise. The family, I hope, are still asleep; and (as their servant) it is my duty to prevent their being frightened. I am now come just to see what you look like, and whether there's any more of you.'

"Young Locke advanced close to the bars of the gate to facilitate the man's scrutiny; and the latter having thrown the light full on his face, said quietly, 'There's no harm in you; come in.' The gate was then noiselessly unlocked, the applicant admitted, and the fastenings made good. 'I can't take you into the house,' said the servant; 'but there's plenty of sweet straw in the stable-loft. Follow me.'

"The resting-place was soon gained. 'You're a good fellow; here's something for your trouble,' said Elford, slipping a half-guinea into the servant's hands, who, bidding him good night, descended the ladder. 'Well,' ruminated Locke, 'this is a better termination to my night-adventure than at one time I had reason to expect. Who would think that Elford Locke, a Cambridge collegian, would ever rejoice in a bed over a stable? Droll enough. I have often heard of a lady in the straw, but now I find I was wrong in imagining such a situation to be peculiar to the sex. How it rains! The roof here is weather tight I suppose. 'Rats and mice, and such small deer' of course. But *they* won't wake me, I know. What would sweet Edith think if she knew where I was going to sleep to night?'

"Elford now lay down on the straw, composed his wearied limbs, and murmuring the name of his mistress, was lulled into deep sleep by the plashing of heavy rain on the tiles over his head. In this state of oblivion he remained seven hours, when his humble friend roused him.

"The morning was brilliant after the rain. Merrily did the sun shine in a sky of unclouded blue; and Elford, having appeased his hunger with a biscuit, prepared for a more successful expedition. As he was crossing the lawn under guidance of the servant, in order to make his exit from the premises, one of the parlour windows was suddenly thrown up, and a female voice was heard to exclaim, 'Why, as I live, there is Mr Locke!' Elford turned his head and saw Mrs Lyttleton, towards whom rushed two young ladies.

"'Elford, Elford!' gasped one of them.

"'Edith!' exclaimed our traveller, in amazement.

"'Yes,' replied she. 'Where have you been? How came you here? Where are you going? Why do you leave our house? Come in, Elford—come in.'

"The explanation that followed may be readily anticipated. Our traveller, after all, had blundered on the right house. Edith was astonished, distressed, delighted, agitated, and laughed through her tears, till there was a fear that her emotion would end in hysterics. Her mother had much ado to calm her. 'To think,' she exclaimed, 'that you should be sleeping in our stable-loft, when a good bed-room awaited you in the house! Your portmanteau has arrived. You will find it under your dressing-table. Stephen, show Mr Locke to his room. Breakfast will be ready directly. Dear Elford is safe. Oh, how happy I am!'"

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

Society of Arts.—The Secretary read a paper last week 'On the means of cleansing daily the carriage and foot-pavements of the metropolis, including about one hundred and seventy parishes, extending over an area of thirteen square miles, or 40,874,200 superficial yards.'—Mr Whitworth's street-sweeping machine, which is now extensively used in Manchester and Chorlton-on-Medlock, and partially used in the city of London, as also in Regent and Oxford streets, was described, and an elevation thereof, and also a large model, were exhibited. The whole extent of carriage-way included in the metropolitan districts proposed to be cleansed daily, embraces an area of 6,246,902 superficial yards, and as one machine is capable of sweeping 19,280 yards in eight hours (say from midnight till eight in the morning), it would require three hundred and twenty-three machines to perform the whole work daily. The price of sweeping and transporting the soil to the depôts, or lay-stalls, would be, on an average, about 1s. 6d. per 1,000 yards swept, so that the daily cost would be 468*l.*, or 170,820*l.* per annum. The ashes from the 65,790 houses in the districts included would realize something like 100,000*l.* a-year; so that the net cost would be reduced to 70,820*l.*, or rather more than 20s. per house. If manual labour were employed to clean the same extent of surface, it would require 3,120 men to do the work daily. The foot-pavements in the same districts extend over 1,041,150 superficial yards, which, at 1s. 3d. per one hundred yards cleansed, would cost annually 23,725*l.*; and taking the whole of the carriage and foot-pavements to be swept daily, the cost per house would, on an average, not exceed 28s. 6d. An experi-

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ment is at present being conducted in Regent street, and part of Oxford street, under the direction of the Practical and Scientific Association for the Improvement of Street Paving, Cleansing, &c., for the purpose of ascertaining the cost, not only of cleansing once a day the whole of the carriage-way and foot-pavement, but also of continually keeping the whole surface cleansed, by employing several men to collect the manure as soon as dropped from the cattle. By an experiment made last summer by the same society, it was found, that the sale of the manure nearly compensated for the labour employed. The deposits of manure on the wood-pavement of Oxford street and Regent street, on Saturday, the 6th of January, from seven in the morning till twelve at night, weighed altogether 3 tons, 3 cwts., 2 qrs., and 8 lbs.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—From an account of the island of Hong Kong, furnished by Mr A. R. Johnston, it appears that it is only from four to five miles wide; it is traversed by a range of hills from five hundred to upwards of a thousand feet high—chiefly granitic; the soil is decomposed granite; there is abundance of good water at all times of the year. There are about 1,500 mows of land (of 1,000 square yards each) under cultivation, principally rice. A quantity of fish is also cured at the village of Chik-choo. The animals are deer, armadillo, land tortoise, and snakes, not known to be venomous. The vegetable productions are, mangoes, lichees, lenguas, oranges, pears, rice, sweet potatoes, yams, and a small quantity of flax. The climate is not essentially different from that of Macao. 'The most prevalent diseases are intermittent and remittent fevers, and dysentery is common throughout the year, particularly after sudden changes of weather. The natives suffer from these complaints as well as Europeans.

Reviews.

The Electrical Magazine. No. 3. January, 1844. Conducted by Mr Charles V. Walker. London: Simpkin and Co.; Paris, Baillierè.

THIS periodical maintains its reputation; it is early days with it yet, but, if the same spirit of industry which pervades the first three numbers be kept up in those which are to come, we can scarcely doubt of its continuing a favourite with the scientific portion of the community. The present number differs from the others, inasmuch as it must have exacted from the editor no small amount of labour in producing the excellent and very faithful abstracts which it contains, of some of the most important papers on electrical subjects that have appeared during the last few months. He appears to have easy access to the best documents; and he does not sleep upon his privilege. We need not take our readers through the table of contents, as they will find it elsewhere; but we may remind them that the articles are all new and valuable, many involving important theoretical considerations, and others abounding in experimental deductions. We may advise our readers of Mr Grove's recent lectures before the members of the London Institution, 'On the correlation of the physical forces,' the leading ideas of which, novel in their kind, and fertile in matter for reflection, are carefully reported. One of the reviews reminds us of an oversight of our own, in not having heretofore advertised our readers of the publication of the second part of 'Scoresby's Magnetic Investigations;' it appears to contain the results of many years of experiment on practical magnetics. Judging from the present state of things, it would seem that while, on the one hand, electricity is finding its entrance into the arts of life, on the other hand, it is beginning to acquire the aid of pure mathematical formulæ; it is gradually losing the vague terms which have so long confined instead of advancing its study, and is acquiring other and better terms, which have not only an actual representative idea, but also one the value of which can be assigned. Philosophers appear disposed to abandon the idea of electricity being a thing of itself, and to regard it rather as a property of matter. But we must not wander into these speculations; we feel confident that all these advances, in proportion as they approach maturity, will find a place in the pages of the 'Electrical Magazine.'

Young England's Little Library. London: Orr and Co.

THIS is a graceful novelty, prepared for the gratification of the juveniles at the opening of the year 1844. The use made of the phrase, "Young England," is very different from that made of the words "Young France," on the other side of the water. It is not intended to throw young blood into a fever by exciting a thirst for war and conquest; but blameless amusement, and instruction associated with adventures of interest, are offered by the series before us, to which Mary Howitt, Mrs Hall, Mr Albert Smith, Mr C. Clark, Mr Gaspey, Mr F. W. N. Bayley, and other established writers, contribute. They are exceedingly various, presenting in succession humour and sentiment, fairy tales and facts, the wonders of nature, and the curiosities of art; they are finely printed, and, aided by many beautiful illustrations, cannot fail to render the 'Little Library' a great treat to the small readers, for whom it is designed, if it do not awaken

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some agreeable reminiscences among "children of a larger growth." We dip into these pretty books hap-hazard for a few specimens. Mary Howitt's 'Picture of the Virgin' is an interesting story. A poor widow had lost her son. A picture of the Virgin, to which the soothing voice of religion had directed her attention, was hung on a tree, where she was accustomed to repair to gaze on it. Her lost child, by the wild vicissitudes of fortune, becomes a powerful baron. He is about to give a noble beech to the poor for firewood, when the forest-master suggests that inferior trees would do as well for such a purpose.

"Baron von Wahlheim looked gravely at the forest-master, and said, 'It is not only the bad, and that which we reject, which we should give to the poor, but of the best also; and especially in a time of need. The tree, therefore, belongs to the sister of the sick man, and, more than this, it shall be felled and cut into fire-wood at my cost, and shall be delivered also at the door of the poor people. Lay hand, then, to it instantly, you wood-cutters, before you cleave my wood.'

"He hastened onward in order to spare her thanks. Theodora looked after him, with tears in her eyes, and said, 'God bless the good gentleman!' and then went her way.

"And thus mother and son, who had seen each other in this wood, for the last time, upwards of twenty years ago, and who this moment had again met here without recognising each other, might very well again, and perhaps for ever, have become separated from each other, if the holy providence of God had not ordered it better.

"Two wood-cutters immediately laid the axe to the tree: it fell with a great crash to the earth; and the men cried out in amazement, 'A miracle!—a real miracle!' The tree trunk had broken in the fall, a piece of the bark started off, and the men discovered at once that picture for which Theodora had so long sought in vain. The colours of the lovely picture were as perfectly fresh and lively as ever: and the frame, the gold of which had been tried in the fire, shimmered in the light of the sun, as if the picture had been surrounded with bright rays. The wood-cutters were young men, and knew nothing of the history of the picture, 'It goes beyond our understanding,' said they, 'how that beautiful picture of the Virgin should ever get into the tree! There is something unheard of in it: it is an evident miracle!'

"On the disturbance which the men made, Baron von Wahlheim, who was scarcely two hundred paces distant, came up. He took the picture in his hand and examined it. 'Of a truth,' said he, 'it is very beautiful,—I might almost say a master-piece. The pale, melancholy countenance, and moving glance cast upwards to heaven, are incomparably beautiful; the red dress, and folds of the dark blue mantle, are also excellently painted. Still it is very easy to imagine how it came into the tree. Some pious person has made a hollow in the tree-trunk, and has placed it there. The bark, by degrees, as is usual with these trees, has again closed over it, and thus the picture has become enclosed in the tree.'

"Suddenly, however, Baron von Wahlheim grew pale, and his hand which held the picture trembled. 'Ah!' said he, 'this is most extraordinary!' He was obliged to seat himself on the trunk of the fallen tree; for he had turned to the back of the picture, and had read these words, 'In the year of our Lord 1632, on the 10th of October, I saw here, under this tree, my only son, Augustus, aged five years and three months, for the last time. God be with him wherever he be, and comfort, as he comforted Mary under the Cross, me, the heart-broken mother, Theodora Sommer.'

"The thought went through him like lightning, 'I was this lost child! Name, year, and day agree exactly! It was my mother who placed this picture here!'"

Mr Albert Smith, in 'Jack Holyday,' gives the following notice of the breaking-up from boarding school:—

"At last the happy day did come,
When Master Jack was sent for home;
He'd no great wish to stop:
And Mrs Tingler, over night,
Packed up his books and clothes all right,
With *Fenning* on the top,
That he at home might study still;
And then she got the doctor's bill,
For half a year's instructive skill,
Items for dancing, gloves, and drill,
Each shoe-string, copy-slip, and quill,
And other things which always fill
A boarding-school account.
And when the carriage came next day,
This time he neither ran away,
Nor kicked their shins, nor roared, nor cried,
Nor in the copper tried to hide,
But joyfully did mount,
And, bidding all the boys good-bye,
Rode off tow'rds home most joyfully."

Mr Bayley, in 'Drolleries,' entertains the youngsters with the adventures of an Irishman, who, getting tipsy with a negro, sleeps in his company. While Paddy is unconscious of what passes, his face is blacked with a burnt cork. On the following morning, when he approaches a looking glass, Dennis thus breaks out:—

"'I'd like to see, as I slept in the hay,
Along with that Nigger,
What sort of a figure
I cut to-day.'

"Poor Dennis! he approached the glass:
He little knew what had come to pass;
But soon he saw his error.
His face was black
As chummy's sack,
And he drew back
With terror.

"'Whisht! botheration!—So, I 'm in bed,
And that black divil's here in my stead!
Hurroo! Here, landlord, take your change,
Murder! I must go back at onst, d' ye see:
THEY 'VE WOKE THE NIGGER UP, INSTEAD OF ME!'"

In 'Glory,' the storming of Badajos and the horrors of the French retreat from

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Moscow are given, to show the misery which results from avarice of military glory.

"'We passed through wide dreary forests. Frequently we saw before us figures seated apparently at their ease, regardless of the falling snow and howling wind. Their indifference was soon explained, for, on coming up to them, we found they had been frozen to death on the spot where they had halted for momentary rest, and everlasting sleep had sealed eyes that only coveted brief repose.

"'Those who preserved their arms were hardly more happy than those who lost them. The unrelenting severity of the weather froze our hands to the swords and muskets we carried. In this frightful state we approached the Berezina. Two bridges were thrown over it. A disorderly multitude attempted to pass; the Russian artillery was brought to bear on them, and killed hundreds: the passage was choked. Those whose strength remained, cut their way through their wounded comrades—through screaming women and crying children. Savage selfishness was everywhere exhibited in the most awful forms. A tempest raged; the enemy's guns continued their murderous fire; and, to add to the misery of the scene, the artillery bridge broke down. One and all then attempted to reach the other, and the confusion became even greater than ever. Thousands were precipitated into the river, and there mothers and children, vainly striving against the masses of ice which floated on the Berezina, found, with their husbands and fathers, a common grave.

"'I cannot remember all the sickening scenes which shocked the eye in our disastrous progress. Many were crushed to death by the carriages of the artillery, and others, seeing it was in vain to attempt the passage, threw themselves on the ground, to await the arrival of the revengeful foe in despair; while cries of frantic rage and fearful execrations burst from others who vainly endeavoured to struggle with their fate.

"'Amidst this dreary chaos, this frightful union of sin and misery, one melancholy incident I recal with pleasure. I have mentioned women and children being present at the passage of the Berezina. How to account for it I scarcely know; but in almost every scene of fearful disorder they are found, as if their attendance was absolutely necessary to complete the horror of the scene. On the troubled bosom of the waters, amidst the masses of ice which floated on the sullen wave, a little boat was seen, in which a female appeared with her two children. The mother feebly strove to direct its course. For a moment she seemed likely to succeed in her design of crossing, when some of the strugglers above fell, if not on it, close to the boat, and in a moment it was upset, and forced under the ice. Sad was the cry of the sinking mother, nor less thrilling the comparatively feeble voices of the children; but it was momentary. Two of the sufferers vanished, and were silent for ever. The third was about to disappear, when an artilleryman who was on the bridge threw himself headlong into the stream and saved the little boy, the last of the trio, from instant death. The child, frightened, called wildly for its mother; but she was no more. Then did I hear, in the midst of the deafening uproar, the bluff, sympathizing voice of the artilleryman, telling the child 'not to cry for his mother, for in him he should find a father,' and he carried the little fellow off in his arms.

"'A noble fellow!' exclaimed father and son together.

"'Yes,' continued M. Le Blanc, 'here we both recognize what deserves to be regarded as true glory.'"

'Curiosities of Art' offer the following pictures of the 'Hanging Gardens of Babylon:—

"These gardens were erected by Nebuchadnezzar for his wife Amytis, daughter of Astyages, king of Medea, in order to produce a prospect somewhat resembling the beautiful mountains and woody scenes of her native country. This most remarkable structure occupied a square of four hundred feet on each side, and consisted of large terraces, raised one above another, till they equalled in height the walls of the city; the ascent from terrace to terrace was by means of steps, ten feet wide; and the whole pile was sustained by vast arches, built upon other arches, and strengthened on every side by walls of brick, nearly two feet in thickness. Within these arches were very splendid and spacious apartments, which are described as commanding an extensive and delightful prospect.

"In order to form a proper foundation for supporting the soil, and confining the moisture of the gardens, large flat stones, sixteen feet long and four feet broad, were laid upon the upper arches; over these again were spread, in the first place, layers of reeds, mixed with bitumen, and upon this two rows of brick, closely cemented. The whole was covered with sheet lead, upon which the mould was laid to a sufficient depth for the largest trees to take root. In the upper terrace was a large reservoir, supplied by means of an hydraulic engine from the river, for the purpose of watering all the gardens."

Mrs Hall has two lively performances, 'Number One' and 'Little Chatterbox.' The whole affair is likely to prove a hit.

Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham. By Thomas Gaspey, Author of the 'Lollards,' &c. 2 vols. Cunningham.

Dr Watts tells us, in one of his hymns, that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

and this seems to have been duly borne in mind in the preparing of the book before us. Besides collecting all that is known of Lord Cobham, a multitude of facts are given connected with the habits and opinions of the time in which he lived, so that, in performing his self-imposed task, the

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writer has furnished a new 'Antiquarian Repertory.' The 'Court Journal,' in noticing this work, remarks, "The cause of true religion has too often suffered from the well-meant efforts of its most zealous advocates, and books written with a pious object have been so inartificially contrived, and so made up of dry details, that the serious reader could with difficulty labour through them, while the young and the unreflecting have turned from them with more than cold indifference." These volumes, it is added, "are not of such a character; they embody facts of mighty importance in connexion with the reform commenced by Wickliffe, but with them much amusement is blended."

The courage and determination with which Sir John Oldcastle opposed himself to the tyranny of the corrupt slaves of the Pope must command admiration, but it is here clearly shown that the reform then called for, was by no means confined to matters identified with religion. Grievous abuses, which had nothing to do with the church, but in so far as bishops and other churchmen did not scruple to do a trifle of corruption in all public matters, existed, which called for redress. In every shape and way the people saw themselves oppressed, and the love of mammon was so strong that in almost every case that excited popular indignation, some, whose attention ought to have been fixed on holier objects, were found deeply implicated. This no doubt was one of the causes of the popularity of "the Good Lord Cobham," and eventually of the Reformation. We have contented ourselves with describing what has been attempted. The 'Naval and Military Gazette,' in an elaborate review of the book, gives the following opinion on the execution:—

"In the second volume of the work we find the clearest and most impressive condensed view of the proceedings of the memorable Council of Constance, and of everything relating to the trial and execution of the great Bohemian Reformer, John Huss, and of his friend, Jerome of Prague, that we have anywhere seen. It is simply, yet powerfully written. To the antiquary, the student of history, the theological inquirer, the investigator of life and manners, this book will prove equally acceptable."

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.—One of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling, year after year, into arrears of rent. The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was experienced and industrious, totally unable to manage it from poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. "John," said the Duke, when the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," said he, "everything is in a very bad case. This wont do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops wont pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do; I must take the farm into my own hands; you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Of course there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure; at the proper time, seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and building. The Duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and outbuildings were put into good order. In two or three rent days, it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way. The Duke on his next visit said, "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again; you shall be tenant once more; as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be enabled to keep it there." The Duke rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition; I will venture to say, however, that the Duke himself was the happier man of the two.—*W. Howitt*

POPULATION OF SPAIN.—According to the received opinion, Spain, under the Romans, contained 40,000,000 of inhabitants; but, accounting this a most exaggerated statement, let us assume the population to have been only half the estimated amount, or 20,000,000. At the close of the fourteenth century, according to several Spanish writers, the population was as follows, viz:—States of Castille, 11,000,000; states of Aragon, 7,700,000; kingdom of Grenada, 3,000,800; total, 21,700,800. This estimate, like the former, is probably exaggerated; Laborde thinks that the population at the latter period, cannot have exceeded 16,000,000. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the fifteenth century, it amounted, according to the same authorites, to upwards of 20,000,000; but a more probable estimate reduces it to 15,000,000. In 1688 it was 10,000,000; in 1700, at the death of Charles II, 8,000,000; in 1715, under Philip V, 6,000,000; in 1768, under Charles III, 9,307,804; in 1787 and 1788, the last year of the reign of Charles III, 10,143,975. By the census, which was taken in the year 1797 and 1798, it appears that the population then exceeded 12,000,000. It follows, therefore,

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that from the time of the Romans until the year 1715, the population of Spain had been continually decreasing in the following proportions, viz.—From the time of the Romans until the end of the fourteenth century, a period of about a thousand years, 4,000,000; from the close of the fourteenth century until the end of the fifteenth century, a period of a hundred years, 1,500,000; from the end of the fifteenth century until the year 1688, a period of less than two hundred years, nearly 5,000,000; from the year 1688 to the year 1700, that is, twelve years, 2,000,000: and from the year 1700 to 1715, fifteen years, also 2,000,000. On the other hand, it increased, from the year 1715 to 1768, a space of thirty-three years, 3,807,804; from the year 1768 to 1788, twenty years, 836,171; from the last period to the year 1806, rather more than 2,000,000; making a total increase from 1715 until 1806 of above 6,000,000. In the *Diccionario Geografico* of Minano, the population of Spain in 1826 is estimated at 13,732,172, which would give an increase since 1715, that is, in a hundred and eleven years, of 7,732,172; and even this estimate has been supposed to fall below the truth, although it exceeds that given in the last edition of Antillon. Taking the census of 1826, however, as the closest appoximation which has yet been obtained, the population of Spain, compared with its superficial extent, (145,100 square miles), would give about 90½ to the square mile, or little more than half the number upon an equal space in France and England, countries far inferior to Spain in fertility of soil, advantages of climate, and other bounties of nature.

The Gatherer.

Pirates in the East.—The pirates on the Coromandel coast and those of Malabar were celebrated for their daring through the 17th century. In 1686 a small vessel of theirs, mounting only eight guns and manned with 300 men, attacked the 'Phœnix,' of 42 guns, commanded by Captain Tyrrel. The assailants quickly discovered their mistake, but escape being impracticable, they fought till their ship sunk under them, and though boats were immediately sent to their rescue, most of them refused quarter, so that only about seventy were taken alive.

The Title of Colonel.—It is not known that there were colonels in the English army earlier than 1598. Anterior to that date it consisted of companies of 100 men each, under a captain, a lieutenant, and an ensign; and the captain seems to have had the appointment of his subaltern officers.

Capital Executions.—Hollinshed tells that in Henry VIII's reign 72,000 criminals suffered the extreme penalty of the law,—nearly 2,000 a year. Sir Thomas More tells that 20 were often hanged on the same gallows at the same time. The average number of executions in Elizabeth's time was 400 annually; and the annual number during the first half of the last century was about 100.

The Old Law of England.—Anciently the criminal in England was punished by horrible mutilations; his hand, his foot, his nose or lips were cut off, his eyes plucked out, his head scalped, or he was branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead, cheek, or arm. The Conqueror would not suffer death to be inflicted for a slight offence; but the mutilated criminal walked about, a standing warning, a living evidence of the "grievous mercy" of the law.

Punishment for Lead Stealing.—By an ordinance of Edward I, any person detected for the third time in stealing lead or silver ore from the Derbyshire mines was to have his hand fastened to a table by a knife driven through it, and there he was to remain in agony, a prisoner, until he freed himself by cutting off his hand.

Inns of Court.—On what pretence is the monopoly of the Inns of Court continued? The public derives no benefit from the perpetuated abuse of these societies. They have no regard to the instruction or discipline of their members; and nobody pretends that they are of service, except as they preserve the *gentility* of the profession. It is a sort of rank, which men seek after to gain a position above their fellows. But how is it attained? By study? By scholarship? By eating mutton? Not even by that, but by the mere payment of fees.—*Westminster Review.*

Mahomet.—It is recorded that Mahomet disapproved of a priesthood; he wished every Moslem to have a copy of the Koran and be his own priest; but his successors in the Caliphate of Bagdad and on the throne of St Sophia endowed a permanent establishment.

The Last of his Race.—Such is the national prepossession in Turkey, that when the late Sultan attacked the power of the Janissaries, he escaped death through being the last male of his race. The union of the Caliphate with the kingly power was the amulet which preserved him from destruction. The popular belief that the death of the last Caliph would be the knell of the Ottoman empire, emboldened Mahmoud, withered the strength of his foes, and disarmed the assassins; and this alone empowered him, singly and unarmed, to perambulate the streets of the capital when the exasperated Janissaries would have eagerly shed his blood.

The Grand Jury in Ancient Times.—Originally the Grand Jury was merely an

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inquest, whose duty it was to find out offences; they were the instruments of accusation, not a shield or protection for the accused. In the words of Lord Somers, "the Grand Jury were the indictors." It seems to be quite clear from a law of Etheldred (L. L. Ethel. c. 5) that a Grand Jury existed among the Saxons, for that law directed that "twelve thanes, with the sheriff at their head, should go and on their oath inquire into all offences, not charging any one falsely, nor wilfully suffering any offender to escape."

Zumalacarregui.—This celebrated Carlist general was as remarkable for brevity in his correspondence as the Duke of Wellington. In writing to his wife he seldom went to greater length than this:—"I am well; keep your mind at ease. Kiss our dear daughter on each cheek."

The Rapier v. the Sword.—In a set duel between two opponents of high courage and great skill, one armed with a rapier, the other with a sabre, the former will in general first prick his antagonist, but he will be cut down at the same moment; for thrusts, even if mortal, rarely disable at the instant. Of this an instance occurred at Culloden to Lord Robert Ker, whose head was cleft by a Highlander, whom he had pierced through with a spontoon, which was yet sticking in his breast.

China Clay of Swan River.—In the 'Swan River News,' Mr H. W. Beverley, the architect, calls attention to the china clay found in the Swan River Settlement. He says it is found near the half-way house on the old road from Guildford to York, and may be had apparently in any quantity. It is exceedingly white and pure, and burns to a brilliant white and extreme hardness; it is in fact a near approach to the Kaolin of China, which has never been found out of that country.

The Floral Games.—These celebrated mental exercises were instituted at Toulouse, in the early part of the fourteenth century, in the time of the Troubadours. The prize awarded to the author of the best poetical composition consisted of a golden violet, to which several other prizes were afterwards added by Clémence Isaure. This festival, interrupted by the revolution, was revived in 1806.

Frederick the Great.—The King of Prussia, who acted so grand a part in the affairs of Europe in the last century, wrote a play. It was much applauded, and one of his poetical subjects wrote the following complimentary lines on its success:—

"A monarch to his people dear,
Kindly an opera gives, we hear.
All hands are raised to give it fame;
For, while we envy his great name,
The poet must be happy when
He leads a hundred thousand men."

St George's Fields.—An ancient urn, filled with human bones, was found many years ago, from which some antiquaries drew the inference that that place had once been a Roman station. Dr Gale, however, gave it as his opinion that it had not been a Roman station, but a cemetery, the Romans being expressly forbidden, "by the first in the tenth table" of their laws, to bury in cities, in these words, "Let no person be interred, nor body burnt within the city:" which law it appears they most religiously observed, as their burial grounds were always by the sides of the highways, such as Watling street was in that neighbourhood.

Postilions and their Cattle.—The Prussian postilion rarely converses with his horse, but more rarely uses the whip, except by way of a flourish *in terrorem*. This could hardly be the case in England, where the horses only see straight before them; but in Prussia their eyes are wholly uncovered, and they watch with great interest every motion of their conductor.

"*The Young Idea.*"—Children who are not well treated in their infancy are ill tempered, cross, and vindictive; they seem to wish to make others suffer the same evil they themselves endure. It may be from imitation or impulse, but it cannot be doubted that kindness begets kindness, as hatred begets hatred.—*Mad. B. Riofrey.*

Ion.—The Greek name of the violet is Ion. It is traced by some etymologists to Ia, the daughter of Midas, who was betrothed to Atys, and changed by Diana into a violet, to hide her from Apollo. The beautiful, modest flower still retains the bashful timidity of the nymph, partially concealing itself amidst foliage from the garish gaze of the sun.

Registration of Deaths.—This practice seems to have commenced in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The books of St Olave contain the following entry:—"November, 1578. A new com'andment from the Quene and her consill, to endite the names, the Christian names, the age, and the disease of every person dyeing within the parish."

A Queen's Breakfast.—When Queen Elizabeth visited Cowdray, in Sussex, in 1591, after a flourishing account of the reception of her majesty, in which she was addressed as the "Miracle of Time," "Nature's Glory," "Fortune's Empress," the "World's Wonder!" it is added that on the following day she was "most royallie feasted; the proportion of breakfast was three oxen and one hundred and fortie geese!"

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The Mirror

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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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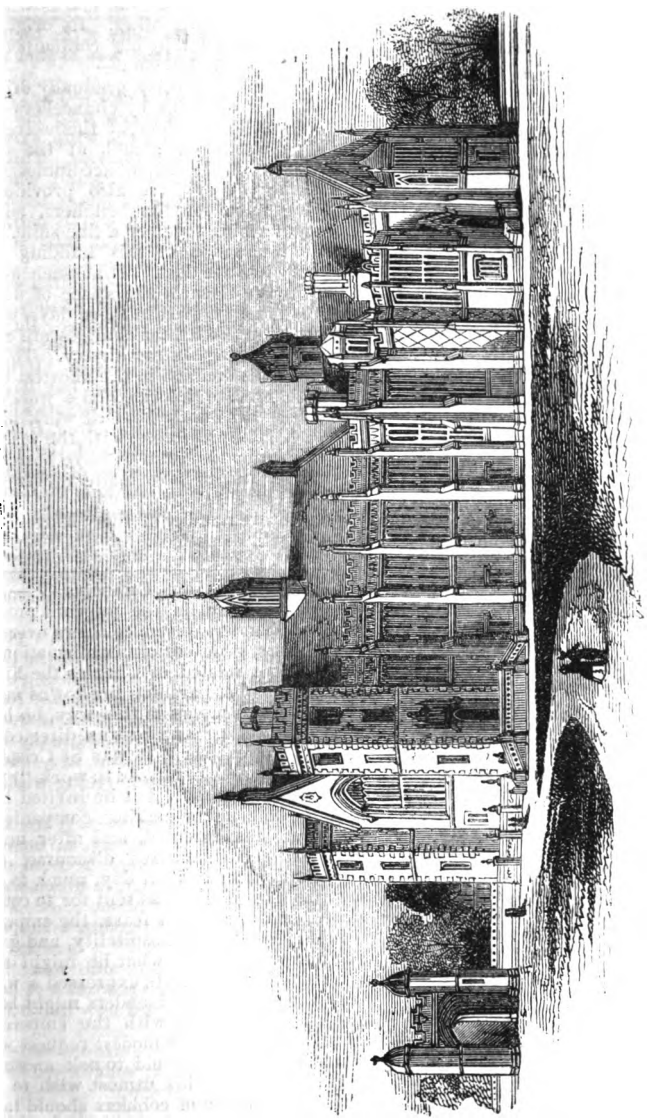

LINCOLN'S-INN NEW HALL AND LIBRARY.

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Original Communications.

LINCOLN'S-INN NEW HALL AND LIBRARY.

Among the structures now rapidly rising to add to the dignity and beauty of the British metropolis, the subject of our present engraving is far from being the least in magnitude or importance. As it advances to completion, it presents us with a vivid realization of the architecture of the days of Elizabeth,

"When dames of honour breakfasted on beef."

In its general construction its venerable neighbour will be found to have served as a model. It is formed of red interspersed with veins of blue brick, and dressed with stone. It occupies part of the gardens of Lincoln's inn, ranging along the east side of Lincoln's-inn fields. This erection is by Mr Hardwick, and is in the style of the time of Henry the Eighth.

The old Lincoln's-inn hall, which has been mentioned, was built on the ancient site of the houses of the Bishop of Chester and of the Blackfriars, erected by Ralph Nevil, bishop of that see, about the year 1225. These properties, in the course of time, fell to Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and he erected a stately mansion as the residence of himself and his successors, in which he is reported to have entertained the study of the law some time before his death, which took place in the year 1310. The house subsequently belonged to the bishoprick of Chicheater, having been demised by Robert Sherburn, bishop of that see, to William Syllard, a student therein, for a term of years, at the end of which, in the year 1536, the prelate's successor in the bishoprick, Richard Sampson, granted the inheritance to the said William Syllard and his brother. The latter, for the sum of 500*l.*, by deed bearing date Nov. 12, 1579, conveyed the house and garden in fee to Richard Kingsmill and other benchers.

In Cooke's 'Walks through London' we read :—

"The Society of Lincoln's inn is entitled to the following endowment: Christopher Tancred, Esq., of Whixley, in Yorkshire, in the year 1754, bequeathed a considerable property for the education of twelve young men; four of whom are directed to be instructed in divinity, in Christ's College, Cambridge; four in the study of physic, at Gonvil, or Caius College, in the same University; and four in the study of the common law, at Lincoln's inn, London. The trustees were incorporated by act of parliament in 1761. To each of the four persons elected to partake of this bequest in the study of the law, the yearly sum of 50*l.* is assigned by the will; and this aid (which now exceeds 100*l.*) is ontinued for three years after they have taken the degree of barrister-at-law. The testator's bounty was intended for the use of young men whose scanty means might disable them from prosecuting their studies: but, by that perversion of charitable funds which too generally prevails, the sons of bishops, and other lordly beggars, are generally the fortunate holders of the bounty."

The situation of the new hall is most eligible, looking over the noble area of Lincoln's-inn fields on the one side, with the gardens on the other. Its origin is thus accounted for by our contemporary the 'Polytechnic Review:'—

"The benchers being gradually driven out of their old halls by chancellors and vice-chancellors, bethought themselves of building a new one; and, at the same time, have made ample accommodation for dining; they have also provided a drawing room for the benchers, and a library, forming together a fine suite."

The foundation of this building was laid only in June last. That such a pile should have risen in the space of a few months is really, even in these days, when rapid and unlooked-for changes are common, something extraordinary. To accomplish the erection in the shortest time possible, we are informed the workmen have been constantly kept at work night and day. The projectors, with the wishing cap of Fortunatus, seem to have borrowed his purse, and to have made rather free with its contents.

In a future number of the 'Mirror' the interior will be noticed.

The Cobbler and Charles V.—The precedence given, in the pageant processions of Flanders, to the cobblers over the shoemakers, gives curious confirmation to an anecdote related of Charles the Fifth, who was fond of parading the towns *incog.* Rambling at Brussels in this way, his boot required mending, and he was directed to the nearest cobbler. It was St Crispin's day, and the cobbler refused to work, "even for Charles himself!" but he invited him in to join his merry-making companions; the offer was accepted, and after much free but good-humoured discourse, the emperor departed. Next day, much to his surprise, the cobbler was sent for to court, where, contrary to his fears, the emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and gave him a day to consider what he might ask as a suitable reward. He expressed a wish that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. This modest request was granted, and he was told to ask another, when he declared his utmost wish to be that the company of cobblers should take precedence of the shoemakers.—*Fairholt's Lord Mayor's Pageants.*

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TRIUMPH OF COMMON SENSE.

THE newspapers give ample testimony that the cause of the Drapers' Association proceeds most prosperously. At the annual meeting on Wednesday, over which Mr Emerson Tennent, M.P., presided, the effects of peaceful, rational agitation for a laudable purpose were most happily exemplified. The praiseworthy efforts of the drapers to diminish the sum of unnecessary toil promise to extend their beneficial consequences over the whole surface of British industry, and the evidence afforded by many employers of high character as to the effects of shortening the hours of business, bring to the support of rational theory the conclusive, indisputable facts supplied by practical experience. It was clearly shown that those houses which had dispensed with the evening attendance, heretofore exacted, had nothing to regret; that those whom it had been their generous care to relieve had wisely occupied the leisure gained for them, by directing their attention to pursuits and recreations calculated to improve their minds, raise them in the social system, and benefit their employers.

It had been unfeelingly urged that the time spared from business would be injuriously employed. Every advantage is capable of being abused by folly. The merciful and sublime Sabbatic institution itself, may by depraved minds be made the source of evil. Would the benevolent philosopher, therefore, propose that the relaxation of Sunday should be denied to the industrious classes of England, lest they should avail themselves of the sacred day of rest to plunge into grosser dissipation than they would otherwise know? Who at this time of day will have the heartless intrepidity to put forth such an argument?

In this case we have no clique of infuriated operatives making war on their superiors. "If," say the assistants, "we cannot convince those whose interests are bound up with ours by appealing to their reason and their sense of justice, for the present we are content to withdraw from the struggle." And how is this answered by their employers? "Your claim," they reply, "is reasonable; we admit it, and will support you." This they do, not merely by encouraging words, but by generously subscribing to the funds of the association. Such being the case their ultimate triumph is certain, and both the superiors and the subordinates have acted with such prudence and kindly feeling, that their example cannot but have the happiest influence on others, and it is not too much to hope that an amelioration of the hard lot of many thousands unconnected with their body will be sensibly ameliorated through the energetic but prudent and temperate resistance they have offered to usages which had insensibly grown up to their annoyance.

Of the glorious effects of consideration for those who toil, a happy instance is afforded in the following curious and interesting article, copied from the 'London Polytechnic Magazine,' descriptive of the silk manufactory of M. Stofella, at Roveredo, by Herr Teschau.—

"This establishment has gained a high reputation, not only for the quality of the silks manufactured, but for the philanthropic system upon which it is conducted. Four hundred females are constantly employed, who are not only provided with their living, but every care is taken of their education. A young girl from eleven to fourteen years of age, in poverty, who can produce a certificate of good moral conduct and health, is apprenticed from four years and a half to six years and a half under an indenture, stipulating that she shall during her apprenticeship be provided with board, lodging, clothing, and instruction in religion, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, needle-work, and all the branches of the manufacture of silk. After the first six months every apprentice receives an annual salary of fifteen florins, which sum is placed in the savings bank of Roveredo. Those parents who are in very needy circumstances are permitted, after their daughter has been two years apprenticed, to draw an annual allowance. The proprietor himself deposits 500 florins in the bank every year for the purpose of being distributed in different awards to those whose industry and skill are found the most deserving at a public examination. In case of death the parents have a right to claim whatever funds the child may have in the bank. Upon the termination of the apprenticeship the girl is at liberty to return home, or stipulate for employment by the year (that being the shortest period for which any of them can be engaged), and receives an increase of payment according to her abilities. Those who during their apprenticeship have behaved well, and distinguished themselves, are provided at the end of their term with tools and furniture to commence business. Their occupation consists in the manufacture of all sorts of silks, and every week twenty-five of the number are alternately instructed in domestic affairs. Certain leisure hours are allowed for meals, lessons, and recreation, and when they walk out some of the teachers are appointed to accompany them. The whole establishment is conducted by Mr Stoffella, and consists of twenty superintendents; viz., one director, one vice-director, six teachers, and twelve overseers.

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A SCENE FROM THE REBELLION OF NINETY-EIGHT.

THE affecting prayer for mercy of a poor misled gentleman who was implicated in the rebellion of 1798, lately appeared in the 'Mirror.' The appeal was in vain, and the unfortunate man suffered the last penalty of the law. We now give a narrative of the severity exercised by the insurgents, when in power at Wexford, from 'Musgrave's Memoirs.' It will serve to inspire a lively horror of civil war.

"On Monday morning, the 4th of June, a man of the name of Murphy was shot for having given information against rebels. His executioners were three Protestant prisoners, Charles Jackson, Jonas Gurley, and Kennet Matthewson. Edward Fraine, a man of some opulence, and who was supposed to gain 300*l.* a year as a tanner, was officer of the guard. When the executioners were brought into the yard Fraine addressed C. Jackson, and had the following conversation with him:—'Mr Jackson, I believe you know what we want of you.' He answered, 'Yes, I suppose I am to die.' He then fell upon his knees and begged that he might be allowed to go to see his wife and child. Fraine swore he should not, and informed him that a man was to die that evening at six o'clock, and that he did not know any more proper person to execute him than he, and the two others. He added that 'he supposed he could have no objection to the business.' Jackson replied, 'Sir, should I have no objection to commit murder?' Fraine said, 'You need not talk about murder: if you make any objection you shall be put to death; but if you do your business properly, you may live two or three days longer; so I expect you will be ready this evening at six o'clock.' Another rebel captain insultingly addressed him in the following manner:—'If you could get a few orange ribbons to tie round your neck during the execution, it would, I think, have a pretty appearance.' The executioners were remanded to their cells, where they remained praying till six o'clock in the evening, when they were brought again into the gaol yard, where they found the prisoner Murphy surrounded by about a thousand armed rebels.

They proceeded to the place of execution, which was about a mile and a half off, at the other side of the bridge. The procession was in the following order:—A large body of horsemen who formed a hollow square, a black flag, the drum and fifes; Murphy, the convict, marched next, followed by Jackson, with Gurley and Matthewson behind him. When the 'Dead March' was struck up and beat till they arrived at the spot where the victim was to fall a sacrifice to their fanatical vengeance; he was placed on his knees close to the river, and with his back to it. Previously to the execution the rebels knelt down and prayed for about five minutes. The rebels were ordered to form a semicircle with an opening towards the water. Charles Jackson asked permission to tie his cravat about the poor man's eyes; but they desired him not to be nice about such particulars as it would be his own case in a few minutes. When the muskets were called for, it was suggested that if they gave three at once to the executioners they might turn about and fire at them. It was then resolved that they should fire one at a time. Matthewson, the first person appointed to shoot, missed three times. They gave him another musket, with which he shot Murphy in the arm. Jackson was next called upon, and as they suspected that he would turn and fire on them, two men with cocked pistols, and two men with cavalry swords, were placed behind, who threatened him with instant death if he missed the mark. He fired, and the poor man instantly fell dead; after which Gurley was obliged to fire at the body while prostrate on the ground. It was then proposed that Jackson should wash his hands in his blood, but it was overruled, as some of the rebels said he had done his business well. A ring was then formed round the body, and a song in honour of the Irish republic was sung to the tune of 'God save the Queen.'

"The dreadful business took up about three hours, after which the executioners were marched back to prison."

ALGIERS AS IT IS IN THE HANDS OF THE FRENCH.

BY CAPT. LUCAS.

LETTER II.

(For the Mirror.)

SINCE the French formally took possession of Algiers, some twelve or thirteen years ago, it has been converted into a slaughter-house for human beings. European cruelty has shed torrents of native blood, and the African climate has avenged the crimes perpetrated by the boastful and victorious invaders. It is worth while to compare the professions of the French when they first approached Algiers with their subsequent doings. Before the surrender, in 1830, the following proclamation was issued:—

"To the Coulouglis, sons of Turks and Arabians, residing in the territory of Algiers,—We, your friends, the French, are setting out for Algiers. We are going to drive from thence the Turks, your enemies and your tyrants, who torment and persecute you; who rob you of your property and the produce of your soil, and con-

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stantly threaten your lives. We shall not take the town to remain masters of it: we swear it by our blood. If you join us—if you prove yourselves worthy of our protection—you shall reign there as formerly, independent masters of your native country. The French will treat you as they treated your dear brethren the Egyptians, who have not ceased to regret us for these thirty years that have elapsed since we left their country, and who moreover still send their children to France to learn reading, writing, and every useful occupation and art. We promise to respect your money, your goods, and your holy religion, for his majesty, the benefactor of our beloved country, protects every religion. If you do not trust our words and the strength of our arms, retire out of our way; but do not join the Turks, our enemies and yours. Remain peaceable, the French have no need of aid to beat and expel the Turks. The French are and will be your sincere friends; come to us, it will give us pleasure, and will be of advantage to you."

Little regard was had to the promises thus made after the fall of the place. The claims of the natives to anything like independence were laughed to scorn, if not visited as a crime. Among the enormities committed, we have it on the authority of the Duke de Rovigo, that prisoners have been put to death without even the form of a trial. The particular murders referred to by the duke occurred in May, 1832; but according to some writers these form but a small portion of the sins against humanity and public law, for which the French have to answer. Not the least of the evils poured on the conquered country, is experienced from the vagabond and dissolute crew of settlers which they have brought there. This is the description supplied by a Frenchman, M. Aynard de la Tour du Pin:—

"Germans, Swiss, and French, agriculturists and artizans, have gone to the promised land of Algiers for profitable employment, but have found nothing but beggary, with the immorality that attends it; and depending upon public support, they have become incapable of honest labour. So that a wretched lazzaroni threaten to spring up from the families of hardy peasants who constituted the first emigration. But the new system has invited a far worse class of colonists than these to Algiers. They are the scum of the sea-ports of France and Spain, Italy and Greece. Men who have forgotten home, and who speak a jargon of all the languages in Europe; men who have tried all professions with equal want of reputation and success. Everywhere and in everything they have been unfortunate. Each has a story to tell of his grievances and the wrongs he has suffered from his government. And they are all martyrs to liberty. But the fraud is so gross that when these men meet each other, they fairly laugh in each other's faces. Such is the higher class of society brought to Algiers. These are the men whom Europe sends to enlighten the poorer colonists, and to be an example to Africa. A third class follows, who will ruin the place; because conduct is as indispensable to success as capital. They are men who have been ruined over and over by their folly in all parts of the world. Speculators from England, from the United States of America, and from France, have flocked to Algiers, contributing nothing to its progress but their evil destiny; and they are most assuredly fated to repeat the failures which were the sole causes of their coming here. Their wretched activity is never satisfied, unless when adding to the sum of loss which has always distinguished their career.

"These are the sort of inhabitants France has given to Algiers; and the result is only what might be expected from the acts of such agents."—*Revue Encyclopédique, Novembre*, 1832, p. 360.

The hills which surround Algiers are now surrounded with elegant villas, which are built like small castles. They are inhabited by consuls, merchants, and wealthy Arabs. At the time of the invasion, those who chose to remain were permitted to retain their property; but many, in the consternation that prevailed, fled, and their estates were seized and sold. The villas which have been mentioned are surrounded by groves, in which oranges, lemons, and almonds are seen in profusion.

Of the 100,000 soldiers which France keeps in Algiers, 6,000 are said to die annually. Many have perished from fatigue and the effects of the climate. From 6,000 to 7,000 are generally in the hospital. Remittances of 20,000*l.* sterling are sent weekly from France by the steamers, which, however, is but a small portion of the whole expense. Provisions are necessarily imported, as the increased population has caused prices to rise enormously. Beef, for instance, is often twenty sous per pound, while at Tangiers and Tunis it costs but four.

By many Algiers is considered to be a mill-stone about the neck of France. The war carried on is often a war of extermination; men, women, and children, houses, cattle, fruit, and corn are consigned to destruction wholesale. Great is the slaughter made of the French. Of an army of 10,000 men sent out from Algiers, it has often happened that not more than half that number have returned. The remainder are reported to have been left to keep possession of new conquests; but the truth is,

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they have fallen in the field. In their reports the number of those killed in battle is commonly reduced from 100 to half-a-dozen, and the loss they inflict on the enemy is swelled in proportion.

It is generally understood that the French government take care to draft off the disaffected among the military to the new colony. Many convict soldiers are sent to Algiers. The dangerous courage and the criminal desperation in the land are thus abated and removed. This, perhaps, is as yet the only benefit France has derived from her triumph.

The Mahometan religion still prevails among the Arabs; they entertain a belief that if they fall in battle the prophet will lift them by the tuft of hair on their heads to the seventh heaven. By cutting off the heads of the slain, the French found their companions were filled with terror, as they could not conceive how the body was to be lifted above the skies, if separated from the head. A savage parade of slaughter is made by the French; I have often seen horse soldiers come into the city displaying the bleeding heads of those they had slain in triumph; some horses have had not fewer than a dozen hanging to their sides by hooks forced through the jaws of the dead men. The Arabs retaliated by cutting off the heads of the French who fell into their power.

One very barbarous custom has obtained among the French: all the wanderers they find within five or six miles of Algiers, who, driven from their homes, are seeking a scanty subsistence in the mountains, are seized and treated as slaves: they are generally heavily chained, three of them together being fastened by their legs, so that they can move but slowly and with difficulty. In this condition they are made to sweep the streets, and a driver is in constant attendance to stimulate them to exertion by the application of a thick whip when they are deficient in activity. This is a most afflicting spectacle.

STORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

Some Florentine merchants had employed Pietro Buonaventuri, of a decent family in Florence, as their agent at Venice. The young man had an agreeable person, and he had the assurance to endeavour, under false pretences, to seduce the affections of Bianca Capello, a daughter of the illustrious family of Capello. His insinuations and artifices succeeded; he prevailed on her to quit her father's house – to throw herself into his arms, and to follow him to Florence: the step was fatal, and she was soon reduced to want and misery. From her education she was ignorant of every honest and industrious method of supporting herself, and to return to Venice was to be immured for life within the walls of a convent. Beautiful and artful, she determined to profit by her personal charms, and as she had sacrificed her honour she sold her beauty. After she had lived for some time the life of a wanton, a report of her attractions was accidentally made to the grand duke, by one of his courtiers, and he determined to see her. The moment was decisive both for Francesco and Bianca Capello. At the very first interview he became enamoured. His attachment was not even attempted to be concealed from Bianca's husband, and the three personages formed what the Italians called "il triangolo equilatero," the equilateral triangle. The grand duke liberally rewarded Pietro Buonaventuri for his complaisance, and the amour continued till Pietro's death. The grand duke soon afterwards became a widower, and, having some thoughts of a second marriage, with the hopes of a family, he thought it most prudent to put an end to his connexion with Bianca, and on the separation loaded her with presents and favours. But his attachment was too powerful to be conquered. Bianca had no sooner left him than she was recalled, and he conceived a more extraordinary project. "Of what use is it," he reasoned with himself, "to look into uncertain futurity for a son, the object of my wishes? A short ceremony, a priest, and a few Latin words will legitimate my son Antonio, and enable him to succeed me." With this resolution he sent for Bianca, and communicated his intentions to the government of Venice. That state, by the marriage of Caterina Cortona with the bastard Lusignan, had once appropriated to itself the kingdom of Cyprus and the island of Candia, and its ambition again revived. The senate thought by such an alliance with the grand duke it might reap some political advantages; and its leading members informed Francesco that they had adopted Bianca Capello as the daughter of St Mark. Francesco immediately married her, and from the caprice of fortune a courtezan became one of the first princesses of Italy. Their union was, however, an object of public ridicule, and Italy echoed with the song—

"Il gran-duca di Toscana
Ha sposata una putana,
Gentildonna Veneziana."

Bianca Capello was endued with a thousand seductive accomplishments; but devoid of honour and of virtue, she became every day more and more ambitious, and less scrupulous in the manner of gratifying her wishes. Despairing of being able to preserve her station and that of her son if Ferdinando and Pietro, the grand duke's brothers, survived him, and wishing to secure herself, she conceived the frightful scheme of removing the eldest by violent

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means. He was to pass by Poggio, the grand duke's country residence, in his way to Rome; but some whispers of what was in agitation had escaped, and Ferdinando was on his guard. An entertainment was prepared for him, and a favourite dish, of which he was earnestly pressed by Bianca to taste, from its having been expressly provided for him. Ferdinando pretended illness; and the grand duke, who was ignorant of Bianca's stratagem, but suspected his brother's reasons, to convince him of their injustice ate very heartily of the dish which had been poisoned for his brother. Bianca, rising up, observed the business was at an end, and in despair took the remainder of the poison. The grand duke expired in terrible convulsions the same night, on the 10th of October, 1587, and the criminal Bianca followed him in a few hours.

HORRORS OF CELIBACY.

THE melancholy fate of a Catholic priest who has made a vow of celibacy, but who becomes a lover, who wishes to be faithful to duty, but

"Who has not yet forgot himself to stone,"

is powerfully depicted by Benedict Dalei, a German writer, in an autobiography.

The young priest hears, amid the choir of singing voices, one voice which goes to his heart. He beholds the singer in her youthful beauty, and loves—she loves him. But—the vow! It has separated them for ever! He marries her at the altar to his mortal enemy. He baptizes her child. He sees her in her garden as he stands at his window, playing with a child which is not his. She comes to confession, and confesses her misery, and calls on him for help. What help? he himself is in despair. He preaches to his people of the blessings of domestic life, and bleeds inwardly; he buries the dead, and wishes that the corpse were his. He dreads madness or self-murder, yet, living to be old, draws this moving picture of

THE SICK PRIEST.

In the days of misfortune, in the blank days of sickness,
Oh! how poor was I then, how forsaken, alone!
Then first comprehend we the depth of our misery,—
To be priests, yet with hearts where soft feelings have grown.

The servants of money, the servants of fortune,
How they grin with the marks of their fatness upon us;
But no step is there taken by souls of compassion,
For comfort, for rescue when sickness lies on us.

Oh! then are the arms and the bosoms too absent,
Which are softer than cushions of down round us piled;
There is wanting the love which obeys the least whisper,
There is absent the love both of wife and of child!

Go, bury the wretch, ay, bury him living,
If ever a murder be mercy, 'tis then,
When you bury the priest whom a heart of humanity
Has made, though most wretched—a man amongst men!

PENITENTIAL PETITION OF JUDGE JEFFERIES TO KING WILLIAM.

"THE Lord Chancellor's petition to his Highness the Prince of Orange, on his entrance into London, most humbly showeth—

"That your petitioner, who was once Lord High Chancellor of England, is now become the lowest of your suppliants; and from the first and chiefest counsellor of the throne, a miserable, dejected captive in the Tower.

"I do not presume to justify my integrity; that would be an arrogance as black as my crimes. I confess I am as unworthy to live as I am unwilling to die; and therefore I prostrate myself at the footstool of your grace and clemency—that fountain of inexhausted goodness whose only mercy can flow upon so vile and notorious a delinquent.

"To enumerate my crimes would be as numberless as the enemies I have created by them; nor will I presume to profane your sacred ears with so black a catalogue, whose precious minutes are more happily employed in the weightier affairs of the nation, the restoration of those laws and liberties which I, by my biassed and precipitate counsels, endeavoured to subvert.

"What could be more pernicious and destructive to the fundamental laws of the nation than to establish a power in the monarch to dispense with them?

"What greater inlet to Popery than to take off the test and penal laws? What deeper stroke to the Protestant church than to erect a court of ecclesiastical commission to pull down her pillars? What sharper persecution of the prelates than by publishing an arbitrary declaration, for the non-obeying of which illegal warrant so many since have been treated as criminals in the Tower? Nor could there be a more irregular method than the late regulation of corporations for a free election of parliament. In all which, and many others (to my shame I must confess) I have been all along principal counsellor and instigator.

"These, may it please your highness, are the crying crimes which, were they greater, it is in your power to mitigate by your intercession to parliament, having already the king's pardon. If you vouchsafe this to an humble suppliant, I will promise in some measure to make retaliation by discovering some *arcana imperii*, or intrigues of state, which I am capable of, which may highly concern your highness's interest in this kingdom."

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THE ANONYMOUS—A CABINET PICTURE.

A graceful form, a gentle mien
Sweet eyes of witching blue,
Dimples where young love nestles in
Around a "cherry mou':"
The temper kind, the taste refined,
A heart nor vain nor proud,
A face, the mirror of her mind,
Like sky without a cloud:

A fancy pure as virgin snows,
Yet playful as the wind;
A soul alive to other's woes,
But to her own resign'd.
This gentle portraiture to form,
Required not Fancy's art;
But do not ask the lady's name—
'Tis hidden in my heart!

Reviews.

Fables, Original and Selected. By G. Moir Bussey. Willoughby. Third Edition.

This book is got up in a superior style, and highly embellished with woodcuts executed by Orrin Smith, Breviere, Herbert, Belhatte, &c., &c., after designs by J. J. Grandville. The introduction consists of a biographical notice of the most eminent writers on fable. Nothing can interest children so much, or make such lastin impressions. We all recollect with pleasure many of the startling tales and morals taught in our infancy from fables, and to the latest day in our lives we can read 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Telemachus,' and 'Rasselas.' We cannot pass over this book without presenting to our readers one of the woodcuts, which illustrates the fable of the 'Miser and his Treasure.' The miser went daily to see that it was safe, but it was soon stolen, which brings us to the point represented by the cut. When he discovers his loss, a traveller coming up to him, this dialogue ensues:—"A very extraordinary manner truly of disposing of your riches! Why did you not rather keep them in your house, that they might be ready for your daily occasions?" "Daily occasions!" resumed the miser, with an air of much indignation; "do you think I know so little the value of money as to suffer it to be run away with on all occasions? On the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a shilling of it." "If that was your wise resolution," answered the traveller, "I see no sort of reason for your being thus afflicted. It is but putting this stone in the place of your treasure, and paying the same daily de-

votions to it; it will answer all your purposes fully as well, and you will continue to be as rich as ever." The selection of fables has been made with great judgment, and the book, as a present to our younger friends, will be not only acceptable, but probably it will be found permanently useful.

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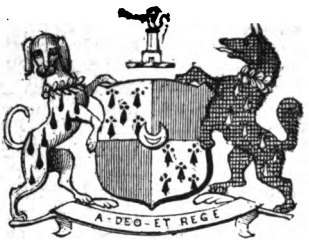

Arms. Quarterly; erm. and gu. a crescent of cadency.
Crest. A tower az., a demi-lion, rampant, issuant from the battlements or, holding between the paws a grenade, fired, ppr.
Supporters. Dexter, a talbot, guardant, ar., guttée de poix; sinister, a wolf, erminois, each gorged with a chaplet of oak vert, fructed or.
Motto. "A Deo et rege." "*From God and the king.*"

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HARRINGTON.

The Earls of Harrington and Chesterfield sprung from one common ancestor, Sir John Stanhope, Knight, of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, who married, first, Cordell, daughter and co-heir of Richard Allington, Esq., and had an only son, Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield. His second wife was daughter of Thomas Trentham, Esq., of Rochester priory, county of Stafford, by whom he had with others issue Sir John Stanhope, Knight, of Elvaston, who represented the county of Derby in the House of Commons, in the reigns of James and Charles I, and in the fifth year of the latter king he was sheriff for the same shire. He died in 1637, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John Stanhope, Esq., of Elvaston, who married Jane, daughter of Sir John Curzon, Bart., of Kedleston, near Derby.

The eldest son of the last-mentioned marriage, John Stanhope, Esq., became the husband of Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Charles Agard, Esq., of Foston, county of Derby. On his death, in 1730, the estates passed to his next brother, Charles, who was Secretary to the Treasury in the time of George I. He died in 1760, never having been married, and the estates then devolved on his nephew, William, the second Earl of Harrington. His father, William, the second son of John Stanhope, Esq., last mentioned, was an eminent scholar, and distinguished himself as a statesman in the reigns of George I and II. From 1715 to 1729 he was engaged in diplomatic missions of vast importance. He succeeded in concluding the pacific treaty of Seville, which had been commenced at the Congress of Soissons, and was elevated to the Peerage Nov. 20, 1729, by the style and title of Baron Harrington, of Harrington, county of Northumberland. In 1730 his lordship was appointed principal Secretary of State, and continued to hold the seals till 1742, when he was appointed Lord President of the Council, and on the 9th of February in that year he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Petersham, of Petersham, county of Surrey, and Earl of Harrington, county of Northampton. His lordship again filled the office of Secretary of State, and in 1746 was appointed Lord Lieutenant-General, and General Governor of Ireland, in which important government he continued till 1751, when he was replaced by the Duke of Dorset. He married Anne, daughter and heir of Colonel Edward Griffith, one of the Clerks Controller of the Green Cloth, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter to Dr Thomas Lawrence, first Physician to Queen Anne. He died Dec. 8, 1756, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, William, who was a General in the Army, and married, August 11, 1746, Caroline, eldest daughter of his Grace Charles, second Duke of Grafton, by whom he had a family of eight children. At his death, which took place April 1, 1779, he was succeeded by his eldest son Charles, who married, May 23, 1779, Jane, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Fleming, Bart., of Brompton park, Middlesex. Ten children were the issue of that marriage. His Lordship died Sept. 5, 1829, and was succeeded by his eldest son Charles, the present Earl, who married Miss Foote, the celebrated actress, April 7, 1831, by whom he has issue. The present heir to the title, Charles Viscount Petersham, was born Dec. 18, 1831.

Mazzinghi.—The papers announce the death, at an advanced age, of Mazzinghi. He was well known in the world of art, some thirty years since, as a musical composer, and his 'Chains of the Heart,' and 'Ramah Droog,' kept the stage for a while as favourite ballad operas. He belonged to a noble Corsican family.

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A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

Letter VI.

My dear Brother, — I rested and amused myself, after my trip to the Western Highlands, by occasional excursions to Glasgow, and our picturesque and interesting neighbourhood. Near Kilpatrick are the remains of an old Roman bridge, built with the solid masonry, and the evident design of remaining a memorial of their power, which characterized all the structures of that practical and civilizing people. The ruins were preserved by one of the Lords Blantyre, and now serve as the basis of a modern bridge. This has been the destiny of many of the Roman ruins through Europe, as out of the broken materials of the empire, the modern continental states have been formed. I also enjoyed the pleasure of occasional visits to some friends at Glasgow, whose reception of me was equally distinguished by a generous hospitality and personal kindness and attention. We went on to Paisley, and had the advantage of seeing its celebrated abbey, under the guidance of a gentleman long familiar and deeply interested with the antiquities of the town. I was surprised to find a place, associated in my mind, as of most Englishmen, with the smoke and dirt of factories, and which I considered the metropolis of manufacturing Scotland, to contain ruins, as picturesque as Holyrood, of ecclesiastical establishments, which showed the great wealth and influence which the church must once have enjoyed in that quarter of Scotland. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* In the abbey chapel is a splendid monumental tomb of Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, who by her marriage with Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and founder of the abbey, conveyed the hereditary right of the crown of Scotland to the splendid and unfortunate royal race, who derived their name from the office of their ancestor. The gentleman with whom we had the pleasure of spending a hospitable afternoon, sets an example of judicious benevolence in throwing open his beautiful grounds for the enjoyment of his poorer neighbours, by allowing respectable persons to play at bowls in summer, and curling in winter, within his domain, and no pleasure he could derive from it could be equally great. On my return from the Highlands I found myself kindly and pressingly invited to visit Ayrshire, by a Mr D——, a gentleman well known in the county for his antiquarian lore and his literary taste, a member of the Maitland club. He feels that pride for his native country, as the birthplace *not* of the *ploughman* poet (as he is so absurdly called), but of *Scotland's* poet, which every Ayrshire man so strongly feels. Accordingly, having at once accepted an invitation so cordially given, K—— and I put ourselves on the Ayr and Glasgow railway, and passed Ellerslie, the birthplace of the patriot hero of Scotland; and were duly joined by our worthy host at a station near his residence, about half-way between the termini. Near the station at Irvine is the seat of the Earl of Eglintoun, celebrated by the recent attempt of his lordship to revive the exciting spectacle enjoyed by our ancestors, the gay and splendid tournament. Alas! the attempt was unpropitious, and so in truth are the days in which the earl has attempted the revival of a sport identified with feelings that have passed away. The sight, I am informed, was extremely splendid and interesting; but, in this uncertain climate, and in these *unfeudal* and *non-chivalric* days, one must be contented with the living picture in 'Ivanhoe,' which may be read by the winter fireside on the bleakest day, and still make us see, in distinct vision, all the joyous magnificence, and all the many-coloured scenes of the tournament, besides investing them with the undying interest of the tale and characters with which they are associated.

On our arrival at Ayr, we put ourselves under the escort of Mr H——, a gentleman who joins to an enthusiastic love of the bard the power and love of giving musical utterance to his delightful songs, pathetic and humorous. Ayr is delightfully situated in the centre of a bay running in from the Clyde. It is in the district rendered famous by Wallace and Bruce, the last of whom was Lord of Carrick, which is in its immediate neighbourhood. There is a tower, called "Wallace's Tower," with a statue of the renowned chief; and tradition says the patriot warrior was there sheltered from the pursuit of his enemies. And there, too, are the "Auld and New Brigs," which will be known and read of with interest a thousand years hence in Australia and South America, when not one stone remains upon another to mark their site.

About two miles from Ayr, in a very comfortable cottage, furnished with elegant neatness, and with a print of Nasmyth's admirable portrait of Burns, resides the poet's sister, a widow lady, now seventy-two years of age, and as Burns died in 1796, then old enough to appreciate and remember him, personally and characteristically. We entered the cottage with deep interest. Here was a *living* memorial of the poet, and here was one from whose person we might obtain the best idea, by family resemblance, of his "vera effigies!" We spologized for the visit, expressing a hope that we were *non-intrusionists*; but the aged lady, with equal readiness and politeness, replied, that no one could ever some unwelcome who was a sincere ad-

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mirer of her brother. Such, indeed, we all were; and though the only Englishman of the party, I rendered my homage to his memory with an admiration as genuine, though not as discerning as the rest. The fine old lady, dressed with the exactest neatness, and in full possession of her faculties, with only hearing slightly impaired, resembled extremely the portraits of Burns, and with that dark eye, which in her brother, Sir Walter tells us, "literally *glowed*," and was the finest he ever saw in a human head. She said Nasmyth's portrait conveyed a very good idea of Burns, whom, of course, she distinctly remembered, and of whom she spoke with mingled feelings of admiration for his genius, pride for his fame, and the reflected lustre he had cast upon all his family, and love for his virtues. Pity for his failings and sorrow for his untimely end, doubtless she also felt, in common with us all; but that was not the occasion for the utterance of such feelings, nor were we the persons to attempt to elicit any such expression. Deeply interested with our passing visit to this venerable lady, we soon passed the ruins of "Alloway Kirk," and arrived at the "Brig of Doon." What names over the world! "Far as the breeze will blow, the billows foam," wherever the English tongue is spoken, wherever the Scotch emigrant can be found, these well-known words strike like charmed sounds upon the ear! At the Brig of Doon there has been erected, within the last few years, the monument to Burns, which, with his adjoining birthplace, has now become, like the birthplace and haunts of Shakspere, the shrine of genius which pilgrims of all classes daily frequent. We saw, in the book kept at the "auld clay biggin" where he was born, about a mile from the monument, a daily list of thirty or forty persons who had visited the house during the summer! Nor is the homage to the national poet confined to the higher or even middle classes. I was delighted to find that weavers from Glasgow and their families look forward to their annual excursion to the monument as *the* day of their enjoyment,—and the same spot is frequently made the wedding trip of the labouring classes. I must detail the edifice to you from a very useful little work, the 'Guide to the Glasgow and Ayrshire Railway and the Land of Burns,' published in Ayr.

"About halfway between the 'Auld Brig' and the kirk, on the summit of the eastern bank, which here rises boldly from the river, stands the monument to Burns, the foundation-stone of which was laid on 25th January, 1820; it was designed by Thomas Hamilton, Esq, architect, Edinburgh, and built by subscription, costing upwards of 3,300*l*. The grounds around it measure about an acre and a rood, and are very tastefully laid out with rare and beautiful flowers and shrubs, and so intersected with walks as to make the visitor fancy them much greater in extent than they really are. The edifice reflects the highest credit on the architect; it is of the composite order, blending the finest models of Grecian and Roman architecture. It is about sixty feet high. On the ground-floor there is a circular apartment, lighted by a cupola of stained glass, sixteen feet high and eighteen feet in diameter, in the centre of which stands a table with relics and editions of the poet's writings. Amongst the relics are the Bibles given by Burns to his Highland Mary. They are enclosed in a neat oaken box with a glass lid. On the fly-leaf of the first volume is the following text in the hand-writing of the bard:—'And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord,' Levit. xix, 12. In the second, 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths,' Mat. v, 33; and in both volumes is written, 'Robert Burns, Mossgiel,' with his mason's mark appended, partly obliterated. The scripture quotations are clearly legible. The Bibles are plainly bound, and one of them contains a lock of Highland Mary's hair. In a small cottage at the south side of the enclosed ground are the original far-famed figures of 'Tam O'Shanter' and 'Souter Johnny,' chiselled out of solid blocks of freestone by the self-taught sculptor, Thom. No one can look upon these statues without feeling that the poet has not more graphically described than the sculptor has delineated the jolly couple. They were placed here after having been exhibited in some of the principal cities and towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and part of the proceeds went to the embellishment of these grounds. On leaving the monument grounds, strangers usually proceed to the 'Auld Brig,' to inspect the veritable key-stane, where—

"'Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest.'

"Passing along this venerable structure, we return, by a winding of the road, to the new bridge, from which the old bridge, the river, and the monument are seen to great advantage. Looking downwards, the peep at the winding river, with its finely-wooded banks, is very beautiful; and, close under the eye, Mr Auld's little paradise is not less attractive. It does not become us here to dwell on the debt of gratitude which the admirers of Burns owe to Mr Auld for the untiring zeal he has displayed in beautifying the monument-grounds since they were first laid out; and, as to the fine taste he brought to the task of embellishing nature by art, it speaks for itself."

It does indeed; and nothing can be more delightful, on a fine summer or autumn day,

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than a ramble by the "banks and braes of bonnie Doon," in Mr Auld's grounds, through which the now famous river flows. He is ever on "hospitable thoughts intent" with the succession of Burns' admirers, who now throng in uninterrupted succession to this classic spot. After inspecting Alloway Kirk, we went to the humble home in which Burns was born, and which seems destined to rival the butcher's shop at Stratford, as that has supplanted the shrine of our Lady of Loretto. It was a farm-house when Burns' father lived there, and only contained two rooms. But additions have been made to the "auld clay biggin," and it must now afford a good revenue from the crowds of visitors. Such is the influence of the spell thrown on the place by the poet, that land in the neighbourhood of the monument has already doubled in value! Poor Burns! another of the memorable list of men who are refused bread and honoured with stones!

In the autumn of the year, Burns' son, Colonel Burns, returned from a long absence in the service of his country as an officer of the Indian army. It is intended, I understand, in the autumn of 1844, to have a grand festival at the Brig of Doon, in honour of the bard, at which, of course, thousands will be present. Professor Wilson, it is said, will attend, as who can doubt who has read his delightful and powerful essay on the genius of Scotland's poet, in the splendid work recently published, the 'Land of Burns?' At that festival the national homage of Scotland will be eloquently, gratefully, emphatically, and unanimously rendered to the memory of her most characteristic poet, at the most appropriate shrine; and never may the "practical" tendencies of the age take away from men the respect they feel and owe to the great poetic master of pathos and humour, who has achieved the rare distinction of excelling in both departments of literature, and is equally read, admired, and revered, as the author of 'Tam O'Shanter,' 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' and the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' Well may Scotland be proud of the Ayrshire poet, the most gifted, after Sir Walter, of all her sons!

After thus gratifying our feelings of curiosity and interest by this visit to the land immortalized in song, we returned to the mansion of our kind entertainer, and spent two days in the enjoyment of elegant hospitality. I cannot say I much admire the *scenery* of Ayrshire; no doubt there is every sign of *fertility*, and in addition to the produce of the surface, this part of the country is full of mineral wealth, to the extraction of which the railway has given a great stimulus. In the neighbourhood of our host's residence are some very romantic views situated in a picturesque glen, and overhanging the stream, which was formerly, I suppose, the abode of one of those robber chieftains, who, like their fellow-tyrants on the Rhine—

"In proud state, upheld their armed halls,
Doing their evil will, nor less elate
Than mighty heroes of a longer date.
Beneath these battlements, within these walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions—
And many a tower for some fierce michief won,
Saw the discoloured *stream* beneath its ruin run."

Happy that we live in other days! We then returned to Glasgow, and, after a short sojourn with our excellent friend on the Clyde, I was duly conveyed by one of the superb Liverpool boats to my "native land." Your affectionate Brother,

ALFRED.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.—An extract of a letter to Dr Bostock from his son was read, giving a detailed account of a flight of locusts which he had witnessed in India, between Cawnpoor and Agra. The number of locusts was so great that the air became quite darkened. They appeared to be moving at about the rate of four miles an hour, and although the travelling party were moving in an opposite direction, they were between two and three hours in passing through them. Professor Edward Forbes read a paper on the Echinidæ of the Ægean Sea, of which he had found twelve species when accompanying Captain Graves in H.M.'s ship 'Beacon.' The most remarkable of these were a new Amphidetus, allied to the the A. cordatus, and the Echinus monilis, identical with the form of that name found fossil in the tertiary beds of Europe. The species were dredged up from depths varying from one to 100 fathoms. In the description of Amphidetus he gave an account of the eyes of that genus, which he had discovered surrounding the ovarian foramina, and which are protected by eyelids formed of regular circles of spines. He gave an account of the habits of Cidaus histrix, which he had taken in 70 fathoms water, and which has the power of climbing up corals by means of its spines alone, a fact not previously observed. The Echinus lividus is used as an article of food by the Greeks, and is identical with the Irish sea-urchin which perforates rocks.

Miscellaneous.

THE PORTRAITS OF WALLENSTEIN.—It is to the portraits of the celebrated Duke of Freidland, by Van Dyk, that our attention is naturally first directed, and should even

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the host of Netschers, and Dows, and Rubenses, by which they are surrounded, be confounded in the traveller's mind with the Netschers, Dows, and Rubenses, which he had elsewhere to pass in review, yet never, I am satisfied, will the features of Wallenstein be effaced from his recollection—features which he will nowhere be able to look upon as here. There are two portraits here of the duke. In the one, he is painted as a young man; and in the other, as a grey-headed warrior. The comparison between the two pictures is highly interesting. There the youth stands before you with his light curly hair, of which a lock falls coquettishly upon the forehead, while a small neat mustache is carefully turned up at the end, with an evident view to effect. The face is a lengthened oval; the nose is handsomely formed, and the eyes, beautifully expressive, are, if I remember rightly, blue. An azure, cloudless sky forms the background. The same noble features, but hardened and stern, mark the second portrait. The smooth skin is furrowed by innumerable lines, that seem to bear testimony to violent passions and chequered fortunes. The hair of the head has grown thin, while the mustache, having lost its graceful curl, is changed into a wilderness of bristles, many of them standing stiffly out, like those with which Retzsch has often known how to give such expressive effect to his outlines. The old weather-beaten countenance looks angrily and imperiously down upon us, like the wrinkled bark of a sturdy old oak. The sword is drawn, as about to give the signal for battle. Gloomy scattered clouds are sweeping over the background, remnants of a recent storm, or tokens of fresh levies that are to expend their electricity in new battles. The azure sky of peace that smiled upon the youth never returned for the duke, as it has often done for the aged and retiring warrior when his battles are over; it was among the gloomy agitations of his career that Wallenstein fell. A portion of his skull is preserved at the Castle of Dux, and has been duly examined by phrenologists. The protuberances discovered there have been carefully numbered and ticketed. Among them may be seen No. 6, firmness; No. 7, cunning; No. 18; boldness; No. 19, reflection; No. 20, vanity; No. 21, pride and love of glory. The partisan with which he was stabbed is likewise shown, and his embroidered collar, stained with the blood that flowed from the deadly wound. Also a letter written by his own hand commanding the execution of some citizens, who had served against the emperor.—*Kohl's Austria.*

Music at Lord Mayor's Pageants.—At the pageant in 1566-7, when Sir William or Christopher Draper was Lord Mayor of London, the music for the Ironmongers' company's *foiste* or barge, consisted of two trumpets, one drum, and sixteen bases, half of which were double, and one solitary flute. The men and musicians were habited in sarsnet cassocks, with scarfs and nightcaps of Bruges satin, "drawn out with white and red." The queen's sergeant-trumpeters demanded no less than 18*l.* for [the services of] twenty-four trumpeters. In 1575, in a description of the procession, we find "next two drums and a flute;" after an interval, "then a set of hautbois playing;" "then sixteen trumpeters, eight and eight in a company;" at another part of the procession, "twelve trumpeters more, with banners of the mayor's company, then the drum and flute of the city, and an ensign of the mayor's company, and after the waits of the city in blue gowns, red sleeves and caps, every one having his silver collar about his neck."

England's Income and Property in 1778.—The late Mr Samuel Curwen, in his journal, under the date of April 13, 1778, has entered the following particulars, as from some information communicated to him in conversation:—"The land tax, at 4s. in the pound, produces two millions; the real tax on a medium is two shillings nearly, which, being a tenth part of income, makes that to be twenty millions. Should an expensive war, or some unforeseen accident throw the nation into a convulsion, and discourage lending and lessen supplies, it would, of course, reduce the value of lands, perhaps to twenty-five years' purchase; their real value then would be five hundred millions. Court value of the kingdom supposed to be eighteen millions, for the following reasons, viz., fifteen millions were brought into the mint to be new coined on proclamation; the remainder, coin of George II and III, full weight, still continuing current, amount to three millions. Amount of fabrics, plate, &c. &c., on a modest computation, is worth one hundred millions, making in all six hundred millions. A nation possessing more than twice as much as it owes, need not fear bankruptcy;—England's debt being one hundred and sixty millions. I pretend not to judge what would be the full issue of a shock to national credit, much less dare I determine; but I confess, I fear it would be followed by dreadful convulsions, and produce cruel ravages and carnage among the lower classes, who, being deprived of daily subsistence for want of daily employ, on stoppage of trade and manufactures, would not contentedly sit down and suffer themselves with their wives and little ones to perish with hunger; nor even those whose large incomes, derived from national funds, being now stopped, are reduced to a level with the most indigent, and whose wants being

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supplied from their charity, are now their equal fellow-sufferers."

Victor Hugo.—Parallel to his active, agitated, militant career as an innovator, the poet has enjoyed a domestic existence full of serenity and bliss. In one of the most retired quarters of Paris, at one of the angles of that Place Royale, which is the living memorial of the first days of the great age, he dwells in a sumptuous mansion, furnished with all the luxury of a noble, and the fantasy of an artist. It is here, in the bosom of pure and peaceful domesticity, surrounded by a lovely wife, and four laughing, rosy children, that, as if to realize in his own mind his system of dramatic antithesis, he has evoked all those satanic apparitions, all those murders, adulteries, incests, horrors, with which he has shocked the world. But it is here, also, that he conceived that delicious creation, Esmeralda, the younger sister of Mignon and Fenella, more fascinating, perhaps, than either; it is here that he has resuscitated old Paris in all its rude energy; it is here that he wrote all that exquisite lyric verse which will place his name so high in the literary history of the age. It is here, also, it is said, that he shows himself a kindly patron of embryo talent, a gifted talker, an erudite and enthusiastic archæologist, a man of sense and judgment, paying due attention to the prosaic things of earth, and complying equally with the duties of the father and the inspirations of the poet.—*Living Characters of France.*

The Gatherer.

Sir Francis Burdett.—This honourable Baronet died on Tuesday, having survived his lady but about a week. He was 74 years of age. Mr Jones Burdett died two years back, when Sir Francis wrote an affectionate notice of the deceased, in which he censured the falsehoods too often put forth in praise of the dead, but warmly eulogised the virtues of his brother. It appears on a tablet which has been put up in Twickenham Old Church.

A Modest Request to a Lady.—Ozias Linley, Sheridan's brother-in-law, was subject to perpetual fits of abstraction. In simplicity of character, as well as in absence of mind, he was another Parson Adams. As he was one morning setting out on horseback for his curacy a few miles' distance from Norwich, his horse threw off one of his shoes. A lady, who observed the accident, thought it might impede Mr Linley's journey, and seeing that he was quite unconscious of it, politely reminded him that one of his horse's shoes had just come off. "Thank you, madam," replied Linley; "will you, then, have the goodness to put it on for me?"

Russian Charitable Institutions.—In St Petersburg charitable institutions include all classes, from the duke to the pauper. The Empress-Mother is the patroness of one institution which boards "about four hundred young ladies of *noble* families," who are immured for nine years, during which they are denied access to their parents but under "the strictest surveillance." She is also the patroness and gouvernante of the Institute of St Catharine, containing three husdred and ten young ladies, all of "noble blood." Of these young ladies of "noble blood," one-fifth are supported by charity.

Anecdote of Charles I.—When Charles I had almost worn out his welcome in Spain, he seems to have thought his becoming her husband would have conferred no slight honour and obligation on the Infanta and her country. On his demanding what course Spain would take politically in case of a certain event, Olivarez replied it was a state maxim that the King of Spain could employ no forces against the House of Austria. "Look to it then, sir," said Charles; "for if you hold yourself to that, there is an end of all;—without this you may not rely upon either marriage or friendship."

Mrs Wood.—Those who were admiring (or admiring *at*) Mrs Wood's resolution "to admit no compromise in matters of religion," announced so universally some months ago, on the occasion of her volunteering a month's performances in a York convent, will have seen with, or *without*, surprise, as may be, that she has descended from the beatitudes of conventual life, to make a "farewell appearance," at the Princess's Theatre. This unfortunate woman's vagaries are too offensive an experiment upon popular sympathy or credulity, to pass without grave reprobation. As a worn-out singer of the worst possible school, her performance or her retirement is a matter of little importance, and, under other circumstances, we should have been quite content to maintain a considerate silence; but this endless obtrusion of herself on the public makes forbearance impossible, on far higher grounds than those which merely concern the progress of Art.—*Athenæum.*

Sacheverell's Library.—In 1773 Messrs Nicol and Wilson, booksellers, issued a catalogue, comprising, amongst other collections, the library of the famous Dr Henry Sacheverell.

How to Improve the World.—Could we, doing as we would be done by, be content to obey the Apostolic injunction, and make "a living sacrifice of our bodies," says the Rev. C. Le Bas, "the whole circuit of society would then have the semblance of one consecrated enclosure. Every dwelling would be a temple, and every inhabitant

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a holy offering, presented continually to the Divine acceptance, by the Great High Priest of the human race. A cloud of perpetual incense would go up towards the mercy seat; and, in return, the peace of God would descend to gladden and to sanctify the tabernacles of men!"

Roman Theatres.—There are five theatres at Rome, to a population very nearly as considerable as that of Dublin. Each of these establishments is the property of one of the noble families in the city, who prefer doing by themselves what is usually done in England by committee. The Valle belongs to the Marchese Capranica, one of the four Roman Marqueases who have a right of canopy; the Argentina to the Duke Cesarini Sforza, the descendant of the celebrated ex-dynasty of that name; the Tor di Nona, so called from an ancient tower near, to that universal man, the Duke of Bracciano (Torlonia). The Pallacorda is a joint concern; and the Aliberti has so often changed masters, that it is difficult to say in whose hands it remains.

Honours or Emoluments of the Russian Army.—All the good fat appointments seem to fall to the army in Russia as they do to the lawyers in England. If a manufactory of mirrors be established, a general officer must be its overseer, and the driver of the "unwashed artificers." If the government patronize a charity, or an establishment for dyeing broad cloth, grinding cutlery, building ships, or spinning tapes and bobbins, a general officer must be the grand comptroller.

Scarcity of Watches.—In Napoleon's campaigns, the numerous and disastrous errors in time, in Russian movements, were attributed to the general and staff officers being destitute of watches.

Miss Boydell.—The niece of the first Alderman Boydell married Mr Nicol, the bookseller. Their union would seem to have been hastened by a very remarkable incident. On the 9th of July, 1787, as Miss Boydell, accompanied by Mr Nicol, was walking up Princes street, Leicester fields, Dr Elliot, a medical man then well known among the literati, fired a pair of pistols so closely to the lady as to set fire to her cloak, yet she received no other hurt than a slight contusion on the shoulder. Mr Nicol seized the assailant, who was tried at the Old Bailey. Insanity was attempted to be established. Though acquitted of the greater offence, he was ordered to be tried for the assault; but the prisoner starved himself to death in Newgate, 22nd July. The lady bestowed her hand on her protector on the 8th of September following. Mrs Nicol was afterwards distinguished as an admirable judge of prints and drawings, of which she formed a fine collection. She died December 21st, 1820.

The Old Level of London.—In all parts of the metropolis incontestable evidence is offered that the level of the thoroughfares was formerly much lower than at present. The old public house pulled down near Britannia row, in the Lower road, Islington, was entered by going down three or four steps. Tradition stated that it was formerly reached by ascending as many. Marylebone, Knightsbridge, and Paddington, have still their ancient buildings, which offer similar testimony to prove that all the roads have been raised. We are also told that on opening the ground for the foundation for the present church of St Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, after the fire of London, Sir Christopher Wren discovered a foundation sufficiently firm for the intended fabric, which, on inspection, was found to be the walls, windows, and pavement of a temple or church, of Roman workmanship, entirely buried under the level of the present street.

Cæsar's Camp on the site of St Pancras Church.—Dr Stukely describes the arrangement of the camp, which he terms Cæsar's, and points out the peculiar station of each commander in these terms: he says,—"Cæsar's camp was situate where St Pancras church now is, his prætorium is still (1758) very plain, over against the church, in the footpath on the west side of the brook; the vallum and the ditch are visible; its breadth from east to west forty paces; its length from north to south sixty paces."

The Adder Stone.—A charm to cure disease is said to have been known to the Druids, named "the adder stone." It was called an egg, and asserted to have been produced by the saliva of a cluster of serpents, and possessed of certain magical virtues. The superstition in respect to these was very prevalent among the ancient Britons, and there still remains a strong tradition of it in Wales. This wondrous egg, however, seems to have been nothing more than a bead of glass.

Abodes of the Ancient Britons.—The high hills throughout England were the first occupied by the earliest inhabitants, at a period when the valleys were either incumbered by wood or inundated by water. In all of them were found earth-works and barrows, the sure vestiges of ancient population. On the bleakest hills were excavated the remains of Roman improvements, introduced into the British settlements, as flues, hypocausts, stuccoed and painted walls, but not a single inscription which could throw a light upon the era in which they flourished.

Man in a Savage State.—Peron, in his voyage of discovery to Australia, states that whenever an animal is slain by the savages, yells of triumph are set up by the whole tribe. "As soon as the carcase can

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be broiled, they tear it to pieces. Each eats as much as he can, then sleeps; he awakes and eats again, until the whole is devoured. He then remains in a state of inaction, until hunger compels him to seek for fresh prey."

What is Taste?—Blair defines taste as the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art. La Harpe describes it as a knowledge of the beautiful and of truth, and as a sense of what is right.

Egyptian Science.—Sesostris, according to ancient historians, caused a topographical map of Egypt to be drawn, and copies of it were circulated amongst the Egyptians and Syrians. We are not aware that any copy of it is extant.

A Life-preserving Coffin!—The American papers mention that "one of the most remarkable specimens of mechanical ingenuity exhibited at the American Institute, was a life-preserving coffin! The object of this new coffin is to prevent the hazard of burying a person alive; and for this purpose the coffin is fitted with springs and levers inside, which, on the slightest motion of the person within, will instantly throw up the coffin lid."

Theatrical Decorations.—The decorative portion of theatrical representation was, at an early period, an object of the highest interest and attention. The first artists did not think it below the dignity of their art to apply their time and talents to such purposes. San Gallo was employed in the decorations of the Clizia. Perugino, Francia Bigio, and Ghirlandajo, in those of the Mandragola. Jovius states that these latter were so admirable, that Leo X had them removed to Rome at his own expense. Rome, however, surpassed Florence. The other parts of Italy, Milan, Venice, Bologna, were scarcely inferior. It is not very generally known that Salvator Rosa was delighted to use his powerful pencil in giving additional effect to the "Bellissimi e bizarissime commedie al improviso," which were relished exceedingly by the Florentines in the Casino di San Marco, which that munificent patron of the arts, the Cardinald Leopold de Medici, had lent for a theatre. At Rome Salvator again used his pencil for the came purpose, hastily embodying upon his sanvas some of those reminiscences of his "Giro," among the Abruzzi mountains, which formed the prominent character of his after genius.

Truth called into Court.—The Denbigh Estedfodd, or meeting of bards, was opened with the following proclamation:—"The truth against the world. In the year 1828, when the sun is on the point of the autumnal equinox, in the forenoon of the 11th of September, this gorsedd, duly proclaimed, is opened in the Castle of Denbigh, in Gwynedd, with invitation to all, where no naked weapon is lawful, to pronounce judgment on all works of genius submitted to them in the eye of the sun and the face of the light.—The truth against the world!"

Literary Discovery.—A Latin play on the story of Richard the Third, and antecedent to Shakspere, has been discovered in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge. It is in the hands of the Shakspere Society.

M. Beranger—The students of Paris requested the poet Beranger to preside over the inauguration of the statue of Molière, an Monday week. He declined, and wrote to them—"My character, my tastes, and my habits, have always kept me away from public solemnities, where I should find myself ill at ease, and unable to utter a single word. Persuade," he added, "those generous young men to leave in his corner—which, thank heaven, is not the gloomy corner of the misanthropist—the old philosopher and song-writer, still faithful to his convictions and his sympathies. The dreams which he still makes there will prove, he hopes, to your generation, which will so long survive him, that to his last moments he was occupied with the happiness and glory of his country."

Water Drinking.—People go to Harrowgate, and Buxton, and Bath, and the devil knows where, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration at their surpassing efficacy. Now, these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities as to produce the desired effect. You must persevere in this plan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some extraordinary and interesting papers by Mr Boccius, on the Science of Breeding Fish, with most curious particulars of the habits of the finny race, will immediately appear.

X.—The heart is placed in the centre of the thorax or chest, its apex advancing towards the left side. Most persons think it is placed to the left. The palpitation is caused by the extension and contraction of its body in receiving the blood from the veins and ejecting it again by muscular power through the arteries.

L. M. S. will be attended to next week. His last observation we do not clearly understand.

"No Grumbler's" good-natured hint will be respectfully borne in mind.

If T. X. did not send his vamped up, hackneyed translation from Marmontel as an original article, why did he send it at all? He evidently meant to pass it off for his own, and finds, doubtless, not for the first time, that he has made a fool of himself.

We have preserved the letter of W. E. N., and hoped, long before this, to have heard from the writer.

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The Mirror

OF

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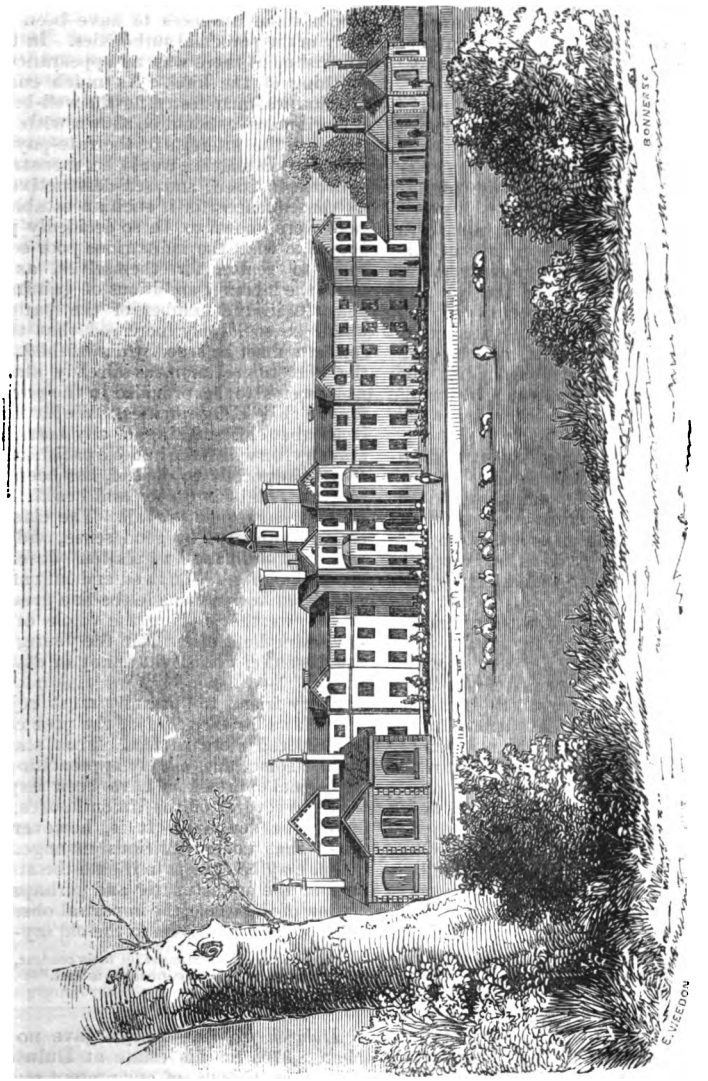

THE EDMONTON UNION.

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Original Communications.

THE EDMONTON UNION.

So much has been said on the uses and abuses of the Poor Law Unions, that perhaps it may not be unacceptable to many readers of the 'Mirror' to receive a little evidence on the subject. To state particular facts ought to give offence to no one; to form opinions and to draw general conclusions is a task or a duty which may be left to others.

We lately took an opportunity of visiting the Edmonton Union. The house was erected in 1841-2, by Messrs Scott and Moffatt. It is of considerable magnitude and commanding aspect. It has been raised in a fine, open situation, on a clayey and gravelly soil. It stands on five acres of land, of which nearly three have been successfully brought into cultivation by Mr Barrodough, the present master of the establishment. However great the misfortunes of its inmates in other days, their friends must be in no small degree consoled to find so comfortable a haven prepared to receive their shattered barks after the storm.

We were permitted to inspect all parts of the establishment, and the sight was in no small degree gratifying, from the order, cleanliness, and regard for the comfort of the inmates which everywhere seemed apparent.

The provisions are good, and the allowance we should consider ample. Without affecting any stoical indifference to the luxuries of life, we must say we hardly pity the man who in an ordinary way can hope for no richer fare. The bread, the meat, and the oatmeal, were all of superior quality.

On inquiry we found it was the practice of the house to ring up the paupers at a quarter before seven in the morning. Prayers are read at seven o'clock. Three efficient meals are provided—breakfast, dinner, and supper. At seven in the evening the inmates are again assembled to hear prayers, after which the bed rooms are opened and they may retire to rest as soon as they please. They are, however, not required to withdraw immediately, but generally avail themselves of the privilege with little delay. For the most part all are in bed by eight o'clock, at which hour the fires are put out and the lights extinguished.

The building, it will be seen from the accompanying woodcut, is in the Elizabethan style. It seems to afford every requisite accommodation; of course we render but imperfect justice to the grounds, which, while they present many agreeable objects to the eye, offer the means of furnishing varieties of healthful exercise. Those who are in health cultivate parts of it, and a large crop of excellent potatoes was raised from the soil in the last summer, while a good supply of winter greens remained in the ground.

From many parts of the country complaints have been made of the dietary, and of the Union system, as if the object of those who have the poor in charge was to render the workhouse not an asylum for sorrow but a scene of punishment for crime. To terrify those without, that they may dread to come within its walls, and to torture those within, that they may be impatient to make their escape, would seem in some instances to have been the study of the parochial authorities. In this establishment there was no appearance of anything of the kind. As much consideration was manifested for the well-being of the inmates as could be shown with due regard to the interests of the rate-payers. Excessive indulgence would be monstrous injustice in itself, and self-destructive in its consequences, for if such an establishment were known to be so decidedly preferable to what the industrious poor could hope to realize for themselves, as to make the labourer ambitious of gaining a place in it, the number of the paupers would be so largely increased that their comforts must be speedily diminished. In the Edmonton Union, as already stated, work seems to be provided in the garden for the able-bodied inmates. We have not heard that shirt-making, or any branch of industry, on which the humble parishioners may be supposed to depend, has been introduced. All is quiet, and health and content seemed to prevail. The classification is dictated by good sense, and one wise and humane regulation deserves especial notice. The aged and infirm are permitted to promenade the fine grounds in fair weather during the whole of the day, being kept apart from the young and the dissolute, who might annoy or disturb them.

Every friend to humanity must rejoice if the laws for the relief of the poor could be rendered more perfect. That starvation or something closely approaching it, and cruel oppressions have been experienced in several of the Union houses, can hardly be doubted. It is, however, in proof that under judicious management much may be done to mitigate the sufferings of the unfortunate, and perhaps, on a view of the whole, the impartial observer will, at last, be driven to the old say—

> "For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whatever's best administered is best."

Dulwich College.—Alleyn gave no less than 8,870*l.* for his estate at Dulwich—more than 40,000*l.*, of our present money! This entitled him to be called "a glorious vagabond."

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THIEVES ARE MADMEN.

(For the Mirror.)

A THIEF is an odious character, but when we look at the course of law in England the sanity of a man who is guilty of what is commonly called thieving may fairly be doubted.

The robber on the highway perils life and limb for a watch and a purse, and thinks himself in great luck if he gain a prize worth 100*l.*

Let the same person apply his mind to business in a more sensible way, and without risk, in the character of a friend or legal adviser, he may appropriate to himself 100,000*l.*

We continually see ruffians and scoundrels, who have plundered their confiding neighbours, who have stripped unconscious infancy and helpless age, brought before commissioners as insolvents or bankrupts, and after a little scolding allowed to walk off and commence a new career of fraud. The villains who have figured in the Courts of Bankruptcy and Insolvent Debtors within ten years of this date deserve a Newgate Calender to themselves.

In the last week the public prints have given a report of the proceedings in the case of a "highly respectable solicitor," Mr William Bromley, of Gray's inn. He has been called highly respectable, and we have no wish to deny that he is so, lest that law which allows the miscreants we have described (but to whom we have not likened Mr William Bromley) to go off scott free, should discover that we ought to be punished for a libel. We shall, therefore, only mention a few facts.

The debts on Mr William Bromley's estate have been estimated at 120,000*l.*

"Money," it was stated, "had been paid off on mortgages which the bankrupt had pretended to advance to other parties, and till the last quarter he had paid the interest as if the mortgages existed, although he had never advanced a farthing."

In this way the unfortunate creditors lost their property. For a time they received interest, as did the rifled dupes at some of the pretended charitable institutions, and then found that their principal had vanished for ever.

Thus thousands and thousands of pounds have been confiscated, and now the debts "*in re* William Bromley, of Gray's inn, solicitor," are "estimated at 120,000*l.*"

When the case was called on Mr William Bromley was not present, and for this he was reproved when at length he thought fit to appear, and told that even if he were in ill health he ought to attend the early part of the meeting.

That was severe; but if, instead of appearing in the Bankruptcy Court for debts estimated at 120,000*l.*, Mr William Bromley had been charged at the Old Bailey with stealing a leg of mutton value 5*s.*, his ill health would not have saved him from being dragged to the bar the moment his case came on, and probably at the end of a couple of hours he would have been sentenced to long banishment.

Such being the case—since the laws of England are so severe on thieving, what man in his sound senses would be dishonest? He must be of wretchedly weak intellect who would rob on the highway or steal in a dwelling-house to expose himself for a mere trifle to the horrors of a gaol or transportation, when by merely borrowing or running in debt to the amount of 120,000*l.* he may have the honour of handling much larger sums of other people's money; he may enjoy the luxury of seeing whole families ruined, children destitute and parents in despair, and still be only a bankrupt or an insolvent, anon to stand before the world again, if such his profession, a highly respectable solicitor.

SUPERSTITIOUS FANCIES.—SISTER GERMAINE.

THE extravagant fancies indulged in Catholic countries seemed excessively ridiculous to plain, jog-trot Protestants. M. Saint Hilaire, the traveller, has given some curious instances of it. In one place, travelling in Brazil, he brings before us a cross, which had been erected, as he learned from an inscription on its base, at the request or command of a number of unhappy souls, temporarily escaped from purgatory, who on that spot fluttered in the form of doves round the horse of a traveller, and expressed their desires in human voice!

This is pretty well; but perhaps, in these mesmerizing days, the story of Sister Germaine, as related by him, will be more interesting. In the *comarcas* of Sabará and Villa Rica, he had heard much of a female named Germaine, whose ecstacies had given her great celebrity. About the year 1808 she was attacked by a hysterical affection, accompanied by violent convulsions. She was at first exorcised; but her condition degenerated from bad to worse. At the period of my visit, she had been for a long time reduced to so extreme a state of weakness, that she was no longer able to rise from her bed, and subsisted upon a regimen which would scarcely have supported the life of a new-born infant, and it was almost always necessary to use considerable persuasion to decide her to eat at all. Every one admitted that the manners of Germaine had always been pure, her conduct irreproachable. During the progress of her disorder, her devotion had daily assumed a more enthusiastic character. Fridays and Saturdays she fasted entirely; at first, her mother oppposed this prac-

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tice; but when Germaine declared that, during those two days, it was utterly impossible for her to take any nourishment, she was allowed to have her own way. To indulge her devotion for the Virgin, she caused herself to be transported to the Serra de Piedade, where there is a chapel erected under the auspices of Our Lady of Pity, and she obtained from her spiritual director permission to remain in this asylum. In this retreat, meditating one day on the mystery of the passion, she fell into a kind of ecstacy; her arms grew stiff and were extended in the form of a cross; her feet were disposed in the same attitude; and in this position she remained during forty-eight hours. This, for years afterwards, was weekly repeated. She relapsed into her ecstatic attitude on Thursday or Friday night, and continued in a sort of trance until Saturday evening, or Sunday, without receiving the slightest nourishment, without speech or movement.

Thousands of persons of all ranks crowded to behold what was declared to be a miracle; Sister Germaine was regarded as a Saint, and two surgeons of the province communicated an additional impulse to the veneration of the people by declaring, in a written document, that her situation was supernatural. This declaration remained in manuscript; but was widely circulated, and numerous copies of it were taken. Dr Gomide, an able physician educated at Edinburgh, thought it necessary to refute the declaration of the two surgeons; and in 1814 published at Rio de Janeiro (but without his name) a small pamphlet, replete with science and logic, in which he proves, by a multitude of authorities, that the ecstacies of Germaine were merely the effects of catalepsy.

The public was now divided in opinion; but crowds continued to ascend the Serra, to admire the prodigy operated there. Father Cypriano da Santissima Trinidade, the late bishop of Marianna, a prudent enlightened man, sensible of the inconveniences which might arise from the numerous assemblies collected by Sister Germaine upon the mountain, and desirous of discrediting the pretended miracle, from which there resulted at least as much scandal as edification, prohibited the celebration of mass at La Piedade, under pretence that permission had never been obtained from the king. Many persons offered Germaine an asylum in their houses; but she gave the preference to her confessor, a grave, middle-aged man, who resided in the vicinity of the mountain. The devotees were greatly afflicted at the prohibition of the bishop of Marianna: but they did not sleep; they solicited from the king himself permission to celebrate mass in the chapel of the Serra, and it was granted them. Germaine was now transported a second time to the summit of the mountain; her confessor occasionally ascended thither for the celebration of mass; and the concourse of pilgrims and curious persons was weekly renewed.

"A short time previous to my visit," says M. Saint Hilaire, "a new prodigy began to manifest itself. Every Tuesday she experienced an ecstacy of several hours; her arms quitted their natural position, and assumed the figure of a cross behind her back. In the course of my conversation with her confessor, he told me that for some time he was unable to explain this phenomenon, until he at length recollected that on this day it was customary to propose to the meditations of the faithful the sufferings of Christ bound. The disinterestedness and charity of this priest had been described to me in glowing colours. I had a long conversation with him, and found him a person not altogether destitute of education. He spoke of his penitent without enthusiasm; professed to desire that enlightened men should study her condition; and almost the only reproach he uttered against Dr Gomide was, that he had written his book without having seen the holy woman. If what this priest related to me of the ascendency he possessed over Germaine be not exaggerated, the partisans of animal magnetism would probably derive from it strong arguments in support of their system. He, in fact, assured me that in the midst of the most fearful convulsions, it was always sufficient for him to touch the patient to restore her to perfect tranquillity. During her periodical ecstacies, when her limbs were so stiff that it would have been easier to break than bend them, her confessor, according to his own account, had only to touch her arm, in order to give it whatever position he thought proper. However this may be, it is certain that having commanded her to receive the sacrament, during one of these ecstatic trances, she rose with a convulsive movement from the bed on which she had been carried to the church, and kneeling down, with her arms crossed, received the consecrated wafer; since which time she has always communicated during her ecstacies. At the same time, her confessor spoke with extreme simplicity of his empire over the pretended saint; attributed it wholly to her docility and veneration for the sacerdotal character; and added, that any other priest would have been able to produce the same effects. With all that confidence which the magnetisers require in their adepts, he observed, that so complete is the obedience of the poor girl, that, should I command her to abstain from food during a whole week, she would not hesitate to comply. He was also persuaded, that she would have suffered no inconvenience from the expe-

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riment; but added, 'I fear I should be tempting God by making it.'

"I requested permission to see Germaine, and was conducted into a small chamber where she constantly reclined. Her countenance was visible, though partly overshadowed by a large handkerchief which projected over her forehead; she appeared to be about thirty-four years of age, and in fact this was the age attributed to her. Her physiognomy was mild and agreeable, but indicative of extreme emaciation and debility. I inquired respecting her health, and she replied in an exceedingly feeble voice, that it was much better than she deserved. I felt her pulse, and was surprised to find it very rapid.

"On the following Friday I again visited Germaine. She was in bed, stretched upon her back, with her head enveloped in a handkerchief, and her arms extended in the form of a cross; one of them was prevented by the wall from occupying its proper position, the other projected beyond the bed-side, and was supported by a stool. Her hand felt extremely cold, the thumb and forefinger were extended, but the others fingers were bent, the knees drawn up, and the feet placed over each other. In this position she was perfectly immovable; and her pulse being scarcely perceptible, she might have been taken for a corpse, if the rise and fall of the bosom in the act of respiration had not indicated the presence of life. I several times attempted to bend her arms, but without success, the rigidity of the muscles increased in proportion to my efforts, which could not have been more violent without inconvenience to the patient. Certainly I more than once closed her hands; but on releasing the fingers they resumed their former position. Germaine's sister, who generally attended her and was then present, informed me that she was not always so calm during her ecstasies as on that occasion; that her arms and feet indeed constantly remained immovable, but that she frequently uttered sighs and groans, struck her head against the pillow with rapidity, the convulsive movements being most violent about three o'clock, the moment at which Jesus Christ expired."

It was M. De Saint Hilaire's intention, on ascending the Serra, to try the effect of animal magnetism upon Germaine during her ecstacies; but for this purpose it would have been necessary to have been left alone with her, and this the pious crowds, attracted thither by the fame of her extraordinary trances, would not permit. Subsequently the authorities found it necessary to remove the saint from her mountain residence; shortly after which, death came to the relief of poor sister Germaine, and put a period to her sufferings.

MIRACLES OF NATURE.

Dr Macculloch, in his able book called 'Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God,' has the following beautiful passage in his chapter on water:—

"The cloud at least is tangible water: it might have been no difficult problem to float air in air, dissolved water in the atmosphere: we would gladly believe that it was not. But this was not sufficient. The stores of water were to be transported in masses to the places where they were required; He collects it into masses, and He causes these to float in that atmosphere so much lighter than water, that His winds may lead them wheresoever they are wanted. Does any one consider the enormous weights which are supported in this marvellous manner, the seas of water which are thus suspended, and carried along like a feather before the breeze? The torrents which fall from them will tell him what those weights are: it is a whole lake which descends from the heavens in an instant: a lake which, an hour before, was a hundred miles away, lighter than the thistle's down. Thus had it struck an ancient philosopher:—'He bindeth up the waters in His thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under them.' Nothing in the whole of this great process is explained. The cloud was formed from dissolved water: why does it not dissolve again? or why not always, as it does sometimes? It is the feeblest of substances and structures; yet it is not injured by the most violent winds. The gale which in an instant tears the stout canvas, the hurricane which whirls a forest into the air, carry before them the tender cloud unhurt: and though they may change the form, they do not destroy what they might have torn to pieces and dispersed in atoms. It has been commanded them that they abstain, as it was appointed to them to conduct the cloud to its destination; and the storms are obedient to His will. What is this force of adhesion, this power of evading violence, in that which is without strength and without weight? It may be electricity; but it is still the power and the hand of the Creator. It is one of the miracles of nature: and it is but through its frequency and familiarity that it is not truly a miracle. Had it occurred but once, it would have been this; and it does not cease to be a wonderful exertion of power because it happens daily. The cloud falls in rain; the cause may again be electricity; but we are as ignorant as before. All is marvellous, and all is unintelligible. If the winds transport the clouds as they list, so does the rain fall as it chooses, and no one shall say why. It is above us and around us, yet it will not descend; it is solicited, but it passes by. What, who is the agent of all this? It is not chance;

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for even amid apparent caprice, the results are too certain, and the good effects too steady. If anywhere, it is here that we ought to see His hand, since we can see nothing else; no secondary cause, no deputed power. What physical power, indeed, could have been deputed to perform all that is thus done on the earth? Electricity, change of temperature, anything which science chooses might produce the single effect; but how is the whole chain conducted, and all the results ruled? Can a physical agent be conceived, acting thus irregularly, never acting twice alike, yet ever producing the same great average effects? Physical agents, under laws, are regular in their actions; for regularity is implied in the very proposition. The mechanician finds no difficulty with the laws of gravitation and motion; but no mathematics can conceive established laws to govern the rains. It may not indeed be impossible; but assuredly it appears impossible; and, if it be, then does He himself, with his own hand, direct the clouds and the rains, as He directs gravitation by that same hand. If the one is the regular force or action, it is because regularity was necessary; but the action is not the less His. The other is an irregular one, because such irregularity was probably useful, possibly indispensable; and still more, therefore, should we refer it to Him and His direct interference. Yet we object to this solution in the latter case, even when we are willing to admit it in the former; and why, but from the unworthy dogma, that conduct like this would be a personal and minute interference, and that the Creator does not or ought not to govern in His own works and world. The clouds are raised from the sea in a tenfold proportion compared to the land; but in this proportion they do not fall into the sea again. Whether the efficient cause is here also to be sought in electricity, we can at least see the reason, and why, above all, they seek the mountains. The land was to be their destination; for their office was to bring food to the vegetable world. The declivity of the mountains demand also a larger supply, since the water cannot there rest; while to them, further, is it committed to distribute the streams to the lower lands, as the heart of this vital circulation. Everything is arranged accordingly; the end is obvious, and the contrivance perfect. The Creator has entrusted still more to the clouds; ever attaining many useful ends by one contrivance. They are a veil which He draws between the sun and the earth; and who can doubt that this purpose was contemplated in their permanence, in their property of resisting the solvent power of the atmosphere? We may sometimes complain of the evil, but we must not forget the good. All know the personal advantages which we so often derive from this arrangement; by the traveller of the African deserts, at least, they are fully estimated. But all do not know that thus is vegetation fostered, and the imminent death of the tenderer plants prevented, by the check thus given to pernicious evaporation; and even less, possibly, is it known that in this manner is the heat of the earth preserved under a similar check to the power of radiation. Is it nothing that the bountiful Father of all has rendered beautiful that which was useful, and also necessary? has He not done this throughout all Creation? The landscape of the sky, if I may use such a term, forms no small portion of the beauties of external nature. In itself it is a picture; and it is indispensable to the picture beneath. Where all is for ever the same, the restless and various sky is an ever shifting and ever new picture, a perpetually changing landscape. We need not travel to seek fresh ones; for they are brought to us hourly, and never yet were two alike. In form, in colour, in combination, the variety is endless; and if, full often, it exceeds all which the inanimate creation can produce, some beauty is never wanting. Nor are this variety and this beauty limited to the sky alone; for to the clouds, to their lights and shadows, and colours, and forms, and motions, has it been committed to change the face of the terrestrial landscape itself, and thus to produce, here also, those incessant variations which they cause in the heavens. And, like the liquid water, they are the life of the landscape, as they are the living principle of the sky, life itself. Far more indeed than water, since they are seldom absent, and never absent long. This is their beauty, exceeding all their other beauties; this is their essential charm. The clouds and the ocean, these are the sufficient landscape; in motion or at rest, they are pictures which never weary, as they are pictures to which there are no bounds; and it is to them we owe the life and the spirit of the unmoving inanimate landscape of the earth. The sympathies of man, of life, are with life; he feels the power of that secret which he has not investigated; and it is in their motion that he feels what he knows not how to explain, the tie which draws him to a living creation to that universe which a soul inspires, as if it could sympathize with him, and, like himself, could feel."

THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE AND ITS FUNCTIONARIES.

The awful threats dealt out by the head of the Celestial Empire to confidential servants strike Europeans as extraordinary. That they are not very effectual is proved by recent events. When Sir Henry

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Pottinger demanded that an inquiry should be made into the massacre alleged to have taken place at the island of Formosa, the governor-general of Fokien was one of two commissioners appointed to conduct the investigation. This governor in his report gives a portion of his instructions, which appear to have run thus :—

"If Eliang in the slightest degree practise concealment, and will not cast aside every consideration of regard for the parties concerned, so that we shall be made to award reward and punishment, mistakenly and unjustly, and that injury shall be occasioned to the grand measure of pacification now pending, hereafter when we shall from some other source become aware of this, what, let Eliang ask himself, will be the punishment due to him? Let him well and tremblingly consider this; and let a copy of Keying's representation be forwarded to him."

Such was the Emperor's stern mandate. The following is Eliang's comment on it:—

"His Majesty's slave has received deep and abundant favours, which have entered into the very marrow and life of his being. With humility he has read the words of the imperial rescript. Luminous and bright, indeed, are these divine commands; brilliant as emanations from the heavenly lights themselves. And who and what is the Emperor's slave, that he should dare to cherish the least thought of deceit and falsehood? Moreover, Le Tingyn and Soo Tingyuh could tell Keying of what they had heard, and should his Majesty's slave not truly and completely report the facts, how will he yet be able to prevent persons from telling of them?"

The individuals supposed to be inculpated by what had taken place at Formosa, were named Yaou-yung and Tahunga. They, no doubt, when entrusted with power, were enjoined with like sternness to be faithful to duty. The manner in which they transgressed has in it something originally monstrous. They had the matchless impudence to report warlike proceedings, and to claim fame and distinction as the heroic defenders of their country, when there had been no fighting. From the labours of Eliang and his colleague it was proved, as announced in the 'Pekin Gazette,' that—

"In consequence of Tahunga and Yaou-yung having reported, that, during the month of September, 1841, an English vessel had suddenly approached the coast of Formosa, when the said general of division, intendant of circuit, and others, led on the troops and militia to the attack and sunk the vessel; that, again, in the month of March last year, a foreign vessel suddenly entered the harbour, when the local officers and troops enticed her on to [illegible] sions successively caught and killed many of the foreigners, and captured sundry Chinese military weapons, flags, banners, and other things. Our imperial pleasure was, therefore, on each of those occasions, declared, graciously commending and rewarding the general, intendant, and all other persons who exerted themselves in the several affairs."

The truth is, some ships had been wrecked on the coast, and Tahunga and Yaou-hung had seized and murdered some of the helpless mariners. For this brutal outrage they received the honours due to conquerors. It was something like Burking wholesale. Poor helpless sailors were seized and butchered, and presented to the head of the celestials as vanquished enemies. The searching inquiries of Eliang unveiled this enormous fraud, and the following facts were established :—

"That, of the two foreign vessels destroyed, one went to pieces from the bad weather encountered, and the other was driven on shore by stress of weather; that in neither case was there any meeting in battle or enticing into danger. On being examined into, Tahunga and Yaou-yung themselves have confessed that their report was a pre-arranged and made-up one, and that their crime is wholly undeniable, and have presented to Eliang their own depositions, requesting him to report clearly to us that they may meet due punishment."

The officers mentioned were not the only offenders. They had a multitude of accomplices; and the falsehood thus imposed on the Chinese authorities might have escaped detection for ever, but for the representations of the British. All the offenders have very properly been deprived of the honours so fraudulently obtained. The Imperial decree runs as follows:—

"Let Tahunga and Yaou-yung be dedeprived of their rank, and be handed over to the board of punishments, and let the ministers of the grand council be sent to join with the board in judging them, reporting fully to us the decision come to, and let all the officers and others who were recommended as having exerted themselves at Taewan, Kelung and Taan (excluding only the militia and other private individuals), and all the civil and military functionaries who have been promoted and commended for their diligence, be deprived of all the honours they have thus obtained."

How the "Board of punishments" will deal with the case remains to be seen. If they are as tardy in their movements as some European tribunals have been, years may elapse before the result is known. It is to be hoped, however, that an early day will bring the grateful tidings, that justice has been done upon these mean and [illegible]

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Arms. Sa., a cross, flory, within a bordure, or.
Crest. A bear's head, couped at the neck, erm., muzzled, gu., buckled, or, collared of the second, studded gold of the third.
Supporters. Two bears, erm., muzzled and collared, gu., chained, or, the collar studded with five bezants, and pendant thereto a shield of the arms.
Motto. "*In solo Deus salus.*" "In God alone is salvation."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HAREWOOD.

THE family of Lascelles has been of importance in the county of York from the time of Edward I, when, in the year 1295, Roger de Lascelles was summoned to parliament as a baron. He died in 1295, leaving no male issue, but four daughters, his co-heirs, when the barony fell into abeyance, and has continued so till the present time. The heir of that lord, could he now be found, would be entitled to a revival of the barony.

John de Lascelles, of Hindershelfe (now Castle Howard), was living in 1315, and from him lineally descended, through a long line of highly respectable ancestors, we find Francis Lascelles, Esq., of Stank and North Allerton, M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire in 1653, and a Colonel in the Parliamentary army. He was succeeded by his son, Daniel Lascelles, of Stank and North Allerton, who served the office of Sheriff of York in 1719, and represented North Allerton in Parliament. He married, first, the daughter of William Metcalf, Esq., of North Allerton, by whom he had, with other issue, a son named Henry. His second wife was Mary, daughter of Edward Lascelles, Esq., of London, and left an only surviving son, Edward, who became Collector of the Customs at Barbadoes, and left a son of the same name when he died in 1747. That son eventually inherited the family estates, and was created Baron Harewood. Mr Daniel Lascelles, above named, died in 1734, and Henry Lascelles, Esq., his son by his first lady, became of Harewood, Stank, and North Allerton. He was a Director of the East India Company, and married Janet, daughter of John Whetstone, Esq., of the island of Barbadoes. At his decease, in 1745, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward Lascelles, Esq., who was elevated to the peerage July 9, 1790, by the style and title of Lord Harewood, of Harewood Castle, county of York. His lordship married twice, but died without issue January 25, 1795, when the barony expired, but the estates passed to the heir-at-law—Edward Lascelles. This gentleman, already mentioned as the second son of Daniel Lascelles, was born January 7, 1740. He sat for North Allerton in several parliaments, and was raised to the peerage June 18, 1796, by the title of the former lord. He had been married May 12, 1761, to Ann, daughter of William Chaloner, Esq., of Gainsborough, by whom he had issue, Edward, who died unmarried in 1814, Henry the present peer, and two daughters. His lordship was advanced to a viscounty and earldom September 7, 1812, by the titles of Viscount Lascelles and Earl of Harewood. He died April 3, 1820. The present peer, who then succeeded to his estates and honours, was born December 25, 1767, and married, on the 3rd of September, 1794, Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Saunders Sebright, bart., who died February 15, 1840. By her he had a large family, of whom the eldest son, Edward, Viscount Lascelles, born July 18, 1796, is now heir to the title.

The Earl of Harewood is Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, and High Steward of Allerton.

Atmospheric Railway. — The railways which now enjoy so perfect a monopoly are threatened with competition. The speed of the atmospheric mode of travelling, it is said, as far exceeds that of the locomotive plan, as the locomotive speed exceeds that of the stage coaches; this mode also reduces the expenses one-half, which the locomotive system does not, it being as expensive, or more so than the coaches. Let these promises be realized and we shall really see wonders.

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DR KEENAN'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

THE HUMAN BODY AN ELECTRO-MOTIVE MACHINE. RESPIRATION THE PROCESS OF GENERATING THE ELECTRO-MOMENTUM.

THERE has long been a suspicion that electricity is more intimately connected with animal motions than is commonly supposed. It is now for the first time that that suspicion has assumed the form of a system of electro-human philosophy. Dr Keenan has not only proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the body is an electro-motive engine, but has in a great measure referred the facts of physiology and medicine to this great principle, with the same simplifying and elucidating effect as that with which the facts of physical nature are referred to the law of gravitation. Nothing can be more beautiful and conclusive (to all prepared for its appreciation) than his proofs of the fundamental law of the constitution of our nature, which lay hidden till he revealed it, and nothing for centuries (not excepting even the law of gravitation or of the atomic theory) has introduced such order among so many scattered and apparently dissimilar facts. The lecturer commenced by enumerating an assemblage of well-known phenomena, which, though of the most apparently heterogeneous nature, were at once reduced to a common principle of causation—namely, that the active energies of every being created, were in the ratio of the available oxidizement of respiratory food by the air breathed. Respiratory food was clearly shown to be for a purpose not hitherto suspected, — to act as the zinc-plate of the galvanic battery, and as the amalgam of the electrifying machine; and air, instead of subserving the purposes commonly imputed to it, is for the purpose of oxidizing the food to extricate the electric force that moves the living body. Considering that the true function of the lungs is only now being developed, and that that is the fundamental function of life, we are on the eve of a great change in the *philosophy* of medicine and physiology; indeed, a system of medicine must soon be introduced, wherein disease will be considered as an alteration of the constituency of the chemical elements of the body, and of the electro-energy which actuates the whole. His lecture has excited more interest than any we have heard for a long time.

A Former Lady Harrington.—The politeness of the last century would seem not to have been excessive, if we may judge from the Earl of Carlisle calling George Selwyn's attention to an advertisement in the papers "to desire Lady Harrington would not disturb the audience at the playhouse with her snuffling gabble."

THE BELLS OF MALMAISON.

"The sound of bells," says Bourrienne, "produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the avenue leading to the plains of Ruel, how often has the ringing of bells interrupted our conversations. 'Ah!' said he, 'this recals to my mind the first years I passed at Brienne; I was then happy.'"

The vanquisher of Italy
Stood list'ning to the sound
Of joyous-pealing village bells,
Which echo gladness round;
And ev'ry tone fell on his ear,
Like the remember'd voice
Of one whose gentle accents made
Our youthful hearts rejoice.

They told him of those early years
When boyish hope beat high,
With more than he had realis'd
In blood-ting'd victory;
There was not in the trumpet's breath
Proclaiming triumph, aught
That ever could compensate all
With which those hours were fraught.

The land where once the Cæsars rul'd
Was prostrate at his feet,
And Egypt had essay'd in vain
His armies to defeat;
But when the laurel glory twin'd
Around his victor brow,
The thorns of envy and of hate
There soon were hands to sow.

As elevated tracts receive
Less genial heat than plains,
So fame's steep pinnacle, whene'er
Its height ambition gains,
Is void of that calm halo, which
Upon the lowly shines,
Tho' hid, perchance, like gems that deck
Unknown Peruvian mines.

L. M. S.

SINGING IN CHURCHES.

(From the 'Life and Times of the good Lord Cobham.')

SINGING in churches made great progress in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was bitterly condemned by the Reformers of the period, and by Lord Cobham among the rest.*

In this as in many cases where the consciences of the friends to reform were

* Many of their successors were not less unfriendly to harmony. Erasmus found it one of the abominations of his times. "We have," said he, "introduced into the churches, a certain elaborate theatrical species of music, accompanied with a tumultuous diversity of voices. All is full of trumpets, cornets, pipes, fiddles, and singing. We come to a church as to a playhouse; and for this purpose ample salaries are expended on organists, and societies of boys, whose whole time is wasted in learning to sing;—not to mention the great revenues which the church squanders away on the stipends of singing men, who are commonly great drunkards, buffoons, and chosen from the lowest of the people. These fooleries are so agreeable to the monks, especially in England, that youths, boys, &c., every morning sing to the organ the mass of the Virgin Mary, with the most harmonious modulations of voice; and the bishops are obliged to keep choirs of this kind in their families."

The evil was probably much greater when he thus expressed himself, than in the preceding century.

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disturbed, it is not difficult to perceive that a pecuniary grievance formed part of the subject matter of complaint—it is clear the singers expected payment. The avarice of the priests in claiming to be paid for singing, exasperated the malcontents. Their demands were most likely high, possibly enormous, where great talent was recognised; but nothing appears to justify the extreme horror manifested by some of the Reformers for the practice. It was not simply objected to as inappropriate, or censured as improper, but it was condemned as outraging all decency—as exceedingly sinful in itself, and most offensive to God. The priest who sung for money was condemned as worse than the traitor who betrayed the Saviour of mankind to the Jews, that he might be crucified. The priests so occupied were said to sell Christ, not merely once, as Judas did, but many times. "Judas sold him once, in the form of mortal man, for thirty pennies, but afterwards repented, and brought the money back again. The priest sold him in his glorified form, and for a smaller price, and till brought to pennance, returned not the money." When throughout the church rapacity was manifested in so many other ways, it was not to be expected that priests who found themselves possessed of superior vocal powers, would fail to claim some present advantage for their exertion. That what must appear to us the most innocent, the least objectionable exaction of the age, should have provoked such extravagant hostility, is a circumstance not easily to be understood. Lord Cobham, indeed, contended that singing in church was not countenanced by Scripture. That was denied, and with much apparent reason. The Apostle James, in the fifth chapter and thirteenth verse, says, "Is any merry?—Let him sing psalms." This distinct permission given by one of the disciples of Jesus seems to be all sufficient, unless it could be proved that to be merry was inconsistent with devotion. Such an opinion has been so frequently entertained by good men, that the young and unreflecting have in consequence been scared or weaned from the path of true piety, by distaste for the harshness and severity supposed to be identified with it. On the behalf of music it was urged, that instrumental and vocal strains had been, from the earliest times, associated with the worship of the Most High; that David had delighted to play on his harp, and to offer his gratitude to the Lord through such a medium; and that the angels in heaven—to join whom in their celestial exercise was the highest hope of all Christian men—were described as for ever singing 'Glory to God,' and therefore such exercises had the distinct sanction of holy writ.

These arguments were not easily refuted, and the general feeling ran strongly in favour of a more enthusiastic strain, forming part of divine worship, than could be found in common reading or speaking. A disposition to connect song with devotional exercise has prevailed in all ages. At various periods it has grown into a passion, and the directers of public solemnities have, by their arrangements, manifested an impression that the Deity was more likely to be moved by music than propitiated by prayer. It was such extravagance that moved the indignation of Cobham, and those who acted with him. They turned with disgust from the enthusiast who thought to gain heaven by sweet sounds, which they persuaded themselves were so agreeable to God, that they actually took measures to render the solemn joyous chorus, which they commenced here, "eternal in the heavens."

The *laus perennis* it was proposed to keep up without one moment's pause, by relays of monks and nuns from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year. The individual performers were changed at certain periods, but not all at once. Those who withdrew to take food or sleep, first saw their places duly supplied, and it was contemplated that, as years rolled away and death successively snatched the original vocalists from earth, others should be appointed to chant the praises of God, which were thus to be continued till the day of judgment arrived, and the last singer was only to be stilled here, that his voice might pass above the skies, there to join in the hallelujahs which it was supposed his fellows were already chanting before the Almighty and his angels, and would continue to sing through a blissful eternity.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat, and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

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And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped,
Each burning deed and thought!

GARDENING HINTS FOR FEBRUARY.

HOTHOUSES, CONSERVATORIES, &c.

Conservatory.—Where forced flowers are introduced less air should be admitted than for a collection of conservatory plants. See that Orange trees, Neriums, and other plants are clear of insects. Rhododendrons and Azaleas are among the finest and easiest plants to force for the conservatory, and seeds from forced plants of them crossed are always more to be depended on for novelties than those from the open ground.

Greenhouse.—Seeds of heaths, and of all woody half-hardy plants may be sown and reared in hot beds or stoves; sow Rhododendron and Azalea seed; seedlings of them of last year might now be forced, and afterwards hardened off before next May, when they might be planted out of doors. This treatment brings them sooner to a flowering state.

FLOWER-GARDEN.

Out-door Department.

Pit and Frames.—Protect securely at night, but give all the air possible in the day-time. Calceolarias, Heliotropiums, &c., may be potted off preparatory to being hardened for the flower garden.

Auriculas may be top-dressed, removing carefully the surface soil, and substituting some two-year decayed hot-bed manure and leaf-soil. Avoid all hot, stimulating composts.

Polyanthuses, grown in pots, may be kept moderately moist, and a similar top-dressing as that recommended for the Auricula will be of infinite service to them. They are, however, grown on beds, with a north-east aspect, with great success.

Carnations.—Still give all air possible. If the green-fly begins to be troublesome, remove it with a camel-hair brush.

Pinks.—As spring advances, the wire-worms gets more active and mischievous. If you have reason to suspect that any of these lurk in your beds, cut a potato into quarters, inserting a skewer in each; place them in various parts just below the soil, and examine them daily. This is an effectual trap.

Ranunculuses. — In selecting roots for blooming, choose those with a high crown in preference to size. The following are a few that will make an improvement in any collection:—Tysoe's Edgar, yellow, edged with puce; Costar's Apollo, crimson self; Mr Welch, white, edged with deep pink; Madeline, white, beautiful rosy edge; Bartlett's Charlotte, superbly mottled; and Esther, white, purple edge. The old flowers:—Naxara, splendid dark; Socrates, olive; and Le Temeraire, pink stripe—still continue the best in their respective classes, most of the new seedlings being either edged, spotted, or mottled.

Melons.—Prepare now a bed of well-fermented dung, and leaves for planting out upon, using faggots of brush-wood for the first two feet in height.

HARDY FRUIT AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

Planting.—Prepare the ground for fruit-trees not planted in the autumn, by thoroughly draining the borders and forming a substratum through which the roots will not easily penetrate. In the absence of paving-stone, tiles, &c., a good substitute may be formed of coarse gravel and finely-sifted quicklime, in the proportion of six of the former to one of the latter, mixed well together with a sufficiency of water, and laid down to the depth of four or five inches. From fifteen to eighteen inches depth of soil will be sufficient for peaches and apricots; much less will do, if the borders are mulched and cropping dispensed with. No manure ought to be mixed with the soil.

Cucumbers.—Prepare fermenting materials for their growth in frames.

Routine Management.—Dig, ridge, and turn up all empty ground in favourable weather. Give plenty of air to all advancing crops in frames Clean and stir the soil among all growing crops in the open garden; remove all decaying leaves.

COTTAGERS' GARDENS.

Soap-suds have a good effect on many

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kinds of vegetables, and should not be thrown away; they act beneficially on soils where cabbages are infested with the club, and in some instances have been known to entirely cure that disease.

Vegetables.—A sowing of radishes may be made on a warm border, but they must be protected from frost by covering the bed with straw. If any digging or trenching yet remains to be done, no time should be lost in getting it forwarded while the weather permits.

Fruit.—In pruning gooseberry and currant bushes, care must be taken to thin them well out in the centre, so as to admit plenty of sun and air. The same remark is also applicable to standard apple trees; the middle of the tree must be kept quite open, taking care that all the branches lead outwards, and preserving a regular distance from each other. Pear trees should also be thinned well out, and the produce will be much better in quality.

Flowers.—Pelargoniums, Fuchsias, &c., in pots, should have as much light and air as possible; they should be sparingly watered, and this ought always to be done in the morning; if they are inclined to grow up tall and slender, the points of the shoots may be pinched off by the finger and thumb, and this will induce them to throw out side branches, and make them dwarf and bushy. Anything that is likely to be injured by frost should be carefully watched and protected from it by straw or fern.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE POWER OF ATTRACTION.

Miss B. "fell in love" with Monsieur,
Who was larger, and very much taller;
We ascribe it, *sans doute*, to the law
Which *attracts to great bodies, the smaller.*

L. M. S.

Reviews.

Puss in Boots, and the Marquis of Carabas.

THE juveniles are in extraordinary good luck this year. From east to west we find nothing more carefully attended to than the literary and pictorial wants of the rising generation. In the whimsical affair before us we have a very amusing history of our elderly friend 'Puss in Boots,' containing some important facts which were omitted by his former biographers. The cuts, twelve in number, from drawings by Lewis Haghe, are appropriately playful. There is elegance and spirit associated with the frolicksome performances of the cat, and they are admirably printed on stone by Day and Haghe, lithographers to the Queen. One brief extract we must borrow:—

"'They tell me,' continued Puss, 'that you have carried science to such a pitch, that you can at pleasure assume the form of any animal you like. Although I have paid some attention to magic, this does appear to me, I must say, incredible.' 'I'll soon give you a proof of it,' said the Magician, and instantly stood before him turned into an elephant. The Cat politely requested him to assume his own shape, otherwise he should faint with terror; and in a moment the Magician re-appeared, seated as at first, in his arm-chair. 'There's a trick for you!' said he; 'you certainly never saw a more wonderful performance than that.' The cat expressed his astonishment, but hinted that he had once seen an artist who could turn himself into the smallest sized animals, which was certainly even more wonderful, as he could not comprehend what became of the huge human body. 'That is a mere nothing,' said the Magician; and at the same instant began leaping about the room in the shape of a mouse. The Cat was after him directly; and, before he could recollect the right word to utter in order to disenchant himself, the Cat had seized him in his teeth, killed him as dead as a door-nail, and eaten him!"

The Eglintoun Tournament in 1839. Puckle (late Colnaghi and Puckle.)

THIS is one of the most beautiful works that has been published for some time, and forms a splendid book for the drawing-room table. It consists of twenty-two plates, from drawings taken on the spot by Mr Nixon, lithographed by Aubrey and Loiellot, and accompanied by historical and descriptive notices from the pen of the Rev. J. Richardson, LL.D., &c. The points are elaborately coloured; great care being taken faithfully to delineate the dazzling pageantry of the tournament. Around each print, forming a border, is a very appropriate design, which greatly enriches the work. The letter-press is highly illuminated. The first fourteen plates consist of the procession to the lists, which are as follows:—Earl of Eglintoun, with body guard, Knight Marshal, King of the Tournament, Queen of Beauty, Lord of the Tournament, Knight of the Griffin and Dragon, Knight of the Lion, &c.; general view of the lists, the challenge, the joust, the *mêlée*, the presentation, the banquet, the ball, &c., &c. This work must be seen to be properly appreciated, and we only wonder how such a book can be offered for ten guineas.

Miscellaneous.

EFFECT OF ROCKETS ON THE ABYSSINIANS.—As soon as it became dark, rockets, which had been brought by the embassy, were to be discharged from the tents, by the king's express desire. With fire-arms the Abyssinians were previously

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acquainted; and the brass galloper (cannon) which had echoed so recently, although viewed with wonderful respect, was still only the engine, on a colossal scale, to which they were familiarized. But these were the first rockets of which his majesty had viewed the flight; and the impression they produced upon his mind, as he gazed from his watch tower, was scarcely less than that worked upon his assembled subjects. Night had thrown her sable mantle around, and the novel principle of ascent, with the grandeur of the brilliant rush into the skies, afforded matter of amazement to all spectators. When the projectile started, with a loud roar, from its bed, men, women, and children, fell flat upon their faces. Horses and mules broke loose from their tethers, and the warrior who had any heart remaining shouted aloud. —*Major Harris's Highlands of Æthiopia.*

Russian Barbarity.—Twice every week were ten or twelve Gipsies or Wallachians, useless or criminal fellows, conducted to a public square from the prison or house of correction; here they were stripped naked to the middle. Some one took the prisoner on his back, and held his hands fast over his shoulders, while another seized the feet; a third carried the weapons, an armful of great sticks as thick as one's thumb; the fourth stood waiting and ready to strike. A Russian drummer gave the signal on his drum, when a hundred strokes were counted on the naked body of the culprit, which caused him to utter the most horrible outcries. A second signal was given by the drummer, and a second hundred was told out to the unhappy wretch. In this manner he received from three to four hundred strokes on the back. After this execution, the poor prisoner presented a dreadful spectacle. The flesh hung in rags from his back, and you saw little but the naked bones. They had then spirits dashed over them, at which they shrieked again horribly with the agony. Finally they were conducted to the salt-pits, where they were compelled to hard labour for from four to six years. The majority of them sunk under it,—rarely did any one return. — *Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor.*

Treatment of Servants in the Netherlands in the Seventeenth Century.—Before the Statthalter rises, the clothes must be brushed clean, and laid in order on the table; shoes and boots cleaned and set under the bench; fresh water and a towel must be in readiness. His excellency must be most delicately dressed, and what he lays aside be carefully put by. The meals are to be served in good order, without spilling, and the dishes to be taken away with a bow. If any one nibbles at things, and puts his finger or his mouth into the dishes, he shall be made to eat hot and burning food to cure him of his greediness. Every one is bound, when called upon, to step forward, making a reverence, and to say grace with a clear and audible voice. He who stutters and hesitates shall receive six fillips on the nose. If any man waits at table with dirty hands, he shall do as if he were washing them, while one pours water over them, and another dries them with two sharp rods till they bleed. In like manner, he who waits uncombed, shall be well curried in the stable with the currycomb. The table-cloth is to be spread at one cast; every plate to have a napkin, and the salt-cellars to be filled with clean salt. At the proper time, candles are to be brought, and to be constantly snuffed, every time beginning at the place where the highest guest sits. Lastly, the table-cloth is to be removed in a mannerly way; and the servants are to retire with a reverence, under pain of six fillips on the nose. Whoever mixes in the conversation, or grins at what is said, shall be made to blow till he is tired: whoever laughs loud shall have four raps over the fingers. Whoever fills a glass too full, and then sups it out with his own mouth, shall have twenty lashes with a whip. He who hands a dirty glass may have his choice between four boxes on the ear, or six fillips on the nose. After dinner, a basin of water and a clean towel is to be handed (with reverence) to every guest. As it is a scandalous and insufferable thing for servants to be long at meals, those who are more than a quarter of an hour at dinner shall have it taken away from them.—*Hardenburgh Archives*, 1666.

A Man of other Days.—One remnant of the Royal House of Stuart survives. He still lives at Tweedmouth, having completed his 115th year at Christmas, 1843. His father, General John Stuart, was a cousin of "Prince Charlie," the Pretender. His grandmother was the Lady of Arlie, well known in the old Scotch song. James Stuart saw those memorable battles during the rebellion of 1745, Prestonpans and Culloden, and has spoken to and partaken of wine with the Pretender. He served on the side of the Royalists in the American war, and was at the battle of Quebec, where General Wolfe lost his life at the moment of victory. He served on board of a man-of-war for many years under those naval heroes Admiral Rodney and Rear-Admiral Hood. He has been five times married, and now lives with a fifth wife, seventy-five years younger than himself. He has had by his several wives twenty-five children; ten of them have been killed in battle, five of them in India, two at Trafalgar, under Nelson, one at Waterloo, and two at Algiers. For nearly sixty years he has travelled in the Border districts as a wandering minstrel,

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playing on a fiddle, but he never asked alms from any one. Hundreds of persons can bear testimony to his amazing strength, from which circumstance he got the bye-name of "Jemmy Strength." Among other feats he could carry a 24-pounder cannon, and he has been known to lift a cart-load of hay, weighing a ton and a half, on his back. Many a time he has taken up a jackass, and walked through the toll-bar carrying it on his shoulders.

PORTRAITS OF JEFFREY AND SCOTT BY SOUTHEY.—"I have been at Edinburgh and there seen Jeffrey. When he was invited to meet me, he very properly sent me the sheets, that I might see him or not, according to my own feelings: this was what he could not well avoid, but it was not the less gentlemanlike. I met him in good humour, being by God's blessing of a happy temper: having seen him, it were impossible to be angry with anything so diminutive. We talked about the question of taste on which we are at issue. He is a mere child upon that subject: I never met with a man whom it was so easy to check-mate." In the same letter he wrote—"I passed three days with Walter Scott, an amusing and highly estimable man. You see the whole extent of his powers in the 'Minstrel's Lay,' of which your opinion seems to accord with mine,—a very amusing poem; it excites a novel-like interest, but you *discover* nothing on after-perusal. Scott bears a great part in the 'Edinburgh Review,' but does not review well. He is editing Dryden,—very carelessly; the printer has only one of the late common editions to work from, which has never been collated, and is left to make conjectural emendations. This I learned from Ballantyne himself in his printing-office."

SALE OF A CLOAK AND ROBE—"[An agreement for the sale by Isaac Burgess to John Alleyn, 'citizen and inholder,' of a cloak and robe, no doubt for the purpose of being worn on the stage. The price, 16*l.*, seems very high, recollecting the great difference in money then and now: it affords another proof of how much was expended at this date upon theatrical apparel.]—Be yt knowen unto all men by theise presentes, that I, Isaacke Burges, of Cliffordes Inne, London, gent., for and in consideration of the somme of sixtene pounds of good and lawfull money of Englande, to me before hand payde by John Allene, Cytizen and Inholder of Loadon, have bargainde and solde, and by theise presents doe fully, clearlie, and absolutely bargaine, sell, and deliver unto the sayd John Allene, in playne and open market of or within the Cytty of London, one cloke of velvette, with a cape imbrothered with gold, pearles, and redd stones, and one roabe of cloth of golde: to have and to holde the sayd cloke and roabe with th' appurtenances, unto the sayde John Allene, his executors and assignes for ever, to the onely use and behoof of the sayde John Allene, his executors or assignes for ever, as his and their owne propper goodes and chattels. And I, the said Isaacke Burges, the sayd cloke and roabe againste all men shall and will warrante and defende for ever, by theise presentes. In witnes whereof, I have hereunto putt my hande and seale the xxiij^th^ daye of November, in the xxxiij^th^ yere of the reign of our sovereigne lady Quene Elizabeth, &c., 1590.—P. me, Isaacus Burges.—Sealed and delivered in the presence of me, John Deane, Scr.—James Tonstall."—*Alleyn Papers.*

A SKELETON FOUND.—A few days ago, as some workmen were employed in demolishing the ruins of a tower of an old manor-house, near the Chapelle-gaugain, on the confines of the Sarthe, they came on a skeleton which was recognised as that of a female. A chaplet of glass beads was found round the neck, and on two of the fingers were gold rings, one bearing the letters C.D.B., and the other, in which was a turquoise, the figure of a turtle, engraved on the gold, with the word *Impossible* close to it. The skeleton was in a place only just large enough to hold it. The teeth are in excellent preservation, and evidently belonged to a young woman. About two hundred years ago this residence belonged to Jacques des Loges, Gentleman of the Chamber to Louis XIII. By a legal process this estate was declared forfeited, but he was subsequently allowed to sell it, and in the act of sale he signed for his wife, whom he declared to be absent, but engaged to produce her ratification within a period of six weeks. This ratification, however, is not to be found amongst the titles of the property, which are otherwise complete. The wife of Jacques des Loges was Catherine de Broc; C.D.B.

GASTRONOMIC ENTHUSIASM.—After sitting a quarter of an hour, discussing many important topics, we returned to my friend's tent, when, at a proper hour, we sat down to part of a large boiled mahaseer. I have eaten most of the *civilized* fish, such as the salmon, cod, skate, turbot, flounders, and flukes, perch, pike, carp, pomfret, bumelow, shark, dolphin, and cuttlefish, becktee, mango, and hisla, and scores of others, but I never have eaten anything so delicious as was this glorious mahaseer. My friend, whether out of the most exalted generosity, or the most lamentable ignorance, though he is certainly fully capable of the former feeling, of his own accord presented me with the head and shoulders. It was one of the largest I had ever seen. To devour the whole, at starting, seemed an impossibility; but I accomplished it, and even the recollection soothes me. The palate was two

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full mouthfuls, the large fat eyes were a mouthful each, the brain another, "never ending still beginning," luscious and yet unsatisfying. Reader, if you *are* an epicure, and yet never ate the head and shoulders of a large fresh-boiled mahaseer, hie thee to Hardwar; get Kirke to catch one for you; ask him to dinner: and if I be in the neighbourhood, and you wish to enjoy a good dinner and pleasant talk, send for me, and I'll engage that you shall "go to your repose" in a charming frame of mind.—*Baddeley's Travels in Upper India.*

Dr Dodd's Execution.—In the first volume of the 'Mirror' for 1843, p. 393, the contemporary reports of his dying moments are given. A letter written by Mr Storer to gratify George Selwyn, who was said to be in such matters an *amateur*, confirms the general accuracy of what was there stated, but supplies some additional facts:—The Doctor, to all appearance, was rendered perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor even raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his night-cap. He was a considerable time in praying, which some people standing about seemed rather tired with; they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance, which we could scarcely see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. There were two clergymen attending him, one of whom seemed very much affected. The other, I suppose, was the ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly indifferent and unfeeling in every thing that he said and did. The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do not know, but he did, and the Doctor took off his wig a second time, and then tied on a night-cap which did not fit him; but whether he stretched that or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his night-cap himself, and upon his taking it he certainly had a smile on his countenance, and very soon afterwards there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly dejected, without any other signs of animation but in praying. I know the same thing strikes different people different ways, but thus he seemed to me, and I was very near. A vast number of people were collected, as you may imagine. I stayed till he was cut down and put into the hearse.

The Anthem.

Anecdote of Sir Francis Burdett.—When Sir Francis Burdett was tried at Leicester for a seditious libel, in March 1820, on the trial being fixed for the Thursday, early on Tuesday he entered the town in the costume of the Melton Hunt, wearing a scarlet jacket. He breakfasted with a party at the Three Crowns, and there joined the hounds, which threw off at a distance of four miles. He was in the field till three in the afternoon, when he dined with a convivial party. On Wednesday morning he was again with the hunt, and in allusion to the approaching inquiry told some of his companions that "he supposed they would *throw off after him* on the following day."

To the Unhanged Villain.—Count Anersperg's solemn admonitions might not inappositely be addressed to some of the swindling bankrupts of the present day:—

"Thou art an awful sinner! true, our laws yet leave thee free;
But within thy soul in terror rack and gallows must thou see.
Smite thy breast then in contrition, thy bowed head strew ashes o'er;
Bend thy knee—make full confession,—'Go thy way and sin no more!'"

London in the time of the Romans.—When Sir Christopher Wren was re-building Bow Church, beneath eighteen feet of made ground he found what appeared to be a Roman causeway of rough stone, close and well rammed with Roman brick, and rubbish at the bottom for a foundation, and all firmly cemented. This causeway he ascertained to be four feet thick, under which lay the natural clay, that descends at least forty feet lower. On this Roman causeway he determined to lay the foundation of the tower, as most proper to bear a structure of great weight. Sir Christopher was of opinion, for various reasons, that this highway ran along the northern boundary of the colony. The breadth, then, north and south, was from the causeway (now Cheapside) to the river Thames; the extent, east and west, from Tower hill to Ludgate; and the principal middle street, or prætorium way, was Watling street.

The Duke of Otranto and Prince Talleyrand.—According to a homely expression, "there was no love lost" between Fouché and Talleyrand. The former said, "Talleyrand est nul" till after he has drunk a bottle of Madeira: and the latter asked, "Do you not think that Fouché has very much the air of a country comedian?"—*Lord Brougham.*

Death of Lord Strafford.—On the night before Strafford's execution, he earnestly desired to speak with Laud. The Lieutenant of the Tower not having power to grant his request, he sent a message to the

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Archbishop to pray for him that night, and to give him his blessing on the morrow as he passed his window on his way to the scaffold. The next morning the Archbishop, apprized of his approach, came to the window; then the Earl bowing to the ground—"My Lord," said he, "your prayers and your blessing." The Archbishop lifted up his hands, and bestowed both: but, overcome with grief, fell to the ground *in animi deliquio*. The Earl, bowing the second time, said, "Farewell, my Lord; God protect your innocency."

The Birth of the Princess Victoria.—That was a bright day to the illustrious parents of our young and beloved monarch, when her birth was announced to a waiting and anxious nation. The duke wept for joy, and the fact that the infant was a daughter, and not a son, did not appear in the least to diminish the general rejoicing. The country appeared to be relieved by the event from a considerable pressure of anxiety, for Prince George of Cumberland was not born till three days afterwards, and Prince George of Cambridge was the then only issue of the royal marriages of 1818.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Honesty in Trade.—At the lowest calculation, there are 150,000 labels, printed with French type in the French language, annually cleared at the London custom house alone. These labels, so imported wet from Paris, are here used for wrapping round English-made "French" soaps, scents, pomatums, and cosmetics in endless variety, known by the French names of *Fixatur, Philocome, Oleophone, Sachets, &c.*

Hint to Lovers of Flowers.—A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens in winter may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium leaves (branches ?) are taken from healthy and luxurious trees, just before the winter sets in, cut as for slips, and immersed in soap and water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigour all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in flower baskets, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily ensured for a whole season. They require no fresh water.

Effects of soaking Seeds in Chemical Solutions.—Seeds of wheat steeped in sulphate of ammonia on the 5th of July had by the 10th of August, the last day of the show, tillered into nine, ten, and eleven stems of nearly equal vigour; while seeds of the same sample, unprepared, and sown at the same time in the same soil, had not tillered into more than two, three, and four stems. The time of steeping varied from fifty to ninety-four hours, at a temperature of about 60° Fahrenheit. I found, however, that barley does not succeed so well if steeped beyond sixty hours. Rye-grass and other gramineous seeds do with steeping from sixteen to twenty hours, and clovers from eight to ten, but not more.—*Mr Campbell's Transactions of the Highland Society.*

"As Good as a Play."—King Charles the Second attended the debates in the House of Lords. He received their lordships' thanks for his condescension. Andrew Marvel, writing on this subject some time after his Majesty's *debut*, thus expressed himself:—"The King has ever since continued his session among them, and says it is better than going to a play.

A Word to the Wise.—"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach," said a baffled, swindling horse-jockey, "than see you interfere in bargains between man and man!" "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the state prison," returned the clergyman.

The Hydropathic System.—One of the English captives at Teyrien gives the following evidence in favour of hydropathy. It is a female who writes:—"We contrived to make ourselves a little tea; and then, with our clothes all wet as they were, prepared ourselves for sleep: this was a matter of no small difficulty; for, huddled together as we were, it was next to impossible for all to find room to stretch their limbs. However, with our feet towards the still smouldering fire, we did our best; and, strange to say, all woke in the morning tolerably refreshed; and though our clothes were still wet upon us, neither man, woman, nor child of our party was the worse for their yesterday's drenching."

A Literary Treat.—Ozias Linley having once expressed an inclination to read the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon, a waggish friend promised to supply him with that beautiful composition, the language of which is simplicity itself, though abounding in the refinements of the Attic dialect. But instead of Xenophon, the wag brought him Euclid's treatise on music in the original Greek,—a work which, being involved in its construction, was nearly unintelligible to him. After a fortnight's labour, Ozias threw the book aside, and told the person who had placed it in his hands, in answer to an inquiry how he liked the 'Memorabilia,' that he expected to have read more about Socrates, but the dog was so long in getting to him, that his patience was quite exhausted, and he had given up the book in despair.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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Original Communications.

THE ENGLISH CROWN.

If economists are disposed to carp at the expenses of royalty in a general way, the great additional cost of the crown worn by the sovereign has been seldom, if ever, dwelt upon. The reformers of former days seized on the crown, when they effected the destruction of their king, in order to sell it for the public benefit. Among 'Aubrey's Manuscript Collections,' we find an inventory of plate, in the Upper Jewel House in the Tower, dated January 15, 1649, a fortnight before the unfortunate Charles was dragged to the scaffold, in which a valuation of the crown appears, as delivered over to the trustees of parliament. The following are the items:

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In a fleur-de-lis having the picture of the Virgin Mary, two sapphires, valued at 65*l.*; eight rubies ballaces, valued at 26*l.* In the cross next to the fleur-de-lis, four sapphires, valued at 36*l.*; six rubies ballaces, valued at 18*l.* In the cross next to the fleur-de-lis, four sapphires, valued at 36*l.*; six rubies ballaces, valued at 18*l.* In another fleur-de-lis and cross, four sapphires, valued at 23*l.*; seven rubies ballaces, valued at 42*l.* In another fleur-de-lis and cross, six sapphires, valued at 62*l.*; eight rubies ballaces, valued at 50*l.* In another fleur-de-lis and cross, four sapphires, valued at 18*l.*; eight rubies ballaces, valued at 40*l.* Total value	£380
Twenty-eight diamonds in the crown, valued at 6*l.* each	168
Two emeralds, valued at	5
Two hundred and thirty-two pearls, valued at 15*s.* each	174
Twenty-one rubies, valued at	16
Seven pounds and six ounces of gold, valued at 40*l.* per pound, with six ounces abated for stones	280
	£1,023

This crown was of considerable antiquity, and had been made in imitation of the one made for King Edward the Confessor. On the restoration of Charles II, it was thought right to re-produce the state crown. One was accordingly made, which was only worn by that king on his return from the Abbey to Westminster Hall, a part of the ceremonial which was last repeated at the coronation of George IV. Since the time of Charles, a rich crown, embellished with diamonds, has been prepared for every succeeding king or sovereign queen to wear on that occasion. When William IV was crowned, the whole ceremonial took place in the Abbey. The like course was followed in the case of her present Majesty; and no banquet has been given in the Hall since 1821. From Westminster Abbey Queen Victoria returned direct through Charing cross to St James's palace.

Proceed we now, having shown the price of this important article in former reigns, to describe that worn by her Majesty on her coronation, June 8, 1838,—of which our cut this week gives a faithful representation, copied from the 'London Polytechnic Magazine,' and furnished to that interesting publication by Rundell and Bridge. "It is composed of hoops of silver, which are completely covered and concealed by precious stones, surmounted by a ball covered with small diamonds, having a Maltese cross of diamonds on the top of it. In the centre of this cross is a magnificent sapphire. In front of the crown, above the rim, is another Maltese cross, in the middle of which is a large unpolished ruby, which once graced the coronet of the chivalrous Black Prince; and underneath this, in the circular rim, is another immense sapphire. The arches enclose a cap of deep purple, or rather blue velvet; and the rim of the crown, at its base, is clustered with brilliants, and oramented with fleurs de-lis and Maltese crosses equally rich. There are many other precious gems—emeralds and rubies, sapphires, and small clusters of drop pearls of great value. The following estimate of the value of the different jewels contained in this magnificent diadem has been published.

Twenty diamonds round the circle, 1,500*l.* each	£30,000
Two large centre diamonds, 2,000*l.* each	4,000
Fifty-four smaller diamonds at the angle of the former	100
Four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds	12,000
Four large diamonds on the tops of the crosses	40,000
Twelve diamonds contained in fleurs-de-lis	10,000
Eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same	2,000
Pearls, diamonds, &c., on the arches and crosses	10,000
Also one hundred and forty-one diamonds	500
Twenty-six diamonds on the upper cross	3,000
Two circles of pearls about the rim	300
	£111,900

"It will be observed, the value of the sapphires and rubies has not been included — and we have reason to believe that, were it possible to re-collect and again bring together such precious gems, the estimate just given would fall much below their intrinsic value. The old crown made for George III weighed upwards of seven pounds; but notwithstanding this gorgeous display of jewellery, independent of the gold cap, the present crown only weighs nineteen ounces and ten pennyweights. It measures seven inches in height from the gold circle to the upper cross; and its diameter at the rim is five inches."

Anciently, according to Seldon, the kings of the Saxon race in England had a crown like those of other nations, which at that period was only a plain fillet of gold; but King Egbert first introduced the circle or fillet with points or rays, resembling the crown worn by the emperors of the East; and King Edward, surnamed Ironside, topped the points with pearls. William the Conqueror is said to have had his circle flowered, but Sandford writes the corone

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had on the circle points of leaves, their points being much higher than the leaves, and each of them topped with three pearls, and their cap or tiara with a cross pattée, as appears on the seal of that monarch. The crown worn by William Rufus was only enriched by points pearled at their tops, and not accompanied by flowers. The crown of Henry I appears to have been adorned with fleurs-de-lis, only a little raised, as is seen on his great seal and coin. Maud, Queen of England, had her crown enriched with leaves and points, the leaves or flowers being higher than the points; and the successors to King Edward III had their crowns variously enriched with points and fleurs-de-lis, placed alternately some higher than the others. King Edward III enriched his crown with fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée. Edward IV had a close or arched crown, heightened with fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée, and arched on four bars. Edward V and Richard III bore the same as King Edward IV. Henry VII and VIII had their crowns composed in like manner with two arches, embellished with pearls, &c., and this form of the grand distinguishing ornament of royalty has been continued with little variation down to the present date.

ONE RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

In the reign of Henry VIII, when religious controversies ran high, many of the disputants gave out that they had been favoured with extraordinary revelations. Of these, one of the most remarkable is that described by John Darley, as it may be found in the 'Cotton MS.,' E. iv, fol. 129.

Many had agreed with friends to revisit them after death, but failed to keep their promise. Here is an instance to the contrary. Put into modern orthography, it runs thus :—

"I, John Darley, monk of the Charter house, beside London, had in my time license to say service with a father of our religion, named Father Raby, a very old man, who fell sick, and, when lying on his death bed, and after he had been concealed, and had received all the sacraments of the church in the presence of all the convent, and when they were all departed, I said to him, 'Good Father Raby, if the dead come to be quick again, I beseech you to come to me.' And he said 'Yea.' He died the same night, which was the cleansing day last past, 1533. After I thought no more of him till St John the Baptist's day last past.

"*Item.*—On that day, at five of the clock in the afternoon, I being in contemplation in our entry in our cell, suddenly he appeared unto me in a monk's habit, and said to me, 'Why do ye not follow our father?' (alluding, it has been supposed, to a former prior, who had been hanged and quartered at Tyburn). And I said, 'Wherefore?' He said 'For he is a martyr in heaven and next, to the angels.' And I said to him, 'Where be all our other fathers who died as well as he?' He answered and said, 'They be well, but not so well as he.' Then I said to him, 'Father, how do ye?' And he answered and said, 'Well enough.' And I said, 'Father, shall I pray for you?' And he said, 'I am well enough, but prayer both from you and others does good,' and so suddenly vanished away.

"*Item.*—On the Saturday next, after five of the clock in the morning, in the same place in our entry, he appeared to me again with a long white beard, and a white staff from his hand lifting it up, whereupon I was afraid, and then leaning upon his staff said to me, 'I am sorry that I lived not to be a martyr.' And I said, 'I think ye be as well as if ye were a martyr.' And he said, 'Nay, for my Lord of Rochester (Bishop Fisher, who had been beheaded) and our fathers were next unto the angels in heaven.' And then I said, 'Father, what else?' And then he answered and said, 'The angelles of pease de de lament and mourn without mesure,' and so vanished away.'"

PARLIAMENTARY WAGES.

In former days, in what many people are in the habit of calling "the good old times," when the "wisdom of our ancestors" is supposed to have been in full play, the propriety of giving wages to members of parliament was fully recognized. Of late the march of virtue has been so rapid that it has been assumed honour alone ought to be sought by those who aspire to a seat among the representatives of the people. So fastidious have we become that even the remote idea of taking a place has been scouted ; and the man who, like Sir Francis Wronghead, desired "to serve his sovereign as well as his country," has been deemed a sordid person, unworthy of the important trust which he coveted, and which was reserved to be the bright distinction of worthies who were animated by disinterested patriotism alone

This was, perhaps, too much to expect from mere men who, however anxious for the general weal of the country, must naturally feel disposed to take special care of themselves. Mr Buckingham sought popularity, and gained it. How would his Sheffield constituents have been shocked had it been hinted that he had an eye to his own interest! that he, in any shape whatever, would consent to accept of pay or reward! That gentleman, nevertheless, is of opinion that he ought to profit by what he has done as a legislator as well as those he avowed it was his great object

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to serve, and in consequence a statement was some time since published of the benefits derived by publishers from a bill brought in by Mr Buckingham when he was in parliament. It set forth that that gentleman, being "about to establish a new Literary Institute, of which the property, as well as the direction, is to be placed in his own hands, subject to the control of trustees, an essential part of that undertaking will be a well-selected library of reference, but not of circulation. It would be in the power of the publishers of the kingdom, with very little sacrifice on their parts, to form, by a contribution of books and engravings from their own stocks, in the relative proportion of the respective benefits derived by them from Mr Buckingham's Act, such a library as would make a munificent recognition of his services, would be more appropriate than any other kind of reward."

Some kind of reward, it will be seen, it was assumed, as a matter of course, was due to a senator who had performed what he considered a public duty, "and," says the 'Athenæum,' "there was appended to the 'statement' a printed list of 250 publishers' names and addresses, with two 'stand and deliver' columns, headed, 'Number of Volumes,' 'or Money.'"

This is rather rude to liken the appeal described, to the demand of a highwayman. It more strongly resembles the sending round the hat for the conjuror of a public-house parlour. It bears not the character of the threatening bearing of the highwayman, so much as that of the blushing solicitation of the mendicant.

It did not succeed to the extent of the M.P.'s wishes. His wages were not duly paid, and in consequence Mr Buckingham has come forward in person, and opened the new year with the following circular to those connected with the publishing trade :—

"London, January 1, 1844.
4 Hanover square.

"Sir,—Messrs Fisher and Co. have communicated to me the result of their correspondence with the principal publishers of the kingdom, on the subject of my parliamentary labours for their relief from the tax of five copies of every work issued from the press, which, by my Copyright bill of 1835, has been saved to the trade to the extent of about 5,000*l.* annually. It is not for me, of course, to decide whether this service was of any value to your house or firm individually, or to say whether, if it were, any recognition, or even admission of it, as a fact or otherwise, should be either asked or granted. This is rather the province of others than myself: but as it is quite possible, in the hurry of business, that a printed statement, such as was issued by Messrs Fisher and Co. on the subject, may not have been read by the principals of the firms to which it was addressed, I may be permitted, perhaps, to ask whether such a document has ever reached your hands, and whether your decision upon it was, that it was not entitled to any acknowledgement or consideration. As there are some who have thought more favourably of it, and have communicated their sentiments accordingly, it is desirable that mere silence should not be misinterpreted into dissent or disapprobation, but that, as far as may be practicable, the opinions and feelings of the publishers generally should be known on the subject: and as I feel my honour and reputation in some degree involved in the issue, I shall esteem it a favour if you will do me the kindness to say, in a line by post, whether the proposition of Messrs Fisher and Co., as to a recognition of the services adverted to, in the mode suggested by them, appears to you in any degree to be worthy of your support.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"J. S. Buckingham."

The bill which reduced the number of copies of every new work delivered, free of charge, to the Universities, &c., was reduced from eleven to five, is admitted to have been a very desirable measure, but the question is whether, beside the glory of being the author of it, and the satisfaction of performing faithfully his duty to the public, the originator has a right to a further pecuniary or other reward? This raises the question, whether or not members of parliament ought to take wages, as formerly. Should that be decided in the affirmative, it will then be open to consideration, whether they had better receive them, like other *employées*, as they go on, or be at liberty to call for them at any subsequent period? The former, many think, would be the preferable course. "Pay as you go," is the best policy. Then we know exactly what is to pay, and the claim is settled at once.

NELSON.

A POETICAL QUIZ.

An heroic poem has been sent to the 'Mirror' office, entitled 'Nelson,' and dated November 6, 1843, by Charles Claude Hamilton, of Crebilly Antrim. We do not remember to have heard of this august personage before, but we must do him the justice to say he has a great talent for irony, and we have seldom seen ridicule carried to a more merciless extent than in this performance. The writer's imagination is equal to the subject of his verses, and indeed equal to anything. This will be instantly seen from his first couplet, which runs thus—

"Nelson, so stationed on this pillar high,
Gains admiration from all passers by!"

This is a flight of fancy that can hardly be surpassed, but it must not be supposed that Charles Claude Hamilton, of Crebilly

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Antrim, is not equally at home in matters of fact; proof of that is afforded in the two succeeding lines:—

"Since erst he climbed the pinnacle of fame,
This exaltation adds not to his name."

That the exaltation of this lump of stone, called a statue, adds not to the name of the hero of the Nile, every one must confess, though it was hardly necessary for Charles Claude Hamilton to come from Crebilly Antrim to communicate the important fact.

The great lexicographer could speak sneeringly of a man to whom

"I laid my knife and fork across my plate,"

would pass for a worse. What would he have said had his ear been gratified with lays like these—

"'Nail mine to the mast,' he cries, 'for closer fight.'"

"By Thesiger's truce to claim their ships his own."

"And his eye fires when once proud Villeneuve sails."

Really, had it been Dr Johnson's happy lot to meet with such a poet, he would have said of him, bating the old maxim, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," that he was born to sing the glories of a statue like that of Nelson.

This is probably the settled opinion of Charles Claude Hamilton of Crebilly Antrim himself, for having rhymed over the admiral's whole life, from his chasing the bear while a lad to his fall at Trafalgar, he thus sublimely glorifies the image which surmounts the recently-erected column:—

"This granite statue's deckt with all the stars
Of orders worn by Nelson in his wars;
The costume is correct, and grand the look
As when the hero Don Cordova took;
We think bold Fearney still collects the swords
Of Spaniards bowing to their captors' words;
The vacant sleeve is slung, the rigid cheek
Proves the lost sight, nor there expression seek;
But the right eye its energy displays,
And fancy paints the wound that closed his days;
The manly limbs, and the heroic air,
Are true to life, nor faults the face impair.
York sees not Nelson from his aerie high,
Nor Nelson views that Prince athwart the sky.
As when our mids must oft the masts ascend,
Whose tops unto the low'ring clouds do tend;
So have our admirals, with patriot flame,
Mast-headed Nelson on this shaft of fame."

When we are told as a fact that

"Fancy paints the wound that closed his days,"

we of course admit that is a most important feature in the sculpture; and for the momentous intelligence that the Duke of York's column does not see Nelson's, nor Nelson's the Duke of York's, our thanks are due most especially to Charles Claude Hamilton, of Crebilly Antrim.

It is to be hoped Mr Baily will be gratified by the honours thus rendered. Such an erection as he has favoured us with in Trafalgar square is worthy to be sung by such a heaven-inspired bard as Charles Claude Hamilton, of Crebilly Antrim; and we do not know that we could recommend the latter a fitter subject for his muse, unless we were to direct his attention to that magnificent work of art, the obelisk, in St George's fields!

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. VIII.

THE following details of the martyrdom of John Huss present some passages not very generally known:—

"He saw the stake at which he was to die, and the wood by which he was to be consumed; and as he approached the fatal pile, he sank on his knees, and addressed his thoughts to the great Arbiter of all, praying that his courage might not forsake him in this last and most important passage of his life. He further strengthened himself by repeating sentences from the second and thirty-seventh Psalms. There are thoughts there expressed—especially in the thirty-seventh Psalm—most appropriate. Truly might he say with the Psalmist—

"'I have heard the slander of many; fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

"'But I trusted in thee, O Lord! I said, thou art my God!'

"And justly might he add—

"'Let me not be ashamed, O Lord! for I have called upon thee; let the wicked be ashamed.

"'Let the lying lips be put to silence, which speak grievous things, proudly and contemptuously, against the righteous.'

"Happily he might also exclaim—

"'Oh! how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

"For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes; nevertheless, thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.'

"He repeated with affecting emphasis, as a parting prayer, the solemn declaration—

"'Into thy hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!'

"Notwithstanding the efforts made by the priests to excite the people to unhallowed rage, that they might regard the destruction of a good man as a grateful

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offering to an all-bounteous God, some of the crowd who were near him, affected by his intrepid though humble bearing, declared whatever his previous conduct, he manifested the sincere devotion of a true Christian now, and mourned the cruel fate reserved for him.

"Not so the minions of power. Sordid interest steeled their hearts against the better feelings of humanity, and they were proud to distinguish themselves in the atrocious scene, by insulting the victim with the overflowings of their pretended zeal. The cap which their brutality had placed on his head, from the attitude which he assumed while engaged in prayer, fell off. A soldier officiously stepped forward, picked it up, and replaced it, with the remark that 'it was fitting Huss should be burnt with the devils, the masters whom he served.'

"There were some who, in a charitable spirit, wished the dying man might be allowed the indulgence of a confessor. This solitary favour had previously been conceded. He was confessed in prison by a monk. It had been his wish that his enemy and accuser, Palletz, should attend him for that purpose, that he might know the secrets of his heart, and know how freely he could forgive all who had wronged him; but this request was not complied with. When some indications of lively sympathy with the sufferings of the prisoner were manifested by the populace, a priest who had, in honour of the occasion, assumed a dress of more than ordinary splendour, being attired in a green gown, drawn up and ornamented with red silk, approached the pile on horseback, and complained of the excess of kindness extended to Huss, as one convicted of heresy had no just claim to be heard. Such is the hateful character of false zeal in matters of religion. It closes the heart against all the solicitations of brotherly sympathy and gentle charity, and pursues the supposed object of eternal wrath with a violence of rancour, and a thirst for torture, that can hardly be appeased by the supposed transgressor's blood.

"While this ignominious exhibition of heartless bigotry was in progress, the sufferer remained on his knees. Being ordered to rise, he obeyed, and, in a loud voice, spoke as follows:—

"'Lord Jesus Christ! in this sad moment strengthen and support me, that, with a constant and patient mind, by thy gracious help, I may bear and endure the cruel and ignominious death to which I am sentenced, for preaching thy most holy gospel and word.'

"Then addressing the crowd, he again proclaimed the cause of his death, denying the justice of his sentence, and imputing it to the malice of false witnesses. He was thus engaged when the executioner approached. It is more than probable that his superiors were not without apprehension that some violence might be provoked in his behalf, on the part of the multitude, popular as Huss had been, and astonished as they were at the collected dignity, manly presence of mind, and patient resignation, which rendered glorious the last hour of the departing martyr.

"His outer garments were removed by the executioner, who bound the victim's hands behind, and then, with wet ropes, tied him to the stake. A chain was also passed round him. In performing this part of his miserable office, the man had not judged it of importance to consult the points of the compass; and when the murderous preparations were far advanced it was discovered that the prisoner's face was towards the east, which greatly shocked some of the more learned and orthodox witnesses of the proceedings. That a condemned heretic should be permitted to look eastward in his dying moments was, in their eyes, a sin against religion, and flying in the face of heaven. An order was promptly issued that the error should be corrected. John Huss was placed on the opposite side of the stake, so that he might face the west. A chain was attached to his neck, and made fast to the stake. This present, in the spirit previously displayed, he declared he contentedly received in the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ, who for him had suffered infinitely more. A faggot was placed under each of his feet, with straw between, and then he was closely built in with wood piled up to his chin.

"In this melancholy situation, the blazing torch which was to kindle the devouring flame being before his eyes, a last attack was made on the firmness of the man. The Duke of Bavaria, coming forward, called to Huss that even yet it was not too late to renounce his errors. The answer given by the sufferer was in substance that which he had returned to many similar invitations, but he now vindicated his intentions in a sterner tone than he had lately used, and declared 'his only object had been to bring men to a knowledge of Jesus Christ through the gospel, and firm to this purpose, he was now ready, with a cheerful mind and courage unsubdued, to meet his death.'

"The duke withdrew, considering that no more could or ought to be done, to prevent or stay the execution. All was ready to complete that 'most holy and godly labour,' as it had been termed by the Bishop of Lodi, in his sermon, the destruction of an enemy of the church, or rather, an enemy to the monstrous abuses by which the Pope and his dissolute and

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intolerant cardinals and bishops had disgraced it.

"The word, or signal, was given to the executioner that the work of death should forthwith commence. A torch was applied to the bundles of wood which enclosed the person of the far-famed Bohemian, and the crackling flames rose around him. In that terrible moment the voice of the martyr was heard, loud, cheerful, and sonorous, to rise above the tumultuous murmurings of the crowd, and the roaring violence of the consuming fire. He sang part of a hymn, and his courage, which had never failed, seemed to increase as the consciousness came over him that malice could do no more. Yet did he still earnestly pray for continued support from the divine Author of his faith; and 'O Jesus Christ, the only son of the living God, have mercy upon me!' was his dying prayer. This he repeated more than once, when the flames were driven by the wind violently on his face, and his voice was no longer heard. Some motion was afterwards observed, which the spectators thought indicated that consciousness had not left him, and that his supplications to heaven were, even in that fearful moment, continued. He bowed his head as if in imitation of the Redeemer expiring at Calvary; and, this repeated twice, he breathed his last. His remains exhibited a ghastly and shocking spectacle. Some miscalculation had been made as to the quantity of fuel necessary to consume a man to ashes; and the faggots were exhausted, while the body of the victim, which had been secured as already described, was seen, scarcely half consumed, hanging over the chain. The lower part of his person had been destroyed, but the head and body remained almost entire. Such materials as could be easily procured were hastily collected, the stake was thrown down, and the scorched and disfigured remnant of Huss was torn to pieces with hooks and forks, that it might the sooner be wasted; and, a new fire being kindled, the head cut into 'small gobbets,' while the heart was placed on a sharp-pointed stick, and held in the blaze, the grand consummation was at length obtained, and the last fragments of the brave reformer were totally destroyed. His ashes, with a quantity of the earth on which he had stood while suffering the execution of his sentence, were then collected, with absurd anxiety and preposterous care, and thrown into the Rhine. This was done that his friends should obtain no relic which they might value as a memorial of their departed preceptor. The object was promptly defeated. All the ground on which this dismal scene had been acted could not be removed, and portions of it, consecrated by the veneration the mourners felt for Huss, were eagerly sought, and as carefully cherished as if they had been parts of the reverend form of the sufferer, thus sinfully dismissed from worldly existence."—*Life and Times of the 'Good Lord Cobham.'*

THE FAIRY ROSE.

(For the Mirror.)

A FAY, in an auspicious hour,
Bestowed most graciously a flower;
"And this," she cried, "preserve with care
And in your youthful bosom wear;
For joy and comfort it will lend
Till life and all its cares shall end."

It blushed through tears of glistening dew,
And was a matchless rose to view;
It gratified the wondering sight,
And gave ineffable delight;
For though it had a little thorn,
O! it was bright as opening morn!

An instrument it then became
Of music which I cannot name;
It was not harp, nor flute, nor yet
Pipe, oboe, lyre, or clarionet,
But blending all. Though sometimes shrill,
I loved it and could listen still!

How truly wonderful its range!
I see it to a pillow change!
Its softness closed my weary eyes,
Nor cared I hastily to rise.
Uneven somewhat it might be,
But sweet repose it gave to me.

Old age approached, my strength was gone,
It served me then to lean upon:
That which once shrank from gentlest touch
Sustained me now, a sturdy crutch.
It saved, astonished, I looked round,
From sinking helpless to the ground!

'T was but a riddle of the night,
Sent by some brain-perplexing sprite.
How could the sweetest rose of June
My senses charm with voice and tune,
As pillow rest, as crutch soothe life!
I turned, awoke, and found—a Wife!

LYNX.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES—M. Raulin, vice-secretary of the Geological Society of France, read a paper on the opinion of M. Marcel de Serres, that native mercury is not to be found in more recent strata than the red granite. He concludes that there does not exist in the Aveyron native mercury analogous to that of Idra. M. Velpeau communicated a note from M. Micallet, a physician of Malta, on the surprising effects of the sesquiodine of mercury in ulcerations of the cornea, particularly with scrofulous patients.

To Preserve Eggs.—Put into a tub a bushel of quick lime, thirty oz. of salt, eight oz. cream of tartar, mix them well together—add as much water as will reduce the composition to a consistence, and make the egg swim with one end just above the liquor. You may place as many eggs in as you desire, and they will be fresh and good for years.

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Arms. Az., three crescents, or, on each an ermine spot, sa.
Crest. Out of a mural coronet, or, a dragon's head, ar., on the neck an ermine spot, sa
Supporters. Two griffins, ar., on the shoulder of each an ermine spot, each gorged with a plain collar, az., charged with three crescents, or, chained of the last.
Motto. "*Servata fides cinera.*" "The promise made to the departed has been kept."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HARROWBY.

THE family of Rythre, Ryther, or Ryder, as at different periods the word has been spelt, is of Yorkshire origin, and the name is derived from Ryther, in the hundred of Barkston, in that county.

Sir Dudley Ryder, Knt. (second son of Richard Ryder of the Cloisters, West Smithfield, merchant), a barrister of eminence, became Solicitor-General in 1733, Attorney-General in 1736, and Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in 1754. A patent was signed by the King, May 24, 1756, for his elevation to the peerage, but he died on the 25th, prior to its completion. Sir Dudley married Anne, daughter of Nathaniel Newnham, Esq., of Streatham in Surrey, by whom he left an only son, Nathaniel Ryder, Esq., born July 3, 1735, who was created Baron Harrowby, of Harrowby, county of Lincoln, by letters patent dated May 20, 1776. He married, Jan. 22, 1762, Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Reverend Richard Terrick, D.D., Bishop of London, by whom he had issue—first, Dudley, the present peer; second, Richard, M.P. and Privy Councillor, Registrar of the Consistory Court, and a bencher of Lincoln's inn, born July 5, 1766, died Sept. 18, 1832; and Henry, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, born July 21, 1777, died in 1836. His lordship (Lord Lascelles) died June 20, 1803, and was succeeded by the present peer, Dudley Ryder, P.C., D.C.L., and F.S.A. His lordship is Earl of Harrowby, Viscount Sandon, of Sandon, County of Stafford, and Baron Harrowby, of Harrowby, County of Lincoln; High Steward of Tiverton, and an official trustee of the British Museum. He was born Dec. 22, 1762, and married, July 30, 1795, to Susan, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, by whom he has issue.

The present heir to the title is Dudley Viscount Sandon, M.P. for Liverpool, who was born May 23, 1798, and married, Sept. 15, 1822, to Francis, daughter of John, first Marquis of Bute.

In the last 'Mirror' the arms engraved from Debrett's Peerage, it should be mentioned, are no longer exactly those worn by the Harewood family. The Bull has given place to a Bear, and consequently the description, if at variance with the pictorial representation, was correct, though the artist, following the authority we have named, was not aware of the fact. It ought to have been added, that Henry Lascelles, second Baron Harewood, died suddenly when out hunting, Nov. 24, 1842, and consequently Edward Lascelles, born July 18, 1796, now wears the title.

CUSTOMS AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT ARRAKAN.

WHEN any fall sick the physician is sent for, but the *Raulin*, or priest, is the person on whom they most depend for a cure. They first blow their breath on them, repeating certain prayers; and if this does not do they tell the patient that he must offer a sacrifice to *Chaor Baos*, that is, the god of the four winds, who they say is the author of all distempers. This sacrifice, called *Kalouko*, consists of fowls, hogs, and other animals, and must be repeated four times to every wind distinctly, in case he does not recover time enough to prevent the expense. On these sacrifices the priests feast themselves. But if after this the distemper proves obstinate, then the wife or nearest relation must make a vow to perform another piece of priestcraft called the *Talagno*. To this purpose a chamber must be hung with rich tapestry, and an idol placed upon an altar raised at one end of it; when all things are made ready on the day appointed, the priests, with the sick person's relations, repair thither and are feasted for eight days together.

To complete the farce the person who makes the vow is obliged to dance as long

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as he is able to stand; and when his legs will support him no longer, he must take hold of a piece of cloth fastened to a beam, and continue dancing till he has quite exhausted his spirits, and drops down on the spot. Then the music is redoubled, and the spectators envy his happiness; supposing him all the while he lies in this condition to converse with the idol. This exercise he is obliged to repeat every day as long as the feasting lasts; but if he has not strength to go through it some near relation is to dance in his place. In case, after the *Talagno* is completed, the patient happens to recover, he is carried to the pagoda, where he is anointed with perfumed oils from head to foot; but if, on the contrary, he dies, the priest tells his relations that the sacrifices were well accepted by the gods, and that the reason why they did not grant him a longer life was because they designed him a greater favour by taking him to themselves.

Their funerals are no less superstitious, and consequently ridiculous: for the corpse being brought into the middle of the house, the *Raulin* walks round it and says over it certain prayers, while others perfume the place with incense; and the family beat upon a broad piece of brass, keeping strict watch at the same time lest a black cat should pass over him: for in that case he would be constrained to return to life again with ignominy, and be deprived of bliss. Before the body is carried out of the house they invite to a banquet a sort of people called *Graii*, whose refusal causes dreadful lamentation among his relations, as taking it for an infallible sign that his soul is condemned to the house of smoke, so they call hell. The coffin is adorned according to the ability of the people: and, as they hold the metempsychosis, they paint on it the figures of horses, elephants, eagles, cows, lions, and the like noble animals, as it were to direct the departed soul to the best lodging; unless, out of humility, the deceased had ordered rats, frogs, and the most contemptible creatures to be drawn in their stead, as more suitable receptacles for his polluted soul. After this the body is carried into the field and burnt to ashes. The *Raulin* kindles the fire, which the relations attend, clad in white, which is their mourning colour, only they wear a black band round their head.

At their funerals they have always hired mourners, who attend sometimes all night as well as day, and pretend much sorrow. They who cannot afford wood to burn the corpse, for it is very dear in this country, carry it to the river at low water, and leave it for the next tide to carry it off: but as the dead carcases often remain in the river, either sunk or floating, it gives an ill taste to the water. This also fills the country with ravens, kites, and other birds of prey, which not only feed on these corpses, but attack the buffaloes and other horned cattle, fixing on their backs and tearing off the flesh to the very bones in spite of all their efforts to shake them off. The natives not only carry the dead bodies to rivers, but also expose the living in the same manner when afflicted with grievous diseases which they judge to be incurable; so that if the water does not carry them clear away, they are sure to be drowned. This they call humanity, charity, and compassion for the sick person, who by this means, they say, is delivered from a most miserable state here, and sent to enjoy great happiness in heaven.

The inhabitants of Arrakan are idolaters; on which account, says Schouteen, they are called *Moges;* worshipping devoutly their images, made of clay, baked in the sun. They are very superstitious, and look on the barking of a dog, or the like, as the presage of some remarkable event. On every such frivolous occasion the priests are sent for, who know how to make their advantage of the people's folly. The idols in their temples are so numerous, that one of them is reported to contain no fewer than 20,000. They are built in the form of pyramids or spires. Besides the temple idols, they have their domestic ones. To both sorts they offer victuasl every day; and both are clothed by them in winter, that they might not catch cold. They wear the mark of their household god branded on their arms, sides, or shoulders. On their anniversary festival, in commemoration of the dead, they carry in procession one of their idols, *Quiay Parogray*, which is carried in a heavy chariot, with ninety of the priests, clothed in yellow satin. Many throw themselves under the wheels, others hang themselves on hooks fastened for the purpose, and sprinkle him with their blood. These martyrs to folly are in such veneration with the people, that he thinks himself happy on whom one drop of their blood happens to light. Nay, the hooks are taken down by the priests, as sacred relics, and carefully preserved in their temples. From these instances our readers may perceive that the religion of Arrakan tallies with that of the Hindoos; and their priests impose upon them no less by subtle artifices.

Their priests, called *Raulin*, or *Raulini*, are divided into three orders, distinguished by the names *Pungrini*, *Panjani*, and *Shoshom;* something resembling the orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, in the Christian hierarchy. The chief of their priests is called *Shoshom Pangri;* which title imports as much among them as that of Pope does at Rome. On him depend all ecclesiastical causes, and he is had in so great veneration even by the king, that his ma-

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jesty places him on his right hand, and never speaks to him without a profound reverence. The place of his residence or see is in the island of Munay, already mentioned. All the priesthood are clothed in yellow, and have their heads shaven. All go uncovered, excepting the Pungrini, or those of the first order, who wear a yellow mitre, with the point turned and falling backward. They are obliged by vow to live single; and, in case of disobedience, are degraded: by which means they are reduced to the condition of laics, and are taxed as such.

MODEST MERIT—(A NEW YEAR'S CIRCULAR).

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

Sir,—Fisher and Co. have just sent word to me
What publishers think of a former M.P.
I gained them, for thinking I've pretty good grounds,
An annual saving of five thousand pounds.
It is not for me, I have far too much *sous*,
To say if this matters to you or your house;
Or to tell if it does whether you should look grumpy,
Or, owning my merit, come down with the stumpy.
To hint that all ought for my profit to join
Is rather the province of others than mine.
But still I would learn, you'll not think me a bore,
If Fisher and Co. have yet knocked at your door?
And since, if they did so, 'tis possible quite,
The begging-box may have been put out of sight
I wish to know if to your notice it got,
And whether you mean to stand Sammy or not,
And whether you don't the propriety see
Of giving "the man of the people" a fee
(Who, be it remembered, once offered to roam
Round the world, made collections and spent them at home).
Since some who approve, and by writing say so,
'Twere nonsense to take simple silence for no,
And as I of course feel my honour it touches
(Of interest I think not) if little or much is
Subscribed, I will thank you to drop me a line
(Be sure pay the postage), to hint your design,
And whether you mean to support like a man,
Or shabbily leave me to do as I can.

January 1, 1844. J. S. B.

Review.

Rhymes for the Times.—No. I.

This is a little squibby periodical, which proposes to give weekly parodies on the news of the day. To do that, and in goodly verse each succeeding week, will be a task of some difficulty, and, if successfully performed, a literary achievement of no small merit. The writer is evidently expert at rhyme, and of the specimens in his opening number, though hastily strung together, some are very lively and appropriately playful. Her Majesty's speech begins thus:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen, I'm glad to see
you here again,
And hope some better counsel than last year
I may obtain.
We'll have, no doubt, a lasting peace with
neighbours o'er the main,
And sure no troublous folks at home will now
molest our reign.
My Noble Lords and Gentlemen, of Commons and of Peers.

You know the other day I went in my most
gracious ship,
And shook hands with that hearty cove, the
gallant old Philippe,
I do assure you I have gained assurance from
the trip,
That all the Continental Powers are true,
both heart and lip.
My Noble Lords, &c.

To talk of France most naturally leads to
the Chinese,
For Claret turns the mind at once to Congous and Bohea;
I think the Chinese treaty will reduce the
price of teas,
And let the French and Yankees share the
trade too, if they please.
My Noble Lords, &c."

Miscellaneous.

Promotion in the British Army.—The earliest document in the War office, bearing reference to the sale of commissions in the British service, is a warrant by Charles II, dated the 7th of March, 1683, to the following effect:—"Whereas, out of our great care for the maintenance of such as have, or shall have served, in our land forces, we have given order for the building and finishing a Royal Hospital; and it being also reasonable that such officers as receive our commissions should contribute to so good and charitable a work, our will and pleasure is that when any governor of our forts and garrisons, or any commissioned officer of our land forces, shall obtain leave from us to surrender his commission, command, or employment, and that at his humble request we shall grant the same to any other, that in such case the person so surrendering his command shall pay twelve pence out of every pound that shall be given him in case of such surrender; and that the person, likewise, to whom the same surrender shall be made shall also pay twelve pence for every pound given to the person surrendering as aforesaid: and, to the end that a true account may be had of the money so appointed by us to be reserved for the use of our said hospital, we do further direct that no commission be issued out of the office of either

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of our principal Secretaries of State, to any governor or officer of our said forts, garrisons, or land forces, without a certificate first had from the paymaster-general of our forces, that such person so surrendering to whose behoof such surrender is made, shall have each of them duly satisfied the said reservation of twelve pence out of every pound, or given sufficient security for payment of the same to our said paymaster for the use of our said Royal Hospital. And we do further charge and command the said paymaster of our forces to take care, upon the appointment of such person as aforesaid, that such certificate be duly given so soon as they shall appear to have complied with our will and pleasure."

THE ART OF INCANTATION.—In the British Museum one recipe is preserved, among the Ashmolean manuscripts, which was formerly, it is said, used by an alchemist who required extraordinary aid to enable him to change meaner metals into gold.—"*An Excellent waie to gett a Faerie.*—First, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and bredthe three inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the bloude of a white henne, three Wednesdayes or three Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holie aq: and fumigate it. Then take three hazel stickes or wandes of a yeare groth: pill them faire and white; and make so longe as you write the Spiritt or Faerie's name, which you call three times on everie sticke, being made flat on one side. Then burye them under somme hille, whereas you suppose faeries haunt, the Wednesdaye before you call her. And the Fridaye following take them uppe, and call her at eight or ten or three of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne: but when you call, be cleane in life, and turne your face towardes the east; and when you have her binde her to that stone or glasse."

THE POST OFFICE.—It is not generally known that one of the benefits, perhaps the only one, gained by England from that fearful revolution which sent Charles I to the scaffold, is the facility we enjoy for correspondence. Oliver Cromwell was the first person to feel the letter-writing wants of the people, and to give them a General Post office. Before his time, posts were established to answer only the wants of the government. The ordinary posts laid between London and Berwick in the fifteenth year of Elizabeth were as follows:—Posts of London, Waltham, Ware, Royston, Caxton, Huntingdon, Stilton, Stamford, South Witham, Grantham, Newark, Tookesford (Tuxford), Scroby, Doncaster, Ferrybridge, Wetherby, Boroughbridge, Northallerton, Derneton (Darlington?), Durham, Newcastle, Morpeth, Hexham, Hawtwistle, Carlisle, Alnwick, Belford, Berwick. For these centuries the High North road, until the age of railroads, took in all these "posts" (excepting Tuxford) as post towns as far as Durham. And though a diversion westwards appears to have been made to Carlisle, there was probably also a direct route from Morpeth to Alnwick.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.—In the 'Histories of Lot and Abraham,' anciently played by the barbers and wax-chandlers, there are some verses not destitute of merit:—

Abraham.—Ah! Isaake, Isaake, I muste thee kille!
Isaake.—Alas! father, is that your will,
Your owne childe for to spill
Upon this hilles brinke?
Yf I have trespassede in anye degree,
With a yarde you maye beate me;
Put up your sorde, yf you wil be,
For I am but a childe.
Abraham.—O, my deare sonne, I am serye
To doe to thee this greate anoye.
Godes commaundmente doe muste I,
His workes are ever full mylde.
Isaake.—Woulde God my mother were here with me!
Shee woulde kneele downe upon her knee,
Prainge you, father, if yt maye be,
For to save my liffe.
Abraham.—O! comelye creature, but I thee kille,
I greve my God, and that full ylle;
I maye not worke againste his will,
But ever obediente be.
O! Isaake, sonne, to thee I saie,
God hath commanded me to day
Sacrifice, this is no naye,
To make it of thy bodye.

ALARM OF GEORGE THE THIRD.—It may surprise some, looking to the history of the last half century, to learn that an English king could for a moment contemplate quitting his palace to avoid an invading enemy. Such was, however, the case. George the Third, though whatever disaffections might urge to his prejudice, was never charged with want of firmness, actually at one period, about the year 1802, had some idea of withdrawing from his usual residence, and wrote on that subject the following letter to the Bishop of Worcester, which, however, it will be remarked breathes only contempt and pity for Bonaparte, who then menaced our shores.—"My dear good Bishop,—It has been thought, by some of my friends, that it will be necessary for me to remove my family. Should I be under so painful a necessity, I know not where I could place them with so much satisfaction to myself, and, *under* Providence, with so much security, as with yourself and my friends at Worcester. It does not appear to me probable that there will be any occasion for it; for I do not think that the unhappy man who threatens us will dare to venture himself among us; neither do I wish

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you to make any preparation for us; but I thought it right to give you this intimation. I remain, my dear good Bishop,

"GEORGE."

THE SOAP CONTEST.—When Charles I tried to raise money by forming a soap monopoly, this was done professedly out of the royal care to promote the home manufacture. The Lord Marshal, opposing it, the treasurer silenced his opposition:—"If you will, my lord, be against the things that are done for the king's profit, so that he cannot have money, your pension must go unpaid." The soap was described in the patent as possessing every virtue soap could do, as cheaper than the old, and, moreover, bringing into the exchequer a thousand pounds. With such superiorities, the demand was irresistible. The regular traders, of course, opposed the patent, and took the usual methods for depreciating their rivals' commodity—a civil war was raging between the old and the new soapers. It was alleged that the new soap blistered the washerwomen's hands, scalded the laundresses' fingers, burnt the linen, wasted in the keeping, and was full of lime and tallow. In their defence the patentees declared that barrels of the new soap had been maliciously adulterated, that rhubarb and sack had been thrown in, and, finally, that the king and the lords were well satisfied with its goodness.

BACCIO BANDINELLI, the sculptor, was born at Florence in 1487. His father was a goldsmith. When he was yet a little boy he made, one rigorous winter, a colossal figure of snow, that excited the astonishment of all the artists in Florence. From that moment he devoted himself to art, in which, retaining always a taste for the colossal, he endeavoured to vie with Michael Angelo. His 'Mercury,' which he sent to Charles I—his 'St Peter' in the Cathedral at Florence—his 'Orpheus' in the Pitti Palace, deserve great praise. He was very happy in his compositions and bas reliefs; many of the latter have been engraved by Mark Antonio, Marco of Ravenna, Angostino, and Morghen. He presented one to Charles V, who, in return, named him a knight of St Jago. Michael Angelo bore the enmity and rivalry of Baccio with the utmost serenity; indulging, however, at times in remarks as practical as they were bitter. It was in reference to Bandinelli that he said, "He who follows in the footsteps of another must always remain behind." Baccio died at Florence in the year 1559.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.—Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, 1709, who, it is said, was extremely wild in his youth, being once engaged with some rakish friends in a trip into the country, in which they had spent their money, it was agreed they should try their fortune separately. Holt arrived at an inn at the end of a straggling village, ordered his horse to be taken care of, bespoke a supper and a bed. He then strolled into the kitchen, where he observed a little girl of thirteen shivering with an ague. The landlady told him that she was her only child, and had been ill nearly a year, notwithstanding all the assistance she could procure for her from physic. He gravely shook his head, and bade her be under no further concern, for that her daughter should never have another fit. He then wrote a few unintelligible words in a court hand on a scrap of parchment, which had been the direction affixed to a hamper, and rolling it up, directed that it should be bound upon the girl's wrist, and there allowed to remain until she was well. The ague returned no more; and Holt, having remained in the house a week, called for his bill. "God bless you, sir," said the old woman, "you're nothing in my debt, I'm sure. I wish, on the contrary, that I was able to pay you for the cure which you have made. Oh! if I had had the happiness to see you ten months ago, it would have saved me forty pounds." With pretended reluctance he accepted his accommodation as a recompense, and rode away. Many years elapsed, Holt advanced in his profession, and went a circuit, as one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, into the same country, where, among other criminals brought before him, was an old woman under a charge of witchcraft. To support this accusation, several witnesses swore that the prisoner had a spell with which she could cure such cattle as were sick, or destroy those that were well, and that in the use of this spell she had been lately detected, and that it was now ready to be produced. Upon this statement the judge desired it might be handed up to him. It was a dirty ball, wrapped round with several rags and bound with packthread. These coverings he removed, and beneath them found a piece of parchment, which he immediately recognised as his own youthful fabrication. For a few moments he remained silent—at length, recollecting himself, he addressed the jury to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, I must now relate a particular of my life, which very ill suits my present character and the station in which I sit; but to conceal it would be to aggravate the folly for which I ought to atone, to endanger innocence, and to countenance superstition. This bauble, which you suppose to have the power of life and death, is a senseless scroll which I wrote with my own hand and gave to this woman, whom for no other reason you accuse as a witch." He then related the particulars with such effect that his old landlady was the last person tried for witchcraft in that country.

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ON THE UNREADABLE INTERMINABLE TRIAL.

As I O'Connell owe a grudge,
If I could make myself a judge,
Discarded self-denial,
I'd sentence him—for that would make
All future brawlers start and quake—
To *read through his own trial.*

What! read some twenty days of spout—
Of prosing, snarling, calling out,
Of ranting, taunt, and jeer!
Read through all that? unhappy Tyke!
Hang up old Daniel if you like,
But don't be *too severe.*—BOB SHORT.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The collection made during the four years' voyage of H.M.S. 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' in various parts of the world, have lately been unpacked, preparatory to their being deposited in the British Museum. The collection is one of the largest that has been brought home by any naval expedition, which is highly creditable to Captain Ross and the officers under his command. The collection consists of an immense number of marine animals of all classes and orders, from seals and fish, to the most minute animalculæ, chiefly procured from the shores of the islands of the Antarctic Ocean, Terra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, New Zealand, and from all parts of the Southern and Antarctic seas, between the latitudes of forty degrees to seventy-eight degrees south. To procure the animals, the towing net was used, from the latitude of England to seventy-eight degrees south, twice through the tropics, and thrice across the whole breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, between America and Africa. The dredge was continually used in the Antarctic circle, in depths varying from forty to four hundred fathoms, and on many occasions in the harbours of Falkland and Hermit Islands, at Cape Horn, Lord Auckland and Campbell's Islands, Kerguelen's Land, New Zealand, and in many other places within the tropics, as the banks of Cape Frio and the Brazils. Hence has been produced results of the greatest importance, in thus bearing on the most interesting geological problems. During the stay of the vessels in the various harbours, great attention was paid to the collection of plants and land animals of all kinds. Thus the unexplored islands to the south of New Zealand, Kerguelen's and Graham's Land, offered a rich store of varieties to the botanist, and the long stay of the vessels at Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand, enabled them to complete the fauna and flora of these very interesting colonies: the botanical collections alone consist of upwards of 3,000 species, many of which are quite new to science, or were only before known by the specimens brought by Banks and Solander. The collection is accompanied with a large series of drawings, of the more delicate and minute marine animals, coloured from life, and accompanied with microscopic dissections, and a large and most important collection of drawings of the rare plants, made from the fresh specimens; the collection is curious, as showing the great general similarity of the animal productions of the two poles: this is especially the case with the marine crustacea, but though the species are similar in general character, they are all still distinct as species from those of the Arctic seas. The same may be said with regard to the lepidopterous insects of New Zealand and the British Islands.

GLUTEN IN GRAIN.—The quantity of gluten in wheat, rye, and barley, is very different; and they contain nitrogen in varying proportions. Even in samples of the same seed the quantity varies; and why? Evidently because one variety has been better fed with its own appropriate fertilizer, than another which has been reared on a soil less accurately adapted by artificial means for its growth. French wheat contains twelve per cent. of gluten; Bavarian, twenty-four per cent. Sir H. Davey obtained nineteen per cent. from winter, and twenty-four from summer wheat; from Sicilian twenty-one, from Barbary wheat nineteen per cent. Such great differences must be owing to some cause: and this we find in the different methods of cultivation. An increase of animal manure gives rise not only to an increase in the number of seeds, but also to a remarkable difference in the proportion of gluten which those seeds contain. Among manures of animal origin there is great diversity. Cow dung contains but a small proportion of nitrogen. One hundred parts of wheat, grown on a soil to which this material was applied, afforded only eleven parts of gluten, and sixty-four of starch; while the same quantity of wheat, grown on a soil fertilized with human urine, yielded thirty-five per cent. of gluten, and, of course, a smaller proportion of less valuable ingredients.—*Smith's Productive Farming.*

PARISIAN OMNIBUSES.—The Parisian omnibuses are much wider than ours. Instead of the passengers' knees meeting, and thus rendering it exceedingly difficult for any one to enter or to go out, the Paris omnibuses have the most ample accomodation. Any one may pass in or out with the greatest ease, without treading on some gentleman's corney toe, or tumbling into some gentleman's lap. And to steady the passenger's motion when making his entrance or exit, there is a piece of strong leather, somewhat resembling a horse's reins, which passes along the roof of the vehicle, and which he has only to lay hold of to secure a firm footing. Omnibus

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travelling is, therefore, much more comfortable in Paris than with us. But perhaps the best recommendation of all remains to be mentioned: the charge in Paris is only one half what it is in London. For threepence you may go from one end of Paris to the other. There is another advantage, too, in omnibus travelling in the capital of France—I refer to the fact, that, if a certain omnibus only goes part of your way, you will get a ticket, which will put you free into another omnibus which runs in the direction of the place to which you wish to go. For the purpose of seeing to the proper accomodation of passengers, there is a tasteful little office at the place whence the vehicle starts. In this office there are cushioned seats for those persons who may be about to proceed by the omnibus. And yet, with all these advantages over us, the Parisians do not seem to be so liberal in their patronage of omnibuses as we are. I seldom saw more than nine or ten persons in an omnibus at once; generally there were not more than seven or eight. In London it often happens that an omnibus is so crowded, that neither in the vehicle nor on the top is there room for any more. This is not often the case with the omnibuses of Paris. When it does happen, a small board is placed on the top of the vehicle, with the word "complet," which all know to be an intimation that the conductor has obtained his complement.—*Paris and its People.*

THE PLAYER'S ACCIDENT.

A *written part* which he was *cast* to play,
Jack Ranter missed, and feared the town's rebukes;
It drove him almost mad, his neighbours say,
They thought him fit to visit at St Luke's.

"Ye gods," he cried, and wildly stamped and sobbed,
"Spare my unsullied fame so foul a slur;
My pocket by some varlet has been robbed,
And *by his crime I lose my character.*

"Has my friend snatched it? Vengeance on him light,
I banish him for ever from my heart;
I may forgive my enemy in fight,
But not my dearest friend who *takes my part.*"

J. S.

The Gatherer.

Progress of a Political Lawyer.—Towards the end of James the First's reign, William Noy, who had become eminent for his knowledge of the common law, sat in two parliaments, in both of which he showed himself an enemy to the king's prerogative. In 1625 he was elected a burgess for St Ives. In that parliament and another he continued in the same sentiments. But, being made attorney-general in 1631, a total change in his views took place, and he became not only a supporter of the same prerogative, but went so far as to advise the measure of ship-money, a tax levied without consent of parliament. He was the friend of Laud, who says in his diary—"I have lost a dear friend of him, and the church the greatest, she had of his condition, since she needed any such."

Dull Times for Star Chamber Practice.—"No great noise of the Star Chamber causes this term: one Bennet was fined 1,000*l.* to the King, and another to the Earl of Marlborough, for saying he dealt basely with him for not paying him 30*l.* which was due upon bond, and laying to his lordship's charge, in his bill, that he was a common drunkard."—*Strafford's Letters and Dispatches*, vol. ii, p. 128.

Double Negatives.—Nothing is more intolerable to the modern English grammarian than the use of double negatives. "I don't know nothing about it" is an abomination, but this was not always discountenanced by scholars. Dr Hickes in his 'Thesaurus' says, "*Notandum est quod in Lingua Anglo-Saxonica negatio enuncietur per duo negativa.*" "They have come down to us from our Saxon ancestors."

Forced Loans.—The loans demanded for the service of Charles I were among the causes of his being deserted by the people. A wealthy merchant, formerly a cheesemonger, was summoned before the Privy Council, and required to lend two hundred pounds, or to go himself to the army and supply it with cheese; the old man, in the resolute spirit of the times, preferred the alternative, and baulked the financiers by actually shipping himself and his cheese. At Hicks's hall, Buckingham and Lord Dorset sat to receive loans, and parties were summoned before them. Dorset demanded of one what trade he was, and being told a tailor—"Put down your name for such a sum—one snip will make amends for all." The man proved to be Ball, the prophet. He refused to come down, quoted Scripture in defence of his conduct, and in the end was taken into custody.

Universality of the French Language.—Greatly as the knowledge of the French language has been extended of late years, its being generally used is not a very modern innovation. In 1703 the Berlin Academy proposed the following prize question for discussion:—*Qu' est-ce qui a rendu la langue Française universelle?*

Queen Elizabeth. — Shakspere might have said, looking at the taste of the then Queen of England, that "more than a little flattery sometimes does well." When her Majesty was staying at Cowdray, flattery and feasting were the order of the day; and she was pleased to hear the fulsome addresses of persons disguised as "pilgrimes, with their russet coats and scallop-shells," and "wild men, clad in ivie,"

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and "anglers at goodlie fish ponds," who, in their peculiar costumes, successively uttered strange and forced conceits upon her high birth, wisdom, and beauty, even comparing her to a goddess, who had condescended for once to light upon

"This dusky spot, which men call earth."

Infernal Properties.—Mr Wright, in his 'Chester plays,' tells, "I have somewhere read of charges for coals to keep up hell fire; and that on one occasion hell itself took fire and was nearly burnt down. Among Mr Sharp's extracts from the books of accounts, we find among the objects of expenditure—'Item, payd for mending hell mought ij^{d}'—'Item, payd for kepyng of fyer at hell, iiij^{d}'—and, 'payed for settying the world of fyer, v$^{d.}$'"

Chaucer on former Changes in Language.—It is amusing to find the ancient poet remarking on the modernization of language, and withal admitting that those who preceded him made love in their old-fashioned speech tolerably well. He says:—

"I know that in fourné of speche is chaunge
Within a hundreth yeeré, and words tho
That hadden price, now wonder nice and strange
Thinké we them, and yet they spake them so,
And sped as well in love, as men now do."

A Royal Charm.—William Jackson, a Roman Catholic and a proscribed smuggler, was tried and convicted of murder at Chichester, in January, 1448-9, and sentence of death was passed upon him, and he was directed to be hung in chains. He, however, died in gaol a few hours after the sentence had been delivered. Upon being measured for his chains, in a linen purse upon his person was found the following charm:—

Sancti tres Reges
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar,
Orate pro nobis nunc et in hora
Mortis nostræ.

"Ces billets ont touché aux trois testes de S. S. Roys á Cologne. Ils sont pour les voyagers, contre les malheurs de chemins, maux de teste, mal-caduque, fièvres, sorcellerie, toute sorte de malefice, mort subite."

Domestic Yeast.—Persons who are in the habit of making their own bread can easily manufacture their own yeast by attending to the following directions. Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for an hour; when milk warm bottle it and cork it close, and it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pound of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

School of Design.—A report has obtained extensive circulation that the school for the instruction of ladies in drawing and engraving upon wood has been abandoned. It appears that the rumour was justified in part by a suspension of the operations of the school, but that it is, by order of the committee, again opened. The temporary closing of the school is attributed to the efforts of several wood-engravers, who twice memorialized the council, and obtained a hearing by deputation. The present number of pupils in all branches is about 240.

Chillingham Wild Cattle.—A writ of execution has been directed to the Sheriff of Northumberland to bring to the hammer the celebrated race of cattle so long the exclusive possession of the Earls of Tankerville. The Chillingham wild cattle have been as much objects of curiosity to strangers visiting this country as many of our national monuments, and Sir Walter Scott, in his interesting Notes to the 'Bride of Lammermuir,' had added to the celebrity of this noble race of Northumbrian cattle.

A Cure for the Epilepsy.—In Father Jerom Merolla de Sorrento's 'Voyage to Congo,' he mentions the foot of the elk as a certain remedy against epilepsy. The way to find out the foot in which this virtue lies, he says, is to "knock the beast down, when he will immediately lift up that leg which is most efficacious, to scratch his ear. Then you must be ready with a sharp scimitar to lop off the medical limb, and you shall find an infallible remedy against the falling sickness treasured up in his claws."—*Pettigrew's Medical Superstitions.*

Anecdote of the late Mr Constable.—John Varley offered him a little drawing for sale. "He told me," says Constable, "how to do landscape, and was so kind as to point out all my defects; the price of the drawing was a guinea and a half to a gentleman, and a guinea only to an artist, but I insisted on his taking the larger sum, as he had clearly proved to me that I was no artist."

New Zealand.—On the 31st of July last the first stone of a theatre, called the Victoria, was laid at Port Nicholson by Mr Alderman Lyon, who remarked that the spot on which the theatre was to stand was but a desert three years ago. By a playbill which is in London, headed "Royal Victoria Theatre, Manners street, Te Aro," it appears that this theatre was opened for the second time on the 16th of September.

Molière.—It is told of Molière that, on the morning of the day on which he died,—almost in the public eye,—his wife and his friends tried every effort, seeing how weak he was, to prevent his going down to play that night—but in vain. "A man," he said, "suffers long ere he dies: I feel that, with me, the end is at hand; but

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there are fifty poor workmen, who have only their day's wages to live on,—and who is to give them bread to-night, if I play not?" So he went down, and played the *Malade Imaginaire*—dying all the while: then home to bed, and *died!* "passing from the *pleasantries* of the theatre," says Bossuet, "to the tribunal of that Judge, who hath said, 'Woe unto you who laugh, for ye shall weep.'"

Transplanting of Full-Grown Trees.—It was long believed next to impossible to remove full-grown trees without destroying them. Sir Henry Steuart has proved the contrary. The art consists in removing the whole of the tree uninjured; the stem, all the limbs, every branch and twig, every root and fibre; and in placing the several parts of this whole in the same relative situation as they occupied before; so that each part shall continue to perform its proper office, the trunk to be nourished by its proper number of mouths above and below; and a due proportion or balance be preserved between the weight of the branches and the strength of the roots, between the action of the roots as well as branches on opposite sides, between the functions of each part and the functions of all the other parts, respectively and together.

Something Unaccountable.—At a tavern billiard-table, one of the guests, turning to the landlord, observed that "the cues were really very bad." The latter replied, with the greatest astonishment, "For *six-and-thirty years* the cues have been good; and now, all of a sudden, they are found bad!"

Long Reigns.—The three longest reigns in British history are those of the three kings, each the third of their respective names. Henry III reigned fifty-three years, Edward III fifty-one, and George III fifty-nine.

The Way of the World.—Sir Walter Scott remarks:—"The death of a man like Dryden, especially in narrow and neglected circumstances, is usually an alarum-bell to the public. Unavailing and mutual reproaches, for unthankful and pitiless negligence, waste themselves in newspaper paragraphs, elegies, and funeral processions; the debt due to genius is then deemed discharged, and a new account of neglect and commemoration is opened between the public and the next who rises to supply his room."

German Play Bills.—In Saalfield, a quiet little town of West Prussia, a troop of players announced the following performance:—'The Master and his Slave; or, Tyranny and Slave-Revenge; or, Villany and Humanity.' The following was printed at the beginning of the present century:—"This evening will be performed, by particular desire, 'The Knight of Adelungen and Clara of Hoheneichen; or, He loves her, and is imprisoned on her account, and she loves him and can't get him,' an original tragedy, in five acts, by Mr Spiess. *Dramatis personæ:* Ursmar, Count Adelungen, the knight—Mr R.; Clara of Hoheneichen, the murdered widow of the deceased Hugo of Hoheneichen, secretly beloved by Ursmar—Mrs S.; Benjamin, her infant son, *two* years of age—the *seven*-year-old daughter of the manageress; the Knight Bodo, the envious one, full of knavery, caution, cunning, and evil designs—Mr L.; William, an old page, a drunkard, and quarrelsome—Mr F.; Otto, an unknown knight, nevertheless open-hearted and friendly—Mr R.; the Governor of the Fortress, a vain man, nevertheless interested, but very particular about the locks and bolts—Mr S., sen.; Adelina, Clara's maid, who follows her even unto death, somewhat unwillingly—the elder Master G.; First Page, who has nothing to say—the younger Master G.; Pages, Knights, Servants, and People. Whoever will perform the horseman in the third act may see the fourth for nothing. Commences at six o'clock, ends at ten, if full; if not, at eight o'clock."

Resurgam.—In the pediment, which crowns the south portico of St Paul's Cathedral, is represented a phœnix rising out of the flames, with the motto "Resurgam" underneath it, as an emblem of rebuilding the church. A curious accident is said to have given rise to this device, which was particularly observed by the architect as a favourable omen. When Wren was marking out the dimensions of the building, and had fixed on the centre of the great dome, a common labourer was ordered to bring him a flat stone from among the rubbish, to leave as a direction to the masons. The stone which the man brought happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word, in large capitals, "RESURGAM;" and this circumstance left an impression on Wren's mind that could never afterwards be erased.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to act on the suggestions of various intelligent correspondents. They must, however, be aware that it is no light matter to send a hundred or two hundred miles, in order to meet the wishes of an individual subscriber. The gentleman who, under different signatures, has directed our attention to several objects of interest, had better send us a drawing of one or two of them. We could then judge of their fitness.

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Original Communications.

REDCLIFFE STREET, BRISTOL.

From week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, the sad antiquary of the metropolis has to mourn that the venerable remnants of former ages are rapidly withdrawn from his admiring eye. Within these few years several episcopal palaces have vanished, as also St Stephen's Chapel and London bridge. A single old street scarcely remains. The ancient thoroughfare which bears the name of "Old street," has been almost wholly covered with new houses within the last forty years; and the active operations now going on in all parts of the capital, threaten what yet remains with utter annihilation.

It is to the provinces that the Leland of to-day must repair for consolation; and Bristol, which once formed part of the kingdom of Wessex and Mercia, presents much to gratify the student of the past. Redcliffe street, represented at the head of this article, still presents the pointed roof and all the features of old architecture, against which, in this part of the empire, a war so merciless and so unremitting has been waged. The "gable-ended and windowed fronts of the houses in that narrow and much-thronged thoroughfare," furnish still a fine specimen of an ancient street. "Redclife street," remarks Mr Britton, in his admired 'Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities,' "is noted in the annals of poetry, romance, and commerce as the residence of the Canning family, who built the splendid and highly interesting church which adorns one end of it;" and from the steps of which the above view is taken.

It was here, gazing day after day on the time-worn edifices which form the above-named street, that the ill-fated Chatterton, about the year 1766, learned to muse with a poet's ardour on scenes of the olden time. Here he studied those inventions which deceived the learned and the wise, and here he planned the "description of the Fryar's first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an Ancient Manuscript," and here he seems to have re-

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solved on his last fatal deed. That so astonishing a youth should have miserably perished, is a matter of just regret; but he, unhappily,

"Was Passion's slave, was Indiscretion's child;"

and had adopted principles which could hardly have led to a happy result. Yet even his catastrophe adds to the interest of a spot otherwise well entitled to notice, which is only one of many important features faithfully described in the splendid and elaborate work we have quoted.

THE ACCIDENTAL CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH CAUSED THE DISCOVERY OF THE TWO ELECTRIC CURRENTS BY DR SERNEY, M.D., IN THE YEAR 1794.

During the experiments in which Dr Serney was engaged while instructing his pupils in the science of electricity, a rat was brought in, which had been trapped; as the machine was in action, a large jar was charged for its destruction; the rat was placed on an insulated stool, and a chain fastened round its neck, a circuit was completed by bringing a discharging rod in contact with the tail, which had been previously attached to a chain having a communication with the inside of the jar. The rat, after the shock, was motionless, and apparently killed, indeed it was supposed to have been quite dead. In about ten minutes, it was proposed to pass the contents of another charged jar through the animal, to make certain of his not returning to life; but to the astonishment of all present, he was immediately brought to animation again, and got upon his legs; the shock was over and over again repeated, and it only seemed to increase its vigour. It was finally set at liberty.

The jar was again charged, and its contents were made to pass through a pack of cards bound together with string, and upon examination the cards were found to be perforated on both sides, leaving from six to eight cards whole in the centre of the pack; the holes were *conical*, the base being at the *outside* on each side, and the apex towards the centre. This circumstance at once lead Dr Serney to come to a conclusion that there must be a double current of the electric fluid, for upon what other ground could he suppose the cards to be perforated in opposite directions? The doctor, in furtherance of proof, resorted to the following experiments, which clearly prove there are two currents caused by *two different* sorts of electricity for the purpose of *neutralizing* one another, and restoring that equilibrium which Nature so beautifully arranges in all her works. He puts forward this simple experiment, which may be tried by any tyro in the science.

If four electroscopes be excited, first, No. 1, by a piece of sealing-wax rubbed by a piece of silk, the gold leaves of the electroscope will diverge from one another. Let an electroscope, No. 2, be excited in the same manner as the first, and the result will be the same.

Let the electroscopes Nos. 3 and 4 be excited by means of a glass tube rubbed by a piece of silk, the gold leaves will diverge from one another in both of them, as in the other two, there being no apparent difference.

Now, by taking a discharging-rod, opened so that one end shall touch the *first*, and the other end the *second* electroscope, the gold leaves of both will remain *diverged*; and if the same be done to the third and fourth electroscopes, the result will be the *same*.

But if the discharging-rod be made to touch with one end the *first* and *third*, and then the *second* and *fourth electroscopes*, the whole of the gold leaves of the four electroscopes *instantaneously collapse*, thereby showing that the *two electric fluids have neutralized each other* in all the four electroscopes by their *perfect union*.

In many of the experiments performed at the Royal Polytechnic Institution spontaneous discharges take place when charging their powerful battery, and the side of the jars are in a space varying from one-eighth to three-fourths of an inch in diameter in a state nearly pulverized; indeed in some instances, when the fracture is of the smaller size where these two currents met, the glass resembles a mere dust. Had the current been in one direction only this appearance could not take place, the particles would be driven out or the jar broken into pieces, but by their meeting exactly with the same force, and at the same time, nothing is disturbed from its place, the particles are merely crushed.

RIEMBAUER; OR, THE SAINTLY MURDERER.

About twenty or twenty-five years ago, the Supreme Court of Justice for the kingdom of Bavaria was occupied with the trial of a wretch named Francois Riembauer. Riembauer was the son of a poor labourer, at Randerstadt, and he became a cow-boy. His thirst for knowledge was excessive, and through the means of a curate in the village he was fitted for the Lyceum at the early age of fourteen years. Here he applied himself to the study of abstruse science, ecclesiastical history, and the subtleties of logic, in all of which he attained unexampled proficiency. In 1810 he was appointed to the curacy of his native village, and was then considered as the "priest *par excellence*." His sermons were full of fire—they breathed the purest love of virtue, and the

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vices of the age were most eloquently denounced. Such was the person who, a few years afterwards, was accused of the following crimes:—First, of having had a child by the cook of the curate of Hoskirchen, who lay in about the year 1801, of a male child, which died shortly afterwards; secondly, of having had a child by Anne Marie Eichlaetter, the servant of the curate of Hernsheim, and of having assassinated her by cutting her throat with a razor; thirdly, of having had children by a milliner, and another curate's servant-maid; fourthly, of having had a child by Madelaine Fravenkneiht, the daughter of a farmer at Lauterbach, of having swindled her father of 5,000 francs, and of having poisoned the daughter and her mother; fifthly, of having had at different periods three children by Ann Weminger, his last kitchen-maid; sixthly, of having forged a certificate of deposit for the sum of 1,400 francs; and, lastly, of having caused abortion in two cases. The investigation of these charges occupied four years, and disclosed a system of remorseless villany to which the history of crime scarcely affords any parallel. The second victim, Anne Marie Eichlaetter, he killed by cutting her throat with a razor in his own apartment, exclaiming at the instant—"Repent of your sins—you must die." The fact was sworn to by a girl who peeped through the key-hole. The body of the murdered young woman was found where Reimbauer had deposited it—still he denied the charge with the most inflexible pertinacity. The examining judge, unable to reason the prisoner into an acknowledgement of his crime, sought to act upon his imagination. On All Saints' day, the anniversary of the murder of Anne Marie, at four o'clock in the evening, he entered upon the eighty-eighth examination. After endeavouring, during eight hours, to wring an avowal from the prisoner by laying before him proofs of his guilt, he gave up the attempt. At that moment it struck the hour of midnight, when the judge suddenly unfolded a black cloth, containing the skull of Anne Marie. At this sight Riembauer started from his seat, opened wide his eyes, and smiled, and yet drew back, as if retreating from the accusing looks of the fleshless skull; but, quickly recovering his self-possession, he exclaimed, "My conscience is at rest; that head, if it could speak, would say, 'Riembauer is my lover, and not my murderer.' This is the anniversary of her death." On his hundredth examination he made an avowal of his guilt. Riembauer stated that he had seen, from his dungeon, a Jew who had committed murder going to the scaffold. He was struck with the serenity exhibited by the culprit in his last moments, and, from his gaolers, he learned that it was only after a full confession of his crime that the culprit, named Lammfromm, had recovered his tranquillity, and from that moment he (Riembauer) resolved to declare the whole truth. "Before doing so I recommend to the care of government my innocent children, and my last cook-maid (*ma derniere cuisiniere*). Catherine told truth—it was I that murdered Anne Marie Eichlaetter." He also related that, wishing to get rid of a man whom he hated, he had ardently prayed to God to deprive him of life, and that soon after the individual gave up the ghost. He added that, on an innkeeper refusing to lend him a small sum of money, he was seized with the most violent desire of setting fire to his premises. But what is really singular and curious are the sophisms by which the prisoner sought to justify his crimes. "When Anne Marie," said he, "endeavoured to compel me to take her again into my house, I began to reflect upon the consequences, and I said to myself, 'If a priest of such unblemished reputation were found to be a sinner, great would the detriment thereof be to religion;' therefore, as there were no other means of avoiding public scandal but by the death of Anne Marie, and that this death tended to produce a laudable result, I do not think I have acted criminally, for my intentions were pure, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Moreover (added he), before killing Anne Marie I exhorted her to repent of her sins, and I gave her absolution. When she had no longer strength to support herself I very gently stretched her on the floor. I merit the consideration of my judges, because my actions have been always ordered so as to avoid public scandal."

Riembauer, strange to say, never neglected to go through a kind of nuptial ceremony with his mistresses, either for the purpose of tranquillizing his own conscience, or for the better securing their fidelity. Clothed in princely vestments, with tapers lighted, he went through all the ceremonies of marriage, he himself performing the double function of priest and bridegroom, and concluding the ceremony by placing a ring on his mistress's finger. The children resulting from those connexions he regularly baptised, giving them, for father and mother, names taken at hazard.

The Supreme Tribunal condemned the criminal to close confinement in a fortress for an unlimited period.

Cure for Hooping-cough.—It is a common superstition in Cornwall, Devonshire, and some other parts of England, to inquire of any one riding on a piebald horse of a remedy for the hooping-cough, and whatever may be named is regarded as a specific.

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THE MARRIED MAN TO A FAIR FRIEND.

Deem it not coldness, if you find
I covet not your longer stay,
And never think your friend unkind
If he would know you far away.
Your gentle smile, your love sincere,
Have fired his breast—have turn'd his brain;
And 'tis because that you are dear
He wishes you should not remain.

Yes, though my heart could bound with glee,
To know that you would ne'er remove,
To know that you might rest with me,
And bless me with your charms and love;
I still consent that you depart,
To beautify some other scene;
I fain would clasp you to this heart,
Yet wish woods, mountains, waves between.

Nor dare I hope that other days
Will let me call you mine in peace;
That were the sinful wish to raise
That one poor blameless life should cease.
Too often wretches, passion warmed,
Have promised such event to wait,
But soon dark murderous schemes have formed
To hasten on the march of Fate.

Can I forget that night of shame
When 'twas my hap your smile to win,
When all "my blood was liquid flame"
And I entreated you to sin.
Conscience now lifts her "still small voice,"
And sadly dwells that hour upon,
But let us mutually rejoice
We did not pass the rubicon.

The passions of the human race,
Joyous and blameless while restrain'd,
Become, lost all love's winning grace,
Terrific monsters when unchain'd:
Yet not confessed their fearful wrath,
They smilingly allure to joy,
Then crushing honour in their path,
Turn round as demons to destroy.

'Twere weakness now to heave a sigh,
That I am bound by other ties;
And base a consort to decry,
While gazing on your brighter eyes.
Time in each mournful day that sets,
Pursuing tranquilly his track,
Seems but to mock our vain regrets,
And yesterday will not come back.

The cheating thought shall I indulge,
That we, secure of self-applause,
As none our secret can divulge,
May spurn the check of common laws?
Soon, soon, would the unhallowed kiss
Of fond affection sound the knell,
And dreams of ecstasy and bliss
But lead us to the gates of hell.

Ah, dearest, let us bear in mind
What to our own repose we owe,
Lest brief delirious joy we find
The source of everlasting woe.
And let us raise our thoughts on high
To hope—life's wild temptations o'er—
That we may meet above the sky,
Nor blush that we have met before.

MIRACLES OF NATURE.

FROM DR MACULLOCH.

"Every organized structure can exist but through the supply of fresh materials, or of food. With few exceptions animals have been empowered and compelled to seek it; but the very nature and necessities of the vegetable forms prevented this. Their food is therefore brought to them; it surrounds them on all sides: the Creator feeds them with His own hands, through His great agent, chemistry; if aiding it by the mechanical powers which He has also commanded. An essential part of that food is in solution, and the ocean is its great storehouse. It is taught to ascend into the atmosphere, to pervade the circumambient sphere of the firmament, to return that it may visit every vegetable existence, to surround them in the air, to be present with them in the earth, to be ever near them and about them. It is brought to their mouths at every instant, and nothing is required of them but to feed and to enjoy. Thus has their great Parent amply compensated them for that of which He was compelled to deprive them in conformity to the wisdom of His general plan. We know not which most to admire—the magnitude of the problem, or the beauty, the perfection, and the facility of the solution. But, that we may admire, let us suppose that it was to be solved, that the feeding of such a mass of living, and craving, and yet immovable beings was to be effected. Yet because it is effected, we forget that there was a time when it was to be done; because it is effected in silence, with regularity, and with certainty, we forget to note it; and because of the perfection of the solution, even philosophy has forgotten to admire.

"The Creator formed a class of living beings. They were to crowd the earth, yet not permitted to quit the narrow point to which they were chained down. They were to commence in an atom to attain a large bulk, to perish, and to be renewed. He appointed chemistry for these purposes, and He commanded life to rule it. This demanded materials, and these were to be placed within reach of the instruments that were to use them. Those materials were spread far and wide, while the myriads of beings were incapable of seeking what was essential to their existence. The plant was fixed to the dry and burning sands of Africa, and its food was many thousand miles away, wasted and useless in the wide ocean. But for His wisdom and power, every plant of the earth would have been but as a grain of wheat on the naked rock, created but to perish at the moment of its birth, to die of hunger. All must have perished but for Him who has solved this great and difficult problem.

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Can man contemplate such a creation unprovided for, and then say he could have devised the means of feeding it? He will not say this if his philosophy is of that true kind which acknowledges that it knows nothing but what God has taught.

"I may here point out the beauty of the contrivance through which the same operation supplies the food of the vegetable tribes, and the respiration of the animal ones. It is an example of that simplicity which it is delightful to trace where it is really visible, but which there is no advantage in assuming where it cannot be found.

"It is through the decomposition of water that it becomes the food of plants; and the chemistry which effects this has been placed in their own power. They devour, they appropriate, and they reject. They might have appropriated the whole; but thus would not this beautiful contrivance have existed, and the animal races must have been supplied in some other manner with what was indispensable as their food. The same chemical action fulfils both ends: the oxygen which the plant does not require is discharged, an air, into the free atmosphere, and becomes the supply for the other half of the living creation.

"This is the solution, simple, and at the same time effectual, of another magnificent problem. We do not indeed know that this is the only manner in which the oxygen of the atmosphere is renewed; yet thus, partly at least, is this incessant supply for an incessant consumption provided. And thus are there two circles of nutrition between plants and animals, in each of which the plant is the initiative agent and power. The animal could not have extracted from water either food or the material of respiration, as necessary as food. The other furnishes it with both through the same vital chemistry by which it maintains its own life; and the material whence it draws and distributes these resources of the whole living world is the element, water; that apparently simple, insignificant substance, of which the ignorant and the thoughtless see little but that it falls in the rain, circulates in the rivers, and fills the ocean.

"If water is the residence of the multitudinous creation of fishes, it is rather their atmosphere than their abode; to them it is what the air is to the birds. Yet it is superior in adaption and convenience, for its inhabitants can rest in it without labour; the whole arrangement, indeed, presenting one of those beautiful adaptations much more worthy of attention than those scarcely avoidable ones on which it is the custom of slender writers to dwell. Nor must the effect in question be called a necessary result of the superior gravity of water, since the weight of these animals is not only nicely suited to this, but there is united to the whole a system of subadaptation to meet variations and exigencies, by the beautiful contrivance of the air-bladder. The muscular power of fishes is restrained, in point of endurance at least, in consequence, apparently, of their confined respiration, though an anatomist of note has made this rule too exclusive; and thus water, as the medium of flying, which swimming may for this purpose be termed, relieves by its weight the muscular effects of the animal. The bird is called on for a double exertion, the fish for only one.

"But the water is also the chemical atmosphere of fishes, and thus does a distinct contrivance become necessary. Under analogy to air, their gills should indeed have decomposed it, and thus have effected the needful purposes. This, however, is not the process adopted, for whatever reasons. The water is ordained to combine with air, and thus to furnish what is required, while the consumption is for ever replaced, probably by the agitations of the former in contact with the atmosphere. It is a distinct chemical property, and but for experience would not have been supposed. Like all else that was needed, it has been commanded, and it is done."

GENNARO ANNESE; OR, ENTERTAINMENT FOR A DUKE.

The misery experienced by the people of Naples caused them to break out into rebellion in 1647 and 1648. For the moment the revolters were successful, and under Gennaro Annese, it was fondly hoped by the Neapolitans that they might throw off the yoke of Spain. They however invited Henry de Lorraine, Duke of Guise, to command their armies, and ambition induced him to favour their views. He repaired to Naples, and there was introduced in due form to Gennaro Annese.

In revolutions generally we find some of the most distinguished actors low-born, vulgar, cruel, dissipated, or in some way fearfully defective—still possessing redeeming qualities. They are shrewd, brave, or wary; though little entitled to praise on the whole, they in some respects command admiration. The Neapolitan revolutionist had no shining parts, but would really seem to have owed his elevation to the circumstance of his uniting in himself all the peculiarities that could unfit a man to be a popular leader. The description given of him by Guise is one of the most striking historical pictures handed down to us from that period. It will be found not less amusing than extraordinary:—

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"I was not a little surprised," says the Duke, "at the blindness of the people of Naples, to have chosen such a man their general; his person seemed to me so extraordinary, that I cannot omit to give you his picture. He was a little man, very ill made, and very black, his eyes sunk in his head, short hair, which discovered large ears, a wide mouth, his beard close cut and beginning to be grey, his voice full and very hoarse; he could not speak two words without stammering, ever unquiet, and so very timorous that the least noise made him tremble. He was attended by a matter of twenty guards of as ill men as himself. He wore a buff coat with sleeves of red velvet, and scarlet breeches, with a cap of cloth of gold, of the same colour, on his head, which he hardly took the pains to take off when he saluted me; he had a girdle of red velvet, furnished with three pistols on each side; he wore no sword, but instead of it, carried a great blunderbuss in his hand. His first civility was the taking off my hat, and instead of it, causing to be brought me in a silver basin such a cap as his own; and then taking me by the hand, led me into his hall, whose doors he very carefully caused to be shut, with most strict orders to his guards to let none enter, lest they should cut his throat. As soon as we were seated, I presented him M. de Fontenay's letter, with assurance (as I had been ordered) of the protection of France, and of the coming of the fleet, and all such supplies as the Neapolitans should stand in need of, towards attaining their liberty and deliverance from the Spanish oppression. He answered me with much more satisfaction than eloquence, and having opened the letter I delivered him, ran it over with his eyes, and having turned upwards every one of the four sides, cast it to me again, telling me he could not read, and desiring me to acquaint him with its contents."

A Sieur Luigi del Ferro had thought proper to name himself Ambassador from France. This was a crack-brained fellow who, while he made the most pompous promises of bringing men and money to aid the cause, exhibited in his general carriage the most abject servility. He figures in the treat which Gennaro Annese thought it incumbent on him to give the Duke, which is thus portrayed:—

"We heard a great noise in the street, occasioned by a tumult of such people as demanded to see me; to satisfy their curiosity I went to a window; and Gennaro having caused to be brought me, in two basins, two bags of money, one of gold and the other of silver, I cast it amongst the people, and whilst they were at cuffs about gathering it up, I thought it was time to call for dinner, having eaten nothing since my departure from Rome, because of the roughness of the sea. Gennaro made excuses for the ill cheer he should give me, not daring, for fear of poison, to make use of any other cook than his wife, as improper for that employment as personating the lady of quality. She brought the first dish, having on a gown of sky-coloured wrought satin, embroidered with silver, with a farthingale, a chain of jewels, and a fair necklace of pearl, with pendants of diamonds in her ears, all plundered from the Duchess of Matalone; and in this stately equipage it was pleasant to see her dress meat, scour dishes, and divert herself in the afternoon with washing and smoothing linen. I invited Luigi del Ferro, as ambassador, to wash and sit down with us; but Gennaro told me, sure I was not in earnest, for he had wont to use him like a dog; and when I called for drink, he fetched it, saying, it belonged only to him to serve me, because of his quality. He presented me the cup on his knees, which, when I would not permit, Gennaro told me he served him in the same manner, which presently after I saw verified. Dinner lasted not long, and all things were so nasty and unsavoury, that had it not been for the bread, wine, salad, and fruit, which were indeed excellent, I had run hazard of starving."

As if the cowardice of the leader had not been sufficiently manifest from what was presented to his observation, Guise had an opportunity of seeing how he was treated by one of the city captains. This was a butcher named Jommo Ropolo, who, not standing too much on ceremony, broke open the door when the chief and Guise were in council, and approaching Gennaro, called him traitor, and gave him several blows on the neck with the flat of his hand, at the same time swearing that he would cut off his head but for the presence of the Duke of Lorraine. Instead of visiting this insolence with exemplary chastisement on the spot, the wretched Gennaro threw himself on his knees before the Duke, and entreated him to save his life, and he accordingly interfered to pacify Jommo Ropolo. That done, the grateful Gennaro felt himself bound to show him all possible attention. The course of his hospitality at supper and after supper, the quality of the guest borne in mind, is quite as extraordinary as the festivities already described.

"It being now very late," says the Duke, "and I wanting rest, every one retired, and I had a supper brought as unhandsome and distasteful as my dinner; it lasted not long, and inquiring in what part they had prepared me a bed, I was not a little surprised when Gennaro told me I should lie with him; having refused this as much as possibly I

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could, out of pretence of not incommoding his wife by taking her place, he told me she should lie on a quilt before the fire with her sister, and that it concerned his safety to share his bed with me, without which his enemies would cut his throat, the respect of my person being the only means to secure him from that danger, whose apprehension had so strongly prepossessed him, that he awaked twenty times in the night in disorder, and, with tears in his eyes, embracing me, besought me to save his life, and secure him from those that would murder him. He conducted me to lodge in his kitchen, where I found a very rich bed of cloth of gold, and at the feet of it, in a cradle, a little blackamoor slave about two years old, full of the small-pox; a great deal of plate, both white and gilt, heaped up in the middle of the room, many cabinets half open, out of which tumbled chains and bracelets of pearl and other jewels, some bags of silver and some of gold half scattered on the ground, very rich household stuff, and many fair pictures thrown up and down disorderly, which made sufficiently appear what profit he had made by plundering the houses of the richest and best-qualified persons of the town; though he could never be induced to assist the people with the smallest part of it, either to buy ammunition or victuals, for paying the troops already raised, or making new levies. This put me in a rage, to see myself in want of everything, and yet to have so considerable supplies at hand, which I might make no use of.

"On the other side of the kitchen were all necessaries, in great quantity, which had been plundered in several quarters, with all manner of arms, all in an extraordinary confusion, the presents and contributions he daily received of all manner of venison and wild fowl powdered, and all the walls tapestried with whatever is edible.

"This was the sumptuous apartment prepared for entertaining me, and when even oppressed with sleep, I thought of nothing but a speedy unclothing myself to get into bed, Luigi del Ferro would suffer none to come near to pull off my boots, maintaining it belonged to him alone to do me all manner of services; but I refused him, till Gennaro advising me to let him do it, caused his own stocking to be pulled off, to give me example, which I afterwards followed without controversy, and got into bed as fast as I could. Gennaro came presently to lie down by me, and setting a candle on the bed, and unbinding his leg to dress it, I asked if he had received any wound? He answered, that being naturally replete and full of humours, a physician, his friend, had advised him to make use of remedy I forbear to name, lest its mention offend others' stomachs as much as its sight did mine."

LORD GEORGE SACKVILLE NOT JUNIUS.

ANOTHER attempt has been made to identify Junius, which leaves the matter doubtful as ever. Mr Jacques, in his inquiries, has discovered nothing of importance. His notion is "that Lord George Sackville was Junius, and that Sir Philip Francis was his amanuensis." The description which he gives of the death-bed of that noble person is a sufficient refutation of his authorship. Junius had attacked Lord Mansfield as "a rascal and wretch whom every honest man was bound to detest, and whom he, with the blessing of God, would pull down to the ground." When Lord George approached his end, hearing that Lord Mansfield was at Tunbridge Wells, a few miles from him, he requested his lordship to call, that he might take his last leave of him. The interview is thus affectingly described by Cumberland:—

"As soon as Lord Sackville had recovered his breath, his visitor remaining silent, he began by apologising for the trouble he had given him, and for the unpleasant spectacle he was conscious of exhibiting to him, in the condition he was now reduced to;—'But, my good lord,' he said, 'though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my unfeigned thanks for all your goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shown me through the course of my unprosperous life, that I could not know you was so near to me, and not wish to assure you of the invariable respect I have entertained for your character; and now, in the most serious manner, to solicit your forgiveness, if ever, in the fluctuations of politics, or the heats of party, I have appeared in your eyes at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favours.'"

On this it has been justly remarked:—

"Instances of treachery and hypocrisy are not uncommon, but they are rarely displayed on a death-bed, and never without a strong and adequate motive. If Sackville were Junius, and if the scene described by Cumberland really took place, he was a monster such as never before disgraced humanity."

That the ferocious assailant of Lord Mansfield could thus express himself, we hold to be impossible.

Supposed Vulgarism.—Afeard is regarded as a corruption of afraid; when in truth it is a distinct word, from the Saxon *afferde*; afraid being of French extraction, from *effrayer*. Chaucer uses the two words in the same line;—"This wif was not aferdé nor affraide." "Half afeard to come," occurs in 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

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Arms. Quarterly, first and fourth, ar., achev. erminois between three boatswains' whistles, az., for Hawke; second and third, or, a chev. engr., between three leopards' faces, gu. for Harvey.

Crests. Of Hawke: a hawk, with wings endorsed, erm, beaked, belled, and charged on the breast with a fleur-de-lis. Of Harvey: a leopard, statant, ppr., collared gu.

Supporters. Dexter, Neptune, mantled and standing upon a dolphin, vert, crowned with an eastern crown, or, his arm elevated, darting his trident, ppr.; sinister, a sea-horse, or, sustaining with the left foot a banner, ar.

Motto. "Strike."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF HAWKE.

GLORIOUS exploits on the ocean, and not a pedigree traceable into remote antiquity, give the family of Hawke a distinguished place among the nobility of England. Edward Hawke, Esq., son of Edward Hawke, Esq., barrister at law, by Elizabeth, relict of Colonel Ruthven, and daughter of Nathaniel Bladen, Esq., attained, by a series of gallant services, the highest reputation as a naval officer, and was made a Knight of the Bath, in reward for a splendid triumph which he gained in 1747 over the French, in the West Indies. In 1755 he was appointed to command a grand expedition destined to act against the French coast, and in the month of November of that year he obtained a decisive victory over the enemy's fleet, for which he received the thanks of parliament, and was granted an annual pension of 2,000*l.* In 1765 he was raised to the rank of Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and on the 20th of May, 1776, he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Hawke, of Towton, county of York. His lordship married Catherine, daughter and sole heir of Walter Brooke, Esq., of Barton hall, county of York, by whom he had three sons and a daughter. He died October 17, 1781. To follow him through his bright career would greatly exceed the space that can be allotted to these notices. We may say, however, his heart was in the service, and, like Nelson, he felt that he was one of those who might

> "From common rules in brave disorder start;"

and, like Nelson, in one of the most gallant actions of his life, he was accused of acting contrary to orders. He was a valiant and judicious commander, and though sometimes out of favour with the government and with the nation while he lived, both were forced in the end to confess his exalted merit, which has never been questioned since his death. His imperturbable coolness when the most appalling dangers were before him commanded universal admiration. On one occasion, being off the French coast, he ordered the pilot to lay his ship, the 'Royal George,' alongside of the French admiral's ship. The pilot said he could not do so without the most imminent risk of running on a shoal. "You have done your duty, sir," replied Sir Edward, "by warning me of the danger; you have now only to obey my orders by placing me alongside the 'Soleil Royal.' We may run on shore; but the enemy will be on shore first, and at all events their fleet must be destroyed."

Another anecdote is preserved of him, which shows the same habit of mind. The 'Royal George' took fire from an accumulation of soot in the funnel to the stove of the admiral's cabin. He was dressing at the time, and instead of manifesting any alarm, calmly walked on deck, and taking the first lieutenant aside, said in a low tone of voice, "Sir, the ship is on fire in my cabin. Give the necessary directions that the people may put it out."

His lordship was succeeded by his eldest son, Martin Bladen, born April 29, 1744. He married, in 1771, Cassandra, the youngest daughter of Sir Edward Turner, Bart., of Ambrosden, in the county of Oxford, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. His lordship died March 27, 1805, and was succeeded by his eldest son Edward, who was born May 3, 1774. He was united, August 28, 1798, to Frances Anne, daughter and heir of Stanhope Harvey, Esq., of Womersley park, in the county of York, when his lordship assumed the surname and arms of Harvey in addition to those of his own family. By that lady he had

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issue three sons, Edward William, Stanhope, and Martin. He died November 29, 1826, and was succeeded by the present peer, who was born July 15, 1799, and married, August 1, 1821, to Elizabeth Frances, second daughter of Sir John Ramsden, by whom he had no issue. She died August 26, 1824.

WINTER EVENING'S SONG.

Het oosten blaast, het wintert fel.

The storm winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Thank heaven, with blazing coals and wood
We sit in comfort here!
The trees as whitest down are white,
The river hard as lead.
Sweet mistress! why this blank to night?
There's punch so warm, and wine so bright,
And sheltering roof and bread.

And if a friend should pass this way,
We give him flesh and fish;
And sometimes game adorns the dish,
It chances as it may;
And every birth-day festival
Some extra tarts appear,
An extra glass of wine for all—
While to the child, or great or small,
We drink the happy year.

Poor beggars! all the city thro'
That wander,—pity knows
That if it rains, or hails or snows,
No difference 'tis to you.
Your children's birthdays come, no throng
Of friends approach your door,
'Tis a long suffering, sad as long;
No fire to warm—to cheer, no song—
No presents for the poor.

And should not we far better be,
We far more blest than they,
Our winter hearth is bright and gay,
Our wine cups full and free;
And we were wrought in finer mould
And made of purer clay.
God's holy eyes, that all behold,
Chose for our garments gems and gold,
And made *them* rags display.

I! better? O would 't were so,
I am perplexed in sooth;
I wish, I wish you'd speak the truth.
You do not speak it—no;
Who knows, I know not, but that vest
That's pieced and patched all thro',
May wrap a very honest breast,
Of evil purged—by good possest,
Generous and just, and true!

And can it be? Indeed it can,
That I so favoured stand;
And he, the offspring of God's hand,
A poor deserted man.
And then I sit to muse; I sit
The riddle to unravel;
I strain my thoughts, I tax my wit,
The less my thoughts can compass it,
The more they toil and travel.

And thus, and thus alone I see,
When pouring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto the poor,
But not the poor to me;
That having more than I require,
That more I'm bound to spread,
Give from my hearth a spark of fire,
Drops from my cup, and feed desire
With morsels of my bread.

And thus I found, that scattering round
Blessings in mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my torn heart grew sound.
The storm winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Come beggar, come, our garments bear,
A portion of our dwelling share,
A morsel of our love.

List! boys and girls, the hour is late,
There's some one at the door;
Run, little ones, the man is poor—
Who first unlocks the gate?
What do I hear, run fast, run fast;
What do I hear so sad,
'Tis a poor mother in the blast,
Trembling, I heard her as she past,
And weeping o'er her lad.

I thank thee, Source of every bliss,
For every good I know;
I thank thee, thou didst train me so
To learn thy way in this:
That wishing good, and doing good,
Is labouring, Lord, with thee,
That charity is gratitude,
And piety, best understood,
A sweet humanity.

CURES BY YEAST.

Sir,—In the 'Mirror' of the 21st of October an article, headed "Important Medical Discovery," appeared, purporting to be an extract from a letter by Dr Cartwright. I fully agree with you as to the importance of the discovery, and should have troubled you with a few observations on the subject ere this had I not been absent from home for some time. Dr Cartwright has given a very circumstantial account of two cases of putrid fever having been cured by means of yeast, but does not appear to have been aware of the cause of yeast having such a beneficial effect. It may not therefore be uninteresting to give a little information on this point. Yeast contains and evolves naturally a very considerable portion of carbonic acid gas; and as this gas is a powerful anti-putrescent, it follows that if it can be applied in large quantities to a person in any kind of fever (which is the first stage towards decomposition or putridity) the fever or tendency towards putridity will be instantly arrested. When the yeast is taken internally, the natural heat of the body will cause it to give off the gas rapidly, which, by diffusing itself through the whole system, must speedily reduce inflammation and arrest the progress of the fever. Now although yeast

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appears to have had the desired effect in the cases mentioned by Dr Cartwright, other cases might occur where it could not be so conveniently and effectually applied as in cases of local inflammation, ulcers, sores, &c. The medical profession have silently, and I might say, ignorantly, acknowledged the effect and utility of this gas, as they habitually prescribe for many diseases certain substances which contain it or its components in large quantities, such, for instance, as aerated waters and charcoal or yeast poultices for obstinate sores and ulcers; why not then employ the gas itself, as it may be easily and cheaply obtained and conveniently applied. A curious and interesting case lately came under my own observation, in which this gas effected a cure in a few days after the patient had been attended unsuccessfully by three medical men of considerable practice and celebrity, one of whom (a physician) stated that he considered the case an extremely critical one, and one which he did not expect to cure in less than a year. The case was this:—A lady was attacked by a very virulent cutaneous disorder, from which she experienced great pain. The disorder made its appearance on the thumb of one hand, in the form of a red spot or place about the size of a shilling; but little notice was taken of it at first, as it was thought to be merely a slight attack of erysipelas, and was treated accordingly. The place, however, gradually increased in size, and at last broke into an offensive and painful sore, and ultimately the disease spread over the whole hand, and was communicated to the other, which quickly became as bad as its fellow. Lotions and ointments were unsuccessfully tried, the patient all the while getting worse and worse, suffering unspeakable agony, and every appearance of the disease spreading to the legs and feet. I had in the meantime repeatedly urged the application of carbonic acid, in the form of gas, to the parts affected, but was met by a steady refusal, and an entire dependence upon medical skill. At last, however, pain and agony, and no prospect of relief, triumphed over prejudice, and I was requested to try what I could do, under the solemn assurance that my remedy could do no harm at any rate, even if it did no good. I then procured an apparatus which had been successfully employed in other cases. This apparatus consisted of a stone bottle or jar, holding about a gallon, and having two openings, one being closed by a bung, cork, or stopper. Into the other opening an upright brass tube was screwed, and on the upper end of this tube a flexible pipe was fastened, furnished with a stop cock, and to its other end a bullock's bladder was attached. When the apparatus was ready for use, the diseased part was placed in the bladder and bound tightly round the wrist with a silk handkerchief to prevent the escape of gas, care being taken that the other junctions were also air-tight. The bung or stopper was then removed from the aperture, and about half or three quarters of a pound of sulphuric acid poured into the stone bottle, and from a quart to three pints of lukewarm water added thereto. Then finely-pounded marble dust or other carbonate of lime was dropped into the acid solution in the jar, about a table spoonful, taking care to close the aperture instantly; and immediately that the marble dust or other carbonate came into contact with the acid solution, carbonic acid gas was rapidly given off and ascended through the brass tube and flexible pipe into the bladder, whence it was taken up or absorbed by the hand of the patient. The lady was operated upon, as nearly as I can recollect, about ten or twelve times. The first application seemed to lull the pain, and after four or five times she was relieved from it altogether, and the sores began to present a healing appearance. The application of the gas being daily persevered in, the sores rapidly healed, and before the gas was disused, the patient could use both hands freely. A daughter of this lady was afterwards attacked with the same disease, but by having timely recourse to the same means of relief, was happily preserved from suffering much. The most convenient way of supplying the marble dust to the acid is to put it in thin paper cases, about the size and shape of cartridges. When the first supply of dust appears to have given off all its gas, add another cartridge, and keep adding from time to time until the strength of the acid is exhausted. Before putting the hand into the bladder, it is advisable to wash or moisten it in warm water, in order to open the pores of the skin. The external use of this gas, in the manner above explained, tends to lull the patient if restless, and repeated applications never fail to cure the worst and most obstinate ulcers. A gentleman who has paid considerable attention to the subject, and has effected many cures of various diseases, always gives his patients a good dose of the new milk of sulphur previous to operating upon them; but I do not know that this is always necessary, although in many cases it may be desirable. I am not in the medical profession, but the above cases, and many others, having come under my own observation, I can vouch for their accuracy, and shall be happy to communicate any further information on the subject. I enclose my card, and any assistance I can give to relieve any sufferer shall, if in my power, be most willingly afforded.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

W. E. N.

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PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

The only record that has been found connected with Chaucer's execution of the office of Comptroller of the Customs is dated on the 12th of July, 1376, when the King granted him 71*l.* 4s. 6d., being the price of some forfeited wool, because one John Kent, of London, had conveyed the said wool to Dordrecht without having paid the duty, which sum had been obtained as a fine from that person. In May, 1376, he received his own and his wife's pension at the Exchequer; and after Michaelmas an advance of fifty shillings was made to him on account of the current half-year's allowance. On the 18th of October, 1376, and 12th of June, 1377, he received his annuity from the Duke of Lancaster. Soon after he was twice paid 40s. by the Keeper of the King's Wardrobe, for his half yearly robes, as one of the King's esquires; and he received 7*l.* 2s. 6½d. for his daily allowance of a pitcher of wine from the 27th of October, 1376, to the 21st of June, 1377.

On the 12th of July, 1389, he was appointed to the valuable office of Clerk to the King's Works at the Palace of Westminster, Tower of London, Castle of Berkhemstead, the King's Manors of Kennington, Eltham, Clarendon, Sheen, Byfleet, Childern Langley and Feckenham; also at the Royal Lodge of Hatherbergh in the New Forest, at the Lodges in the Parks of Clarendon, Childern Langley and Feckenham, and at the Mews for the King's falcons at Charing cross. His duties, which he was permitted to execute by deputy, are fully described in the patent: his salary was two shillings per diem, and there were probably other sources of profit.

Chaucer's latter state was not uncheered or unsupported. Henry IV doubled his pension within four days after he came to the throne. He closed his life near Westminster Abbey, having taken a lease of a tenement, situated in the garden of the chapel of the Blessed Mary, at the annual rent of 2*l.* 13s. 4d.

The last notices of Chaucer are that, on Saturday, the 21st of February, 1400, he received the pension of 20*l.* granted by the late King, and which Henry IV had confirmed; and that on Saturday, the 5th of June following, 5*l.*, being part of 8*l.* 13s. 5d. due on the 1st of March, of the pension granted by Henry IV, was received for him by Henry Somer, who was then Clerk of the Receipt of the Exchequer, afterwards Under Treasurer, and in 1408 a Baron, and subsequently Chancellor of that court, to whom Occleve addressed two ballads, and who was probably a relation of the 'Frere John Somere' whose Kalendar is mentioned in Chaucer's 'Treatise on the Astrolabe.' Chaucer is said to have died on the 25th of October, 1400, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The precise date of his decease stands on no better authority than the inscription on the tomb erected near his grave, by Nicholas Brigham, a poet and a man of literary attainments, in the year 1556, who, from veneration for Chaucer, caused his child Rachel to be buried near the spot in June 1551. It appears that a tomb had been before placed over his remains; and the above date of his decease may have been copied from it. —*Life of Chaucer.*

APPALLING THEMES FOR ELOQUENCE.

We have had a plentiful display of oratory poured in upon us during the last three weeks from the sister kingdom. Some eloquent speeches, and many long ones, have been made. Brilliantly startling passages meet the eye; but, fortunately, the speakers had not such striking themes to deal with as former orators have known. Those who, in this respect, have been most happy (if the word may be used without levity) in modern times, are the advocates whose powers were called forth by the horrors of the French revolution. Tronçon du Coudray revelled in these before the Tribunal of Nantes. His address was marked by violence, wildness, and agony. Fiction could not surpass the appalling crimes which he had to describe, and that, it is said, "in the midst of the perpetrators with poniards in their hands." Let this be borne in mind, and then let the reader imagine the thrilling effect that must have been produced by language like the following:—

"In one commune," he says, "orders are given for a grave—an abyss to receive twelve thousand bodies. In another, a minister of death says, 'There are here twenty thousand souls; we want but three or four thousand, let them be reduced to that;' and he looks on and enjoys the horrid process—and he condemns to the same fate those who will not enjoy this abominable pleasure. Ah! surely there are those who, like the tiger, are born with the thirst of blood—who smile, with horrid instinct, at the sight of man, as their natural prey. Shall I relate their atrocities? No, citizen jurors, only a few traits; those death-ships—the imagining of which hitherto belonged only to the most odious tyrant in the annals of mankind. Thousands of men, women, and children are huddled, in succession, on board. I hear the axe which opens the false—the fatal bottom! Wretches grasp the planks with their hands, and their hands are chopped with the sabre to loosen their hold, or they are plunged

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through the treacherous openings into the waves! I will not speak of those atrocities, still more revolting, called republican marriages, because they are not formally proved in evidence; but of which the infamous denomination alone proves the most infamous barbarity. I pass to the place of execution. I see a child—a child of thirteen; he says to the executioner these heart-rending words, 'Will you hurt me much?' He is fastened to the board. the proportions of which tell the barbarians that justice never meant it for a child. His body scarcely reaches the line of the axe—it falls!—I spare you the rest."

THE AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKSPERE.

The six existing signatures of Shakspere and the old controversy as to the orthography of his name has been recommenced with great vivacity. Some months since the purchase of one specimen of the poet's handwriting, for the City Library, was noticed in these pages. That we may mention as No. 1. It is from the deed of sale. In No. 1, and throughout the six signatures, *William* is written clearly. We have, in No. 1, *Shaksper*, or *Shakspea*, the strip of parchment on which the signature occurs being unfortunately too narrow for the full insertion of the name. In No. 2 we have apparently *Shakspea* or *Shaksper:* no jury of twelve would agree as to which it is. In No. 3 (the Florio) we have unquestionably *Shakspere*, but the genuineness of this signature may admit of more than one doubt. In the will we have almost anything, the *espeare*, *speare*, or *spere*, being a realization of one of Ben Jonson's comic characters—an out and out—"in and in medley."

The importance of this inquiry we cannot appreciate. Three centuries ago it was common for persons of education to spell the same word in several different ways. Probably doing so was considered to throw a graceful variety into the matter written, as varying the expressions, which image one idea is held to do now. Could Shakspere be called from his grave to settle this question, his explanation would be that he wrote his name in all the ways above described, according to the humour of the moment, bound by no particular obligation, and having no especial preference for one over the others.

A CIVIL BROTHERLY EPISTLE

FROM THE LATE STATUE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH AT KING'S CROSS, TO THE NELSON FIGURE AT CHARING CROSS.

Composed of mortar and of brick,
Few shillings were upon me spent;
Yet people soon wished to old Nick,
Of Battle bridge the ornament.

For several years I braved the storm
Of reckless waggery and mirth;
When, as a signal for reform,
They laid me prostrate in the earth!

And on the spot I occupied,
You now behold a penny show;
While those who this way walk or ride,
Get penny stoups of ale below.

I thought when I, to my surprise,
Was bundled in a hurry down,
That something splendid was to rise
In every other part of town.

But, when I see thee, funny lump!
Stuck up to startle Charing cross,
I must to the conclusion jump,
That all the world deplore my loss!

And cordially I will admit—
Indeed 'twere folly to dispute—
You are in all respects most fit
To be my shapeless substitute.

To hail thy sculptor, never Fame,
Of trumpet-puffing shall be weary;
And Baily's name shall on her roll
Share immortality with Geary!

G. IV.

Miscellaneous.

An Irish Witness.—A tourist in Ireland, in 1825, describing two outside passengers who had travelled in public conveyance, and at breakfast sat apart from the rest—One of them was a robust, decent-looking man, but the appearance of his companion, and a strange sort of impression which his presence occasioned, arrested attention. He was about thirty, had a long, sunken, sallow visage, with vulgar features, coarse, bushy, neglected black hair, shaggy overhanging brows, and a dark, ferocious eye. But though his aspect was vulgar, his dress was not so. It consisted of a new blue coat and trousers, a showy waistcoat, Wellington boots, and a gaudy silk neckcloth. Little or no conversation passed between him and his companion, who never separated from him, and took care that the best fare the inn afforded should be placed before him. He, however, seemed untouched by the attentions bestowed, rejecting them gruffly, or accepting them with a hardened, thankless air. The meal concluded, his companion, after paying the bill for both, motioned to him, with a certain air of command, to rise and follow him. He obeyed, and retired in the same sullen, apathetic manner that had marked the rest of his demeanour. My first conjecture was that this must be some unfortunate person of imperfect understanding, who was travelling under the care of a keeper. Upon resuming my place in the coach I inquired who he was from one of my fellow-passengers (a barrister), and was undeceived. He was an

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informer, or more technically speaking, an approver, one of a party who a year before had perpetrated the murder of an entire family in the south. He had lately been taken, had turned king's evidence, made confessions which led to the apprehension of his accomplices, and was now proceeding, under charge of a policeman, to be a witness for the crown upon their trial. I observed that I still could not comprehend why such a miscreant should appear in so respectable a dress, and be treated in other respects with a degree of indulgence to which another in his condition of life (for he was of the lowest class) though unstained by any crime, could have no pretension. The barrister made answer, "This is often indispensable for the purposes of justice, for it is difficult to imagine how unmanageable these ruffians sometimes are. They know the importance of the testimony they have to give, and which they alone can give, and in consequence become capricious and exacting in the extreme. Though in the hands of government, and with the evidence of their own admissions to convict them, they take a perverted pleasure in exercising a kind of petty tyranny over the civil authorities. They insist on having clothes, food, lodging, modes of conveyance according to their particular whims; and, if their impertinent demands be resisted, threaten to withhold their evidence and submit to be hanged. One starts at the singularity of a man's saying, 'Let me have a smart new blue coat with double-gilt buttons, or a halter,—a pair of Wellington boots, or the hangman,' but our desperate villains do these things, and the person in question I can perceive is one of them."

Transmigration of Souls.—The migration of souls was regarded by the Hindoos as a state of unrest and unhappiness, since the soul was held by it constantly subject to the power of death, and exposed to the toil of unceasing transmutations. With this there naturally connected itself a moral interpretation of life. This people seem to have been sensitively impressed with the sinfulness of man, of the guilt with which he is burdened; and, on this account, singularly possessed by a deep and solemn dread of the penalty which awaits him at the eternal retribution. To this source must be referred the prayers so constantly recurring in all the ceremonies of Indian worship for pardon and preservation from sin. Hence, too, the opinion of the meritoriousness of expiations, and the extreme rigour of their penances. How, then, could there be any charm in a life which was looked upon as an expiation for infinite transgressions of an extremely minute ceremonial law? On this account we find, from the oldest times and in the oldest Hindoo works, a continual longing to be emancipated from this migration of the soul, and the desire of happiness conceived as perfect rest.—*Ritter's History of Ancient Philosophy.*

Doings of the Kafirs.—In 'Sam Sly's African Journal,' published at Cape Town, a series of outrages by the Kafirs appear. Their character is somewhat peculiar, witness the following sample:—

"Cuylerville, Oct. 22, 1843.

"To the Editor: Sir,—I beg to state to you that on Wednesday evening, the 11th instant, about sunset, two Kafirs stole from my herd eighteen head of cattle, while my daughter, about fifteen years of age, was herding them within sight of my house. They seized her by the arm and dragged her into the bush, where they stripped her naked, and would have murdered her, but she promised them if they would let her go she would bring them more cattle. She spoke this in their own language. They then asked her who would bring the cattle; she replied "I will." One of the Kafirs returned her stays, and made her explain the use of them. All this time one of them stood over her with an assagai ready to plunge it into her if she attempted to move. After consulting together, they let her depart, taking her clothes with them.

"I am, &c.

"Francis Whittle."

Honours anciently Rendered to the Dead.—Homer gives us details of the solemn games instituted in honour of the departed warriors of Greece. With comparatively humble individuals the forms observed were not a little striking. In such cases the dead body was decked with chaplets of flowers and green boughs, and sprinkled with ointments and perfumes. It was carried to the grave surrounded with torches even in the daytime, and attended by mourners beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and heaping dust upon their heads. The corpse of a young man, dying in the flower of his age, could only be buried in the morning twilight; for it was thought a kind of impiety to reveal so strange and dreadful an event in the light of day. The mourners walked slowly, declining their heads upon their hands, and repeating sorrowful exclamations with tears. Lamps were kept burning in the subterranean vaults of the dead, or herbs and flowers strewed upon their grave. If the body was burnt, ointments and perfumes were showered upon the pile, libations poured forth by the surrounding friends, and the remains of the funeral fire extinguished with wine.

Forewarned. — On the night before Massena's attack on Lord Wellington's position on the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, ignorant of the enemy's proximity,

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and fatigued with their day's march, had lain down on the summit of the ridge to take a little rest; and both men and officers were soon fast asleep. Amongst them was the gallant officer who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not, however, slept long, before he started up, apparently in great alarm; and calling a young officer of the same regiment, who lay close by him, he said, "D., I have just had a most extraordinary dream; such as I had once before, on the night before an unexpected battle. Depend upon it, we shall be attacked very soon.' The young man immediately went forward; and, after looking between him and the horizon, and listening attentively to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze, he returned, and reported that all was still. The colonel was satisfied, and they again lay down. In less than half an hour, however, the colonel again started up, exclaiming in strong language, that, ere an hour elapsed, they should surely be attacked! On seeing the colonel and his young friend throw aside their cloaks, and move off, several of the officers by them took the alarm. And it was high time; for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. Some of them had then reached the summit, and deployed into line, before the British were ready to attack them. They were immediately charged, broken, and driven down the declivity with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, afterwards a general, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st of March, before the British position was attacked by the French, under cover of the darkness.

Mesmerism in the Fifteenth Century.—In the year 1599, a girl named Martha Brossier, of Romorantin, in Berry, was reputed to be possessed, and excited a considerable sensation in Paris. At the suggestion of the right reverend the Bishop of Paris, the king ordered a committee, composed of the most eminent physicians, to examine and report on her case. The physicians appointed were Marescot, Ellain, Haulin, Riolan, and Duet; and their report states that this young person was thrown into a state precisely analogous to that of Mesmeric coma, which was tested "by the deepe prickings of long pinnes, which were thrust into divers parts of her hands and of her necke, and afterwards plucked out againe without any show that ever she made of feeling the same, either in the putting in of them, or the taking out of them, a griefe which, without majicke and without speach, could not, in our opinion, be indured without any countenance or show thereof, neither by the constancie of the most courageous, nor by the stoutness of the most wicked, nor by the stronge conceit of the most criminall malefactors." The Bishop of Paris, and the Abbot of Geneufue, are then referred to as attesting that she exhibited a preternatural knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. This report, signed by the above eminent physicians, is very analogous to that recently published by the medical section of the French Academy.—*Polytechnic Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Catholic Emancipation.—When the Duke of Wellington proposed to the House of Lords the measure of Catholic Emancipation, in conclusion he spoke to the following effect:—"If, my Lords, when this bill is carried into effect, it shall fail to produce those benefits which his Majesty's government anticipate from it—if it shall fail to allay those dissensions which have so long convulsed Ireland—if its effects, instead of being of a healing, shall prove of an injurious nature, leading to fresh agitations—in that case I shall not hesitate, my Lords, in coming down to this House with another bill, to alter, or modify, or repeal the present one, as the case may require."

The Ancient Greeks.—The late Mr Frend had a peculiar respect for the Chinese, and was impressed with the opinion (not by any means peculiar to himself) that their government and social state is a model. For the ancient Greeks and their writings he had an open contempt; they were children who had learned of the Jews, and spoiled their masters' doctrines: the good was due to their teachers, the bad was their own.

The Horrors of After Dinner.—There is no scene more striking to a contemplative mind, than is presented by a dining-room after the guests have retired. The quiet which reigns is horrid;—the earthy silence of the grave is not, in idea, more appalling. The chairs in disorder—the fire dying out—the table besmeared and bespattered—the bottles empty—all the vociferous joy departed.—*Fraser.*

The City Gates.—Ludgate, Aldgate, and Cripplegate, were pulled down in the autumn of 1760. The materials were sold to Blagden, a carpenter in Coleman street. Those of Ludgate fetched 148*l.*; Aldgate, 157*l.* 10s.; and Cripplegate, 91*l.* On Ludgate stood the statue of King Lud and his two sons, and also of Queen Elizabeth.

The Wearer only knows where the Shoe Pinches.—A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked, "Is not your wife a sensible woman?

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—Is she not a handsome woman?—Has she not borne you five children?" In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, and interrogating them in his turn, "Is not this shoe," said he, "a very handsome one?—Is it not quite new?—Is it not extremely well made? How then is it that none of you can tell me where it pinches?"

Duck-breeding among the Celestials.—In China the rearing of ducks is an object of great moment. The major part of them are hatched by artificial heat; the eggs, being laid in boxes of sand, are placed on a brick hearth, to which is given a proper heat during the time required for hatching. The ducklings are fed with crawfish and crabs, boiled and cut small, and afterwards mixed with boiled rice; and in about a fortnight they are able to shift for themselves. An old step-mother then leads them where they are to find provender, being first put on board a sampane, or boat, which is destined for their habitation, and from which the whole flock, often, it is said, to the amount of three or four hundred, go out to feed, and return at command.

Tales of the Dormitory. — "Wiffen, the translator of Tasso," says William Howitt, "and I used to sleep in a large chamber, with sixty other boys; and as we went to bed at eight o'clock, we used to entertain the lads with relating such stories as came into our heads without any forethought or preparation. Night after night it continued, and became as exciting and absorbing as one of the tales of the Arabs round their evening fires in the desert. Every night, so soon as all were in bed, there was an eager cry of 'Well, now then, go on with the hatch-up!'"

The Most Unhappy Man.—In a conversation held before Charles IX, by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion," said Tasso, "it is that of an impatient old man, depressed with poverty. For," added he, "the state of that person is doubtless deplorable who has neither the gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the principles of philosophy to support him under affliction."

What is Genius? — "Genius," says Buffon, "is Patience;" or (as another French writer has explained his thought) —"La Patience cherche, et le Génie trouve;" and there is little doubt that to the co-operation of these two powers, all the brightest inventions of this world are owing;—that Patience must first explore the depths where the pearl lies hid, before Genius boldly dives and brings it up full into light.—*Moore.*

Musulmans and Christians.—Early in the 13th century, even when the recent outrages of the crusaders had roused a bitter spirit of vengeance in the minds of the eastern Mohammedans against Christians in general, a good understanding existed between different classes of both, in many respects. Leibnitz has abridged a treaty made by the Florentines and the Soudan of Egypt, stipulating for a free admission of our merchants into that country,—for their safe residence, and for liberty to depart at their pleasure. They were also to be allowed to build a church, and to have a consul and magistrates. At the same time the Mohammedans had consuls in the south of Europe, with liberty to be governed by their own laws in matters arising among themselves when trading there.

Involuntary Homage.—The philosopher's wife complained to the philosopher that certain two-legged animals without feathers spake evil of him, spitefully criticised his goings out and comings in; wherein she too failed not of her share: "Light of my life," answered the philosopher, "it is their love of us, unknown to themselves, and taking a foolish shape; thank them for it, and do thou love them more wisely. Were we mere steam-engines working here under this rooftree, they would scorn to speak of us once in a twelvemonth."—*Teufelsdreck.*

A Physical Hell disputed and affirmed.—Origen wrote against the literal interpretation of the physical descriptions in Scripture; his allegorical explanations of heaven and hell were assailed by St Jerome, who set the example of dwelling on the material torments of hell with a minuteness and precision which even Egidius de Columna, in his 'Treatise on the Geography of the Infernal Regions,' has scarcely equalled. A physical hell and a physical purgatory became so strongly established as articles of faith, that it was deemed impiety to doubt of their having a real and local existence.

The Bewitched.—To be bewitched seems to have been regarded as a disease. There appears in the register of burials of St Olave's, Hart street, the residence, during the reigns of Elizabeth and some of her successors, of several noble and distinguished families. "1579. 16 MAYE.—*Was buried Agnes Peirsonn, Sv'ant, to Mr Paule Banninge, aged* 30 *years;* BEWITCHED." It was imperative on the parish officers, at that time, to note down the complaint of which the party had died.

Character of King William III.—Few monarchs were more highly rated than was King William in his time. We are told that "at the age of eighteen the prince's good sense, knowledge of affairs, and seasonable concealment of his thoughts, attracted the attention of Gourville. St Evremond, though himself distinguished chiefly by vivacity and accomplishments,

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saw the superiority of William's powers through his silence and coldness. After long intimacy, Sir William Temple describes his great endowments and excellent qualities, his (then almost singular) combination of 'charity and religious zeal,' 'his desire (rare in every age) to grow great rather by the service than the servitude of his country.'"

Harmony in Ireland.—When George the Fourth, in 1821, determined on visiting Ireland, it was boldly predicted that his coming would put an end to all political differences. Lord Bloomfield, then Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, arrived in Dublin before his master, and intimated the Royal anxieties that all differences should be laid aside. It was agreed that a public dinner should be held at Morrison's tavern, where the leaders of both factions should pledge each other in libations of everlasting amity. This took place; and from the vehement protestations on both sides, it was believed by many that a lasting reconciliation had been effected. Master Ellis and Mr O'Connell almost embraced each other.

St Marylebone Bank for Savings.—The fourteenth annual general meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, the eighth of this month. It appeared from the several reports read to the meeting, that no less than 2,435 new deposits have been made in the last year. 14,130 deposit accounts remained open on the 20th of November last, of which 8,819 held balances averaging less than 4*l.* 8s. 10d. each. Upwards of 319,496*l.* was then invested with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; this amount has since risen to 329,096*l.* 3s. 10d., and is rapidly on the advance. The evidence thus afforded of the growing disposition of the working classes to provide against the casualties of life, will prove a source of gratification to all reflecting minds.

The Hogging of Ships.—The weight which a body has when it is immersed in water is always the weight of as much of that water as is equal in bulk to itself; that is, a vessel displaces a volume of water equal to its own immersed bulk; consequently, the stern-quarters, rudder, &c., not receiving any support from the fluid, naturally fall, and cause what is nautically termed "a broken back." This is believed to have caused the catastrophe of the 'President.'

A Useful Dream.—"Dreams," says Le Sage, "are liars that sometimes tell the truth." The 'Plymouth Times' gives the following curious tale:—"On Friday week, the wife of a farmer named Croker, of Gabwell, dreamt three several times that a villager of Maidencombe, called Eales, was coming to murder her. She was much frightened, and desired her husband to go to Eales's house, which is not far off, and see if he was home: this was about twelve or one o'clock in the night. Croker got up, and proceeding towards Eales's house overtook him and two of his sons laden with a quantity of hay and straw, which they had stolen from his (Croker's) yard, and he had lost some several times before, but had been unable to detect the thief. He procured the constable, and had them taken before the magistrates, by whom they were committed to Exeter gaol."

Prize Essay.—A twelvemonth or more since the proprietors of the 'Atlas' newspaper proposed prizes for the best essays on the remedies for our present presumed national distress. These prizes have been awarded—to Mr Samuel Laing, late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, the first premium of 100*l.*; to the writer of the essay bearing the initials B. C. E., the second premium of 50*l.*; and to Mr Edward Baines, editor of the 'Leeds Mercury,' and author of the 'History of the Cotton Manufacture,' &c., the third premium of 25*l.*

Falls of Niagara.—In a work published by the French missionary, Father Hennipen, in which a view is given of the Falls as they appeared in 1678, Goat Island is represented dividing the waters as at present; but besides the two existing cascades, a third is depicted on the Canada side, crossing the Horse-shoe Fall at right angles, and appears to have been produced by a projection of the Table Rock. In the description Father Hennipen states, that this smaller cascade fell from west to east, and not like the other two, from south to north. Seventy-three years afterwards, in 1751, a letter on the Falls, by Kalm, the Swedish botanist, was published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' It is illustrated by a plate, in which the third Fall is omitted; but the writer states in a note, that at that point the water was formerly forced out of its direct course by a projecting rock, and turned obliquely across the other Fall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to W. E. N. for his courteous offer, of which, if necessary, we shall avail ourselves.

The "Soldier's Funeral" must be declined.

If an Old Correspondent would look over his poem received this week again, we think he would materially improve it, especially in the third and fifth stanzas. Without a pun, we deem "Watery Bier" objectionable.

O.—To make Oil of Amber.—Put amber into an alembic—distil in a sand-bath, and gradually increase the heat. Distil the product over twice more.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 8.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1844. [Vol. I. 1844.

Original Communications.

STATUE OF JAMES THE SECOND, DESTROYED AT THE REVOLUTION.

Our readers are this week presented with a representation of a statue made in honour of that strange compound of good and evil, that hero, recreant, cold-blooded tyrant, and enthusiastic devotee, James the Second. It was cast as a sort of companion to the well-known equestrian figure of his father, and was erected, or intended to be erected, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to which town, it appears, he was graciously pleased to grant a new charter, which, however, was rendered void by a subsequent proclamation. It was probably in consequence of some intimation of his royal favour that

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the subject of our cut was fashioned, with a view to its speedy erection after the expected grant of the charter. The caprice of James and the course of events changed its destination in a very remarkable manner, and that which was intended to be an enduring mark of respectful gratitude was speedily converted into the means of *sounding* his disgrace. The following curious narrative of what took place, with the cut, we copy from Richardson's 'Local Historian's Table-Book,' an interesting and laborious work, of which a more detailed notice will shortly appear.

"A little before the revolution there was erected before the Exchange, in the midst of the Sandhill, Newcastle, a most beautiful equestrian statue of King James II, cast in copper, of the size of the famous equestrian statue of Charles I, at Charing cross, London. The horse stood raised upon its hind feet. The king was clothed in a coat of mail, booted and gauntleted; by his side hung a Roman flaming sword; his right hand held the truncheon, his left the bridle; down his breast hung the George by the collar of his coronation; on his head a wig, and round his temples a wreath of laurel. The statue was raised upon a pedestal of white Italian marble, fourteen feet from the base, which was of black marble polished. On the dexter side of the pedestal was curiously carved, in basso relievo, all the trophies of war surrounding the king's name, &c. On the sinister side was carved the town's arms, the names of the mayor, recorder, and sheriff. On the ends was the representation of a sea-fight, and the whole surrounded with iron palisadoes. It was the work of Mr William Larson, was approved of by Sir Christopher Wren, and cost the town 800*l.* sterling. In November, 1688, when the town received the Lord Lumley, and declared for the Prince of Orange and a free parliament, this statue was demolished by the mob, who dragged the statue and its horse upon the quay, and turned them over into the river. The statue was afterwards cast into a set of bells, as appears by the following extract from the common-council books:—'April 1, 1695, All Saints' parish humbly requests the metal of the statue (of James II, on Sandhill), towards the repair of their bells.' St Andrew's parish made a similar request. 'Ordered, that All Saints' have the metal belonging to the horse of the said statue, except a leg thereof, which must go towards the casting of a new bell for St Andrew's parish. A print of this statue was published, price 5*s.*, at Newcastle, by Joseph Barber, music and copper-plate printer. Mr Barber's proposals for this print were circulated in June, 1742, and its being ready for delivery was announced by advertisement, February 19, 1743.

Inscription upon the Pedestal.

JAMES the II,
By the Grace of God,
of Great Britain,
France, and Ireland,
King, Defender of the Faith,
Sir William Creagh, Knight,
Mayor,
Samuel Gill, Esq.,
Sheriff,
1685.

"The preceding account is chiefly gleaned from Bourne and Brand, the Newcastle historians. There are strong grounds, however, for supposing that the statue had never been put up. The only entries in the books of the corporation of Newcastle of disbursements made on this head, amounting to little more than 770*l.*, are on account of the statue alone; no payment whatever occurs for either the marble pedestal on which it was represented to have stood, or the iron palisadoes, or for the charges which would necessarily be incurred in its erection. From these circumstances, and the distracted state of the country at the period, it is not improbable that it may have remained on the quay, where it had been landed only a short time previous to the disturbances in November, 1688, when its contiguity to the river would readily suggest to the mob the idea of overturning it into the water. The date, 1685, in the inscription, is clearly an error, as Sir William Creagh was not appointed mayor of the town until January 3, 1687-8."

JOHN PERROTT, THE BANKRUPT OF FOUR SCORE YEARS AGO.

BANKRUPTS and insolvents have latterly occupied so much of public attention, that it may be useful to look back at the course which was taken with one eminent bankrupt of the last century.

At the close of George the Second's reign a laceman, named John Perrott, carried on trade in Blow-bladder street, in the City of London. His attention to business and exemplary punctuality gained him a high reputation. Fortune appeared to crown his labours with deserved success. He emerged from the street which has been named, and established himself on Ludgate hill. From the great progress he had already made, every one was prepared to see him go on prosperously in the same career, realize a fortune, and attain the highest civic honours.

He had commenced business in 1747; he established himself in Blow-bladder street in 1749, and removed, as already stated, to Ludgate hill in 1752. Up to 1759 his returns were large, and his name unblemished. He, however, about the period last mentioned, began to take up goods on a great scale, and contracted for various

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articles to the amount of 30,000*l.*, and actually got property into his possession that cost 25,000*l.* He then employed one Henry Thompson, who had before acted as his agent, to sell off the goods for ready money. Thompson had a small house in Monkwell street, to which the goods were sent in the evening, and some of the principal traders were invited to inspect them, it being represented that they had been consigned to him by the manufacturers. This practice has been continued by certain parties we could name down to a very recent date, and it may be regarded in particular quarters as one of the causes of late hours. They were of course sold great bargains, frequently 15 or 20 per cent. under cost price.

Having in this manner realized a large sum, the next step was to call his creditors together. They were accordingly invited to meet at the Half-moon tavern in Cheapside, Jan. 17th, 1760. There his conduct was so plausible that it made a very favourable impression on them. It was, however, thought advisable that a commission of bankruptcy should issue. He approved of the step: the commission issued on the 19th of that month, and he surrendered accordingly.

He appeared before the commissioners on the 4th of February, but declared that he was not prepared to render his accounts. Further time was granted, and two of his creditors having discovered a great deficiency, he was summoned before the commissioners again on the 26th of that month, and examined more strictly than before, when he admitted that since 1758 he had bought goods to the amount of 20,000*l.*, and sold them for 15 to 20 per cent. under cost price. He had taken a house in Hide street, Bloomsbury square, and furnished it at an expense of 130*l.* for a lady; but he swore he had taken no other lodging, and had paid rent for no other person.

According to custom, his books were found in great confusion. It was discovered that on the third day after the commission issued, a paper parcel had been sent from Perrott to Thompson by his apprentice, sealed with three seals, which he desired him to take particular care of. The day after his first examination it had been claimed again, and Thompson declared that he never knew its contents. When called before the commissioners, on the 4th of March, Perrott caused them to be served with the Lord Keeper's order, which he had obtained without the knowledge of his creditors, enlarging the time for rendering his accounts by 46 days. It was then found out that about a fortnight after the commission issued, two large boxes had been sent by him to one Donelly, a peruke maker, in Bell yard, Temple bar, and from his care they were removed to the last house in a court out of Queen square, Holborn, kept by a Mrs Ferne. That person, on the 28th of March, was examined, and she declared upon oath that she had known the bankrupt about a year, but swore he had deposited no property with her excepting wearing apparel, and that the paper parcel sealed with three seals had contained nothing but love letters, which had been destroyed.

In this situation of things it occurred to Perrott to do what many thieves of his class have since done. He pretended that one of his creditors, a friend whom he had most basely deceived, had sought and taken usurious interest. To the kindness and confidence of a Mr Whitton he owed his introduction to trade, his constant support; and this, as is the custom of these black-hearted swindlers, was made the pretext for calumniating, in order to heap greater ruin on a man whose only fault was, that he had unwisely placed confidence in a scoundrel.

At length, on the 19th of April, he rendered his accounts on oath, when there appeared a deficiency of 13,513*l.* This he attempted to explain by mentioning certain losses which he said he had incurred, and he added, "he was sorry to say he had been very extravagant and spent large sums of money." His answers were so unsatisfactory that he was immediately committed to Newgate.

Then it was that he showed his habits were as elegant, and his tastes as refined, as those of a genteel bankrupt or insolvent ought to be. Mrs Ferne constantly visited him in Newgate. She went to the prison in a chariot, or post-chaise, attended by a servant in livery, or a female attendant, or both. Within the walls Mr Perrott and Madam feasted as he thought became persons of their quality, and green peas at 5s. per quart were obtained for the worthy pair, with of course champagne and other delicacies which people of a certain description are fond of taking at the expense of others.

After being in prison six weeks, Perrott undertook to give a more satisfactory account of his estate. Among the items were the following:—

	£.
Clothes, hats, wigs, shoes, and other wearing-apparel, during my stay there (at Ludgate hill) . .	720
Horses and keeping them, saddles and bridles, and farrier's bill during my residence on Ludgate hill and Blow-bladder street .	575
Tavern expenses, coffee-house expenses, and places of diversion during the above term . .	920
Expenses attending the connexion I had with the fair sex . .	5,500

With the aid of these items he pretended to make up the deficiency, but the

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commissioners, who were not such gabbling, goose-headed gentlemen as have since appeared among their successors, would not allow reckless extravagance, if proved, to excuse villainous fraud, and back to Newgate Mr Perrott was sent. Further inquiries showed that he had given money to Mrs Ferne, and that the mysterious parcel, sealed with three seals, had contained bank notes.

Perrott, under these circumstances, petitioned the Lord Keeper, impudently complaining of the illegality of his detention. Effrontery, however, failed, as suavity had previously done, and his petition was dismissed.

Several other equally audacious attempts he made to get released, and among others brought an action against the commissioners for false imprisonment. Those who violate all law to despoil others, invariably act as if all laws were designed to protect them.

The various stories which he told of the manner in which he had got rid of the property were not believed, even when they could not be disproved. One morning Mr Hewitt, who was one of Perrott's assignees, saw a woman leaning on the terrace of Lincoln's-inn garden, with an air so disconsolate and forlorn that he could not refrain from inquiring the cause of her distress. She said she had been a servant to one Mrs Ferne, who had turned her away. This person, whose name was Mary Harris, thus singularly encountered, subsequently gave important evidence. She had seen bank notes to the amount of 4,000*l.* in the hands of her late employer, and had often heard Perrot and her mistress say how they would live when he got his discharge. Once, in particular, Mrs Ferne told the bankrupt that the house of Sir John Smith, Bart., in Queen square, was to be sold, upon which Perrott said, "My dear, have you a mind for it?" She said, "Yes, if I can get it for 800*l.* or 900*l.*;" to which he answered, "My life, if you have a mind for it I should like it above all places in the world." In consequence of this she actually made a bidding for the baronet's house. Mrs Ferne's residence was searched by the officers of Sir John Fielding, and the halves of a number of bank notes were found. Eventually it was proved that the money found on Perrott and Ferne was the produce of the bankrupt's estate, and he was convicted and received sentence of death.

When he was told the death-warrant was come down he manifested little emotion, but piously exclaimed, "The will of God be done." He was visited, at his own request, on the day before that fixed for his execution, by his assignees, to whom, however, he refused to give satisfactory answers on the state of his affairs.

It was ordered that he should suffer in Smithfield. On the morning of his execution he confessed the justice of his sentence, acknowledged the injury he had done to his benefactor, Mr Whitton, and asked his forgiveness. He was anxious that his body should be buried in the church of the place where he was born. He requested that the time allowed for the last preparations might be lengthened at the chapel, and shortened at the place of execution. In consequence, he was permitted to remain in chapel from eight o'clock till a quarter before ten. The next half hour he spent in taking leave of his fellow prisoners and in having his irons removed, and at a quarter-past ten he appeared, pale and trembling, at the door of the press-yard, and was immediately put into the fatal cart. On finding himself under the gallows he expressed extreme horror and despair, but when the ordinary approached to offer him the consolations of religion in his dying moments, he found him anxiously asking "where his hearse was?" and he was not satisfied till he learned that it was close at hand. After that he joined in prayer, and at eleven o'clock the cart was drawn away, and the wretched culprit passed into "the world unknown."

Little can fairly be said in favour of such a man. He was unquestionably a villain who deserved condign punishment. Still it may be said of him that he "fell on evil times." Had the bankrupt of four score years ago lived now, can any one suppose he would have been hanged in Smithfield? True, he had made away with other people's property to a great extent, but how many villains of late years have done the same, and been allowed to pass very quietly through the Bankruptcy or Insolvent Debtors' Court. Perrott had got hold of 25,000*l.* that did not belong to him, but what was that to the 140,000*l.* said to have been received by Bromley, the highly respectable solicitor? Why, it does not equal the amount of debts from which Mathews, the celebrated comedian, has been relieved. A multitude of other names at the fit season we may have to mention equally entitled to distinction. Could Perrott have postponed his operations till our time, he would perhaps have had two or three hearings, and have been sent about his business. A fool of a commissioner might have been highly entertained with the items of expenditure, and deemed it a fine opportunity to show his gallantry, when it appeared that of the bankrupt's incumbrances 5,500*l.* had been incurred through attachment to the fair sex, by praising his "liberality." When it came out that he had spent within a moderate period 720*l.* on clothes, hats, wigs, &c., and 720*l.*

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for tavern expenses, the applause would probably have been renewed. Had he claimed an allowance to keep a carriage for himself and Mrs Ferne, the sapient commissioner would never have thought of saying, "Why can you not walk as well as those your robberies have compelled to go barefooted?" but have ordered 5*l.* a week to be allowed that he might ride. Mr Perrott, far from having to look out for his hearse, might have blithely dilated on the vast economy of keeping a coach for himself, instead of indulging in the extravagance of an occasional eightpenny ride in a common cab.

The bankrupt of to-day may felicitate himself that the system of eighty years ago is no more. Not then would he have been allowed to exhibit as on a stage, to a mirthful audience, the fascinating vivacity of his manner. Instead of looking on a smiling Commissioner he would have seen the Judge put on a black cap; instead of being permitted to step into a carriage, he would have been ordered to mount a cart, and the Ordinary of Newgate being in close attendance, the bankrupt would not have complained that it was too much to "preachee and floggee too," but he would have found that all he had to look for was *preachee and hangee too.*

Whether future bankrupts will get on so merrily as those who have latterly figured before the public is a question which, at the present moment, it would be difficult to answer. It would appear from the 'Plymouth Times,' that some reform is going on in the Bankruptcy Court, as we find in that journal the following interesting announcement:

"Wakley's Gruel.—The brother of the patriotic M.P. for Finsbury has been appointed official assignee, a place worth 2,000*l.* a year, in the New Bankruptcy Court. The official assignee formerly kept the china shop in Exeter, now occupied by Mr Rossiter."

There is certainly room for improvement.

LITERATURE IN SPAIN—AL-HAKEM.

Ignorance and superstition, in modern times, seem to have fixed their abode in Spain. Yet in no part of Europe can more satisfactory proofs be given than that there, in ancient days, literature was cultivated with extraordinary care, and flourished in an extraordinary degree. There it was that public libraries were first established, and the literary fame of his country was not less dear to the ancient Spaniard, than her military glory

The early princes of Spain, the descendants of Mohammed Abd-ar-Rahmân, ben Moaire ben Hâshim, the intruder, established a powerful empire, which is said to have comprehended part of France and all Spain, prided themselves in the tenth century on being the protectors of letters. One of these, named Al-Hakem, reigned in Cordova about the year 976. Ibn-al-Abar, of Valentia, a writer who lived about the year 1300, in his history of illustrious men, gives the following relative to the career of Al-Hakem:—

"This prince was fond of letters, and during the life of the king, Abd-ar-Rahmân, his father, his time was occupied in assembling in his house the wisest men in Cordova, and in conversing with them upon literature, discussing historical points, and giving premiums to those who most distinguished themselves in poetry, mathematics, or medicine. His knowledge was so vast, that it embraced every subject and every science, and no book fell into his hands, how difficult and abstract soever it might have been, that did not come from them adorned with valuable notes and commentaries. When, after the death of his father, he took the administration of the empire, the serious occupations of government did not prevent him from cultivating science. Several verses of this monarch have been preserved. His favourite passion was that of acquiring rare books of arts and sciences, elegant collections of poetry, and all kinds of works upon geography and history. No trouble or expense was ever spared to bring from the principal towns of Syria, Africa, and Egypt, the works newly published by their learned inhabitants. For this purpose he commissioned, in Egypt, the famous Abou Issaak Mohammed ben Al-Kâsim-al-Rheibanî; in Syria, Abou Omar Mohammed ben Yakoub al-Kindî; and in Bagdad, Mohammed ben Tarhîm; who, besides buying for his account all the books which deserved attention, were ordered to get copied such as could not be otherwise acquired. Ibn Hayân, in his 'History of Spain,' says that this prince was, during the fifteen years of his reign, the decided protector of letters, and the delight of his people and subjects. Among the many illustrious men who flourished in his time, may be pointed out Mohammed ben Yussuf of Guadalajara, who wrote for and dedicated to the king the history of Spain and Africa, the lives of the kings and their wars, and a description in verse of several towns, such as Tahart, Tunis, Segilmes, and Nacor. Mohammed ben Yahya al-Kalfatî of Cordova, who wrote a poem on flowers, several *casidas* (odes) in honour of Al-Hakem, and a history of the Genealogy of the African Tribes; Shabour the Persian, author of several treatises upon mathematics and astronomy, and Ahmed ben Abd-al-Mâlik ben Hâshim, and Ahmed ben Saîd al-Hamdanî, who were both of them occupied in writing the

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history of Spain. Nor was science, under the reign of this far-famed monarch, confined to the palace, or limited to a few men of high rank and important charges under the government; it was also successfully cultivated by women in their retirement. The king had in his palace a young female slave named Lubna, who, besides being skilful in grammar, arithmetic, astronomy, and other sciences, composed very good verses, and wrote with singular beauty and elegance the different characters of the Arabic language, a reason why Al-Hakem employed her as his secretary for his private correspondence. Fatima, daughter of Zacaria al-Khablari, a servant of the royal household, wrote with the greatest perfection, and was continually occupied in copying out books for the king. Ayesha, daughter of Ahmed ben Mohammed ben Kâdîm of Cordova, was reckoned the most learned woman of her age; and, to use the words of Ibn Hayân, 'she was beautiful like a rising moon, fine and slender like a young aloe bending its head to the south breezes; if she ran, she looked like an antelope disappointing the sportsman by her rapid flight; and if occupied in study or meditation, her eyes resembled the soft and melting eyes of the gazelle, looking from the top of a rock upon the burning sands of the desert. She was a well of science, a mountain of discretion, an ocean of learning. All the learned of her time admired her poetical compositions, she wrote different *casidas* in honour of the princes who were her contemporaries, and made a beautiful collection of books upon all sciences. Mariam, daughter of Abou Yakoub al-Faisolî of Telves, taught music and poetry with the greatest success to the young ladies of the principal families of Seville, and many have issued from her school who have made the delight and enchantment of the harems of the princes and people of quality.'

"The library of this prince, called the library of Merwân, because it was situated in the palace of that name in Cordova, contained upwards of 60,000 volumes. It was kept with peculiar care and in the greatest order, the books being placed with distinction of matters and subjects, and all the rooms and book-cases adorned with beautiful and elegant inscriptions relating to the number of books and the sciences of which they treated. The catalogue, which consisted of forty-four volumes in folio, contained the titles of the works, the names of the authors, the place of their abode, the year of their birth, and that of their death. He was also the first who founded a public library, after having acquired, at their weight in gold, the most rare and well-written books upon all subjects. Besides a great number of other colleges and academies, he instituted the famous academy of Cordova, from whence have arisen so many men illustrious by their knowledge and learning."

THE VROUCALACA.

The Vampire, of which so much has been written, is the descendant of the Vroucalaca of Modern Greece. It is astonishing to what a height of absurdity ignorance, aided by superstition, has arrived. Tournefort relates, that in all the Archipelago the people firmly believed that it was only in the Greek church that excommunication preserved the body entire and unputrified. Some ascribed it to the force of the bishop's sentence—others thought that the devil entered into the body of the excommunicate, and reanimated him, so that he became an evil spirit incarnate. There was a prevalent superstition that the dead ate and drank in their graves, that they devoured their own flesh and burial-clothes for want of better food, and that all the viands and wine placed on the bier, and in fact consumed by the priests, were really the nourishment of the dead. From this point an easy transition would lead the excited dupes to believe in the demoniacal and hungry corpse sallying forth from the tomb, and satisfying at once its malignity and its appetite by preying on the flesh and blood of the living. Tournefort was present at the exhumation, impalement, and burning of a Vroucolaca in the island of Mycone, who was reported to have broken the windows and the bones, and drained the bottles and the veins of half the inhabitants of the island. For many days the people were in continual consternation, and numbers left their abodes and the island—masses were said—holy water showered about in torrents—the nine days were passed, and still the Vroucolaca was every night at fresh mischief—the tenth day mass was said in the chapel where the unfortunate corpse lay—but without avail, owing, as the priests afterwards pretended to discover, to the negligence of not extracting the heart before the expulsory mass was said. Had the heart been first extracted and a mass instantly said, before the devil could have returned into possession, the people were convinced his Infernal Majesty's entry would have been barred, and the nuisance put an end to. The corpse was then exhumed, the town butcher took out the heart, and declared that the entrails were still warm. The putrid stench of the corpse obliged them to burn frankincense, which produced an amalgamation of fumes that laid hold of the people's senses, and helped to inflame their imaginations. Vroucolaca! Vroucolaca! echoed through the cloisters and aisles. The corpse was assailed with swords in all directions, till a

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learned Albanian appeared and told the people they were all fools for using Christian swords, since the cross of the hilt had the effect of pinning the demon more firmly in the body, instead of expelling him, and that the only sword for the purpose was the straight Turkish scymetar. The people would not wait for the experiment, but, with one accord, determined on burning the body entire. This was accordingly done on the point of the island of St George; and the people then defied the devil to find a niche in which to quarter himself, and made songs in celebration of their triumph.

Ricaut, in his history of the Greek church, relates, on the authority of a Candiote Caloyer, a history of a young man of the island of Milos, excommunicated for a crime committed in the Morea, and who was interred in a remote and unconsecrated ground. The islanders were terrified every night by the horrid apparitions and disorders attributed to the corpse—which on opening the tomb was found, as usual, fresh and flowing with blood. The priests determined to dismember the corpse, and to boil it in wine—a profanation of the grape which, we suspect, the descendants of the priests of Lyæus would hardly in fact have executed, however they might urge the people to open their cellars for the pious occasion. The young man's relations begged for delay, in order to send to Constantinople for an absolution from the Patriarch. In the interim the corpse was placed in the church, and masses were said night and day for its repose. One day, as the Caloyer Sophronus was reading the service, a sudden crash was heard to issue from the bier, and on opening it the body was found mouldered and decomposed, exactly like a corpse deceased for seven years. The messenger arrived with the absolution, and on inquiry it was found that the Patriarch's signature had been affixed at the precise moment when the dissolution of the corpse produced the report in the coffin!

We can hardly read of such things with gravity, but they are the cause of serious annoyances to the poor relations of the deceased, who are by some accident the subjects of accusation. That will be seen from the above narrative.

In these extravagancies to this hour many believe. No doubt the general credulity enriches the few, which is the cause of the delusion being kept up from generation to generation.

A SCENE IN THE EAST.

In Mr Davis's lately published work, the 'Vizier Ali Khan,' the writer gives a striking picture of the situation in which his father was placed. Ali Khan was a deposed Indian prince, who was permitted to reside at Benares, where he enjoyed a large pension, and was permitted to collect a vast number of retainers, and was well disposed to act the part of Akbar Khan. For a time he escaped suspicion, and when at length it was thought necessary to guard against his treacherous designs, Mr Cherry, the resident, who had been slow to credit anything to his prejudice, was treacherously assassinated, with some of his servants.

Mr Davis was at this period the judge at Benares. He had been active in suggesting the importance of taking steps to secure Ali Khan; and, after murdering Mr Cherry, to the house of Mr Davis the ruffians proceeded. He was at home, and had only time to escape, with his wife and children, to the terraced roof, having no weapon for his protection but a pike or spear.

"The pike," Mr Davis writes, "was one of those used by running footmen in India. It was of iron, plated with silver, in rings to give a firmer grasp, rather more than six feet in length, and had a long triangular blade of more than twenty inches, with sharp edges. Finding, when on the terrace, that the lowness of the parapet wall exposed them all to view, and that they were fired at by the insurgents from below, Mrs Davis was directed, with her two female servants and the children, to sit down near the centre of the terrace, while Mr Davis took his station on one knee at the trap-door of the stair, waiting for the expected attack. The perpendicular height of the stair was considerable, winding round a central stem. It was of a peculiar construction, supported by four wooden posts, open on all sides, and so narrow as to allow only a single armed man to ascend at a time. It opened at once to the terrace, exactly like a hatchway on board ship, having a light cover of painted canvas stretched on a wooden frame. This opening he allowed to remain uncovered, that he might see what approached from below. In a few minutes, hearing an assailant coming up, he prepared to receive him. When full in view, and within reach with his sword drawn, the ruffian stopped, seeing Mr Davis on his guard, and addressed him abusively. The only reply was, 'The troops are coming from camp;' and at the same time a lunge with the pike, which wounded him in the arm. The enemy disappeared, and Mr Davis resumed his former position, when presently he observed the room below filled with Vizier Ali's people, and heard some of them coming up stairs. At the first who appeared he again drove his spear, which the assailant avoided by warily withdrawing his person; but Mr Davis, being by the action fully exposed to

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view from below, was fired at by the assassins. The spear, by striking the wall, gave the assailant on the stairs an opportunity of seizing the blade end with both his hands; but the blade being triangular, with sharp edges, Mr Davis freed it in an instant, by dropping the iron shaft on the edge of the hatchway, and applying his whole weight to the extremity, as to a lever. The force with which it was jerked out of the enemy's gripe cut his hands very severely, as was subsequently observed from their bloody prints being left on the breakfast tablecloth below, where he had staunched them. There was blood likewise on the stairs, and some dropped about the floors of the rooms. Though the present assailant disappeared like his predecessor, the repeated firing from below was discouraging, and Mr Davis now thought it necessary to draw the hatch on, leaving such an opening at the edge as still admitted of his observing what was going on below. He saw them for some time looking inquisitively up, but not altogether liking the reception that there awaited them, one of the number went out to the verandah of the room, to see if they could get at Mr Davis from the outside, while no further attempt was made on the staircase."

In this awful situation did Mr Davis remain for an hour and a half, exposed every moment to some new attempt upon his life. The assailants, however, were eventually baffled. A body of soldiers arrived from General Erskine's camp, and the danger was at an end. Order was promptly restored, and Ali Khan made prisoner, who would seem to have been too leniently treated. He was removed to Fort William, and thence to Vellere, where ultimately his career was closed, not by the hands of the executioner, but by "the visitation of God."

CHEMICAL MANURE.

METHOD OF MASHING—SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.—Calcined bones are to be reduced by grinding to a very fine powder, and placed in an iron pan with an equal weight of water; mix the bone with the water until every portion is wet: while stirring empty at once into the pan sulphuric acid, 60 parts by weight to every 100 parts of bone; the acid should be poured in at once, and not in a thin stream. Stir it for about three minutes, and then throw it out of the pan. With four labourers and two pans you may mix two tons in one day, the larger the heap that is made the more perfect the decomposition; the heap remains intensely hot for a long time. It is necessary to spread the superphosphate out to the air for a few days, that it may become dry. The great mechanical difficulty of reducing unburnt bones to a very fine powder renders the formation of superphosphate of lime from them very difficult, but common bone-dust in a pure state may be decomposed by boiling it in a leaden pan with half its weight of sulphuric acid and twice its weight of water, which may afterwards be dried up with sawdust or clay-ashes. Now it may be asked, In what do the fertilizing qualities of bones consist? There seems still to be some doubt whether the phosphate of lime, or the gelatine, is the fertilizing substance in the bone. The following experiment will show that the animal matter in the bone merely acts by yielding, by slow decomposition, phosphate of lime in a state capable of being assimilated by plants; and to the phosphate of lime being in a similar state in guano, and not to the ammonia contained in it, may be attributed the powerful effects of this valuable manure. To every 100 parts of large bones add 400 parts of water and 100 parts of muriatic acid; let it stand for four or five days, and then drain off the liquid, and add the same quantity of fresh water and acid four times; by this means the whole of the phosphate of lime will be dissolved in the liquid, and the bones will retain their original form; they must be repeatedly washed until the water ceases to taste acid, then dry them in an oven, and rub them to powder. Evaporate the whole of the liquid in which the mineral matter of the bone was dissolved until nothing but a dry paste remains; heat this to redness, rub it to a fine powder, and convert it into superphosphate of lime in the manner already described. Let two equal quantities of ground be sown with turnips, strain the seed and one of these two manures together, and the result will satisfy the most sceptical. Swedes are growing upon the light sands of Norfolk, in which four bushels of superphospate of lime per acre were used, and the crops excellent,—the superphosphate was formed from calcined bones which did not contain one half per cent. of carbon.

AN ALDERMAN'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
When ridicule he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
Meaning thereby, more *phool* than *nave*.

Precocity Fatal.—It is proverbial that children remarkable for precocity of intellect or acquirements die prematurely. Boerhaave knew a boy who was a miracle of erudition, but scarcely attained his fifteenth year. Another learned youth, who passed night and day in study, died in his nineteenth year without any previous illness, merely of premature age.

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Arms. Az. a fesse, wavy ar., charged with a cross pattée, gu., in chief two estoiles, or; and as an honourable augmentator, upon a chief, wavy of the second, a cormorant, sa., beaked and legged of the third, holding in the beak a branch of sea-weed called layer, inverted vert being the arms of Liverpool.

Crest. A sea horse, assurgent, ar., maned, az., supporting a cross pattée, gu.

Supporters. Two hawks, wings elevated and endorsed, ppr., beaked, legged, and belled, or; charged on the breast with a cross pattée, gu.

Motto. "*Palma non sine pulvere.*" "The palm (obtained) not without labour."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LIVERPOOL.

Robert Jenkinson, Esq., of Walcot, in the county of Oxford, had the honour of knighthood conferred on him by James I, in 1618, and, dying in 1645, was succeeded by his eldest son, by Anna Maria, daughter of Sir Robert Lee, of Billeslee in Warwickshire. This son, who was named Robert, was created a Baronet by Charles II, May 18, 1661. He represented the county of Oxford for several years in parliament. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Banks, of Kingston hall, in the county of Dorset, Knight and Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in the reign of Charles I, and had, besides a daughter, an only son Robert, who succeeded to his title and estates on his decease in 1677.

Robert represented the county of Oxford in parliament, and married Sarah, daughter of Thomas Tomlins, Esq., of Bromley, in the county of Middlesex, and sole heir of her brother, Thomas Tomlins, Esq., by whom he had surviving issue three sons—Robert, who succeeded him: Robert Banks, who afterward succeeded as fourth Baronet; and Charles, who was a Colonel in the army, and a Major in the Blues at the battle of Fontenoy. Sir Robert, as already stated, was succeeded by his eldest son, who bore the same name. The latter gentleman sat in parliament for the county of Oxford. He died in 1717, when his title devolved upon his brother, Robert Banks. He also was M.P. for Oxford, and married Catherine, third daughter of Sir Robert Dashwood, Bart. At his death, in 1738, he was succeeded by his eldest son Robert, who, in 1766, was succeeded by his brother Sir Robert Banks, at whose decease, unmarried, July 22, 1789, the Baronetcy came to his cousin, Charles Jenkinson, born May 16, 1727, the son of Charles above mentioned, as third son of the second Baronet.

This gentleman, a person of superior talent, having taken his degree of Master of Arts at Oxford, repaired to London "with some literary reputation," says Burke, "to seek his fortune, and through the first Lord Harcourt obtained an introduction to King George III, as also the favourable notice of the Earl of Bute." In 1761 Mr Jenkinson was returned to parliament for Cockermouth, and promoted to the office of Under Secretary of State. In 1763 he became Secretary to the Treasury, and in 1766 one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and from the following year to 1773 he was a Lord of the Treasury. In 1786 he obtained the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, and on the 21st of August in the same year was elevated to the Peerage by the title of Baron Hawkesbury, of Hawkesbury, in the county of Gloucester, and was from this elevated, May 28, 1796, to the Earldom of Liverpool. His lordship married, first, Amelia, daughter of William Watts, Esq., Governor of Fort William, in Bengal, by whom, who died in 1770, he had an only son Robert Banks, his successor, who was summoned to the House of Lords as Lord Hawkesbury, during the lifetime of his father, November 16, 1808. The Earl having become a widower, married a second wife June 22, 1782, Catherine, daughter of Sir Cecil Bishopp, and relict of Sir Charles Cope, Bart., by whom he had a son and a daughter, Charles Cecil Cope, the present earl, and Charlotte, who was married, in 1807, to James Walter, present Earl of Verulam. His lordship died December, 17, 1808, and was succeeded by his eldest son Robert Banks, K.G., who

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was for a series of years first Lord of the Treasury. He was born June 7, 1770, and married, first, March 25, 1795, Louisa Theodore, third daughter of the Right Honourable and Right Reverend Frederick Augustus, Earl of Bristol, and Bishop of Derry, by whom he had no issue. She died June 12, 1821. His lordship married, in 1822, Mary, daughter of the Rev. W. Chester. A sudden attack of apoplexy compelled the earl to retire from public life in 1827. He died December 4, 1828, and having no issue his honours devolved on his half brother, Charles Cope, above mentioned.

He lived in most eventful times, and acted a very important part. It was while he was high in the councils of the Crown that the great triumphs of the Peninsula were achieved, which paved the way for the overthrow of Bonaparte. Russia, the ally of England, he saw all but crushed by her mighty foe, and the genius or good fortune of Napoleon, when the firmness with which he had uniformly resisted the movements of revolutionary France was rewarded, and he had the happiness to see the tide of victory rolled back to its source; the invaded became the invaders, and the lately retreating Russians pursued the vanquished French, even into the heart of the superb capital of France. If England generally had to exult in this consummation, the Earl of Liverpool had especial reason to rejoice, not only as a minister, but as a man. For twenty years he had been pointed at with derision, for having advised the first coalition formed against the regicides, to march at once to Paris. Subsequent events led politicians to suppose that what he had contemplated was about as easy as a hostile advance to the moon, and "the Earl of Liverpool's march to Paris" became a by-word. He lived to see it accomplished, not merely once, but twice. It, however, gives but a melancholy view of the life of a statesman to know that he who might indulge the proud boast that, during his administration, the arms of England had been crowned with greater victories, with more undying glory, than had been witnessed in the course of the preceding 400 years, remarked to a friend, a short time before his death, who was with him when opening his letters, "You know not what it is to be the first minister of a nation like England for seventeen years, and never to see the post come in without anxiety and apprehension."

The present Earl was born May 29, 1785, and married, July 19, 1810, Julia Evelyn Medley, only daughter and heir of Sir George Augustus William Shuckburgh Evelyn, by whom, who died April 8, 1814, he had issue three daughters, but no son.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

For centuries the strange tale of the 'Seven Sleepers' has commanded attention. Mr W. F. Ainsworth has given it with much curious detail in the last number of 'Ainsworth's Magazine.' He shows that, charged with adhering to the Christian faith, an example was to be made of them. With much Pagan pomp they were entombed alive, in a dark cave, where each in succession fell into a deep unbroken slumber. The narrative adds:—

"Two centuries, all but a few years, had elapsed, when the slaves of Adolius, removing stones from the mountain side without knowing it, let the light of the sun into the cave, and the seven sleepers awoke. After the first feelings of astonishment at the novelty of their situation were over, and prayer and meditation had restored the memory of past events, it is not surprising that after so long a fast the feelings of hunger began to make themselves paramount over all other considerations. After some discussion, pressed by the urgency of the call, it was determined to draw lots as to which of them should descend the mountain, and endeavour to penetrate into the town by stealth till he could meet with some friendly Christian from whom he might obtain provisions.

It fell to Jamblichus to go forth. He accordingly left the cave. Every object which then met his eyes, after a sleep of two hundred years, filled him with amazement.

"Within the city he scarcely knew his way; old shops had disappeared, and new ones sprung up in their places; the streets followed new and different directions; and above all, amidst the great crowd moving about, each in the pursuit of his own avocations, he did not meet with a face he knew, or a single person whom he could determine to be a fellow-Christian. Fatigued and awed he resolved upon making a purchase of bread at a baker's shop and returning to his companions. With this view he approached the nearest, and tendered, in exchange for the bread, a golden coin, having on one side the head of the Emperor Decius, and on the exergue the inscription, 'ΕΦΕΣΙΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ΑΣΙΑΣ ΤΗΣ ΙΕΡΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΥΤΟΝΟΜΟΥ.' The baker, examining the coin, and looking at Jamblichus, said—'Young man, your dress bespeaks you a stranger; wherefore do you tender a coin no longer current?'

"Jamblichus felt faint, as he distinguished, with difficulty, from an unfamiliar language, the meaning of the inquiry.

"'The coin,' he answered, with a broken

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voice, 'was good yesterday; what has occurred that it should not be so to-day?'

"'Such a coin has not passed in Ephesus,' observed the baker, 'for nigh two centuries; and I suspect your intentions are about as honest as your disguise of dress and language, and your manners would indicate them to be.'

"A crowd had been quickly attracted by the discussion, and still more so by the appearance of Jamblichus; and some among them suggested that he had found a treasure, and wished to impose on the good Christians of Ephesus.

"'You are no Christians,' said Jamblichus; 'for if you were, you would scarce dare to own it. Your dress and language bespeak you of a different race.'

"It was too much for an always excitable mob to have it supposed that there still existed pagans in the peculiarly sacred and Christian city of Ephesus, and they called out lustily, 'To the magistrate—to the magistrate! Away, away with the Pagan impostor!' The crowd re-echoed the cry, and Jamblichus was hastened along by a resistless mass of people, increasing every moment in numbers.

"If under the milder rule of the Byzantine emperors, and the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state, the abuse of the military spirit had been much subdued, and violence suppressed, it was only to be supplanted by an artificial system of tame and ceremonious servitude, out of which occasionally popular feeling broke with an unrestrained licence and overwhelming vehemence. The attendants at the porch of the chief magistrate of the city refused admittance to what they considered as a madman borne along by the crowd. The baker held out the Roman coin in vain, till impatience broke the bounds of decorum; and the clamour of the people made itself heard within the walls of the palace, and then Jamblichus was hurried into the presence.

"'Whence do you come?' said the governor, viewing the Roman Ephesian with a contempt not unmingled with wonder. The youth hesitated for a moment; but twice had the great apostle to the Gentiles enjoined the Ephesians to put away lying, and to gird their loins with truth as part of the armour of God, and he determined at all risks to abide by that injunction.

"'From the cave in Mount Coressus,' he answered with modesty, but firmness; and the statement was followed by a confused murmur, which ran through the crowd at the lower end of the apartment.

"'Do you live there? or have you found a treasure in the cave?' inquired the governor, astonished at the youth's dialect.

"'I was put there last night, with six other noble youths of Ephesus, by order of the emperor; and my name is Jamblichus,' answered the accused. The governor smiled incredulously, but the public devotion of the age was impatient to exalt the saints and martyrs of a now triumphant church; the murmur in the crowd grew louder and more distinct. 'A miracle—a miracle!' was called out, and repeated from mouth to mouth, till it quickly spread over the whole city. The aged primate, Memnon, followed by several bishops—for the first synod was supposed to be still sitting—issued from his place to see a living martyr. Rich Ephesians and merchants of the city crowded to the governor's residence, and it was hastily resolved to clear up the mystery by a visit to the cave.

"Once more all Ephesus was collected in front of that rugged mountain—once more thousands of eyes strained themselves to discover aught but the same perpetual alternation of rock and verdure, the same overflowing fountain, trickling peacefully down the hill side. It was with difficulty that the attendants of clerical pomp and civil power could force a way through the enthusiastic multitude. Hundreds threw themselves at the feet of Jamblichus, to kiss the hem of his garments, or to be sanctified by being trod upon; and the women wept for joy at the doors and windows of their domiciles.

"The labour of tearing rocks and stones from their long resting-places to men roused by the most powerful incentives of curiosity and superstition, was but that of a moment; and what had taken the Roman soldiery hours of toil to accomplish was undone by the sinewy Christians in a few minutes. The chief men of Ephesus stood, within a most brief space of time, in the presence of the six young nobles of the reign of Decius. Their dress, their appearance, the long loss of a cavern sacred only to legendary lore, and now suddenly disclosed to them, and the deep faith of the age, ripe for any miracles vouchsafed in favour of the church, left no doubt as to the reality; but if there had been any the sequence of events would have destroyed such at once; for, as if guided by a holy impulse, the youths arose, and advancing towards their brethren, blessed them in the name of the Almighty God and of his Son, their Saviour and Redeemer. The proud prelates knelt before youths of nearly two centuries of existence; and those on the rock joining in prayer were seen by the multitudes in the city below; and one loud 'Hallelujah!' proclaimed the amazing discovery from the Cayster to Mount Prion, and seemed to rend the skies in twain. When the witnesses arose from prayer and benediction the seven sleepers had sunk peaceably into eternal sleep.

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"It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the seven youths were thus taken away without giving the light of their experience upon the apparently simple question, as to the twofold nature—one person and two natures—of the Son of God. It might not have been so acceptable to the Monophysite primate of Ephesus, or to Christians, who worshipped Mary as the mother of God, to have announced this fact, as it became afterwards to the primates of Rome, who also originally held the Monophysite, or one incarnate nature doctrine; but if the nature of our Saviour had, like the Trisagion, been thus miraculously revealed to the church, the scandal of the second synod, the martyrdom of Flavian, and the siege of the Cathedral of Ephesus might, perchance, have been averted; and what disorders, burnings, pillagings, and murders, might not have been spared to an early Christianity?

"A hundred and seventy years after this miracle vouchsafed to the people of Ephesus, and the tradition of which exists in the writings of James of Sarug, or Batnæ, as recorded within half a century of its occurrence, the great leader of a new doctrine adopted the story into his koran, as having taken place in the land of the origin of Islamism, amid the rock dwellings of the Edomites, in the mysterious city of Idumea, the Petra of the Romans, and which is called by Abu'lfeda, Ar-Rakin, the name used for the cave by Mohammed.

"The story of the Seven Sleepers has been adopted by all the nations who profess the Mohammedan religion from Bengal to Africa, and by many Christian nations, the names of the Seven having been introduced into the calendars of the Greek and Roman churches. The author has visited another cave to which the legend is attached. It is situated in a beautiful rocky glen, in the valley of the Cydnus, a few miles north of Tarsus, the former rival of Alexandria and Antioch, and the birthplace of the Apostle Paul. Another traveller, Colonel Rawlinson, has also found the same tradition attached to the Persian ruins of Shahabad, formerly one of the great capitals of Susiana, and a Nestorian metropolis, and which is watered by some magnificent aqueducts, excavated at an immense depth in the solid rock."

The Alani.—There dwelt in ancient times, on the Palus Mæotis, a barbarous people called the Alani, whose god was a naked sword, which they set up in the ground and worshipped, and whose greatest glory and happiness consisted in slaughtering their fellow-creatures, and whose skins they converted into horse covers. This nation considered it ignominious to die of old age.

THE VESUVIUS GUIDE.

(See Miss Catherine Taylor's 'Letters from Italy.')

Dost thou ask is there danger? Oh, why should'st thou fear,
Tho' the sunshine of youth and of beauty is thine;
To the flaming volcano each day of the year
Is the journey of your *portantine;** it is mine.

The lava may rise, and as erst it may flow,
Encompassing all in its fiery embrace,
Still I must not think of the danger, but go;
The arm of the Mighty One reaches this place.

And lady, fair lady, we ever shall be
In probable peril where'er we may roam;
I guide—wilt thou follow?—then listen to me,
And know, I have six little children at home."

L. M. S.

Reviews.

Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, &c., with the History, Present State, and Prospects of those Colonies. Cradock and Co.

A VALUABLE little work, in which information, drawn from a vast variety of sources, is ably condensed; and those who wish to emigrate will find more matter to interest them here than in many bulky volumes which pompously offer to guide them into the right path. It is written with elegance; but what we deem more important is, it is written in a spirit of impartiality, with an honest zeal to throw light on questions affecting deeply the future fortunes of the industrious classes. To the labourer, mechanic, and small capitalist Canada offers great attractions. It is remarked—

"To the United States, one objection—and many others might be adduced—is all-sufficient: the United States are not a possession of the British Crown; consequently, whatever advantages might accrue to individuals, by their emigrating to that region, there would be none to the parent state. This is a fact which ought never to be lost sight of, for it is to her colonies that Britain must ever look as one of the grand sources of her commercial wealth and prosperity. In the United States every Englishman is of necessity an alien; and we are not aware of any benefits exclusively derivable from his residence in that country which ought to be regarded as a compensation for the loss of British protection. To certain classes the Cape of Good Hope has many attractions; and it is probable that we may ere long bring them under the consideration of the public. In a general view, however, the Cape, like the Australian colonies, is too distant. For the labouring man, whatever may be his desire, the expense even of a steerage passage to Australia puts it far beyond his power to seek, unaided by government, any of those colonies. * * * *

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* Bearer.

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"Canada has been emphatically termed 'The Poor Man's Home;' and in the immense tracts of country there, the sober and industrious labourer or mechanic—the farmer—or the merchant—is certain of having his exertions duly rewarded. According to a detailed estimate formed by Mr Buckingham, it appears that 'the area of the Canadas alone is about six times as large as that of all England and Wales; that Newfoundland alone is larger than Ireland; that New Brunswick is nearly as large as Scotland; and that Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island are fully as large as Wales. The whole area of our North American provinces alone is more than twice as great as that of all France, which is 130,370,840 acres: but while France has a population of 35,000,000 of people, these provinces have only an united population of 2,000,000, by the largest computation that can be made.' Besides, 'of the whole of this vast area there are not more than 20,000,000 of acres granted, and of these not more than 5,000,000 occupied.'"

The Genius of Solitude, and other Poems.

Our attention is called to this little pamphlet by the unpresuming manner in which it is sent forth. The author gives no description of himself, but that he is "to fortune and to fame unknown;" and declares that "in the event of any favourable remarks being passed upon his productions, he will be in some degree disappointed." Had these poems been put before the public in a better dress by the printer, so as to gain them a reading, he would have been likely, we think, to experience disappointment. They contain many good thoughts felicitously expressed. Occasionally he is negligent, and allows very indifferent substitutes for rhymes to pass. In the 'Ruined Abbey' we have "sweep" and "weep," "again" and "begin." Such defects cannot be overlooked. It will, however, be seen, even from the following quotation, in which one of his offences is found, that the force and purity with which he can express himself prove he is not compelled by mental poverty so to eke out his strain, and indicate that he may attempt a higher flight without presumption.

"Remnant of ancient pride! I view
Thy noble fragments with a sigh;
These moss-clad portals once were new,
This architecture pleased man's eye;
But mourning now, thou seem'st to weep
O'er those who sleep within thy walls;
Whilst Time's corroding breezes sweep
Thy ivied towers and roofless halls.

"Who sleeps in dust, within this aisle?
Who sleeps?—the conqueror, eremite,
Savage, or fiend—to whom the toil
Of Mammon once seemed sacred right;
Or he, who all for One disdained,
And left the goods that 'rust consumes,'
For lasting weal; or he who reigned,
Adorned with medals, scarfs, and plumes."

FORTUNE'S FROLICS.

When deceitful Prosperity smiled on my way,
And promised through life to be constant to me,
Associates were numerous, and constant as gay,
Were kind and devoted, and faithful as she.
Then bounded my heart, as with reason it might,
While my talents and virtues they praised without end,
And I cheerily sung with unbounded delight,
How happy the mortal who wants not a friend!

The storm-cloud soon lowered—and affluence fled,
My means began fast, my friends faster to fail;
The thunder now burst on my desolate head,
Rapacity doomed me to pine in a gaol.
I sought the companions of youth and of health,
But all were too busy my call to attend;
I learn'd 'twas not me they esteemed, but my wealth,
Unhappy, I looked, but in vain, for a friend.

Too late I awoke to my error, and sighed,
When chance happened fortune again to restore,
And those who but lately were coldly denied,
Appeared just as kind and attached as before;
"Go, go," I exclaimed, "ye who, while the sun's bright,
Are willing to help me my substance to spend,
Then leave me to sorrow in poverty's night,
None of you shall I henceforth mistake for a friend."

For thee, my old neighbour of lowly estate,
Who never deceived by an overstrained zeal,
But laboured to temper the rancour of fate,
And proved that your heart for another could feel,
In my now happy cot thou shalt evermore rest,
Regard can for thee with my life only end,
I feel it an honour to call thee my guest,
And joy in possessing *one* true-hearted friend. T.

Miscellaneous.

The Serfs in Russia.—St Petersburg, Jan. 9.—Some days ago we were witness of a melancholy occurrence. The bond-servants of an opulent nobleman had repeatedly requested him to grant to them liberty from bondage, and with it a certain amount of money, in conformity with the well-known ukase of April, 1842, which opened the prospect of the relations of landholders and peasants being regulated by contract. The nobleman refused their request, and the bondsmen, perceiving that they would not attain their object, resolved to have revenge. About ten of them, nearly all in full manhood, surprised their master when alone in his apartments, and

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whipped him with rods so unmercifully that he would have been killed on the spot if some strangers, hearing his lamentable cries, had not hastened to his succour. The malefactors were at once handed over to the police; their deed called for immediate punishment, as otherwise the most dangerous consequences might have arisen in a town so large and populous as St Petersburg, where the bond-servants form the sixth part of the population. Orders were given to have the accused judged by a court-martial. They were condemned to run the gauntlet through a line of 500 soldiers. The sentence was executed on one of the military parades, and all bond-servants had been called upon to be present. The culprits were unable to receive in one day the full punishment, and as soon as they are sufficiently cured in the hospital they will be submitted to it again. The survivors will then be transported to Siberia to work in the mines.—*Augsburg Gazette, Jan.* 22.

China.—Advices have been received from Mr Fortune, engaged in collecting seeds for the Horticultural Society in China, dated Chusan, Nov. 12. He describes the coast of China to the northward as consisting of bare rugged rock, barren sand, and burnt gravelly clay, but with beautiful plants here and there. He had met with bad weather in his passage to Amoy, but had had an opportunity of exploring the islands of Koo-long-soo and Amoy. On the voyage thence to Chusan the vessel was twice driven back, once to Chinchen, and once to Chamoo; this, however, gave him the opportunity of landing at those places, and exploring the country for several miles inland. On no occasion had he met with serious obstacles to penetrating the country, but found the natives particularly civil, much more so than on the coast further south and at Canton. Mr Fortune had fallen in with hills covered with Azaleas, and with several other good things, seeds of which, in very small quantities, were inclosed in his letters. He had met with a very beautiful Buddlea, with rich purple flowers, arranged in clusters like a Lilac; and a very fine Campanulaceous plant, with flowers as large as those of Lisianthus Russellianus. What he had seen of China gave him great hopes of fully realizing the anticipations of the society. He was about to proceed to Shang Hai and Ning-po.

The Gatherer.

Destroying Thistles by Salt.—If a small quantity of common salt, say about a teaspoonful, is taken between the fingers and thumb and placed on the centre of the thistle, in a day or two it will turn black, and in the course of nine or ten days the root and every part of the plant will be destroyed. This is a cheap and certain method of destroying thistles on land. One person will salt as many as five or six will cut up in the usual way. The salt should be applied before the thistles have attained a large size, and great care must be taken that it is not dropped amongst the grass or other herbage, as it will destroy it also. —*J. M. T., Hillsborough, Ireland.*

Old Drury.—The pit door of old Drury Lane Theatre (not the late theatre) was in Catherine street, under what was then the Rose Tavern. The sign of that interesting flower, with the motto "Sub Rosa," appeared beneath it.

A Coffee-house at Damascus.—In this ancient city the coffee-houses claim particular notice. They are built on the bosom of the river, and supported by piles. The platform is raised only a few inches above the level of the stream. The roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and it is quite open on every side; innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these and place it in the position you like best; the river, the surrounding banks of which are covered with wood, rushes rapidly by close to your feet. Near the coffee-houses are one or two cataracts several feet high, with a few trees growing out of the river beside them; and the perpetual sound of their fall, and the coolness they spread around, are exquisite luxuries in the sultry heat of day. At night, when the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted, and Turks of different ranks, in all the varieties of their rich costume, cover the platform, just above the surface of the river (on which, and on its foaming waterfalls, the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard), the Arabian Nights' enchantments seem realized.

Cause of Slavery in the West Indies.—If there had been no warm regions in the New World, neither negro nor any other slavery would ever have existed there. Even the monopoly of colonial produce was absolutely necessary to the existence of slavery; for had sugar, and coffee, and cotton, been supplied from the beginning by free trade from the East, the West Indies would now have been peopled with Caribs, and the descendants or mixed descendants of Europeans, in a free state, as in some parts of the continent, and the negroes would have remained in Africa.—*Westminster Review.*

Artesian Wells.—In 1824 a well was dug at Fulham, near the Thames, at the Bishop of London's, to the depth of 317 feet, which, after traversing the tertiary strata, was continued through sixty-seven feet of chalk. The water immediately rose to the surface, and the discharge was above fifty gallons per minute. In the garden of the Horticultural Society, at Chiswick, chalk was

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reached at a depth of 329 feet, from which the water rose to the surface. At the Duke of Northumberland's, above Chiswick, the borings were carried to the extraordinary depth of 620 feet into the chalk, when a considerable volume of water was obtained, which rose four feet above the surface of the ground. In a well of Mr Brooks's, at Hammersmith, the rush of water from a depth of 360 feet was so great as to inundate several buildings, and do considerable damage.

The Land of Edom.—According to Burckhardt, the deserted temples and rock-hewn palaces of Petra are the remains of the once proud but long-lost capital of Edom. The land, accursed of God, had for a series of centuries been untrodden by any foot but that of the wandering Arab. Now it is the mere common beaten track of vulgar tourists. English lords and Yankee lawyers, German princes and French petit-maîtres, ride their dromedaries through the very heart of Edom, take their wine and sandwiches, smoke their cigars among the tombs of the deserted city, and talk familiarly of Mount Hor and Aaron's grave.

Old Paintings.—A letter from Leyden states that in the garrets of the Hôtel de Ville of that city, several paintings by the great masters, some paintings on glass by a celebrated master, and some rich tapestry had been discovered.

Dr Wolff.—There is reason to hope that Dr Wolff's mission will prove successful, and he will find those who were supposed to have been murdered perfectly safe. A dervish from Bokhara, whom he encountered at Ashkalah, in Armenia, where he arrived on the 8th of December, since the last advices, being asked if he had seen English travellers at Bokhara, replied, "Yes; and it was reported that they had been killed. There was no truth in it; but one of them came from Kokan, with whom the King of Bokhara was angry, believing that he assisted the King of Kokan, and therefore put both the tall and short Englishman into prison, but let them out after some time, and they now teach the soldiers of Bokhara the European exercise." Dr Wolff gives the names and places of abode of these dervishes, and states that at Erzerum, a sheikh of Bokhara, named Schah Jemand Addeen, of the family of Nakshbanchi, called upon him and said that he would find his friends alive.

Bank Notes for Small Change.—In 1782, when hard money, as it is called, was very plentiful in the United States, being supplied from France and England to pay their troops then stationed in the country, and also by the trade to Cuba, the Bank of North America was established at Philadelphia, principally through the exertions of the well-known Robert Morris. A great part of the capital of the Bank of North America was subscribed for and nominally paid in by the government. This bank, about the year 1790, issued promissory notes for one penny; the lowest sum probably that ever appeared on the face of a bank note.

Select Friends.—Books are at least the best companions; they instruct us in silence without any display of superiority, and they attend the pace of each man's capacity, without reproaching him for his want of comprehension.

Why so few are wise.—If we subtract from the twenty-four hours the time spent in eating, sleeping, exercise, and the other indispensable cares of an existence, what a fraction of time is employed in our intellectual faculties. Again, there are few who have the means to enable them to study; fewer the talent requisite; and still fewer the inclination, if they have the ability.

Sir Walter Scott's Monument at Edinburgh.—A meeting of the contributors took place last week for the purpose of increasing the fund, which has fallen short on account of the expense attendant upon a proper preparation of the site. The height of the monument was designed to be 182 feet; the money in hand would only raise it 102 feet; thus leaving eighty feet of the upper part unbuilt, to complete which would require 3,000*l.* in addition to the funds subscribed. Upwards of 500*l.* was subscribed before the meeting broke up.

Roman Antiquities.—A bust of Parian marble in good preservation, and of excellent style, as it is said, has recently been dug up at Cherchell, in Africa, supposed to be that of Ptolemy, son of the second Juba, and last king of Mauritania Tingitana, which is valuable as being *unique*. Cherchell is the ancient Cæsarea. The bust is a portrait of a man in the freshness of youth, with the royal fillet on his brow; and has a striking resemblance to the likeness on the coins of the Ptolemy in question.

Character of the Natives of India.—Sir Henry Strachey thus accounts for the bad character of the natives of India, or at least those who are placed in official situations. "We place," he says, "the European beyond the reach of temptation. To the native, a man whose ancestors perhaps bore high command, we assign some ministerial office, with a poor stipend of twenty or thirty rupees per month (24*l.* or 30*l.* per annum). Then we pronounce that the Indians are corrupt, and that no race of men but the Company's European servants are fit to govern."

The Model Prison at Pentonville.—Great complaints are made of the effects of the system adopted at the model prison at Pentonville. The object of the establishment was a benevolent one. On entering, the convict

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is told that he will be taught an art which will enable him to earn his bread by honourable industry: that moral and religious knowledge will be imparted; that, at the end of eighteen months, he will be sent to Van Diemen's Land; there, if he behave well, to receive a ticket of leave, which is equivalent to freedom, with the certainty of abundant maintenance, the fruit of industry; if he behave indifferently he will be transported to Van Diemen's Land, there to receive a probationary pass, which will secure to him only a limited portion of his own earnings, and impose galling restraints; and if he behave ill he will be transported to Tasman's Peninsula, there to work in a probationary gang, without wages, an abject slave.

Lawyers turned Soldiers.—In the year 1798, when the Irish rebellion broke out, and the genius of loyalty martialized the various classes of the community, the ordinary business of the courts of law was discharged by barristers in regimentals.

A Hint for the Bar.—A lawyer will think, and wisely perhaps, that the acquisition of the embellishing faculties is seldom attended with sufficient opportunity for their display to compensate for the deviation which they require from the straightforward road to professional eminence, and will pursue his progress, like the American traveller, who, in journeying through vast prairies, passes, without regard, the fertile landscapes which lie adjacent, and never turns from his track for the sake of the rich fruits and the refreshing springs which, however delicious, may bewilder and lead him for ever astray from the final object of his destination.

Music favourable to Shaving.—Philip the Fifth of Spain fell once into such a fit of low spirits that for several months he refused to be shaved, until the soothing sweetness of Farinelli's strains induced him to submit his chin to the razor with great cheerfulness and resolution.

Wonders of our Time.—Time has evinced the achievement of apparent impossibilities. The Marquis of Worcester was laughed at for his 'Century of Inventions,' yet every day furnishes fresh proof of their feasibility. Who is there that does not remember the jokes and sarcasms levelled at Winsor when he first promulgated his scheme of lighting London with gas? Yet who that indulged in thus ridiculing what he could not comprehend, does not blush at the recollection?

Temperance necessary to Longevity.—Excesses precipitate their votaries into a premature grave. Boerhaave observed that few who are intemperate in the use of wine, brandy, and other spirituous liquors survive the age of fifty. With these votaries of Bacchus the votaries of Venus proceed *pari passu*; and immediately after come the immoderate eaters. Plato and Socrates grew old upon very frugal fare; and Maimonides, the Arabian physician, says that it is necessary to avoid overloading the stomach with too much food. Bread and water are an admirable diet for those who would rival Methusalem, and fasting is an excellent promoter of their views.

Earthly Immortality has always been coveted. Artephius caused a youth to be killed, and, as we are told, extracted from his blood the magnet of the human spirit, by means of which he attained a great age, and, after he had become weary of life, laid himself down of his own accord in the grave, but not without taking along with him some of this volatile spirit in a bottle, to which he occasionally smells, merely to protract his life, which he thus prolonged for more than a thousand years.

Trade to China.—At a late meeting of the Liverpool cotton brokers and Manchester cotton spinners, the chairman, Mr Gardner, alluded to the state of the Indian and China trade. In 1842 the export of cotton yarn to those markets was 22,500,000 pounds, and in 1843, 23,800,000 pounds; which was not three millions of pounds more than the shipments of those markets in 1839. In 1842 there were 145,000,000 yards of calico sent to those markets, and in 1843, 230,000,000.

Hydropathy.—The French academy has decided against admitting hydropathy to be a part of the medical system of France; cold water, subject to rules, has long been known they say, among her students of physic.

Algiers.—A camel-mounted regiment has just been formed by the French Governor of Algiers. The animals seem as capable of being taught military exercises as horses are.

The Legitimate Drama.—At the Theatre Royal, Manchester, it is announced that the management is actively engaged in the preparation of several new and old plays, among which are—Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry;' Mr Jones's 'Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator;' and the 'Provost of Bruges,' by Mr Lovell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to Mr L., of Sloane square, for his hints, which will be duly attended to. All the subjects he mentions are suitable, and we shall be glad to hear further from him.

A letter will be left at the office for Mr Moore in a day or two.

A note will be left for L. M. S.

Answers to several correspondents must be deferred till next week.

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Original Communications.

PETERBOROUGH AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

In the days of old, even so early as the sixth century, Peterborough is believed to have been, if not a considerable town, at least a village of some importance. It was, however, not then called Peterborough. Medeshamstede, we are told by Britton, was its ancient name. He adds, "During the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman dynasties, it was of great note when monachism and warfare occupied nearly all the time, resources, and attention of society. It was afterwards called Gildersburgh, from its riches or gilded minster; next it bore the name of Burgh, or Burigh, from its fortified walls; and lastly Petersburgh or borough, the minster being dedicated to St Peter. In the time of King Edgar, about 960, it was a sort of vice-papal see, or second Rome, and was afterwards visited by several of the English kings. Like many other rich monasteries in the eastern counties, this was often assailed, plundered, and burnt by the marauding Danes, and its inmates were either murdered or driven from their homes. No sooner did the barbarian pirates withdraw than the surviving monks returned to their ruined houses, and exerted all their powers and resources to re-edify their dwellings, reinstate their sacred church, and replenish their granaries and store cellars."

The foundation of the abbey was laid by Penda, eldest son of Penda, king of the Mercians, in 655, or the following year, but he dying in the fourth year of his reign, it was completed, in 664, by Wolfere, his brother, who succeeded him, assisted by Etheldred, the remaining son of Kynesburga, and Kyneswitha, the two daughters of Penda and Saxulf, a pious

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earl, who was made the first abbot. It was dedicated to St Peter, at an assembly of nobles and bishops, and endowed with large immunities and possessions, which were confirmed by the charter of Wolfere, in the seventh year of his reign. Pope Agatha ratified these endowments, and constituted it a vice-papal see, where persons might be absolved from their sins *for a consideration*, and receive the apostolical benediction. The monastery flourished for nearly 200 years, under a succession of seven abbots, when the Danes, in 870, after desolating the abbies of Croyland and Thorney, nearly annihilated Medeshamstede. In the year 1116 it experienced almost a repetition of the catastrophe from an accidental conflagration. John de Salisbury, in 1118, the abbot, commenced a new church, which was finished under Martin de Vecti, in 1144. Improvements and additions were made to it by William de Waterville. The abbots were called to the House of Peers in the time of Henry III, and made bishops in 1440. Katherine, the consort of Henry VIII, was buried here in 1535. The monastery was converted into an episcopal see in 1541, and the conventual church into a cathedral, the government of which was given to a bishop, a dean, and six prebendaries, whose jurisdiction extended over the city, and nearly over the counties of Northampton and Rutland. In the time of Queen Mary the church was again placed under the authority of the pope, but in the reign of Elizabeth this arrangement, as a matter of course, was set aside. In 1587 the obsequies of Mary Queen of Scotts, "few and brief," were here solemnized, unattended with the vain parade and splendour which in the case of royalty commonly marks the return of "dust to dust." The remains of the unhappy queen were removed to Westminster in the following reign, 1612. In the course of the civil wars which broke out thirty years afterwards, the cathedral was violently assailed by the parliamentarians. The stalls, organ, books, monuments, and decorations were destroyed. After remaining eight years in a state of ruin it was repaired, and divine service was again celebrated within its walls.

The architecture of this building has been erroneously called Saxon. It is in the Norman style, of which the circular arch, large columns, and analogous mouldings form the leading characteristics. Like most cathedrals, it presents a nave, with side aisles, a transept, a choir finishing at the east end semicircularly with a continuation of the aisles. The whole is terminated at the east by what is called the new building of St Mary's chapel. In the centre is a tower rising from four large arches at the intersection of the nave, choir, and transept. The west front is formed by a recessed portico of three lofty arches, surmounted by pediments, pinnacles, and spires. In the centre arch there is a small chapel. The dimensions of the cathedral are these—

	Feet.
Length externally, without the buttresses	471
The nave, from the west door to the entrances into the choir	267
The choir	117
From the altar of the choir to the east window	38
Making the total length from the west door to the east window	422
The length of the transept from north to south is	180
The height of the nave from the floor to the ceiling 81, and of the central tower from the floor to the summit is 135, while externally its height is	150
The breadth of the nave and aisles, from the north to the south wall, is	78
The breadth of the west front is	156

It appears the dates at which the various parts of this cathedral were erected are as follows. The choir, with its aisles, from the circular extremity at the east to the commencement of the transept, was begun in 1118, and finished in 1144. Between 1155 and 1177 the transept was erected, and between the latter year and 1193 the nave, with the aisles, were completed. An addition was made about the year 1288, when the space between the extreme western pillar and the door of entrance was finished, forming a projection on each side of the western extremity, and terminating by two towers. The lady's chapel, said to have been on the east side of the north transept, was built by William Parys, the prior, in the fourteenth century. When the west portico, with its three arches, was finished, is not known, but it is supposed before the year 1274, as Abbot Richard de London raised one of the western towers before that year. The chapel in the centre arch is in the style of architecture of a much later date than the western front.

The building has a noble aspect. Mr Britton, from whose superbly embellished work we have copied the engraving which adorns our present number, observes—"The cathedral, as seen from various points, groups well with the trees in its vicinity. Excepting the tower of the parish church, which is neither remarkable for altitude or beauty, there is no commanding edifice in the city to combine or contrast with the minster. Viewed from the west, the latter presents an august appearance from the exposition of the great arches of the front; and when lighted up by the setting sun, and relieved by a dark or hazy sky, it is peculiarly striking and impressive."

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DEEDS OF BLOOD.

Though James I was no warrior, the tragedies of his day with which he was connected were not few. The manner in which the Earl of Murray was attacked and killed cannot, even now, be read without shuddering. Roger Aston's account, as it exists in the State Paper Office, runs thus :—

"The 7th of February the King hunted; and Huntly, giving out that he meant to accompany the royal cavalcade, assembled his followers to the number of forty horse. Suddenly he pretended that certain news had reached him of the retreat of Bothwell; extorted from the King permission to ride against this traitor; and passing the ferry, beset the house of Dunibristle, and summoned Murray to surrender. This was refused; and in spite of the great disparity in numbers, the Stewarts resisted till nightfall, when Huntly, collecting the corn-stacks, or ricks, in the neighbouring fields, piled them up against the walls, commanded the house to be set on fire, and compelled its unhappy inmates to make a desperate sally that they might escape being burnt alive. In this outbreak the Sheriff of Murray was slain; but the young Earl, aided by his great stature and strength, rushed forth all burned and blackened, with his long and beautiful tresses on fire and streaming behind him, threw himself with irresistible fury on his assailants, broke through their toils like a lion, and escaped by speed of foot to the sea shore. Here, unfortunately, his hair and the silken plume of his helmet blazed through the darkness; and his fell pursuers, tracing him by the trail of light, ran him into a cave, where they cruelly murdered him. His mortal wound, it was said, was given by Gordon of Buckie, who, with the ferocity of the times, seeing Huntly drawing back, cursed him as afraid to go as far as his followers, and called upon him to stab his fallen enemy with his dagger, and become art and part of the slaughter, as he had been of the conspiracy. Huntly, thus threatened, struck the dying man in the face with his weapon, who, with a bitter smile, upbraided him 'with having spoilt a better face than his own.'"

The circumstances of the Gowrie conspiracy, as narrated by Mr Tytler in the last volume of his 'History of Scotland,' are fearful enough for a melodrama. Gowrie is described to have devised a plot unlike any hitherto known in his country's history, although fertile in conspiracies; more Italian than Scottish; crafty, rather than openly courageous; and, from its very originality, not, perhaps, unlikely to have succeeded, had the parts assigned to the conspirators been differently cast. His design appears to have been to decoy the King, by some plausible tale, into his castle of Gowrie, on the Tay; to separate him from his suite, and compel him, by threats of instant death, to suffer himself to be carried aboard a boat which should be waiting on the river for the purpose. This was the first act in the projected plot: in the second, the vessel was to push instantly out to sea; and the royal prisoner was to be conveyed, in a few hours, to an impregnable little fortalice which overhung the German Ocean, and where, if well victualled, a garrison of twenty men could, for months, have defied a royal army. To communicate with England, and administer the government in the royal name, but under the dictation of Gowrie and his faction, would then be easy. The parties who engaged in this daring plot were, the young Earl; Alexander Ruthven, his brother; Robert Logan, of Restalrigg, a border baron and a follower of Bothwell; one Laird Bower, whose *sobriquet* was "Davie the Devil;" and a fifth, a person unknown. Gowrie, besides seeking his own preferment, it is to be borne in mind, had to revenge his father's death. James was to be seized while hunting. The King being in the Great Park at Falkland, attended by his nobles, Alexander Ruthven came to him and spoke to him in private, telling him that he, the evening before, had met a suspicious-looking fellow without the walls of St Johnston, with his face muffled in a cloak; and perceiving him to be terrified and astonished when questioned, he had seized him, and, on searching, had found a large pot-full of gold pieces under his cloak. This treasure, with the man who carried it, he had secured, he said, in a small chamber in Gowrie House; and he now begged the King to ride with him to Perth on the instant, and make sure of it for himself. James disclaimed having any right to the money, but when the Master, to one of his questions, stated that it seemed foreign gold, the vision of crowns of the sun and Spanish priests rose to the royal suspicion; and he was about to dispatch some servant of his own, with a warrant to the Provost, and seize the treasure. When the chase was ended, James galloped off, followed by the Duke of Lennox and Sir Thomas Erskine, and a train not exceeding twelve or fifteen persons, without armour, and without defensive weapons, save their swords and deer knives, to Perth. At Gowrie House James took dinner, the Earl meanwhile placing Henderson, fully armed, in a little chamber.

Mr Tytler goes on: "They had nearly finished their repast, when James, in a bantering manner, accused Gowrie of having been so long in foreign parts as to have forgotten his Scottish courtesies. 'Wherefore, my lord,' said he, 'since ye have neglected to drink either to me or my nobles, who are your guests, I must drink to you my own welcome. Take this

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cup and pledge them the *King's scoll* in my name.' Gowrie, accordingly, calling for wine, joined the duke and his fellows, who were getting up from table; and at this instant Alexander Ruthven seizing the moment when the king was alone, whispered him that now was the time to go. James, rising up, bade him call Sir Thomas Erskine; but he evaded the message, and Erskine never received it. Lennox too, remembering the king's injunctions, spoke of following his majesty; but Gowrie prevented him, saying his highness had retired on a quiet errand and would not be disturbed; after which, he opened the door leading to his pleasure-ground, and with Lennox, Lindores, and some others passed into the garden. Thus really cut off from assistance, but believing that he would be followed by Lennox or Erskine, James now followed Ruthven up a stair and through a suite of various chambers, all of them opening into each other, the master locking every door as they passed; and observing, with a smile, that now they had the fellow sure enough. At last they entered the small round room already mentioned. On the wall hung a picture with a curtain before it; beside it stood a man in armour; and as the king started back in alarm, Ruthven locked the door, put on his hat, drew the dagger from the side of the armed man, and tearing the curtain from the picture, showed the well-known features of the late Earl of Gowrie, his father. 'Whose face is that?' said he, advancing the dagger with one hand to the king's breast, and pointing with the other to the picture. 'Who murdered my father? is not thy conscience burdened by his innocent blood? Thou art now my prisoner, and must be content to follow our will, and to be used as we list. Seek not to escape; utter not a cry (James was now looking at the window, and beginning to speak); make but a motion to open the window, and this dagger is in thy heart.' The king, although alarmed by his fierce address, and the suddenness of the danger, did not lose his presence of mind: and as Henderson was evidently no willing accomplice, he took courage to remonstrate with the master; reminded him of the dear friendship he had borne him; and 'as to your father's death,' said he, 'I had no hand in it; it was my council's doing; and should ye now take my life what preferment will it bring you? Have I not both sons and daughters? You can never be king of Scotland; and I have many good subjects who will revenge my death?' Ruthven seemed struck with this, and swore he neither wanted his blood nor his life. What racks it, then,' said the king, 'that you should not take off your hat in your prince's presence?' Upon this Ruthven uncovered, and James resumed. 'What crave ye, an ye seek not my life?' 'But a promise, sir,' was the reply. 'What promise?' 'Sir,' said Ruthven, 'my brother will tell you.' 'Go, fetch him, then,' rejoined the king; and to induce him to obey, he gave his oath, that till his return he would neither cry out nor open the window. Ruthven consented; commanded Henderson to keep the king at his peril; and left the room, locking the door behind him."

James does not seem to have regarded his oath, at least if there is any truth in the old saying, "Qui facit per alium facit per se," for he induced Henderson to open the window. He had, however, not approached it when Ruthven came back to bind his hands. Gowrie was in the garden with the king's suite, when an attendant came to announce that the king had left the castle. Gowrie then ran back into the house, and at this moment James's loud cry of treason was heard, and he appeared at the window.

"All was now horror and confusion. Sir Thomas Erskine collared Gowrie, exclaiming, 'Traitor, thou shalt die! This is thy work!' but was felled to the ground by Andrew Ruthven, whilst Gowrie asserted his innocence. Lennox's first impulse was to save the king; and he, Mar, and some others, rushed up the great staircase to the hall; but finding the door locked, began to batter it with a ladder which lay hard by. John Ramsay, one of the royal suite, was more fortunate. He remembered the back entry; and running swiftly up the turnpike stair to the top, dashed open the door of the round chamber with his foot, and found himself in the presence of the king and Ruthven, who were wrestling in the middle of the chamber. James, with Ruthven's head under his arm, had thrown him down almost on his knees, whilst the master still grasped the king's throat. Ramsay was hampered by a hawk, a favourite bird of James, which he held on his wrist; but throwing her off, and drawing his whinger, he made an ineffectual blow at Ruthven; the king calling out to strike low, as the traitor had on a pyne doublet. Ramsay then stabbed him twice in the lower part of the body. The king, making a strong effort, pushed him backwards through the door, down the stairs; and at this moment Sir Thomas Erskine and Dr Herries rushing up the turnpike, and encountering the unhappy youth bleeding, and staggering upon the steps, despatched him with their swords. As he lay in his last agony, he turned his face to them, and said, feebly, 'Alas! I had not the wyte o't.' All this passed so rapidly, that Ramsay had only time to catch a glance of a figure in armour, standing near the king, but motionless. When he next looked, it had disappeared. This seeming apparition was Hen-

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derson, still trembling and in amazement from the scene he had witnessed; but who, seeing the door open, glided down the turnpike, and as it turned out, fled instantly from the house, passing in his flight, over the master's dead body. At this moment, as Erskine and Ramsay were congratulating the king, a new tumult was heard at the end of the gallery; and they had scarcely time to hurry James into the adjoining chamber, when Gowrie himself, furious from passion and armed with a rapier in each hand, rushed along the gallery, followed by seven of his servants with drawn swords. His vengeance had been roused to the utmost pitch, by his having stumbled over the bleeding body of his brother; and swearing a dreadful oath that the traitors who had murdered him should die, he threw himself desperately upon Erskine and his companions, who were all wounded in the first onset, and fought at great odds, there being eight to four. Yet the victory was not long doubtful, for, some one calling out that the king was slain, Gowrie, as if paralyzed with horror, dropt the points of his weapons, and Ramsay, throwing himself within his guard, passed his sword through his body, and slew him on the spot. The servants, seeing their master fall, gave way, and were driven out of the gallery; and Lennox, Mar, and the rest, who were still thundering with their hammers on the outside of the great door, having made themselves known to the king and his friends within, were joyfully admitted."

PHILOSOPHY OF RESPIRATION AND DIGESTION.

Dr Keenan, in his lectures 'On the New Philosophy of Respiration and Digestion,' in the lecture room of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, after recapitulating that part of the first lecture which proved that the act of breathing is the generation of an electrical force, which constitutes strength, proceeded to point out the law of the distribution of this force. He demonstrated that the quantity of strength available by each individual was in the proportion of the quantity of charcoal and hydrogen (of the food) which could be combined with atmospheric air; that he who was able to properly digest much food, and who had large and healthy lungs to pump a large quantity of air into contact with the blood so as to effect chemical union, would have much animal strength and animal spirits; so that large, well-acting lungs generally made the stomach digest well, and small, contracted lungs were often connected with very delicate digestion, which has not been sufficiently recognised. After showing that the animal spirits for the same individual under the same circumstances of food and air and moral approbation is constant, he proceeded to show that when much was applied in actuating the forehead in thinking, there was consequently a deficiency for the middle and back part of the head in feeling, and concluded that whilst a man may be rationally exalted with much exertion of the forehead, he runs the risk of being morally deteriorated by cooling the ardour of the moral sentiment, which, in his opinion, was the sublime and godlike portion of humanity. In like manner it followed, that when more than a proportionate share of electricity was required by the limbs in hard labour, less can be afforded to the forehead in thinking, and to the back and middle parts of the head in instinctive and high moral feeling respectively.

It followed, from what had been stated, that when a man has to expend much of his energies one way, he must not expend much another—*e. g.* when a clergyman has to preach a sermon at a distance, he should not walk, for then the electrical power being expended in walking could not be expended in exciting his congregation; neither should he eat a heavy meal before the sermon, for then the animal vigour being applied in digestion would flow less fluently to the brain, and consequently his discourse would be less energetical, and therefore less pleasing to his congregation.

With regard to the economy of the animal spirits in the various classes of animals, it is remarked that nature exacted little expenditure where little was generated; thus, with respect to fishes, they breathed little, but they accordingly required little energy to move them in a fluid of nearly their own specific gravity. But a still greater adaptation of the fish to the scanty energy that can be manufactured from the small quantity of air contained in water is seen in the fact that the fish breathes by gills, as it were on the outside of the body, and is saved the expenditure of force so great in a man, namely, that of drawing the air into the chest. Why man breathes different from a fish is a question not yet answered by comparative anatomists.

THE GHOST OF ANNE WALKER.

Though the belief in spectres is decidedly on the decline, there are many who have no doubt that the departed are in some instances permitted to "revisit the glimpses of the moon." Solemn narratives are furnished by persons who cannot be supposed capable of deceit. All reason, says Dr Johnson, is against reappearances from the grave, but all belief for them. "I am asked," said the celebrated John Wesley, "'did you ever see a ghost?' I

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answer no, nor did I ever see a murder committed; but I believe, notwithstanding, that murders have been committed; I believe this on the testimony of credible witnesses, and for the same reason do I believe that ghosts have been seen."

We have met with nothing more remarkable in this way than the statement made by Master John Webster, author of a book for "the displaying and detection of supposed witchcraft," relative to the apparation of a murdered female. If ghosts were only to appear on occasions like that which called Anne Walker from her tomb, there coming would be hailed with solemn satisfaction and thankfulness by the good, and could only be viewed with apprehension by the guilty. The story we are about to transcribe was sent by Dr Henry More to Mr Joseph Glanville, to be inserted in his work entitled '*Sadducismus Triumphatus*,' and recommended to him in the following words:—"This story of Anne Walker, you will do well, Master Glanville, to put among your additions, it being so excellently well attested, and so unexceptionable in every respect." He then quotes from Webster as follows:—

"About the year of our Lord 1632 (as near as I can remember, having lost my notes, and the copy of the letters to Serjeant Hutton, but I am sure that I do most perfectly remember the substance of the story), near unto Chester, in the Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman, that kept his house, who was, by the neighbours, suspected to be with child, and was, towards the dark of the evening one night, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blakeburn hundred in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of for a long time, and no noise, or little, was made about it. In the winter-time after, one James Graham or Grime (for so in that country they call them), being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn; and about twelve or one o'clock at night he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper; the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor with her hair about her head, hanging down, and all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted and amaz'd began to bless himself; and at last, ask'd her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker, and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well look'd to, till I was brought to bed, and well again; and then I should come again and keep his house. And accordingly, said the apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a moor, naming a place that the miller knew, slew me with a pick, such as men dig coals withal, and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coalpit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash 'em; but seeing the blood would not forth, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition. But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him; yet for all this, he still concealed it until St Thomas's Eve before Christmas; when being, soon after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him, and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning. In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller; whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following, I think it was at Durham, they were arraigned, found guilty, condemn'd and executed; but I could never hear they confess'd the fact. There were some that reported the apparition did appear to the Judge, or the foreman of the jury, who was alive in Chester in the Street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly inform'd, but of that I know no certainty. There are many persons yet alive that can remember this strange murder and the discovery of it; for it was and sometimes yet is, as much discoursed of in the north country, as anything that almost hath ever been heard of, and the relation printed, tho' now not to be gotten. I relate this with the greater confidence (though I may fail in some of the circumstances) because I saw and read the letter that was sent to Serjeant Hutton, who then lived at Goldsbrugh in Yorkshire, from the Judge before whom Walker and Mark Sharp were tried, and by whom they were condemn'd, and a copy of it until

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about the year 1658, when I had it and many other books and papers taken from me; and this I confess to be one of the most convincing stories, being of undoubted verity, that ever I read, heard, or knew of, and carrieth with it the most evident force, to make the most incredulous spirit to be satisfied that there are really, sometimes, such things as apparitions."

Dr More then resumes, and says, "this story is so considerable that I make mention of it in my 'Scholia,' on the immortality of the soul." He adds, that an intelligent friend had offered to make inquiries in the north, which he had the means of doing for the greater assurance of its truth. This was accordingly done, and in due time information was obtained from two persons, named Lumley and Smart, who were both near at the time, and both present at the trial. The accounts furnished by them supplied corrections of some importance to the general course of the narrative, but confirmed it in all the most extraordinary points, and his conclusion was, that their agreement was "so exact for the main, that there is no doubt to be made for the truth of the apparition."

GARDENING HINTS.

THE following directions, furnished by Mr Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, in his 'Cottager's Calendar,' cannot be too extensively circulated, as they will be likely to produce comfort and abundance in every part of the kingdom.

MARCH.

This most important month for getting in main crops of several kinds is proverbial for boisterous weather, but with fine intervals, of which advantage must be taken, for upon Onions, Carrots, and Parsneps being sown whilst the ground is in a good state, and the weather favourable, a great deal of their after success depends. We will presume that the soil has been prepared as we have recommended, or as circumstances seemed to dictate; but there yet remains a subject not spoken of, which is equally important in every garden—namely, a proper rotation of crops; for although the same plot may produce for several successive years good crops of Onions, for instance, by being well manured, it is, notwithstanding, a bad practice; and the plan of successive planting of many other kinds upon one piece of ground will ultimately so exhaust it, that no amount of manuring will again fit it for the same plant until a system of rotation cropping has been followed. It is unnecessary here to enter into the reasons for this, and we therefore give the best general rule for avoiding this sterility. After early Potatoes any of the Cabbage tribe may be planted; all tap-rooted vegetables, as Carrots and Parsneps, for which it is wrong to manure at the time of sowing, should be succeeded by dissimilar kinds which require dung at the time of planting, as Celery, Potatoes, and the Cabbage tribe. Let this be thought of now, that after arrangements may not compel you to occupy the same piece with a similar crop this year as the last. Where the ground has been ridged, the great advantage of the practice over flat digging will now be seen by the facility with which it is levelled in a fine pulverised state, enabling you to sow it immediately whenever a short period of fine weather may happen, whilst soil of a similar texture dug flat will be quite wet and unfit for working.

VEGETABLES.

Beans.—The first favourable weather, the plants from the autumn-sown beds may be transplanted in rows, across a warm border, about two feet apart; but if it is intended to crop between them, which is the best plan, with early Cauliflower or Celery, they should then be set at greater distances.

Broccoli.—The early purple sprouting and dwarf late purple may be sown in the last week of the month; these are the most profitable kinds, as they yield an abundance of sprouts, and being of dwarf growth may be planted close; otherwise Broccoli is not a profitable crop for small gardens, the late kinds occupying the ground twelve months, besides being great impoverishers. The early purple sprouting sown now, will come into use about Michaelmas, and the dwarf late purple in the March following, when they are valuable.

Cabbage.—In the first or second week, sow on a warm border a few for summer and autumn supply; they must be protected whilst young if severe weather occur; either Fulham, Early Brompton, or Large York will be found suitable kinds; water the seed-beds if necessary. A few Red Dutch may be sown at the same time if those put in in autumn have failed.

Carrots.—The first open weather, a few Early Horn may be sown in a warm situation for use before the main crop is ready; at the latter end of the month the main crop should be sown; a calm day must be chosen for the purpose, and the seed be previously separated by being rubbed between the hands with sand, dry soil, or ashes. The land should have been well prepared in autumn at least one foot and a half deep; for strong soil, the scrapings of roads, when dry, will be found an excellent dressing; if it is well incorporated in digging, it will keep the earth open and enrich it also; this may be done just previously to sowing, but manure should never be added at that time. The ground intended for Carrots and other tap-rooted vegetables should be prepared in the autumn, as the addition of fresh dung now

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would encourage the roots to fork, and become cankered; shallow drills an inch deep, and nine inches apart, are preferable to broad-cast sowing, as the seeds are difficult to rake in, and the earth for covering the seed should be broken very fine; sowing in drills admits of the hoe being used much more expeditiously, besides a more regularly-disposed crop and a saving of seed; old roots may now be planted to produce seeds.

Cauliflower.—Sow in a warm situation for the summer supply to succeed the August-sown; choose a piece of the lightest and richest ground for this purpose; cover the seed lightly and evenly, and do not sow thick. In the last week the autumn-raised plants should be planted out in rich ground and attended to with water if necessary.

Celery.—Where there is a desire to have early or large Celery for exhibition, and plants cannot be procured from some large garden, and in the absence of a dung-bed, sow seed in a shallow box filled with rich soil, and cover it lightly with mould; it may be either protected in the Cucumber-pit in April, or with hoops and a mat, or taken into the house at night, exposing it in fine weather.

Horse-Radish. — To grow fine roots, plant about two inches of the crowns in a deep trench, and cover them with sifted coal-ashes, or drop the sets into deep holes made with a large dibble, and fill them up with light earth; choose any out-of-the way situation, as it is rather an unsightly plant, and not easily eradicated except by constant hoeing over for a season.

(*To be continued.*)

ARCHERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MIRROR.'

SIR,—Having often experienced the arrow splitting in the *nock* at the instant of discharging it from the bow, and also having tried many ways to remedy this defect, I thought of applying the electrotype process, so as to attach a copper sheathing to the nock of the arrow in place of horn; this sheathing closely fitting without requiring the aid of any cement, perfectly fortifies the arrow, without adding more to its weight than the horn that is usually inserted at the nock, and having, after many trials, found the contrivance to answer perfectly, I venture to recommend this mode of protection to all who take an interest in the healthful exercise of archery.—I am yours truly,

F. NORTON.

P.S.—Perhaps I ought to have said that the end of the arrow should be black-leaded as high up as may be desirable, say three quarters of an inch, and the copper deposited in the ordinary manner of electrotyping.

LIFE AND ITS DUTIES.

BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

LIFE is real! Life is earnest!!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.—On all occasions the Circassians testify much consideration for them. If a horseman falls in with a woman going the same road, he alights, and requests her to mount: if she declines, he accompanies her on foot as far as their path lies together. But they are not allowed to be in idleness: they are obliged to share all the labour with the slaves. To the latter is allotted the field-work, and the former are charged with the household affairs. Even wealthy women, who, from the number of their servants, are freed from the drudgery of housewifery, do not cease to be well occupied in all the matters relating to clothing. The laws of chastity are known and respected in this country. It is undoubtedly from an excessive delicacy towards these laws that custom prohibits young married people from being found together in a company, especially in the presence of their elders. If it accidentally happens that they meet, even amongst their nearest relations, and the wife is surprised by the chance arrival of the husband, the other women conceal her, by ranging themselves before her, and withdraw her in this manner. If it is the husband who is in this predicament, he escapes by the window. In general, the Circassian women are tolerably pretty, but their beauty does not deserve the reputation which it has obtained.—*Journal of the Asiatic Society.*

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Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth, ar., three lozenges, conjoined in fesse, gu., within a bordure, sa., for Montagu: second and third, or, an eagle, displayed, vert, beaked and membered, gu., for Monthermer.

Crest. A griffin's head, couped, or, beaked, sa., wings endorsed, of the last.

Supporters. Dexter, a triton, holding over his right shoulder a trident, all ppr., crowned with an eastern crown, or; sinister, an eagle, wings endorsed, vert.

Motto. "*Post tot naufragia portus.*" "After so many shipwrecks, we reach a port."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SANDWICH.

This family is descended from the same ancestor as the Ducal House of Manchester—the extinct Earls of Halifax and the late Duke of Montague. Its immediate progenitor was Sir Sidney Montague, Master of the Court of Requests to Charles I. In 1640, Sir Sidney sat for the county of Huntingdon in Parliament, but was expelled, and committed to the Tower in 1642 for declining to subscribe an oath framed by the house, pledging the members "to live and die with their general, Lord Essex." He married Paulina, daughter of John Pepys, Esq., of Cottenham, in the county of Cambridge, and died September 25, 1644. He was succeeded by his only surviving son, Edward, who also represented the county of Huntingdon, and was a distinguished commander under the parliamentary banner. He became joint High Admiral of England, in which capacity he had sufficient influence to induce the whole fleet to acknowledge King Charles II on his restoration. For this service he was elevated to the peerage by that monarch, July 12, 1660, his titles being Baron Montague, Viscount Hinchinbroke, and Earl of Sandwich. He also received the Order of the Garter, and was appointed Master of the Great Wardrobe, Admiral of the Narrow Seas, and Lieutenant Admiral to the Duke of York, who was then Lord High Admiral of England.

At the coronation of the King, his lordship carried Saint Edward's staff. He married Jemima, daughter of John, Lord Crew, of Stene, by whom he had six sons and four daughters. The eldest son succeeded him; the second, who was named Sidney, married Anne, the daughter and heir of Sir Francis Wortley, Baronet, of Wortley, in the county of York, and assumed the surname of Wortley. He sat in Parliament, and was one of those who, in the subsequent reign, invited William of Orange over to this country. His son, Edward Wortley Montagu, married Lady Pierrepont, daughter of Evelyn, first Duke of Kingston, a lady who became celebrated as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She accompanied him on his embassy to the Turkish court. Her letters, purporting to have been written thence, but which, it has been said, were mainly produced by contemporary wits with whom she associated, are universally known. He attained high renown as a naval commander, and lost his life in the great sea fight with the Dutch, off Southwold Bay, May 28, 1672.

His eldest son Edward succeeded him, who was united to Anne, fourth daughter of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington; and on his death, in February, 1688-9, the title went to his son of the same name. This nobleman became Lord Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the county of Huntingdon. He married Eliza, second daughter of John William Earl of Rochester, and sister and co-heir of Charles, the third Earl; on his death, October 20, 1729, he was succeeded by his grandson, John, fourth Earl of Sandwich. He was the son of Edward Richard Viscount Hinchinbroke, who died in 1722. His lordship was an eminent diplomatist and statesman. He assisted at the important congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Subsequently to that date, he became Secretary of State, and first Lord of the Admiralty. In March, 1740-41, he married Judith, daughter of Charles Viscount Fane, &c.; on his decease, in 1792, the title devolved on his only surviving son John, who married first, in 1766, Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of George, second Earl of Halifax, by whom he had a son, George Viscount Hinchinbroke. His lordship afterwards married, in 1772, Lady Mary Paulatt, daughter of Harry, sixth and last

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Duke of Bolton, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. He died in 1814, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George John, born March 5, 1772, and married July 9, 1804, to Louisa, daughter of Armar, first Earl of Belmore, by whom he had issue the present earl and two daughters. He died on the 20th May, 1818. The present earl was born November 8, 1811; he married, in 1838, Lady Mary Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, by whom has issue, Charles George Henry Viscount Hinchinbroke, born July 13, 1839.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

The Council having referred the communication made to them at their last meeting by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, on the results obtained by the application of sulphuric acid and bones, as a manure for turnips, to the Journal Committee, Philip Pusey, Esq., M.P., the chairman of that committee, has recommended to the Council the publication of the following reports on that subject:—

I.—The Duke of Richmond's Experiments.

Experiments made on turnips with five different kinds of manure, on the farm of Gordon Castle, in the year 1843. The seed (Dale's yellow hybrid) was sown on the 15th of June, and as it was wished to ascertain the result while the duke was at the castle, the turnips, before they came to maturity, were taken up on the 3rd of November, and carefully topped and weighed.

1st.—One imperial acre, manured with 8 bushels of bones and 14 cubic yards of farm-yard dung, at an expense of 3*l.*, produced 12 tons.

2nd.—One ditto, manured with 2 cwt. 91 lbs. of guano, at an expense of 1*l.* 17s. 4d., produced 11 tons, 4 cwt.

3rd.—One ditto, manured with 16 bushels of bones, at an expense of 1*l.* 16s., produced 11 tons.

4th.—One ditto, manured with 83 lbs. of sulphuric acid and 2 bushels of bone-dust, mixed with 400 gallons of water, at an expense of 11s. 6d., produced 12 tons, 4 cwt.

5th.—One ditto, manured with 83 lbs. of sulphuric acid, mixed with 8 bushels of bones, and sown with the hand, at an expense of 1*l.* 5s., produced 11 tons.

(Signed) Thomas Bell,
Farm Steward.

II.—Dr Manson's Experiments.

My field of twenty-one acres was last autumn deeply ploughed with three horses out of oat stubble, it having previously carried a wheat crop after two years' ley, well manured. In the spring it underwent the usual process of cleaning, and received about the 1st of June twenty-five quarters of Linksfield lime. Drilling and sowing commenced upon the 10th, allowing four bushels of bones and ninety-six pounds of sulphuric acid, properly diluted with water, to the acre. The manure was prepared by putting into a large vat, placed in a corner of the field to be sown, thirty-two bushels of bone-dust; and for each bushel was added ninety-six pounds of water and twenty-four of sulphuric acid; there were thus in the vat at once thirty-two bushels of bones, three hundred and eighty-four gallons of water, and forty-seven and a half gallons of sulphuric acid. The whole was allowed to lie for a fortnight previous to use, when it was found that the sulphuric acid had nearly dissolved all the bones. The mixture was then drawn off and added to water, in a large water-cart, in the proportion of one gallon of the mixture to fifty of water, and it was distributed to the drills from three spouts into three drills at a time. The drills were previously slightly harrowed down, and immediately drilled upon receiving the liquid manure. Owing to the great drought which prevailed at the time of sowing, and the very recent liming, very few of the seeds vegetated till after the rain, which fell about a month from the time of sowing. The heavy gale which prevailed about this time cut down the greater part of the early plants, and has thus left the field deficient in some places. I observed that after the field came to be singled, it underwent that process in the order in which it was sown; thirteen acres having been sown with farm-yard manure, and the remaining eight with the bones and sulphuric acid, the plants from the acid keeping the lead of those sown with court manure, and are to-day a heavier crop, though not looking quite so healthy in the blade, owing to their having come earlier to maturity. The expense, 1*l.* per acre, viz. four bushels of bones at 2s. 6d., 10s.; sulphuric acid, 96 lbs. at 1¼d., 10s. Those laid down with court manure received 20 cart-loads per acre, at 2s. 6d. per load, 2*l.* 10s. Weight, per imperial acre, as ascertained on 15th November, the date of weighing:—

	Tons.	cwts.	lbs.	
Sulphuric acid and bones	12	5	80	per imp. acre.
Court manure . . .	10	17	104	ditto

(Signed) D. D. Manson.
Spynie, Oct. 20, 1843.

Prussian Exhibition.—It is announced in the German papers that at Berlin there is to be during the present year a public exhibition of the products of National Industry, similar to that in Paris. It is to remain open for two months; and all the states of the German Customs Union are invited to send specimens.

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Reviews.

The Local Historian's Table Book of Remarkable Occurrences connected with Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham. By M. A. Richardson. Smith, Old Compton street, Soho square.

The march of literature has given us the history of most places in England, but we know of no locality which has been attended to by a more careful, diligent, and persevering annalist than Mr Richardson has proved himself. Fairly and sufficiently to describe his performance would occupy many columns. We must make short work of it by saying that it embraces everything that can interest the native or inhabitant of Newcastle, &c., be his taste what it may; and the immense assemblage of remarkable incidents and surprising narrations which he has brought together, render it a highly amusing miscellany to the general reader. With exemplary honesty, he scarcely takes a paragraph of half a dozen lines from any author or publication without giving his authority. This, while it proves that Mr Richardson does not wish to gain for himself praise which belongs to others, renders his book truly valuable for universal reference.

It opens with an ably-written inquiry into the character of the ancient Britons, and, with not a little of the *amor patriæ*, the author contends for the high antiquity of Englishmen, as also for their bravery, and he boldly insists that they could never be the uncultivated barbarians Cæsar represents them to have been at the time of his invasion. The conclusion to which Mr Richardson comes we transcribe. A fair idea of his pains-taking industry will be gained from the notes appended.

"It may be proper to premise that, at the early period at which they must have migrated to the shores of Britain, the art of alphabetically recording events and communicating thoughts by means of letters had not been divulged. Previously to the discovery of this divine system of intercourse, it is known to all who have paid the least attention to the subject, that hieroglyphic symbols were in use among all the oriental nations where the sciences were first cultivated. Every nation is supposed to have had its own peculiar system of symbols for perpetuating the memory of great historical events, and all subjects deemed worthy of record; those of Babylon, Assyria, Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, &c., being all somewhat different; and one of the charges against the Britons was the practice of such like occult mysteries.

"Another practice of the ancient oriental nations, as a substitute for writing, and to transmit great events, was the setting up of stones. The investigation of the mystic emblems of antiquity which were adopted by the eastern sages, has, perhaps, been too long neglected by competent mythologists to be ever now satisfactorily pursued; otherwise much that may seem preposterous in the customs of the primitive Britons might be interpreted as appropriate, ingenious, and rational. Our business is, not to sit down to praise or condemn this or that which we happen to have heard of their deeds, taken in the abstract, as good or evil, benevolent or cruel; but to examine into such evidences as yet remain connected with their religious rites, with the solemnization of their moral engagements, and with the perpetuation of historical events; and by means of these links to endeavour to associate them with a parentage less equivocal than that implied by Scythian or Celt; further, therefore, than the identifying of them, by analogy, as far as facts authorize, we shall have no cause to speculate.

"The genealogy of the human race, with an account of the places of public worship in primeval times, and of the mode of ratifying moral contracts previously to the invention of letters, have been very circumstantially described by Moses in what may be pronounced the first of all written books. The continuation, for many after ages, of the same kind of symbolical means, for the like religious and moral ends, is affirmed by a succession of sacred and profane writers. That it is by no means going too far to assert that the Pentateuch is the first specimen of an alphabetic writing, will, it is presumed, be amply demonstrated by the circumstances adduced in what appertains to the question of the real origin of the Primitive Britons. Some facts brought together with respect to the construction of devotional temples in the pristine ages; some inquiry, also, into the manner of rendering contracts binding and permanent by the erection of stones of testimony; of memorializing great events by the setting up of large pillars of stone; and of the dedication of sepulchral monuments, will, it is presumed, be sufficient to sanction a decisive verdict. After the production of a body of evidence of this sort, all that will remain to be done in order to establish a genealogical lineage between the first colonists of Britain and the most exemplary and virtuous people of Asia, in times of the highest antiquity, as far as inquiry can be rationally carried, will be to examine what are called Druidical temples and memorials, of which there are specimens in abundance in every county of Great Britain, and to satisfy ourselves how far these fabrics and appurtenances of religion correspond with those described as used by the most faithful and devout followers of truth.

"In order not to unnecessarily extend the present inquiry, the means originally employed for the establishment of public worship, and of founding and consecrating religious temples—of performing and solemnizing moral engagements—of commemorating events—of erecting tombstones and other mementos, have been simply referred to for the sake of establishing the analogy proposed without any extracts, as every one having a bible can readily turn to the instances cited in the

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subjoined note for an account of the particular transactions connected with each affair."*

The Sequential System of Musical Notation. An entirely new Method of writing Music in strict conformity with Nature, and essentially free from all obscurity and intricacy. By Arthur Wallbridge.

This is no less than an attempt to subvert entirely the present method of writing music, and to induce the world to adopt an improved one, which is laid down in the pamphlet under our notice. It differs in almost every point from that in present use, which Mr Wallbridge considers arbitrary, unnatural, and full of absurdities and contradictions. He commences by defining the octave, or, as he calls it, *sequence*, and on this foundation he rears the 'Sequential System.' He considers the sequence to consist of twelve distinct sounds, each one being provided with a name and sign for itself, slightly varied to express the particular sequence in the general scale. From these twelve "absolute qualities" (or fixed sounds) he selects the gamut of seven notes, which he calls "relative qualities." The gamut is either major or minor, and is written on the lines and spaces of a staff of three lines, this being exactly sufficient to contain it. Departures from the gamut, or key, he will only allow to be called flat or sharp, and these are marked by an appropriate variation in the note itself. The places of the notes on the staff do not represent the fixed sounds, as at present, but point out the intervals of the key—thus the note on the upper space is always the dominant, whatever may be the tonic. The particular fixed sound which forms the key-note is set in the staff at the commencement of the piece, and remains in force throughout if not contradicted by a succeeding sign of another fixed sound. This determines what seven sounds, selected from the "absolute" twelve, form the gamut of that key, and answer to the "relative" notes on the staff.

The various times, and all the crotchet and quaver family are next reviewed and simplified; and the pamphlet concludes with various alterations of the terms, signs, and directions used in musical notation.

The advantage of this "sequential" plan is that it clears away all the artificial difficulties of music, leaving the natural only, which, in our opinion, are sufficiently formidable: the great disadvantage evidently is its unrecognised condition. How is it to be established? How is it to supplant our present method? The musical profession will sneer at it, and if necessary oppose it; and that the public will side with the proposed innovation, though such a course might be to their advantage, we much doubt.

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* "First Foundations for Public Worship.—Noah built an altar for the purpose of public thank-offerings. Whether this was of earth or stone is not mentioned. Gen. viii, 20.—Abram set up an altar, on a mount to which is given the name of Beth-el, which expressly signifies a House of God. Gen. xii, 7, 8.—Jacob set up a pillar at Luz, the name of which place he changed to Beth-el—God's House; or, according to the marginal reading, the place of God's Worship. Gen. xxviii, 18, 22.—Jacob, moreover, built another altar, which he dedicated 'To the God of Israel,' in consequence of the miracle that occurred when his name was changed. Gen. xxxii, xxxiii.—Another similar place of worship was also erected by him, called the House of God's Appearance, from the divine vision he had at the spot. Gen. xxxv, 7.—Moses is required to make an altar of earth. Exod. xx, 24.—Also one of unhewn stone without steps. Exod. xx, 26.—Again, Moses publicly proclaims that the altar of Mount Ebal shall be constructed of unhewn stones, &c. Deut. xxvii, 1, 8.—Joshua built the altar on Mount Ebal as Moses had ordered. Josh. iv, 3, 7; viii, 30, 31.—Hosea reproves the many altars of iniquity set up to the rich. Hos. xii, 7, 11.

"Original Stone Vouchers for Contracts.—Jacob and Laban, as we read, cause a stone testimony to be piled up to publicly ratify a treaty of peace between them. Gen. xxxi, 45, 54.—Joshua, on obtaining a promise from a general assembly of the people, consecrated the covenant also by setting up a great stone. Josh. xxiv, 26, 27.

"Early Stone Mementos raised over Graves.—Jacob set up a pillar on the grave of Rachel. Gen. xxxv, 20.—Joshua commemorated the Execution of Achan for his crime by raising a great heap of stones on his grave. Josh. vii, 26.—Also, the death of the King of Ai, whom he hanged, on his grave he set up a great heap of stones. Josh. viii, 29.—Joab and the people laid a very great heap of stones on the grave of Absalom. 2 Sam. xviii, 17.—The stones of Bohan (Joshua xv, 6; xviii, 17); also the stone of Ezel are considered to have been sepulchral stones, which, it will be seen, were sometimes tokens of honour, sometimes of reproach or ignominy. 1 Sam. xx, 19.

"Stones of Exultation and Feasting.—We find that Adonijah, having treasonably usurped the throne, held a great feast by the stone of Zoheleth. 1 Kings i, 9."

THE BANKRUPT'S PRAYER.

My wishes within narrow bounds
I keep, that I may shun reproach;
Weekly allow me, pray, five pounds,
That I may keep a private coach.

Of trifling ills I will not speak;
I scorn the vanities of life!
But let me have three pounds a week
To *furnish jewels* for my wife.

These things I ask; and that my suit
Is just—is liberal—none deny!
Concede them, then, without dispute,
Or I shall pine, despair, and die!

Modesty.

Miscellaneous.

Mr Winstanley, the Builder of the Original Edystone Lighthouse.—The first lighthouse of any consequence erected on this rock was under-

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taken by a person of the name of Winstanley, in the reign of King William. Mr Winstanley does not appear to have been a man of solidity and judgment sufficient to erect an edifice of this kind. He had never been noted for any capital work, but much celebrated for a variety of trifling and ridiculous contrivances. If you set your foot on a certain board in one of his rooms a ghost would start up, or if you sat down in an elbow-chair its arms would clasp around you. His lighthouse, which was built of wood, partook of his whimsical genius. It was finished with galleries and other ornaments, which encumbered it without being of any use. It was, however, on the whole, much admired as a very ingenious edifice, and Winstanley certainly deserved the credit of being the first projector of a very difficult work. He had fixed it to the rock by twelve massy bars of iron, which were let down deep into the body of the stone. It was generally indeed thought well founded, and the architect himself was so convinced of its stability, that he would often say he wished for nothing more than to be shut up in it during a violent storm. He at length had his wish, for he happened to be in it at the time of that memorable storm on the 26th of November, 1703. As the violence, however, of the tempest came on, the terrified architect began to doubt the firmness of his work: it trembled in the blast, and shook in every joint. In vain he made what signals of distress he could invent to bring a boat from the shore. The terrors of the storm were such that the boldest vessel durst not face it. How long he continued in this melancholy distress is unknown; but in the morning no appearance of the lighthouse was left. It and all its contents, during that terrible night, were swept into the sea."

THE IRISH HIGHWAYMAN. — Doctor W——, the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish postchaise, and the unbroken *garrons* used for drawing these crazy vehicles. One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district, and the bishop, being a very humane man, and very considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance. Perceiving this he hastened to make up for the lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow lesped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling. The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, than with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed—"And is it with the likes of this I am after letting you off? a few paltry tinpennies! Its the gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, you devil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone." His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart. Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."—"Who axed your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but, without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all that's holy——" And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon, as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim,—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said —"And now be off with you, and thank the blessed saints that you leave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt." It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and, having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term "a hand canter;" scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavoured to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel? "Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you; I've a parting word with you yet." The exhausted and defenceless churchman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face,

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instead of his former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said, "And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me." The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last act had been the most meritorious of his life. * * * "My dear W——!" exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the dangers to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling." "That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!" "Never mind your watch, or anything else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?" "Take it off, dear papa," observed his daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you." The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and, on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse, and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvass bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

Ice-houses.—I converted to the purpose a building formerly used as a mushroom-house, which is in a dry and shady situation. I dug, or rather subsoiled the flooring, a foot or more in depth (the deeper the better), leaving it as loose and friable as possible; upon that was placed a layer of sticks and faggots, upon that again was put another layer of straw (this was to get a drainage for the water without making a communication with the external air), lining the sides of the building with straw, so as to prevent the ice from coming in contact with the brick wall. The ice was then carted in and broken quite small, with wooden beaters; when full the door was shut close, and the admission of outward air was prevented by straw, &c. At the expense of a few pounds, I have preserved ice for twelve and eighteen months. An ice-house will be more likely to succeed *above* ground than *under*. Ice will not melt in the hottest sun half so soon as in a close and damp cellar. Put a lump of ice into cold water, and one of the same size before a hot fire, and the former will dissolve in half the time that the latter will. The bed for the ice should be three feet above the level of the ground, and this bed should consist of faggots, or something that will admit the drippings to be drained instantly off. This is the way they have ice-houses under the burning sun of Virginia, and there they keep their fish and meat as fresh and sweet as in winter, when neither will keep twelve hours, though let down to the depth of one hundred feet in a well. A Virginian, with some poles and straw, will construct an ice-house for ten dollars, as good, if not better, than those which cost our men of taste as many scores of pounds.—*A. E. W. Daventry.*

A Tribe of Savage Dwarfs.—Beyond the extensive wilderness which bounds Caffra, on the south are the Doko, a pigmy and perfectly wild race, not exceeding four feet in height, of a dark olive complexion, and in habits even more closely approximated "to the beasts that perish" than the bushmen of Southern Africa. They have neither idols, nor temples, nor sacred trees; but possess a glimmering idea of a supreme being, to whom in misfortune (such as any of their relatives being slain by the kidnapper), they pray, standing on their heads, with their feet resting against a tree, "*Yere*, if, indeed, thou art, why dost thou suffer us to be killed? We are only eating ants, and ask neither food nor raiment. Thou hast raised us up. Why dost thou cast us down?" The country inhabited by the Doko is clothed with a dense forest of bamboo, in the depths of which the people construct their rude wigwams of bent canes and grass. They have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms; possess neither flocks nor herds; are not hunters, do not cultivate the soil, but subsist entirely upon fruits, roots, mice, serpents, reptiles, ants, and honey; both of which latter they lick, like the bear, from off their arms and hands. They beguile serpents by whistling, and having torn them piecemeal with their long nails, devour them raw; but although the forests abound with elephants, buffaloes, lions, and leopards, they have no means of destroying or entrapping them. A large tree, called Loko, is found, amongst many other species, attaining an extraordinary height, the roots of which, when scraped, are red, and serve for food. The *yeko* and *seytse* are the principal fruits; and to obtain these, women as well as men ascend the trees like monkeys: and in their quarrels

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and scrambles, not unfrequently threw each other down from the branches. Both sexes go perfectly naked, and have thick, pouting lips, diminutive eyes, and flat noses. The hair is not woolly, and in the female, reaches the shoulders. The men have no beard. The nails, never pared, grow both on the hands and feet like eagle's talons, and are employed in digging for ants. The people are ignorant of the use of fire. They perforate their ears in infancy with a pointed bamboo, so as to leave nothing save the external cartilage: but they neither tattoo nor pierce the nose; and the only ornament worn is a necklace composed of the spinal process of a serpent.—*Harris's Highlands of Æthiopia.*

Bituminous Lake.—The *Boston Telegraph*, published in Texas, has the following paragraph under this head:—Perhaps few of our citizens are aware that there is a small lake situate within one hundred miles of Houston, that is quite similar to the Pitch Lake of Trinidad. This singular lake or pond is situate in Jefferson county, near the pond between Liberty and Beaumont, and is about twenty miles from the latter village. The lake is formed of bitumen or asphaltum, and is about a quarter of a mile in circumference. In the winter months its surface is hard and capable of sustaining a person. It is generally covered from November to March with water, which is sour to the taste. Owing to this cause it is called by the people in the vicinity the sour pond or sour lake. In the summer there is a spring near the middle where an oil liquid (probably petroleum) continually boils up from the bottom. This liquid gradually hardens after being exposed to the air, and forms a black pitchy substance similar to that at the sides of the lake. Mr Butler of Galveston, who has seen the Pitch Lake at Trinidad, examined a piece of the bitumen obtained from this lake, and says it is precisely like the bitumen of Trinidad. This bitumen may at some future day become valuable as a substitute for coal in the formation of gas to light cities. It burns when lighted with a clear bright light, but gives out a very pungent odour. The ancients used bitumen as a cement in the construction of walls and buildings. They also used it in many cases as a substitute for tar or pitch. We believe, however, that little use is now made of it for these purposes, even where it is found most abundantly.

The Gatherer.

Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart.—Accounts have been received at the Foreign office from St Petersburg, stating that the Russian envoy at Teheran, in a despatch dated the 15th (27th) of December, had reported to his government that Captain Conolly had been put to death for having shown, on many occasions, great partiality for the Khan of Kokan, at that time at war with Bokhara, and the Colonel, in consequence of the discovery of a secret correspondence which he kept up with his countrymen at Cabul through the channel of Indian merchants established at the former place.

Dr Schnell.—The journal, the 'Helvétie,' announces the death, by suicide, of a distinguished political writer and civilian, Dr Schnell, the chief of a party in Switzerland making powerful head against the aristocratic section, and the most able of the editors of the 'Volksfreund,' journal of Berthoud. He had left that town on a pedestrian excursion, which he hoped might bring relief to the acute pains from which he had been for some time suffering, and is supposed to have flung himself into the Aar under a fresh accession of his complaint.

New Insects.—The attention of the Linnean Society has been called by Mr Curtis on two species of Hymenopterous insects. The first belonged to the family Tenthredinidæ, and constituted a new genus, which Mr Curtis proposed to call Dieloceras. This insect had been taken by Mr Ellis in the Brazils; hence he called the species *D. Ellisii.* This insect is chiefly remarkable for its larvæ forming for themselves a cocoon in community, a fact that has not hitherto been observed amongst insects. The cocoon exhibited was oblong, and about the size and form of a Jargonelle pear. In the inside the cocoon consisted of about thirty cells, having a resemblance to those of the wasp and the bee, but not so regular. The second insect was a species of wasp. It forms a remarkable nest, about eight inches in length, and fifteen inches in circumference. It has a conical form, and is suspended from the branch of a tree by its apex. The texture is very hard, resembling an earthenware vessel, and very different from that of other wasps. At the base there is an opening, not allowing the passage of more than one insect at a time.

The Slave Trade.—Government are resolved to adopt the most active measures to put an end to the traffic in slaves on the African coast, and the French government has also determined on the same course. The 'Penelope,' 22, steam frigate, Captain Jones, and the 'Prometheus,' Lieutenant Pasco, and two or three other steamers are about to be despatched to the coast of Africa, which they will scour in those latitudes where this traffic is carried on. The smaller steamers will go up the rivers and examine every inlet and creek where it is possible for any slaver to be concealed, and the search along the coast will be so minute that it will be impossible

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for any vessel to escape the vigilance of the squadron. Three French steamers are being equipped for similar service on the African coast, and there will be a cordial co-operation between the French and English cruisers in every plan resorted to for the effectual suppression of the slave-trade.

Dissection of the Cameleopard.—At the Paris Academy of Sciences, a communication has been received from M. Joly, of Toulouse, and M. Lavocat, of the veterinary school of that town, on the anatomy of the giraffe which died there. The most remarkable facts were the extraordinary length of the digestive tube of this animal, which measured about two hundred English feet, and the great volume and numerous circumvolutions of the brain. The weight of the brain in the animal was about a pound and a half English. In volume it exceeds that of the ox or the horse.

Parliamentary Representation.—A parliamentary report has been published, giving an analysis of the total number of members sent to the House of Commons by the several counties, cities, towns, and boroughs in England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland respectively, according to the late census, 6th June, 1841:—

	Members.	Population.	Total Population.
ENGLAND.			
41 Counties, returning	144	9,115,611	
187 Cities & Boroughs	323	5,879,527	
2 Universities	4		
			14,995,138
WALES.			
12 Counties, returning	15	680,147	
56 Cities & Boroughs (exclusive of army and navy abroad, &c.)	14	231,456	
			911,603
IRELAND.			
32 Counties, returning	64	7,370,533	
6 Cities	10	477,945	
3 Towns	4	61,150	
24 Boroughs	25	265,610	
1 University	2		
			8,175,238
SCOTLAND.			
30 Counties, returning	30	1,657,985	
76 Cities and Burghs	23	962,199	
			2,620,184
Total,	658		26,702,163

London Charities.—It has been ascertained by the Statistical Society that the funds of the City charities alone amounted annually to 220,870*l.*, those of the general endowed charities to 77,000*l.*, and those of the endowed parochial charities of the city and the rest of the metropolis to 97,000*l.* per annum; the total annual revenue of the metropolitan endowed charities being nearly 400,000*l.*, while that of the assessed charity, by poor's rates, was 551,202*l.* per annum.

Heraldic Honours in the Time of Queen Elizabeth.—When Queen Elizabeth made Hawking paymaster of the navy she gave him a coat of arms, "whose crest was a demi-moor properly coloured, bound by a cord," the very symbol which, more than two hundred years afterwards, was used to stamp infamy on those concerned in it, as well as abhorrence and detestation of the slave trade itself.

Silk Worms.—It is now believed that silk worms may be raised in many parts of the West Indies, and that instead of one crop per annum, one per month can be obtained all the year round. One acre of plants will yield 10,000 lbs. of pickled leaves, which, on the assumption that 152 lbs. of leaves will yield 1 lb. of reeled silk, gives 66 lbs. per acre. This, at [illegible] crops in the year, would yield 198 lbs. of silk, which is worth 20s. the pound."

An Artist's View of Sunrise.—I saw the sun rise on Lake Maggiore—such a sunrise! The giant Alps seemed, literally, to [illegible] from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold to send up a [illegible] lujah almost audible!—*Washington*

Profitable Speculation.—When [illegible] returned from his voyage of two years and ten months round the clear profits, according to the settlement between him and his partners, amounted to no less than 47 for 1, or 4,700 per cent.

The Post Office.—A common postman is required to find two sureties in 50*l.*, or to deposit an Exchequer bill of 100*l.*

Mr Greenough.—A bust of Mr Greenough, executed by Mr Richard Westmacott, at the cost of some of the Fellows of the Geological Society, has been completed. The likeness is pronounced to be faithful.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will our valuable correspondent, who directs from Highfield house, state where we may address a letter to him?

"Shaugh" is not treated with contempt. His poem contains some very good points, but it is carelessly written. "Breakfast" and "steadfast," "Marsala" and "fellow," "warp her" and "porter," and "alma pater" and "Jamaica," are sorry substitutes for rhyme.

We do not wish our Drayton correspondent to be mistaken for "a fool," but "the procedure" to which he points would "interfere with existing arrangements." The observations above made to another contributor will apply to his poem. It is very clever, but so incorrect in its rhymes, that without great alteration it cannot appear.

Erratum.—*In our last, p. 120, for "mashing" read "making" sulphate of lime.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 10.] SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1844. [Vol. I. 1844.

Original Communications.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT WELLS.

Wells, or *Villa à copia fonticulorum*, so called from its abundant springs, appears to have first risen into importance in the time of Ina, king of the West Saxons, who built a church there, which was dedicated to St Andrew, A.D. 704. The church is said to have been only collegiate, and the bishopric not to have been founded till the time of King Edward the Elder. William of Malmesbury, however, has preserved a copy of the charter described as granted by King Ina. The document is certainly ancient, and the solemnity with which it purports to have been executed, in these days cannot but provoke a smile. "Whoever shall, hereafter," it awfully proclaims, "on any occasion whatever, attempt to pervert or nullify this testament of my munificence and liberality, let him know that with the traitor Judas, to his eternal confusion, he shall perish in the devouring flames of unspeakable torments." The charter of this donation and privilege was written in the year of our Lord's incarnation, 725, the fourth of the Indiction, in the presence of King Ina and of Beorthwald, archbishop of Canterbury, the venerable prelates Daniel and Fordred, and others whose names are underneath. "I, Ina, king, with my own hand subscribe this donation and liberty, and ratify it under the seal of the holy cross. I, Edelburg, queen, consent to it. I, Baldred, king, confirm it. I, Adelard, brother to the queen, consent. I, Beorthwald, archbishop of the church of Canterbury, King Ina's donation and liberty, under the seal of the holy cross, corroborate. I, Daniel, inspector of God's people, acquiesce. I, Fordred, bishop, with the mark of the cross impress it. Wulden, prefect; Brutus, prefect; Ethelbeard Umming, prefect; Winchilsea, earl, with all the people present consent to and confirm it."

However grave its aspect, the charter is shown by Britton to be a forgery. Such

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frauds in the times of monkish ascendency were not unfrequent. While undetected, they answered the sordid purpose of the framers, and but moderate obloquy, from the trick being common, followed on detection.

Christianity is supposed to have been introduced into Wells from Glastonbury, where it was established by Joseph of Arimathea, whose pious care had given the Redeemer of mankind a grave. It is not our present purpose to write the history of Wells, or even of its cathedral. It is the Bishop's Palace of which we have to speak. "This building stands," we quote 'Britton's History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Wells,' "a short distance south of the cathedral, and is a large, irregular pile of building, surrounded by an embattled lofty wall, and that again guarded by a wide moat filled with water. Over this, on the north side, is a bridge, with an embattled gate-house on the palace side. The area within the walls is said to embrace nearly seven acres of land, occupied by a court-yard and lawns, kitchen and flower gardens, the offices and the dwelling house. The latter, it is reported, contains some ancient specimens of architecture. On the south side of the outer court or *ballium*, as it may be named, are the walls of a grand and spacious hall, which was about one hundred and twenty feet in length by seventy feet in width, and was built by Bishop Burnell in the reign of Edward I. It was enlightened by tall and finely-formed windows, had a music gallery at one end, and staircase turrets at the angles. Near it are the remains of a once beautiful chapel, supposed to have been built by Joceline de Wells. Bishop Erghum fortified, enlarged, and strengthened the palace during his prelacy, and made it a complete fortress. Within fifty years afterwards it was greatly dilapidated; as Bishop Beckington found it necessary to repair it, and add to its accommodations. By the great Duke of Somerset, uncle to Edward VI, it suffered much waste and injury; and still further destruction by a desperate fanatic named Burgess, during the civil war in Charles the First's time."

It would exceed our limits to speak of the many remarkable men who have successively been the occupants of this palace. Among them we find Beckington, just named, who superintended the education of King Henry VI. He was a benefactor to the city, and laid out large sums on the cathedral. Among other benefactions by his will, he ordered a reservoir to be built. The grant "to the faithful people of Wells" was sent "greeting in Him who, for the gift of a cup of cold water, hath promised eternal life;" the conditions being, that the citizens and burgesses should bind themselves in return to visit once every year the spot in Wells cathedral where Bishop Thomas should be interred, and there pray for his soul and the souls of all the faithful deceased.

Thomas Chaundler, who was a Chancellor of Oxford in 1457 and 1472, in his panegyric on William of Wickham, written in the form of a dialogue, with an eye to the florid style of the bucolics of Virgil, thus speaks of Wells and Beckington :—

"*Ferrandus.* Having wandered over the hills and through valleys, where the dirt and mire are plentiful, from the beautiful and sublime university of Oxford, we have entered into this little village, oh! most delightful companion Panestius. After so long a journey I wish to rest a little: these limbs are so weary, that doubtless if I had not supported myself with a staff, I should have fallen to the ground.

"*Panestius.* You should call it a city rather than a village, which would be more evident to you could you see all the beauty and neatness that is within it. That most beautiful church which we beheld at a distance, consecrated to Andrew, the most pious apostle of the immortal God, contains the episcopal chair of a worthy priest. It has also adjoining to it an extensive palace adorned with wonderful splendour, surrounded with flowing waters and crowned with a fine row of turreted walls, in which dwells the most dignified and learned Prelate *Thomas*, the first of that name. This man, by his sole industry and disbursements, raised this city to its present state of splendour."

In 1584 the bishopric of Wells was given to Godwin by Queen Elizabeth, he being then sixty-seven years of age. The prelate was much in favour with her Majesty, but got into disgrace by a second marriage with a widow, which was bruited in her ears as "a match of the devil's making, being done for covetousness and not for comfort." "Yet himself protested to me," Harrington affirms, "with tears in his eyes, he tooke her but for a guide of his house; and for the rest (they were his own words) he lyved with her as Joseph did with Mary our Lady." Fuller says, "being infirm with age and diseased with the gout, he was necessitated for a *nurse* to marry a second wife, a matron of years proportionable to himself: but this was by his *court enemies* (which no bishop wanted in that age) represented to the Queen to his great disgrace; yea, they traduced him to have married *a girl of twenty years of age*, until the good Earl of Bedford, casually present at such discourse—"Madam," said he to her Majesty, "I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a son of hers is but a little under forty."

After his death the see was given to Dr Still, who, unwarned by the experience of his predecessor, ventured on the hazardous step of a second marriage with Jane, the

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daughter of a Sir John Horner. Her Majesty, however, was soon induced to "bid her displeasure fly," and content herself with breaking a jest on the name of the lady, saying to Sir Henry Barclay, "it was a dangerous name for a bishop to match with a *Horner*." After that he had the honour of preaching before her more than once.

Bishop Still, we find in Mr Britton's history, reported a most extraordinary miracle, which we cannot close this article without transcribing. It is thus introduced :—

"Bishop of Warburton, in the fourth volume of his works, p. 438, relates the following singular anecdote of Bishop Still, which he says he had from the learned Casaubon. 'This day the Lord Bishop of Ely (Andrews), a prelate of great piety and holiness, related to me a wonderful thing. He said he had received the account from many hands, but chiefly from the Lord Bishop of Wells (Still), lately dead. That in the city of Wells, about fifteen years ago (1596), one summer's day, while the people were at divine service in the cathedral church, they heard as it thundered two or three claps above measure dreadful, so that the whole congregation, affected alike, threw themselves on their knees at this terrifying sound. It appeared that the lightning fell at the same time, but without harm to any one. So far, then, there was nothing but what is common in the like cases. The wonderful part was this, which afterwards was taken notice of by many—that the marks of a cross were found to have been imprinted on the bodies of those who were then at divine service in the cathedral.

"The Bishop of Wells (Still) told my Lord of Ely that his wife (a woman of uncommon probity) came to him and informed him, as of a great *miracle*, that she had then the mark of a cross imprinted on her body: which tale, when the bishop treated it as absurd, his wife exposed the part, and gave him ocular proof. He afterwards observed that he had upon himself, on his arm (as I take it), the plainest mark of a cross. Others had it on the shoulder, the breast, the back, and other parts. This account that great man my Lord of Ely gave me in such a manner as forbade even to doubt its truth."

Management of Bees.—Rule 1. Never kill your bees. Rule 2. Never allow your bees to swarm. Place an old stock of bees on the middle of a board large enough to contain three hives, and on each side of the old stock place a wooden hive, nine inches high, and eleven square inside; or a straw hive with a wooden top. The boards forming the wooden hives should not be less than 1½ inch thick. On the top of each of the side hives there should be a hole two inches in diameter, with a plate of zinc to slide over it or a cork to fit it. Over the hole, in the inside of the hive, should be fixed another plate of zinc, pierced with pin holes all over it. These small holes are for the purpose of ventilating the side-hives, thereby preventing the queen from laying her eggs in them. Should the bees fill the holes, they must be re-opened. The board on which the hives are placed should be so prepared with passages that the three hives may be united or disunited at pleasure by means of slides made of zinc. As soon as the bees are likely to swarm, open the passage between the middle hive and one at the side, and force the bees to pass through the latter by stopping up the mouth of the former. When the bees have filled one side-hive with honey, let them into the other side-hive, and remove the first, now fit for use, by stopping its communication with the middle hive. Slide some sheet-iron under it, and remove it to another part of the garden in the heat of the day, and the bees will readily return to the parent stock. The honey will be found quite free from larvæ and farina, if the ventilation has been properly attended to.—*C. A. A. Lloyd.*

Murder Compromised.—Grimm's 'Teutonic Legal Antiquities' furnish a singular proof of the great care taken by the ancient Germans to save a murderer, whose crime had once been forgiven, from future risk or annoyance. The law ran thus:—"When the heirs of a murdered man, upon receiving compensation, are reconciled to the murderer, they shall share knife and meat and all things together like friends, not foes. He who breaks this compact shall be banished, and driven as far as man can be driven. Wherever Christian men go to church and heathen men sacrifice in their temples—wherever fire burns and earth *greens* (no circumlocution can render this quaint but picturesquely descriptive verb)—wherever child cries for its mother and mother bears child, ship floats, shield glitters, sun melts snow, fir grows, hawk flies the long spring day, and the wind stands under his wings—wherever the heavens vault themselves, the earth is cultivated, the wind storms, water runs to the sea, and men sow corn, shall he be refused the church and God's house, and good men shall deny him any home but hell. The reconciliation shall subsist for them and their heirs, born and unborn, begotten and unbegotten, named and unnamed, so long as the earth is and men live; and wherever both parties meet, by land or by water, on ship-board or horseback, on rock or at sea, shall they share with each other oar and water-bucket, land and plank, as need is, and be friendly towards each other upon all occasions, as father to son and son to father."

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THE TUMBLER AND HIS SOMERSET.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHINESE WAR.

Among the numerous instances which have come before us of providential escapes from death, when hope was no more, we have seen none more singular than that of a Swedish tumbler, who was destined to be one of the victims of the brutal wretches at Formosa, when that massacre took place for which Sir Henry Pottinger has since, with becoming resolution, demanded satisfaction from the Emperor. This man had been taken with the crew of the 'Anne,' an English vessel. His description of the cold-blooded manner in which the authorities proceeded to put the captives to death, and the monstrous exultation of the mob, as the unhappy sufferers successively met their doom, is not a little striking; but the most extraordinary part of the story is the manner, as related by Lieut. Ouchterlong, in which the Swede moved the presiding mandarin, or butcher, to pity. He is, perhaps, the first man who ever escaped the sword of an executioner by throwing a somerset, and saved his head by standing on it.

His statement is that, "about the 10th or 12th of August, 1842, one morning, at the hour for the distribution of their daily pittance, the gaoler entered their cells, accompanied by two or three police soldiers, bearing a bundle of small paper labels, on which was inscribed a word in the Chinese character, and proceeded, after issuing the copper coins, to paste one of them upon each man's dress; they then left the cells, and shortly afterwards the prisoners were let out into the court-yard to purchase food for the day. The Swede, having had his suspicions excited by the novel ordeal of the tickets, descried in a distant part of the yard a long line of bamboo chairs, with carrying poles, ranged along the wall, and near them a number of soldiers and coolies. His mind misgave him, he says, when he saw this, and, impressed with a vague presentiment of impending calamity, he fortified himself against its shock upon the Dutch principle, and accordingly spent the whole of his day's allowance upon a large dram of *samshoo*, which he drank off at a draught. After their morning meal was finished, a party of soldiers entered their cells with the gaoler, led them forth in detachments, and seated them on the chairs, after apparently ascertaining that the designation on the lable upon each dress corresponded with a similar ticket attached to the chairs. The whole of the captives of the 'Nerbudda' and 'Anne' were thus disposed of, except Capt. Denhaw, Mr Rolfe, the chief mate of the latter vessel, and four seamen, with one lascar, with the lerang and tindal * of the 'Nerbudda,' who were locked up in a separate cell, while their hapless companions, after being marshalled by their guards in the order of a procession, were raised in their chairs upon the shoulders of the coolies and carried through the gates of the town into the open country, attended by a strong posse of soldiers, with executioners and others bearing placards and instruments of punishment. After proceeding a distance of two or three miles they came in sight of a place enclosed and surrounded by a vast concourse of Chinese, from the midst of which the clangor of drums and gongs announced that the meeting had for its object some grand ceremonial. But little time, however, was given for speculation upon the fate which awaited them, for the chairs having been set down in a row outside the mob of spectators, the three or four who came first in the line were taken from their seats, their wrists, which had been bound together before them, set free to enable the executioners to pinion their victims by the shoulders behind their backs, and in this condition they were hurried through the gazing and excited multitude, which, with loud shouts, opened to give them passage into the arena, beyond where the closing ranks of the mob shut them out from the anxious gaze of their comrades outside. After a short delay, the guards issued again from the enclosure and bore away another party of captives; and it soon became evident, from the gonging which was set up on the appearance of every fresh band of victims, from the excited gestures of the spectators, and from the blood-bespattered garments of the soldiers who escorted them, that a scene of ruthless slaughter was enacting in the midst of the concourse of savages, whose shouts of exultation and mockery struck terror and dismay into the hearts of the wretched survivors. Section by section they gradually disappeared, until out of the whole 300, the Swede with three natives of India alone remained, and when at length the guards returned for these, the Swede abandoned all hope and resigned himself to his fate. The soldiers untied their cords, and then commenced trussing them for their horrid butchery; but the poor Indians, who had witnessed in agony the abduction of their fated comrades to the dread enclosure whence none had returned, resisted the efforts of the executioners in the most strenuous manner, throwing themselves upon the ground, and filling the air with their lamentations and cries for mercy. The Swede, on seeing this, spoke to them in their own language, and exhorted them to submit to the will of their murderers, pointing out to them that the probable consequence of their resistance

* The lerang is a sort of boatswain among a lascar's crew, and the tindal is next to him in authority.

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would be that they would be hacked to pieces instead of 'dying genteelly,' as he expressed it; and approaching them, with the consent of his guards, he managed, partly by persuasion and partly by force, to get them bound. At that moment he himself stood unfettered, and the thought flashed across his mind that the opportunity was propitious for making one desperate effort for life.

"It appears that the man possessed considerable skill as a tumbler, and labouring still under the excitement of the samshoo and of the desperate circumstances in which he stood, he burst from the soldiers, bounded through the throng of spectators, and stood in the enclosure a free man. A hasty glance showed him that at one end, upon an elevated platform, there was seated a great mandarin, who had evidently been president over the scene of blood. He accordingly ran towards him, and throwing a somerset upon his hands, alighted at the footstool of the chief, and stood upon his head before him. He then prostrated himself at his feet, and uttered loudly all the honorific and laudatory Chinese words which he could call to mind, and by signs and exclamations exorted the mandarin to spare him. What happened after this he but indistinctly remembered; but the result of his singular fate was that the mandarin, whether sated by the blood on which he had gorged his senses during the long hours of this horrible massacre, or struck with compassion for the Swede, ordered him to be removed from the enclosure; and when the man recovered the use of his understanding again he found himself once more alone in his cell."

CHARLES S. STRATTON, THE DWARF.

One of the most extraordinary exhibitions ever witnessed in this sight-loving metropolis, is about to open for the gratification of the curious — that of Charles Stratton, the American dwarf.

With the idea of a dwarf we generally connect the idea of stunted deformity, and expect to gaze on some ill-featured, miserable abortion, which we behold with wonder but recoil from with disgust. Such is not the case in the present instance. This little being we are about to describe is in every respect perfect in his formation. Rosy health and laughing mirth are his. He seems a happy, fairy creation. He was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, U.S., January 11, 1832, and is consequently twelve years old. His parents are people of the common size, with nothing at all remarkable in their physical or mental organization. At his birth, the General, as he is sportively called, weighed nine pounds two ounces, which is rather greater than the average weight of children at their birth. There were no extraordinary circumstances attending his advent, or preceding it, and he was considered a very handsome, hearty, and promising boy. Nothing remarkable was noticed until he was about five months old, when he weighed fifteen pounds, about which time his parents and their neighbours began to remark that he did not continue to grow. Still there were no indications of disease—the child grew in maturity if not in dimensions, and expecting that he would soon take a start, his parents thought little of the matter. Time passed on, however, and in stature he remained the same. For his size he became remarkably strong, playful, active, and intelligent; he has always enjoyed a fine appetite, partaking freely of the ordinary dishes found upon the tables of the labouring classes, has sound refreshing sleep, and has constantly been in the most perfect health, with the exception of slight colds. Subsequent to his birth, his parents have had two other children, who are now well-grown and interesting girls, of nine and seven years of age. There is nothing in his history or appearance, or of his family, to give the least clue to the astonishing phenomenon which he exhibits.

Master Stratton is much shorter than any other dwarf of which we have authentic accounts. The celebrated Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf of Charles II, who was concealed in a pie, and served up for the gratification of the guests of royalty, was three feet nine inches high when he reached his full growth. He is said to have been not more than seven or eight years of age when he appeared on the king's table, and it is presumed he continued to grow like other children, though not so fast. Young Stratton measures but twenty-five inches, and seems to have reached his full size, for, as already stated, he has not increased in height or weight since he was five months old.

His hair and complexion are light; he has handsome dark eyes, and a well-formed mouth. His disposition is said to be most amiable and affectionate.

In the United States there is a very diminutive person who is called Major Stevens. This person, we are told, who had long been exhibited as a dwarf, is twice Stratton's height, and four times his weight.

The first time that Stevens saw his awful rival, he was as much astonished as any other visitor, and after looking down on him awhile, pleasantly remarked, "I may be exhibited hereafter, perhaps, but it will be as a giant!" This youth's contrast in size, with other dwarfs and with children, shows his extreme littleness more markedly, if possible, than when standing by a grown person.

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The representations we have seen of him are monstrous caricatures. His limbs are of elegant proportions; his head of the proper size, and beautifully developed. When standing upon the floor, and walking about the room, which he does, dressed in the most elegant and fashionable manner, with all the grace and dignity of the finished gentleman, his head scarcely reaches to the knee of a person of ordinary stature, and is about on a level with the seats of the chairs and ottomans of the drawing room.

He receives his visitors with an easy, unembarrassed air, and answers questions rapidly but without confusion. When the writer was introduced to him the following conversation passed:—

"What do you think of this country, General?"

"First rate."

"And what is your object in coming to England?"

"To see her Majesty the Queen."

"How many ladies may you have kissed in America or elsewhere?"

"Half a million."

"And how many more do you intend to kiss?"

"All I can"

He seems disposed to be waggish. Sometimes he conceals himself in a lady's muff. In his printed history we are told—

"At Boston he was carried a considerable distance in a lady's work basket; and it will be seen, by his dimensions, into how small a space he could shrink himself.

"Unprecedented, inexplicable, and wonderful as he appears, there can be no doubt that his age is precisely what it is represented to be. His intelligence, manners, and physical strength, indicate his age, and the most scientific observers have agreed that in his second set of teeth, and other physiological indications, he clearly exhibits every mark of the age which our date of his birth would give him, while in many other points he exhibits a still greater maturity. It could not be expected that his voice would be of full depth of manhood; as this is not only never the case at his years, but probably never can be, from the size of the organ; and those who have seen Major Stevens, will remember that although he is forty years old, and much larger than the General, his voice is still pitched in 'childish treble.'

"In strength, activity, and vivacity, the General is remarkable. He often amuses himself by taking hold of a cane with one or both hands, and being carried about the room, which a man can easily do with one hand. He is constantly engaged in walking about, talking, and in various pastimes and employments, from early in the morning till late at night, without showing any signs of fatigue, and seems the happiest little fellow in the world."

This astonishing miniature of humanity has been staying for some time in Grafton street. It is expected that he will shortly be presented to her Majesty, and not till then will he again appear in public. He will no doubt be one of the great lions of the season.

MRS OLDFIELD AND MRS BRACEGIRDLE.

In the last portion of Mr Ainsworth's 'St James's, or the Court of Queen Anne,' a pleasant struggle between two celebrated actresses is given with great effect. They are in a festive party, at which most of the wits of that Augustan age "assist," as the French have it; and as the day wears away, the spark of envy which their charms and powers had severally kindled, is almost fanned into a flame. Our author says:—

"By this time the various generous liquors had begun to produce an effect upon the company; the conversation became a little more noisy, and the laughter rather more uproarious. Perfect decorum, however, was observed; but there were more talkers than listeners, and Tom D'Urfey, in spite of the assistance of the host, could not obtain attention for another stave. To hide his disappointment, during a momentary lull of the clatter, he called upon Mrs Oldfield, but an opposition was instantly made by the supporters of Mrs Bracegirdle, who said she was under a promise to them, and their rights could not be deferred. In vain Saint-John interposed; the dispute instantly rose to a fiery heat, and many sharp speeches were interchanged, when a happy idea occurred to the host.

"'A means of settling this matter occurs to me, ladies,' he said. 'Will you leave it to Mr Masham to decide who shall sing first?'

"Both immediately expressed their assent, and turned to the young equerry, who looked as much puzzled as the shepherd Paris, when required to bestow the golden apple upon the fairest goddess. Without giving himself, however, more than a moment's consideration, he named Mrs Bracegirdle, who, radiant with triumph, began to pour forth strains like those of a syren. But she was not allowed to proceed far, for Mrs Oldfield, who was deeply mortified, began to talk and laugh aloud to Maynwaring, upon which the fair singer instantly stopped, and in spite of Saint-John's entreaties refused to proceed, —her anger being increased by the insulting looks of her rival.

"'We have been talking of duels just now,' she cried; 'I wish they were allowed amongst women. I should like to punish the insolence of that creature.'

"'Don't baulk yourself, if you are so disposed, my dear,' rejoined Mrs Oldfield, with a sarcastic laugh. 'I will meet you whenever and wherever you please; and as we are both accustomed to it, we can put on male attire, and fancy ourselves of the opposite sex for the occasion.'

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"'I wish you would dare to make good your word, madam,' replied Mrs Bracegirdle.

"'If you doubt me, and are in a hurry, my dear,' replied Mrs Oldfield, 'you have but to step into the next room, and we can settle the matter at once.'

"'Here will be a pretty piece of work,' cried Prior; 'a duel between our two fairest actresses. Whoever survives, we shall be losers.'

"''Sdeath, this passes a jest,' exclaimed Saint-John.

"'We will fight with pistols,' cried Mrs Oldfield, heedless of Maynwaring's remonstrances. 'I have practised at the mark, and am a dead shot.'

"'Agreed,' replied Mrs Bracegirdle. 'I am as good a shot as yourself.'

"'What say you to arranging the affair in this way, ladies?' interposed Masham. 'You both profess to be good shots. I will hold a candle, and you shall post yourselves at the extremity of the room, and she who snuffs it hall be adjudged the victor.'

"'I assent,' said Mrs Oldfield.

"'But you will run a great risk, Mr Masham,' cried Mrs Bracegirdle.

"'Oh! I'll take my chance,' he replied, laughingly. 'Better I should receive a slight wound than the stage be deprived of one of its brightest ornaments.'

"The young equerry's gallantry was much applauded, and Mrs Bracegirdle assenting with some reluctance to the arrangement, a brace of pistols were produced, and all impediments being quickly cleared away, Masham took up a candle, and marched to the further end of the room, where he took up a position and stretched out his arm. All being now ready, Mrs Bracegirdle begged her rival to take the first shot. Mrs Oldfield instantly raised her pistol, levelled, and fired.

"The shot was so true that the flame wavered, and a burst of applause followed.

"As soon as this had subsided, Mrs Bracegirdle took her rival's place. But just as she had levelled the pistol, a trembling seized her, and she dropped her arm.

"I cannot do this,' she cried. 'I should never forgive myself if I hurt that young man, and would rather own myself vanquished than put him in danger.'

"On this, the applause was louder and more vehement than before, and at its close Mrs Bracegirdle said, 'To show that I am not without some skill, I will make an attempt, which can endanger no one. There is a small white spot on the upper pannel of yon door, not larger than a shilling. Be that my mark.'

"And as she spoke, she again raised the pistol quickly, and drew the trigger. The wood was perforated in the precise spot indicated by the fair shooter."

OLD PLAYERS AND OLD PLAYHOUSES.

The following passages from Mr Collier's late publication will be found more interesting to the lovers of theatricals than the never-ending discussions on the way in which Shakspere spelt his name, which, as was lately shewn in the 'Mirror,' can lead to no result. From the notice given of the manner in which certain players were then rewarded, some influence may be drawn of what was the condition of the professors of the dramatic art generally before "Immortal Shakspere rose."

"The earliest record of the representation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon (says Mr C.), is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff, the precise season is not stated, but it was in 1569, when the 'Queen's players' (meaning probably, at this date, one company of her 'Interlude players,' retained under that name by her father and grandfather) received 9s. out of the corporate funds, while the Earl of Worcester's servants in the same year obtained only 12d. In 1573, just before the grant of the royal license to them, the Earl of Leicester's players, of whom James Burbage was the leader, received 6s. 8d.; and in the next year the companies acting under the names of the Earls of Warwick and Worcester obtained 17s. and 5s. 7d. respectively. It is unnecessary to state precisely the sums disbursed at various times by the bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses, but we may notice that in 1577 the players of the Earls of Leicester and Worcester again exhibited; and in 1579 we hear of a company in Stratford patronized by one of the female nobility (a very unusual circumstance), the Countess of Essex. 'Lord Strange's men' (at this date not players, but tumblers) also exhibited in the same year, and in 1580 the Earl of Derby's players were duly rewarded. The same encouragement was given to the companies of the Earls of Worcester and Berkeley in 1581; but in 1582 we only hear of the Earl of Worcester's actors having been in the town. In 1583 the Earl of Berkeley's players, and those of Lord Chandois, performed in Stratford, while in the next year, three companies appear to have visited the borough. In 1586 'the players' (without mentioning what company) exhibited; and in 1587 no fewer than five associations were rewarded, viz. the Queen's players, and those of the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Stafford, with 'another company,' the nobleman countenancing them not being named."

Not less remarkable is the history of the theatres standing in Shakspere's time. It will be seen in the extract below that the Fortune Theatre is mentioned as "having been *between* White Crosse streete and Golding lane." This may have been the position of the original theatre in that locality, and in the street called "Playhouse yard," leading from Golden lane to Whitecross street, it probably stood. After the fire of 1618 it was perhaps rebuilt in Golden lane, where it now stands. Though

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long since appropriated to business, the aspect of a theatre may still be distinctly traced, and the eye has no difficulty in determining which was the entrance for the box or superior company, and which for the gallery people or "groundlings." Though the inside was destroyed by revolutionary fanatics, the walls were suffered to remain.

"The Globe was pulled down to the ground by Sir Mathew Brand on Munday, the 15th of April, 1644, to make tenements in the rome of it. The Black Friers play house, in Black Friers, London, which had stood many yeares, was pulled down to the ground on Munday, the 6 day of August, 1655, and tenements built in the rome. The play house in Salisbury courte, in Fleete streete, was pulled down by a company of souldiers, set on by the Secretaries of these sad times, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, 1649. The Phenix, in Druery lane, was pulled down also this day, being Saturday the 24th day of March, 1649, by the same souldiers. The Fortune play house, between White Crosse streete and Golding lane, was burned down to the ground in the year 1618. And built againe, with bricke worke on the outside, in the year 1622; and now pulld downe on the inside by these souldiers, this 1649. The Hope, on the Banke side in Southewarke, commonly called Beare Garden; a play house for stage playes on Mundays, Wednesdays, Fridayes, and Saturdayes; and for the bating of the bears on Tuesdays and Thursdays—the stage being made to take up and downe when they please. It was built in the year 1610; and now pulled downe to make tenements by Thomas Walker, a peticoate maker in Canone streete, on Tuesday the 25th day of March, 1656. Seven of Mr Godfries beares, by the command of Thomas Pride, then his Sherefe of Surry, were shot to death on Saturday, the 9 day of February, 1665, by a company of Souldiers."

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

A LITTLE publication has been received entitled 'The Prince of Wales's Library,' of which the part sent to us is No. I, and is termed 'The Primer.'

We may congratulate the infant heir to the crown of these realms on the very pleasant way in which this little publication may enable his Royal Highness to get over the first labours connected with education. The eye is so agreeably entertained with the numerous embellishments which it contains, and some of which it will be seen from the specimens which we submit are really very good, that the

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pupil is likely to be highly gratified with the treat, and learn to read without being aware that he is performing a task. The poems, by Mr Mahew, are appropriately simple, and their tendency is to attune the heart to a love of truth, justice, and devotion.

The illustrations are so important a

portion of the plan, and possess so much merit, that we cannot help offering specimens. If gas and railroads would have surprised our ancestors half a century ago, what would they have said to such designs as these being given, with many others, in a child's book for a shilling! The first heads the Lord's Prayer, the second introduces another pious strain, and both give a pleasing representation of the temple to which it is desirable that children should covet to repair, in order that they may betimes direct their attention to sacred things, improve the passing hour, and "hear of heaven and learn the way."

The late Mr Serjeant Bompas. — The death of this learned person last week created a great sensation in the profession. His end is believed to have been accelerated by his unremitting attention to his duties as an advocate. In his course he had many difficulties to encounter. By perseverance and superior talent he had conquered them, and a bright career seemed open before him, when he was unhappily arrested by the hand of fate. A few weeks since he was seen in vigorous health. Such is the lot of humanity — "In the midst of life we are in death!"

— Cradles are now called "marriage fruit baskets."

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Arms. Quarterly; first, quarterly, first and fourth, or, a fess, chequy, az. and ar., within a double tressure, flory, counterflory, gu., for Stuart; second and third, ar., a lion, rampant, az., for Crichton; second, Stuart; third, Winsor; fourth, Herbert.

Crests. First, a demi-lion, rampant, gu., and over it the motto "*Nobilis ira,*" for Stuart; second, a wivern, wings elevated and endorsed, fire issuant from the mouth, all ppr., for Crichton.

Supporters. Dexter, a horse ar., bridled, gu.; sinister, a stag, ppr., attired or.

Motto. "*Avito viret honore.*" "He flourishes with ancestral honour."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BUTE.

This family springs from the royal house of Stuart. Sir John Stuart, the son of Robert II, obtained from his father a grant of land in the Isle of Bute, with the heritable sheriffship of that place, Arran, &c., subsequently confirmed by the charter of Robert III, dated November 11, 1400. He married Jean, daughter of Sir John Semple of Eliotstoun. The great grandson, the offspring of this marriage, Ninian Stuart, succeeded his father in the sheriffship of Bute, and obtained, in 1498, a grant of the hereditary custody of the castle of Rothsay, with a salary of 80 marks yearly out of the lordship of Bute. He died in 1509, and was succeeded by his son, James Stuart, who was infeft in his estate, and heritable constabulary of Rothsay Castle, May 20th, 1509. The grandson of this James became Sir James Stuart, knight, of Bute, and married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Hepburn of Foord; by whom he acquired the estate of Foord, with several other lands in the county of Haddington, and was succeeded by his son. This was Sir John Stuart of Bute, who was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, 1627; and adhering to the royal cause through the civil wars, he suffered considerably, both by fines and sequestrations. He married Isabel, daughter of Sir Dougal Campbell of Auchinbreck, and died in 1662, when the title came to his son Dugald, who married the daughter of Sir Thomas Ruthven, of Dunglass, and grand-daughter, maternally, of Alexander, first Earl of Leven, by whom he had, besides daughters, two sons, James and Dugald. The latter succeeded his uncle, Lord Tillicoultry, as Lord of Session and Justiciary in 1709; and died in 1712, leaving a high character for integrity and talent. Sir Dugald died in 1672, and was succeeded by James, his eldest son, who was a member of the Privy Council of Queen Anne and one of the Commissioners appointed to treat for the Union of Scotland with England, in 1702, when the measure was not brought to a conclusion. He was elevated to the Peerage of Scotland, in the following year, by the titles of Earl of Bute, Viscount Kingarth, and Lord Mountstuart, Cumra, and Inchmarnock, to himself and his heirs male whatever. In 1706 his lordship opposed the Union with all his might; and when he discovered that a majority of parliament was in favour of it, he withdrew from the house to his country seat. He married, first, Agnes, eldest daughter of Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate in the reign of James VII; and second, Christian, daughter of William Dundas, Esq., of Kincavel. His lordship died in 1710, and was succeeded by the only son of his first marriage. This was James, the second Earl, who, after the death of his maternal uncle, and after much litigation, succeeded to the estate of Rosehaugh. He married Anne, daughter of Archibald, first Duke of Argyle, and had, besides daughters, two sons, John and James, the elder of whom, on his decease, January 28, 1723, succeeded to the title.

John, the third Earl, who was born in 1713, married Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., of the county of York, and great-grand-daughter of Edward, first Earl of Sandwich. Her ladyship was created Baroness Mountstuart, of Wortley, Yorkshire, April 4, 1761, with remainder to her male issue by the Earl of Bute. They had a numerous family. The son of James Archibald, the second son, became Baron Wharncliffe, and Charles, the fourth son, was created Lord Stuart de Rothsay. The third Earl, of whom we are now writing, was in office from 1737 (when he was made a Lord of

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the Police) till 1763. The latter part of that period he held the high situation of First Lord of the Treasury. His lordship died March 10, 1792, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, John, fourth Earl of Bute. His lordship had previously succeeded, on the death of his mother, to the Barony of Mountstuart, and had been created Baron Cardiff, of Cardiff Castle. On the 21st of March, 1796, his lordship was further advanced to the Viscounty of Mountjoy, in the Isle of Wight, the Earldom of Windsor, and the Marquisate of Bute. He married, first, Nov. 12, 1766, Charlotte Jane, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Herbert Windsor Hickman, second and last Viscount Windsor, of the kingdom of Ireland. By that lady, who died January 28, 1800, he had a numerous family. The Marquis died at Geneva, November 16, 1814, and his titles and honours descended to John, the present peer, his grandson. The last-mentioned nobleman was born August 13, 1793. He succeeded to the Earldom of Dumfries on the death of his maternal grandfather, Patrick Earl of Dumfries, April 7, 1806. By royal permission he had previously (August 26, 1805) assumed the surname and arms of Crichton in addition to and before those of Stuart. He married, July 28, 1818, Maria, eldest daughter of George Augustus, third Earl of Guildford. He is sixth Earl of Dumfries and second Marquis of Bute.

Of the Earldom of Dumfries, now united with the Marquisate, it is sufficient to state, Sir Robert Crichton, of Sanquhar, signalized himself at Lochnaben against the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas, when they made an incursion into Scotland in 1484. He was created a peer of parliament, by the title of Lord Crichton of Sanquhar, January 20, 1467-8. His son and grandson next bore the title. This latter was succeeded by his brother Edward. From him the title descended to Robert, the sixth Lord. That nobleman, when on a visit at Lord Norreys' seat in Oxfordshire, about the year 1605, lost his eye, fencing with one John Turner, a master of this science of defence, which so enraged his lordship against Turner that, after laying several plans for the purpose, he caused him to be assassinated seven years after the accident by one Carlyle, who shot him with a pistol, for which crime he and accomplices were brought to condign punishment; and Lord Sanquhar, surrendering afterwards, was likewise brought to the scaffold, being hanged upon a gallows erected in Great Palace yard, before the gate of Westminster Hall, June 29, 1612. The title then reverted to his kinsman, William, son of John Crichton, of Ryhill, second son of Robert, second lord. He was advanced to the dignity of Viscount of Air, February 2, 1622, and created Earl of Dumfries June 12, 1633, and succeeded by his eldest son William, the second earl, who resigned his honours, and had a new grant, November 3, 1690, with an extension of the remaindership to his grandson William, Lord Crichton, who on his death, in 1691, succeeded to his honours. William died unmarried in 1694, and was succeeded by his sister Penelope, as Countess of Dumfries. Her ladyship married, in 1693, her cousin, the Hon. William Dalrymple, of Glenmuir, second son of John, first Earl of Stair, and was succeeded, in 1742, by her eldest son William, fourth Earl of Dumfries, who also inherited the Earldom of Stair from his brother James. He died without issue in 1768, and was succeeded in the Earldom of Stair by his consin, John Dalrymple, and in that of Dumfries by his nephew (the son of his sister Elizabeth), Patrick Macdowal, of Freugh, as fifth earl. He married, in 1771, Margaret, daughter of Robert Crawford, of Restalrig, county of Edinburgh, and had a daughter, Elizabeth Penelope, who married John, Viscount Mountstuart, eldest son of John, fourth Earl, and first Marquis of Bute. She died during her father's lifetime, leaving two sons, the elder of whom, John, inherited the Earldom of Dumfries at the decease of his maternal grandfather, August 7, 1803, sixth earl, and the Marquisate of Bute on the death of his paternal grandfather in 1814.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

People form various and contradictory opinions respecting happiness, the best way to secure it, and what are really its constituents. All pursue pleasure, which is supposed to be somewhat analagous to it, and many are terribly disappointed when the shadow of pleasure vanishes and leaves happiness as far off as ever; and some agree by their ambition, envy, and other petty and discreditable feelings, that they have not happiness, for if they had, the mind would be easy and contented, or at any rate, would only advance with good feelings and benevolent emotions. What is happiness? Here lies the knotty point; people form wrong notions of it, and then wonder they do not possess it. Some think they have it, and are ever seeking after it, as if they had it not. They mistake the seemingly apparent means of procuring it for the thing itself, forgetting that happiness is in the mind, and although not totally independent of temporalities is much more so than is generally imagined. But happiness is frequently evaded by an useless and depraved ambition or envy, for on most occasions it is doubtful whether to pull others down would not be equally as agreeable as self-elevation; ambition for

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power and influence (independent of intellect) would gain its end as well by bringing others down below its own level as by elevating itself; such ambition only seeks simple superiority in station, and to gain and maintain which the mind is harassed, warped, and its healthy tone entirely destroyed. Happiness is within the reach of the majority; but real happiness means virtue and content, not that the mind should be chained to a particular state without ambition to elevate itself. On the contrary, it is for the benefit of society that each individual should exert himself with persevering energy, for activity improves the mind and advances the general prosperity. True happiness cannot exist in conjunction with envy, for envy corrodes and destroys our best moral feelings. All the perfections of our neighbours, friends, and fellow-citizens are hidden behind its poisonous influence; and we thus render our lives miserable by conjuring up the repulsive instead of appreciating the good.

Happiness is erroneously believed to be obtained only by a certain condition in the world. We do not consider ourselves so much in our pursuit of happiness as the world in general. Effect is what we principally seek—effect upon the minds of others, thus gratifying our pride; but feeding pride is not procuring happiness, it is only increasing our ability to be more miserable. Pride is a shifting structure on which to erect a habitation for happiness; it is entirely supported by the contributions of society in general, and partakes not of that beautifully virtuous self-dependence here, and hope for the future, which is characteristic of the happy individual.

A statesman cannot be happy. Constant ambition animates his soul. He is a stranger to serene contemplation; his life is a stormy conflict, and his elevation depends more upon accident than personal character.

The man of genius has a restlessness of intellect which, if not curbed by the influence of the moral feelings, tends to unhappiness. But a mind deeply intellectual and moral would be capable of great happiness; for the moral feelings would regulate the intellect to operate for the benefit of mankind, and thus afford a delightful sedative by the action of benevolence as a counterpoise to intellectual irritability.

Z.

Reviews.

The Portfolio, No. VIII. March. MATTERS of "great pith and moment" occupy the pages of this publication. The reader, who is bewildered by going through the eight or nine feet of leader or political discussion served up six times per week in the daily papers, may here find many documents and facts by which he may form or correct his opinions. Most of the articles are very striking, but one in particular has arrested our attention, 'England in the Western Hemisphere.' We have heard that it is from the pen of a gentleman intimately connected with the Canadas, who acted a distinguished part at a most eventful period. We do not know that all his views are correct, but this we know, that he writes with intelligence and power. To what party he belongs we can hardly say, for he spares not the faults of either Whigs or Tories. Both he charges with almost unpardonable weakness; both he accuses of truckling to the United States; and the Tories he attacks for their want of boldness in only pursuing Mr O'Connell for sedition. From one of that learned gentleman's speeches he gives the following quotation:—

"'Oh! should Louis Philippe march an army into Spain, or the United States occupy the Oregon territory, or Russia menace the East,—then, Hurrah! for the Repeal!'"

To which he adds the following comment:—

"Suppose an American agitator appealing to an invasion of Maine as a means of carrying some domestic question. *How many hours would that man live?* But on the soil of America there is no such monster to be found. The man who invokes foreign aggression exults in foreign hostility and crimes, flatters their rage and points their weapons,—in England is a senator, a person of repute and authority. Convicted by the tribunals on a venial delinquency he only swells in the public eye, and merits the applause of the body instituted to make and protect our laws! Yet he does gain in the weakness of the commonwealth. In plotting the means of diffusing the poison, or hastening its effects,—he at least has a purpose to serve. But what is to be said of the wretched dupes and instruments, whose malignant zeal can be made so fierce, that, to satisfy vengeance on their fellow-citizens, they will hail with joy disgrace, infamy, and danger for their common country? What is the position of the government that can pursue such a man for sedition, and that dares not arraign him for high treason? And there is a son worthy of the sire."

He pointedly dwells on the evil feeling towards this country which exists in America, and visits the insolence and encroachments of the United States with just and manly indignation. He remarks:

"Here is a question of a difference between two states—one powerful and the other weak. It is not the powerful one that is instant and vehement—grasping in disposition and outrageous in speech. It is not the weak one that is mild and deprecatory, and that imploringly appeals to 'cognate race,' and 'common ancestry,' &c. The parts are re-

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versed, the strong government deprecates, the weak one threatens; the first deprecates in vain, the last threatens with success. It is England that yields, and yields to menace what she had not conceded to argument: and herein lies the whole difference. The original dispute, and the subsequent exasperation depends entirely on the knowledge of the United States, of England's physical strength and intellectual weakness. Mr Kennith Rayner, of South Carolina, an important member of the Senate, thus described the relative position of the two countries:—

"'Suppose we should be precipitated into a war with England, what would be our condition? Our army reduced to a handful, and they in the swamps of Florida, held at bay by the savage. Our navy, consisting of but a few frigates, and still fewer ships, and they unfit for service. Our fortifications unmanned and decaying for want of repairs. Without barracks, without ordnance, without munitions of war; and what is still worse than all these, with an empty treasury and no means of supplying it. With twenty thousand veterans on our northern border, England would invade our territory and lay our frontiers in ruins. With a fleet of steam ships she would ravage our coasts and lay our cities in ashes. By throwing a few regiments of her manumitted West India slave troops upon our southern coast she would excite a domestic insurrection. Her machinations would soon reach the sixty thousand Indian warriors that are congregated on our western border, whose yell would resound from the Mississippi to the Alleghanies. This Indian population is already restless and discontented. With a lingering eye they look back upon the deserted graves of their fathers; and with feelings exasperated and almost goaded into madness, by the infliction of their accumulated wrongs, they are prepared for a sudden outbreak whenever there is the least prospect of success. Thus hemmed in on all sides—on the north, on the west, on the eastern and southern coasts—what would be our situation? . . . . In the meantime, what would become of our commerce, which is extending itself into every part of the world? Exposed to the power and rapacity of our enemies, our little navy would be shattered to pieces, and our commerce driven from the ocean!'"

The London Polytechnic Magazine. March. This number contains much valuable matter. Every article offers something that is useful, and yet is, at the same time, as amusing as a story-book. Dr King's view 'On the Arts and Manufactures of the Esquimaux' is an exceedingly able paper; and that 'On the Carriage Ways of England' will well repay perusal. Its rapid progress in London will surprise many of our readers, who, though they see it *gaining ground* from week to week, can hardly be aware how much it has already covered. On this subject we offer an extract.

WOOD PAVEMENT CONSTRUCTION.—ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

"Wood pavement is at the present moment a subject of general interest. It is supposed by many to be a recent invention; it has, however, been long used in other countries, and in some places is the common material for paving the streets. In England, it was first introduced in the latter part of the year 1838, when a patent was obtained by Mr Stephen Geary, of Hamerton place, King's cross, London, for hexagon blocks, from four and a half to nine inches diameter, made of Scotch or Norway fir, placed vertically, and as close as possible to each other. This is the most simple form, and is, I believe, that known as 'Stead's patent,' Mr David Stead, the present owner, having purchased it soon after the patent was granted. Scotch or Norway fir, though soft, is found the most suitable wood for paving, because, after a short time, the fibres become loosened at the surface, and turn over in a manner similar to the face of the wooden mallets used by our street masons. This avoids two evils—sudden concussion and its attendant noise. The first experiment was in Oxford street, in December, 1838. It was laid down, at the same time, with many kinds of granite, used both for paving and macadamizing,—in the latter form with and without the asphalte cement; patches of each being put down, from twenty to fifty yards in length, to take its trial before the inhabitants of the metropolis. The blocks were about twelve inches deep, and were not bevilled at the edges or grooved; sufficient care was not taken to have the wood uniform in quality, and the substratum was nothing more than loose gravel. It was soon after put down in a similar manner in the Old Bailey; and in November, 1839, I had an opportunity of witnessing the laying down of the third specimen (in the narrow street leading from High Holborn to Oxford street), with bevilled edges, but the same foundation as before. It was not found to be durable, for want of a hard foundation; the blocks being unconnected with each other, some of them were soon driven down, the surface became uneven, and those that kept their places were rounded and slippery. The whole of it has since been replaced by other pavement, laid upon a hard concrete foundation. This concrete is a patented invention, without which wood pavement could never have succeeded to any extent. It is composed of a metallic sand, lime, and gravel, mixed with water, and spread evenly over the road. Great care is required to ensure uniform strength; if this be not attained, the pavement will soon fall into dilapidation. In April last, I examined the concrete in Oxford street, after it had been two years in use, and struck it repeatedly with a heavy iron crowbar, without making the slightest impression. The gavelock rebounded as if struck upon a large block of stone. The expense of concrete is about one shilling and sixpence per yard; and since its introduction, the hexagon blocks, improved by additional grooving, have been laid in several places in London; the most perfect specimen is in the Strand, near the Golden Cross. The depth of the blocks has been reduced to six inches, and as the form is the most simple, the original cost is less than that of any other kind of wood pavement. It is probably on this account that it has succeeded better in the provinces

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than any other, while in London, the Metropolitan Company has laid down three-fourths of the aggregate quantity in use. Immediately on its introduction, a great number of patents were obtained for as many modifications of the general principle. Many of these would never have returned one sixpence into the pockets of the owners had not a company of speculators simultaneously appeared under the name of 'The United Wood Paving Company,' with the chivalrous design of buying them all up—Stead's among the rest. This it accomplished, and died of repletion, when Stead's patent, according to agreement, reverted to him, and I am not aware that any of the others have since been heard of. In the year 1839, 'The Metropolitan Patent Wood Paving Company' was established, and has confined itself to one patent—that of Count de Lisle, founded on correct mechanical principles. The blocks are each six inches deep, and six inches square on the face, with grooves one inch wide, and half an inch deep, at right angles. The oblique sides are shaped at the angle, which is found to give the greatest mutual support. The blocks are joined together by oaken dowels in masses of twenty-four, six blocks in length and four in breadth. The rows are bevilled alternately in opposite directions, and each mass is further secured along the sides with iron cramps, so that the whole mass resists the pressure on each particular block, and the adjoining masses support each other, because the alternate bevills at the ends form a dove-tailed joint.

"This Company has from the first used a concrete substratum, and so far as a smooth surface is desirable, has always attained its object. It commenced operations in December, 1839, by laying down about 1,100 yards in Whitehall, which continues at this moment smooth and level. Since that time, nearly 100,000 yards have been put down in London;—in Oxford street and the Old Bailey, to replace the hexagons; and in Piccadilly, Jermyn street, Newgate street, Oxford street, Hammersmith bridge, St Andrew's, and St Giles's, Holborn,—in Lombard street, Cheapside, one side of St Paul's churchyard, Bishopsgate street, Regent street, and other great thoroughfares."

THE COMMISSIONER'S LAY.

(AS LATELY CHANTED IN THE BANKRUPTCY COURT.)

Go, generous youth, your coach and pair
I would not for an empire touch;
Your conduct's liberal,—more than fair:
I wonder you give up so much!

Three pounds per week for jewels take,
Though snobs who pay their debts repine;
Your lady's heart of course would break
If *taken out of her the shine.*

The bright example you have set
Will edify the wondering nation;
And coming here in time you'll get
A vastly splendid reputation!

C. W.

BANKRUPT'S REPLY.

Your kind applause my heart has moved,
For lauding thus my acts and plan;
A second *Midas* you have proved,
Far greater than "a second Dan."

Miscellaneous.

GRECIAN HEAD.—There is nothing, I believe, in which the ancient Greek is supposed to have excelled the modern so much as in the form of the head, which, judging from the sculpture, may be thought to have attained perfection. Dr Blumenbach, however, obtained from Russia the skull of a Georgian woman so admirable in its general configuration, that he conceived it to be on a par in all respects with the ideal heads of antiquity. He afterwards obtained a very perfect Greek skull, which he nevertheless considered second to that of the Georgian. Those, however, who have seen numerous specimens of both nations, are of opinion that, whatever may be the case with the mere outline of the head, the beauty of the countenance is superior in the Greek. M. Bory de St Vincent, comparing the two nations, maintains that the chin of the Greek is more pointed, and that of the Georgian more richly rounded. But the fine oval chin is so characteristic of Grecian beauty, that wherever we observe its absence we pronounce the countenance not to be purely Greek.

ANCIENT FUNERALS.—"The custom of funeral processions," says Rosellini, "was peculiar to all periods and all the provinces of Egypt. We see the representations of funeral processions on the oldest tombs at Eilithyæ, and similar ones are delineated in those of Sakkarah and Gizeh; we also find others of a like nature in the Theban tombs which belong to the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties." These funeral processions agree in every particular with the account given of the circumstances attending the funeral of Jacob: "And Joseph went up to bury his father: and with him went up all the servants of Pharoah, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house: only their little ones, and their flocks, and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen. And there went up with him both chariots and horsemen: and it was a very great company. And they came to the threshingfloor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation: and he made a mourning for his father seven days. And when the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites, saw the mourning in the floor of Atad, they said, This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians: wherefore

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the name of it was called Abelmizraim, which is beyond Jordan."— Gen. i, 7—11.

THE DUC DE SAINT SIMON. — The memoirs of this remarkable person, now well known to every reader of French history, was long kept from the public. When the duke died, in 1755, the original manuscript, written entirely in his own hand, was deemed of such importance by his family, and the custody of it so delicate a matter, that they applied for a *lettre de cachet*, by authority of which it was taken possession of, and deposited, for preservation, among the archives of the state. They did not, however, cease to regard it as their property, and when the death of most or all of the persons mentioned in it, had removed the difficulty which had been originally felt, they made various applications for its restitution, which were always neglected. One of these applications was made shortly after Louis XVIth's accession to the throne, and probably led to that examination of the 'Memoirs,' which was the indirect cause of their first imperfect appearance before the world. The task of their examination was committed to the Abbé Voisenon, who made very copious extracts from them; from which extracts considerable portions were subsequently copied, and by the infidelity of a domestic, one of these copies got into hands by which they were finally committed to the press at the beginning of the Revolution.

The Gatherer

Boyton Church.—The following is an inventory of the church plate, seized at Boyton under the commission of Henry VIII, in 1553:—"Delive'de to Thomas Harvey and John Sly, *won cupp* or *challis* by indenture of x ounce, iij bells. In plate to the king's use, ii ounce."

Improvement in Agriculture and Manufactures.—If we look at Cornwall we shall see that, whereas at the beginning of the present century it could not feed a population of 188,000, it now supports a population of 350,000, and actually exports food. The contract for supplying the navy at Portsmouth with meat is held by Falmouth butchers, and provided for chiefly with Cornish cattle, not to speak of the large supplies required by vessels which daily arrive at and sail from our ports. The same fact applies to the whole kingdom. The population has increased two-fifths in the present century, and the land still feeds them, and that with better food, and at a cheaper rate than it did forty years ago.—*Berwick Warder.*

Railway Speculation.—A Perth and Stirling line is projected for the professed purpose of extending the communication now in process of completion between Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London, beyond the Forth, but obviously in opposition to the line through Fife, with which the interests of the east coast of Scotland are so much bound up. The total expense is estimated at 330,000*l.* for lines from Stirling to Perth, Glasgow, and Edinburgh; the annual traffic at 60,194*l.* 15s. 3½d.—*Ibid.*

Ancient Monuments.—The sculptor of our time is one of those who profits largely from the more general diffusion of wealth among the various classes of society. We find but few old Gothic monuments that, for their small size and moderate cost, could be classed with the tablets now in common use. The feudal system so divided the population into the high and the low, that there was scarcely a middle rank answering to that class in modern life which hang the tablets on church walls. Those who could aspire to more than the sod or the headstone, claimed the altar-tomb or shrine at once.

Mr O'Connell before the House of Lords.—The first time that he appeared to argue in the House of Lords there was a great anxiety among the English lawyers to hear him, and even Lord Eldon shared in the excitement. He sat near one of the bishops. When O'Connell opened the case he was all cold attention, neither approving or disapproving. When, however, Dan got fast in the argument his lordship grew fidgetty, drumming on the bench with delight at O'Connell's masterly argument, and in the height of his enthusiasm, stooping to the Rt. Rev. Father in God next to him, he said, "Do you know what, my Lord? That is a d——d clever rascal."—*Biography of O'Connell.*

Trade and Navigation.—From the annual returns presented to parliament the gross amount of duty received during the past year (1843) on articles imported into the United Kingdom was 22,636,659*l.*, showing an increase over the year 1842 of 40,396*l.* A sensible decrease has occurred in the quantity of live stock imported. The number of oxen and bulls imported in 1842 amounted to 3,156, and in 1843 only to 1,114; the cows amounted in 1842 to 1,038, and in 1843 only to 367. The sheep amounted to 634 in 1842, and to 210 in 1843.

Hospitals.—The number of ancient hospitals mentioned in the 'Monasticon' as existing at the era of Henry VIII, is 387. The earliest hospitals were probably nothing more than houses on the roadside, at which the chance traveller might obtain refreshment. Of this original design some traces were preserved until a late period. For instance, in the hospital of St Cross, near Winchester, the porter is still furnished, according to statute, with a certain quantity of bread and beer, of which any

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traveller who knocks at the lodge and calls for relief is entitled to partake gratis.

Punishment of Henpecked Husbands.—Formerly a man who suffered himself to be beaten by his wife, in some places on the continent, had his house unroofed, as a gentle intimation of his unfitness to dwell in the community; in others, he was obliged to lead the donkey upon which his virago partner was seated backwards, holding the tail in her hand. One of the dishonouring inflictions peculiarly dreaded was the burying disgracefully; a very important part of which was not to let the infamous corpse pass over the threshold.

The Laws of Lombardy.—The adoption of a son was formerly effected in Lombardy by the adopter's trimming, for the first time, the beard of the adopted; in Scandinavia, by his giving him his shoe to put on. This form seems to have implied a recognition of the shoe-proprietor's authority; and, as such, was required from a bride, who completed the marriage ceremony by putting on the bridegroom's shoe. Natural children, to be legitimated by the subsequent wedlock of their parents, were placed under the mother's mantle during the marriage ceremony. Taking the keys from a wife was equivalent to a divorce; and a widow freed herself from her deceased husband's debts by throwing her keys into his grave, which was a virtual abandonment of her claims upon his property.

Price of an Annuity.—A person aged twenty-one would have to pay 147*l.* to purchase a savings bank annuity of 20*l.*, to commence at his forty-first year. He would be allowed to buy a similar annuity for his wife by an annual payment of 10*l.*, supposing her age to be the same. To insure 300*l.* at his death by a single payment would cost 108*l.* The purchase of the annuity on his own life and the insurance of his own life would rather exceed the amount of the legacy.

How to quiet a Mussulman's Conscience.—The clock in one of the mosques was out of order, and the skill of an European was required to arrange it, but the defilement and pollution of his presence were objected to. At length some one inquired "how the necessary materials to build and repair the mosque had been brought in?" "By donkeys, shod," was the reply. "Then let the infidel dog be driven in with them," and in such manner did the poor clock maker make his entrance.—*Lady Londonderry.*

A Tender Conscience.—A French abbé, calling one afternoon upon a bishop, was invited to stay and dine. "My lord," replied the conscientious man, with a very demure and scandalized look, "I have already had a good breakfast, a substantial luncheon, and a capital dinner; and besides, I beg leave to remind your lordship of what you seem to have completely forgotten, that this is a fast day!"

Green Erin.—An ancient Icelandic writer gives this description of our sister kingdom:—"Ireland is nearly the best of all the countries with which we are acquainted, though it does not produce vines. It is in the temperate zone, and has no intolerable heat in summer nor cold in winter, and the oxen and sheep are in the open field the whole year through. It is said that the people who inhabit this country are fierce, murderers, and ill bred—yet none of the many saints that have been among them have been ever sacrificed."

"*Going under the Earth.*"—When two Scandinavians wished to swear brotherhood, a long strip of turf was raised supported by a spear in the middle, and resting upon the ground at both ends: under the turf the intended brothers suffered the blood, drawn from wounds in the palm the hand or the sole of the foot, to mix and they further mixed the blended stream with earth. They then knelt down beside or under the turf, and invoked the gods to attest their oath to avenge each other's death like brothers. Accused persons occasionally swore to their innocence with similar form; it was called going under the earth, and esteemed peculiarly solemn.

— It may not be generally known that boiled nettles are an excellent thing for feeding and fattening ducks.

— In marriage prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.—*Penn.*

— Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric man into an assassin.—*Addison.*

— Why are journeymen tailors like tributaries to the Thames?—Because they are *common sewers.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr Westthorpe will find it has been announced that the whole Peerage would be gone through. Then being indexed, connecting with the titles such anecdotes and histories as may be found in the 'Mirror,' the whole will present a perfect encyclopædia of aristocratical information.

J. H. F. next week.

We hoped before this to have heard from Mr Lowe.

'The Seasons,' though the subject is elderly, are so pleasantly treated, that the article will appear.

We have the pleasure to announce a series of curious and interesting papers on 'Life in the Eighteenth Century,' by Mr Andrewes, author of 'Relics of London.' The first, or introductory article, next week.

The answers to several questions which require reference to books not immediately at hand, must be deferred.

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The Mirror

OF

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(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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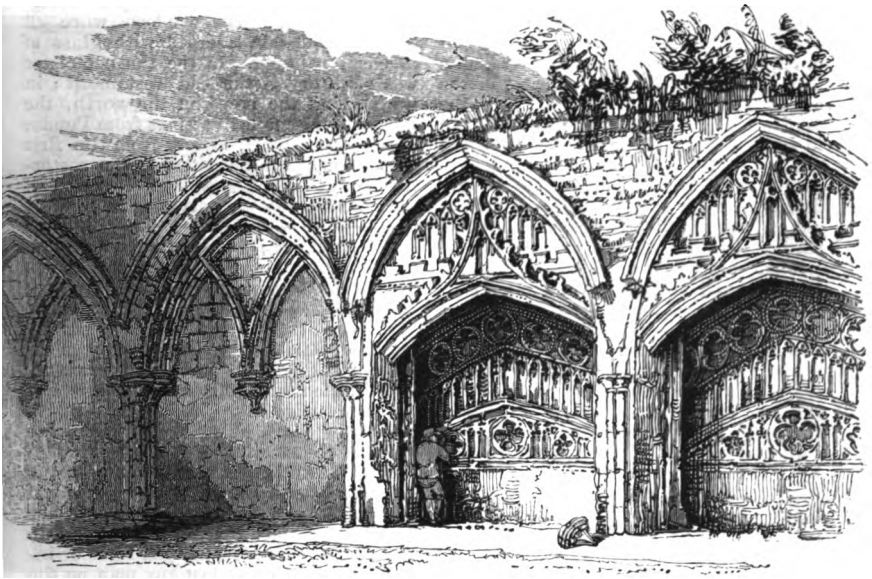

Original Communications.

THE LAVATORIES AND CLOISTERS OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE fragments of ancient architecture which from time to time arrest the eye are viewed by every lover of letters with reverential awe, in some degree approaching to the feelings so finely described by Shakspere, as inspired by contemplation of

——"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

Such remains carry the mind back to pious and illustrious characters who are "no more on earth." The beautiful proportions and the splendid whole of the palace, or the three towers symbolical of the triune Godhead, the transept imaging the cross, the long range of massy columns, and the elevated choir of the cathedral, are not necessary to invite solemn meditation. The mutilated ruin wakes reflection to what must have been the splendour and the magnitude of the mouldering edifice in its palmy days, which, even in its subordinate parts, is found "magnificent in decay." When such meet the eye, we indeed must regret that the earnest injunction of Cardinal Baronius, which he caused to be placed in a church he had repaired at Rome, has not been more respected. We mean that which ran thus:—

"Presbiter, Card., successor quisquis fueris,
Rogo te per gloriam Dei et
Per merita horum martyrum,
Nihil demito, nihil minuito, nec mutato;
Restitutam antiquitatum piè servato:
Sic te Deus Martyrum suorum precibus
Semper adjuvet."

It is, however, something in a case like that of which we speak, to find the venerated ruins have not been repaired and embellished, like Waltham Abbey Church, in the modern *taste*.

And it is in this spirit we submit to the readers of the 'Mirror' the lavatories to the cloisters of Peterborough. Even in their present condition they will be interesting to many. In Britton's 'Pictu-

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resque Antiquities of the English Cities' they are thus introduced :—

"The buildings of the palace covered a large space, and, as may be reasonably expected, consist of various incongruous parts; for the successive occupants of this, as well as of other episcopal houses, having but a temporary interest in the premises, consulted only their immediate wants or pleasures in the alterations they effected. It is true the abbots did the same in their time, for in the present dwelling we see evidences of three or four different styles or eras of genuine monastic architecture. The oldest part is most probably of the age of Abbot Ioan, or Jean, who laid the foundation of the new church in 1117, and in whose time nearly the whole of the monastery of the adjoining village had been consumed by fire. According to the credulous or crafty chronicler, this event was a direct interposition of heaven to punish the blasphemy of the abbot and one of his servants for cursing and invoking the devil to "come and blow the fire." Another part, now the entrance hall, was probably raised in the time of Henry the Second by William de Waterville, who was certainly the greatest builder and most liberal benefactor to the abbey. This hall is a vaulted room, supported by five columns, with bold ribs springing from circular capitals and from corbels in the walls. An apartment, built by Abbot Kirton, as shown by a monogram or device signifying *Kirk-ton*, by the figure of a church or kirk, and a cask or ton, bears the name of *Heaven-chamber*, and is adorned and lighted by two small oriel windows in the north wall, and by one larger and more enriched to the south. The embattled parapet of the chamber is rather singular in design. At the western side of the palace are some ornamental panels, with shields, mitres, &c., marking another style and date of architecture. In the gardens of the palace are some mutilated remains of other palatial buildings. On the south side of the cathedral are the shattered walls of two sides of the cloister, which in former times was not only much ornamented in its order, but its windows were richly adorned with painted glass. These walls have four or five doorways of different dates and of various designs, also numerous architectural mouldings, brackets, columns, &c. Near the south-west angle are two recesses with ornamented panelling, which were formerly used as lavatories. They are stated to have been built by Robert de Lyndesey in 1220, but the ornaments of this part are much later. In the inventory taken at the dissolution of the monasteries is an item of "one conduit or lavatory of tynned, with divers coffers and seats there."

"The walls on the south and west of the cloister quadrangle remain, but those to the east and north are entirely destroyed except the church wall. In this are two ancient doorways with semi-circular heads, adorned with the chevron and other Norman ornaments. Opposite to these, on the south wall, are two doorways with pointed arches, having enriched mouldings and capitals, indicating the union of the earliest pointed style with that of the circular."

The cloister was once very highly decorated. Gruntou, in his 'History of Peterborough,' says, "The windows were all complete and fair, adorned with glass of excellent painting. In the south cloister was a history of the Old Testament; in the east, of the new; in the north, the figures of the successive kings from Penda; in the west was the history from the first foundation of the monastery to the restoring of it by King Edgar: at the bottom of each picture was a history of it in verse."

"A HIND LET LOOSE."—Under this title, in 1687, a fierce attack was made on James II. It professed to be written by "A Lover of true Liberty." The writer was a Mr John Shields. His criticism on the doings of James runs thus :—"In the beginning of this killing time, as the country calls it, the first author and authorizer of all these mischiefs, Charles II, was removed by death. Then one would have thought the severity would have stopped; and the Duke of York succeeding, in his late proclamation would make the world believe that it never was his principle, nor will he ever suffer violence to be offered to any man's conscience, nor use force or invincible necessity against any man on the account of his persuasion: smooth words to cover the mischiefs of his former destructions, and the wickedness of his future designs. To which, his former celebrated saying, 'that it would never be well till all the south-syd of Forth were made a hunting-field,' and his acts and actings designed to verify it, since his unhappy succession, do give the lie. For immediately on his mounting the throne, the executions and acts prosecuting the persecution of the poor wanderers, were more cruel than ever. There were more butchered and slaughtered in the fields, without all shadow of law, or trial, or sentence, than in all the former tyrant's reign; who were murdered without time given to deliberate upon death, or space to conclude their prayers, but either in the instant when they were praying shooting them to death, or surprising them in their caves, and murdering them there, without any grant of prayer at all; yea, many of them murdered without taking notice of anything to be laid against them, according to the worst of their own lawes, but slain and cut off without any pity, when they were found at their labour in the field, or travelling upon the road."

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ENGLISH LIFE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

DID any one inquire from what particular source I had obtained the information on which the following remarks are founded, I should be puzzled for a reply. I will, however, give one, and with as little circumlocution as may be. I have not, like the historian, sought for it in musty records or black-letter chronicles; nor have I, like the antiquary, traced it in illegible characters or half-obliterated inscriptions. The critic may smile when I say that it is culled from the magazines and newspapers, the dramas and farces, the prologues and epilogues, of the time. "What!" he will exclaim, "depend on the information which a newspaper contains? And that newspaper, too, one of the fictitious penny-a-line journals of the eighteenth century!" But, most sapient judge, remember that I do not inquire into minute details of occurrences, but into the general manners of the people; and the newspaper which exaggerated the accounts of a battle, or put forth imaginary narratives of an earthquake in a distant land, may be relied on for its accuracy when it alludes to circumstances open to the observation of all its readers. The dramas, too, frequently contained sly allusions to, and pointed satires on, men and manners, and the prologues and epilogues were made the vehicles for describing and ridiculing the prevailing fashions, and exposing the follies and the vices of the age.

From these ample sources and productive materials, then, aided by the reminiscences of certain respectable grandmothers and nurses, we may occasionally obtain a glimpse of the real manners and customs of the last century: and, as most of these sources—newspapers, dramas, and (in my case) grandmothers and nurse—had their origin in London or its neighbourhood, it is principally notices of London life which they furnish. Occasionally I may glean from them details of the general life in England at the time—political, literary, and domestic; anecdotes tending to illustrate the characters of the principal statesmen, poets, or actors; or facts and scraps which may throw some light on the manners and customs of the age.

The eighteenth century was one of the most eventful to England that has revolved. It produced some of the greatest poets, philosophers, and historians that the world ever saw. The drama attained its zenith of popularity, and performers who had never had their equal since the days of Shakspere, trod the English stage. Statesmen and politicians contributed, by their extraordinary talent, towards rendering Britain at once the wonder and the terror of the world. Military and naval commanders, combining the qualities of bravery and discretion, extended their country's fame and empire to the very limits of the globe; and England stood proudly forth, the queen of nations and sovereign of the world; the measure of her glory was full, and science was making rapid strides to add to her wealth. Triumph succeeded triumph and victory followed victory, and the eighteenth century closed upon as brilliant a train of conquests as gilds the page of our history. But the abstract details of the principal occurrences of the century have already been recorded: the character of the people, their manners and customs; their general tastes and mode of life, of business and of pleasure, yet remain to be described. Under such circumstances an attempt, however humble and however imperfect, to elucidate these particulars, may not prove totally uninteresting; and it is this hope that has encouraged the writer in his task.

Affect not the lofty disdainful smile, ye moderns, for after all that has been said and written, your grandfathers who are gone before, were not so very far behind you. It is true, they had not discovered the various applications of steam and electricity; neither did they practise phrenology or mesmerism: yet, for all that, they were not the uncivilized race which the imagination of some would-be sages of the day would picture them. Barbarous as they were, and refined as we are, we are not ashamed to copy them. We are not ashamed to wear the ruffles, the trains, or the stomachers which our grandmothers wore. Neither are we ashamed to borrow our scheme of an income tax or a penny post from our uncivilized grandsires. In some of our habits, indeed, we are far behind them; and while they were contented with the rural beauties of "Merrie Islington," and the other suburbs, and considered an evening spent at Copenhagen house a rational enjoyment, we seek for pleasure in the gin shop or saloon; they patronized the legitimate British drama, we encourage foreign puppets; they derived instruction from the books which they read, we seek only for amusement.

Whether the colours in which the following sketches are painted are favourable or dark, they are, I hope, just. I have not sought to represent our grandsires anything else than what they were. I have not dared to raise them above, or place them below, their just standard, but have attempted to draw their character as accurately as possible; and if its development be rather favourable than otherwise, I have merely given them their due.

The observations which I have made—my remarks on "English Life in the Eighteenth Century," do not pretend to

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be a connected series; they do not form a history or a description, or even a narrative, but are simply loose sketches of the principal features of English life—rough notes on the subject, which a cursory glance or incidental reference to some old newspaper or magazine has suggested to me. The 'Daily Courant,' and the 'Public Ledger,' the 'Tatler,' the 'Spectator,' and the 'Guardian,' the Rambler,' and the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'Times,' Telescope,' and the 'Annual Register,' have each contributed their portion—each and all have been referred to for an explanation of some "unconsidered trifle," and from the details which they furnished, has been compiled this too imperfect sketch of the men and manners of the last age.

PARTIALITY OF ANIMALS FOR WINES, SPIRITS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

FRANKLIN observes, in one of his Letters, that the only animals created to drink water are those which, on their conformation, are able to lap it from the surface of the earth, whereas all those that can carry their hands to their mouths were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape. This appears to be true, for no animals are so remarkably fond of good liquor as apes, baboons, and others possessing hands, though many devoid of those organs are partial to it. The pigmy apes which inhabit most parts of Africa, the East Indies, and the island of Ceylon, are captured by the natives placing vessels containing strong spirits near the haunts of those animals, who, assembling to enjoy it, become inebriated, fall asleep altogether, and in this situation are easily taken. A female ourang-outang in Holland stealthily got hold of a bottle of Malaga, drank every drop of it, and then returned the empty bottle to its proper place. The berbe is called by Europeans the wine-bibber, from its great fondness for palm wine. A mandrill baboon, at Wombwell's menagerie, was very partial to fermented liquors and ginger beer; the large dog-faced baboon, that died at the Tower in 1828, would toss off a pot of porter with great relish, and was such an excessive toper that he at last sunk under a confirmed dropsy; a young ruffed lemur, at the Paris Museum of Natural History, was partial to spirits; a large East Indian vampire, kept by Mr Bullock, was fond of white wine, lapping it up like a cat,—half a glass of it was sufficient to make the creature extremely diverting and frolicsome, though without attempting to bite. The Marquis of Hertford had a Russian black bear, called Toby, at his seat at Sudbourne, and the animal would readily distinguish strong ale from small beer; the racoon will drink spirits till "as drunk as a beast." The Rev. W. B. Clarke says that a saucerful of elderberry wine was the greatest delight of his dog, and that it has been very tipsy more than once. Cats will drink fermented liquors; Shakspere talks of ale that would make a cat speak, and in the song of the 'Old Courtier,' published in the 'Prince de l' Amour,' we have this line—

"And beer and ale would make a cat to speak."

Sometime ago an innkeeper at Stirling had a thirty-pint cask of ale attacked by rats, who nearly emptied it in about six weeks. It made them so tipsy that they were frequently seen gambolling in merry groups. Chaucer, in the Prologue to his 'Canterbury Tales,' says—

"We faren as he that drunk is as a mouse."

Mr W. G. Barker states that domestic rabbits will eagerly drink ale, though two or three spoonfuls satisfy them. The elephant is so fond of wines, spirits, and arrack, that when he is required to make any greater speed or exertion of his strength, his driver promises him some for his reward, and it is dangerous to neglect the performance of such promise, for elephants have been known to kill the driver who has deceived them in such cases. Gay, in his 'Fables,' describes a sow intoxicated by eating the brewer's grains, not an unfrequent occurrence with pigs. In Hutchinson's 'Travels in Columbia' we read that Dr Solo, on hearing of the glorious victory obtained by Bolivar, was determined that every bird and beast that he possessed should get drunk on that glorious occasion. For this purpose he gave his pigs, horses, cows, and poultry as much juice of the sugar cane as they could drink, and it was very amusing to see the pigs jump about in the most frolicsome manner; a rhinoceros, exhibited in Exeter 'Change some years ago, was very fond of sweet wines, of which he would often drink three or four bottles in the course of a few hours; the Emperor Caligula indulged his horse with wine served in golden cups; Buffon states that oxen and cows are fond of wine; the Rev. Rees Pritchard, celebrated as "the Vicar of Llandovery," who died in 1644, is said to have been cured of a habit of excessive tippling by observing that a goat which he had once made tipsy with ale, could never afterwards be persuaded to partake of that drink. This induced the vicar to resolve to abstain from a propensity of which even the ignorant goat seemed ashamed.

Some birds evince a bacchanalian taste. Maplet, an ancient British naturalist, says of parrots, "give them wine and they will be wanton enough." To induce a capon to

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act the parent towards chickens entrusted to his charge, some writers recommend making him tipsy with wine or brandy when the chickens are put to him, in order, as they profess, to make him fancy himself a hen, when he sees them crowding round him. Réaumer, upon trying this, found that, in a number of instances, the capon, instead of attending to the chickens, trod upon and crushed several of them to death and gave others a drubbing with his beak. J. H. F.

GEORGE THE FIRST AND SOPHIA OF ZELL.

HISTORIANS have generally passed over, as of very little moment, the story of the consort of George the First. The following authentic particulars will interest many readers:—

"Sophia, at the time of their marriage, was only sixteen years of age, and was a princess of great personal charms and mental endowments, yet her attractions did not retain the affections of her husband. After she had brought him a son and a daughter, he neglected his amiable consort, and attached himself to a favourite mistress.

"Such was the situation of Sophia when Count Konigsmark, a Swedish nobleman, arrived at Hanover. He was a man of good figure, and professed gallantry; had been formerly enamoured of Sophia at Zell, and was supposed to have made some impression on her heart. On the sight of her his passion, which had been diminished by absence, broke out with increasing violence; he had the imprudence publicly to renew his attentions; and as George was absent at the army, he made his solicitations with redoubled ardour. Information of his attachment, and of his success, was conveyed to Ernest Augustus; and one evening, as the Count came out of her apartment, and was crossing a passage, he was put to death by persons placed to intercept him, in the presence of the Elector; and tradition still marks the spot where this murder was committed. Sophia was immediately put under arrest; and though she solemnly protested her innocence, yet circumstances spoke strongly against her.

"George, who never loved his wife, gave implicit credit to the account of her infidelity, as related by his father; consented to her imprisonment, and obtained from the ecclesiastical consistory a divorce, which was passed on the 28th of December, 1694. And even her father, the Duke of Zell, who doated on his only daughter, does not seem to have entertained any doubts of her guilt, for he always continued upon the strictest terms of friendship with Ernest Augustus, and his son-in-law.

"The unfortunate Sophia was confined in the castle of Alden, situated on the small river Aller, in the duchy of Zell. She terminated her miserable existence, after a long captivity of thirty-two years, on the 13th of November, 1726, in the sixty-first year of her age, only seven months before the death of George the First; and she was announced in the 'Gazette' under the title of the Electress Dowager of Hanover.

"During her whole confinement she behaved with no less mildness than dignity; and on receiving the sacrament once every week, never omitted, on that awful occasion, making the most solemn asseverations that she was not guilty of the crime laid to her charge. Subsequent circumstances have come to light, which appear to justify her memory; and reports are current at Hanover that her character was basely defamed, and that she fell a sacrifice to the jealousy and perfidy of the Countess of Platen, favourite mistress of Ernest Augustus. Being enamoured of Count Konigsmark, who slighted her overtures, jealousy took possession of her breast; she determined to sacrifice both the lover and the princess to her vengeance, and circumstances favoured her design.

"The prince was absent at the army; Ernest Augustus was a man of warm passions and violent temper, easily irritated, and, when irritated, incapable of control. Sophia herself had treated Count Konigsmark with regard and attention, and the lover was hot-headed, self-sufficient, priding himself on his personal accomplishments, and accustomed to succeed in affairs of gallantry.

"Those who exculpate Sophia assert either that a common visit was construed into an act of criminality, or that the Countess of Platen, at a late hour, summoned Count Konigsmark in the name of the princess, though without her connivance; that on being introduced Sophia was surprised at his intrusion, that on quitting the apartment he was discovered by Ernest Augustus, whom the countess had placed in the gallery, and was instantly assassinated by persons whom she had suborned for that purpose.

* * * * *

"Many persons of credit at Hanover have not scrupled, since the death of Ernest Augustus and George the First, to express their belief that the imputation cast on Sophia was false and unjust. It is also reported that her husband having made an offer of reconciliation, she gave this noble and disdainful answer of haughty virtue unconscious of stain: 'If what I am accused of is true, I am unworthy of his bed; and if my accusation is false, he is unworthy of me. I will not accept his offers.'"

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THE SEASONS.

(For the Mirror.)

As the delight of gazing upon the beauties of nature, in her wildness and sublimity, has not fallen within our reach, having from an early age been principally confined to a locality equally known for its absence of undulation as for its rich and verdant pasturage, we have never felt the raptures which must be experienced whilst gazing upon a lofty mountain, or listening, with unwearied ear, to the roar of the distant cataract. Thus we have been fain to content ourselves with those universal blessings of nature which all mankind may enjoy.

The exquisite change of the seasons is, we have ever thought, the greatest of these, and each is so fraught with its own peculiar charms, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is productive of most enjoyment.

Spring, perhaps, is more generally preferred, and truly it is a lovely season. The severity of winter has passed away, and the trees, with their beautiful green foliage, succeed to leafless boughs; the little lambs, emblems of innocence, sport beside their dams, and Nature's own choristers fill the air with their songs. All nature seems renovated, everything breathes joy and gladness. In youth we hail the return of spring with delight, but as years increase upon us we cannot avoid experiencing a sensation of melancholy; whilst, in contemplating the vigour and freshness of everything around us, we reflect that for *us* there is no second spring, how often have we exclaimed to ourselves, in the words of the poet,—

"Give me, oh! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power;
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise!
When thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays;
Uninterrnitted streams from fountains ever flowing.
Then, as I wandered free,
In every field for me
It's thousand flowers were blowing;
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
In every bud a mystery;
Magic in everything unknown:
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes, give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth;
While life's realities are all romance.
Give me, oh! give youth's passions unconfin'd
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Exhale, its love, its own tumultuous mind;—
Give me my youth again!"

One of the purest enjoyments of spring is to see the groups of laughter-loving children playing in the fields amidst the daisies and buttercups. With what delight do their little hearts greet the first daisy. We know not anything more pleasing than to see a lovely child with its little pinafore filled with these flowery treasures, which give them so much happiness, and seem so to accord with their innocent gaiety, that we are almost tempted to wish they could retain this happy sportiveness; but, like ourselves, they will soon find the sunny days of childhood too rapidly pass away, and they, in their turn, must share in the sorrows of maturer years.

Imperceptibly the deliciousness of spring glides into the richness of summer, with its numerous beauties. How delightful, after the heat of a long summer's day, are its calm, clear evenings and glowing sunsets; the cattle are reposing quietly in the fields, and the weary peasant is returning with heavy steps, but a light heart, to the dear companion of his cot and his smiling babes; how sweet it is to hear the distant sheep-bell and the cows cropping the grass. All nature seems at rest; and the stillness of surrounding objects invites to contemplation. When the days perceptibly shorten, what a delicious lengthener is the full harvest moon, reigning in all her quiet splendour; what a charming indistinctness do her mild beams throw over distant objects, giving full play to the imagination, which delights to fancy ancient castles, stately avenues, and all the romantic accompaniments of the days of chivalry. Then does Memory, with her magic spell, call up the joys of bygone hours, and weave her fantastic web with matchless skill. At such moments all who are near and dear to us are vividly presented to our minds; we hear their sweet voices, we see their well-known forms, until at last, interrupted in our reverie, we are obliged reluctantly to own, 'tis but a sweet illusion. Such magical effects are, however, among the most refined of our enjoyments, and must be highly prized by all who can feel them.

Next succeeds bounteous autumn, with its fields waving with corn; although we may feel a sadness in reflecting that the summer is fast fading away, and that the year is already on the wane, still how much there is to be admired in this season. What can be more rich than the varied hues of the leaves, the golden tint of autumn? How exhilarating is the air in fine September and October mornings; the sound of the wind rustling through the trees causes an agreeable sensation, in which the solemn and the grand are predominant, reminding us of the ceaseless roar of the majestic ocean.

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And now winter advances with its stern grandeur. Thus harmoniously do the seasons blend with each other, like the lights and shades thrown into a beautiful picture. Now that the trees have become leafless we see the delicate formation of their branches, and, with a clear blue sky above them, they have an exquisite appearance; their trunks encircled with ivy, ever green and beautiful, is an apt emblem of true affection, which survives the decay of these summer charms; in open winter there is a humidity about the evergreens which reminds us of the dews of milder seasons. The ivy overhanging the ruined arch gives it a freshness of appearance which makes us almost feel as if spring were really come. In severer winters there are numberless charms for the lover of nature:—the snow, emblem of spotless purity,—the water, covered with ice, affording a delightful pastime to our youth, and almost carrying us to more northern scenes; and, above all, the rime frost, encrusting every spray with its glittering particles, transforming the trees into a grove of coral, have an indescribably beautiful effect. The excessive stillness which such mornings as these pervades the senses is inexpressibly delightful. They err greatly who think that a winter spent in the country must necessarily be dreary and offer no attractions; it possesses them in abundance if we have but taste enough to relish them.

One of the greatest enjoyments of winter are its long uninterrupted evenings. Our Christian poet, Cowper, has given us a graphic delineation of these dear domestic pleasures. At no time of the year does a whole family draw so entirely together as at these delightful seasons, sacred to the pure and heartfelt enjoyments of friendship; then, with what rapture do we, with some chosen friend joining the social circle, turn over the pages of our favourite authors, and speak of the varied excellencies of each. Most frequently poetry—that sweet softener and refiner of life, is resorted to, and the pages of our cherished poets are searched with enthusiastic delight. Anon, biography is the theme—social improvement, and the general happiness of mankind are spoken of with interest; a little innocent raillery, exciting to a generous emulation, but no envious rivalry, sometimes enlivens us. An evening now and then spent in this way invigorates the mind, and throws a halo of enjoyment over this season.

Thus spring, summer, autumn, winter—all have their characteristic charms, and testify of the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator, who has ordained this delightful interchange of the seasons, for the express enjoyment and benefit of mankind.

ELISA.

INTRIGUE AND LOVE.

A MR FETTES, of Alnwick, proposes shortly to publish a translation of the drama entitled 'Intrigue and Love,' from the German of Schiller. An extract from the manuscript follows below, which seems to prove Mr Fettes equal to the task. To the proper understanding of the scene, we copy from the 'Berwick Warder' a brief description of the fable:—

"The *Cabale und Liebe* (Intrigue and Love) was published after the 'Robbers and Fiesci.' Ferdinand, the son of the prime minister at the court of a German prince, an enthusiastic and noble-minded youth, when taking lessons in music from an honest, worthy violinist of the name of Miller, falls in love with his daughter, a pretty, low-born maiden, who is of a kindred spirit with his own, and tenderly reciprocates his attachment. Worm (the private secretary of the minister) is also in love with Louise, and finds out that Ferdinand is his rival. He communicates the fact to the president, a deep, designing, hard-hearted, political schemer, one who has reached his giddy height by foul play. The father takes prompt measures to anticipate the consequences. His plan is to compel Ferdinand to marry Lady Milford, an English lady, who had fled from England in troublesome times, and been left an orphan in her exile, and at that time the favourite of the prince. Not succeeding in this, Worm suggests the idea of exciting jealousy in Ferdinand's mind. The president gets Louise's father sent to prison, and in order to procure his release, she is induced by threats and entreaties to write a letter with her own signature to a Baron von Kall, which is purposely dropped, so that it may fall into Ferdinand's hands. This succeeds. Jealousy is excited, and eventually he administers poison to her in a glass of lemonade, of which he himself also drinks. An explanation then ensues, too late. Her innocence is proved, but the fatal poison soon takes mortal effect; both expire, and Worm and the president, the real instigators, are hurried off to answer for their crimes.

"The first act opens with a scene in Miller's house. The mother is proud of the attentions paid to her daughter by Ferdinand, and somewhat sharp words pass between her and the husband, who suspects Ferdinand's intentions, gets heated with his subject, and declares that he will wait on his excellency, and say to him, 'Your highness's son has an eye on my daughter; my daughter is too humble to be your son's wife. But my daughter is too precious to be your son's mistress.' Worm enters, and Mrs Miller, whose garrulity and vanity are well matched, soon lets him know how things stand, and the high prospects of her daughter. He endeavours

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to woo the maiden through the father, but Miller tells him flatly that he will never fasten a husband about his daughter's neck against her inclination, and he must be content to carry the willow basket and drink a bottle with her father. Worm seizes his stick, and hurries out of the room. Louise enters, and the following dialogue ensues:—

"'LOUISE (lays down the book, goes to her father, and takes his hand).—Good morning, dear father.'

"'MILL. (tenderly).—Right, my Louise. I am glad you remember your Creator, and attend on his worship so diligently; continue so, and his Almighty arm will protect and guide you.'

"'LOUISE.—O! father, I am a great sinner. Was he here, mother?'

"'MRS M.—Who, my child?'

"'LOUISE.—Ah! I forgot. There are others besides him. My head is so distracted. Was he not here—Ferdinand?'

"'MILL. (in a melancholy mood).—I thought my Louise had forgotten that name in the church.'

"'LOUISE (after gazing at him abstractedly).—I understand you, father; I feel the arrow piercing my soul, but it comes too late. I have no more devotion: Heaven and Ferdinand contend for my heart; and I fear, I fear (sighing deeply), yet—no—dear father. Is not the artist most delighted when he sees us lost in admiration of the beauty of his picture? Must not God forgive me if, when lost in adoration of his master work, I seem to forget himself?'

"'MILL.—Ah! there it is; that's the fruit of ungodly reading.'

"'LOUISE (steps to the window).—Where may he be at this moment? The high-born ladies may see him—may hear him; but I am a low-born, forgotten maiden—(starting at her own words, she rushes to her father)—no, no; forgive me; I do not lament my lot. I will only think a little of him, that cannot be wrong. Oh! that I could breathe out this small spark of life as a gentle balmy zephyr, to cool his face! Were this floweret of life but a violet in his path, that, stepping on it, it might die modestly beneath his tread! This would satisfy me. Father, can the proud majestic sun punish the innocent butterfly that disports itself in its beams?'

"'MILL.—Hear me, Louise. Gladly would I give up the small remains of my existence had you never seen the major.'

"'LOUISE (alarmed).—What say you? Oh, no! you mean otherwise, my dear father. You know not that Ferdinand is mine, created for my happiness by the Father of the loving. When I first beheld him, the blood started to my cheeks, every pulse beat happiness, each ebullition spoke joy, each breath whispered it is he—my heart acknowledged him for whom it had always sighed, my soul confirmed it; and as the song of jubilee rang through the rejoicing world of love, then, oh then, the first morning of existence dawned in my soul; a thousand joyous feelings, unknown before, were created in my heart, as the flowers burst forth from the earth at the approach of spring. Creation was no longer visible to me, yet it never appeared so beautiful. I thought no more of a Creator, yet I never loved him with so much sincerity.'

"'MILL. (clasps her fondly in his arms).—Louise, dear, noble child, take my old stupid head—take all, all. But the major, God is my witness, I can never give him to thee.' [*Exit* MILLER.

"'LOUISE.—I do not want him now, my father. My few short moments of existence appear already but a delightful dream of Ferdinand. For this life I give him up; but in another, where the differences of birth and station are dissolved, where all the divisions of rank are destroyed, where men only are men; though I bring nothing with me but my innocence, then shall I be rich; for my father has often told me that pomp and dazzling titles are cheap in heaven, but hearts rise in value. There the tears of innocence are accounted triumphs, and noble thoughts proud ancestry. Then, mother, I shall be noble, and in what can he be wealthier than I?'"

The Victoria and Prince Albert Gallery.—Subsequently to the visit of the Queen of England to the Château d'Eu, the King of the French commissioned several artists to decorate a gallery, to which his Majesty had given the name of "Victoria and Prince Albert Gallery." The arrival of the British fleet in the road of Tréport, the landing, entry into Eu, the dinners, concerts, visits to the church and forest, and the re-embarkation, form the subject of as many pictures in it, with the busts, portraits, and statues of the principal personages who accompanied the Queen.

Multiplication.—If the human race, beginning from one pair, were to double once in 30 years, or if the excess of births over deaths were to double the population once in 30 years, then, at the end of 3,000 years, the population might be described as follows:—Take men, women, and children, at an average height of four feet, and imagine a vast plain of the same surface as the whole earth and sea. Let each person be allowed one square foot to stand upon, and let the "surplus population," after the plain is full, stand upon the heads of the others, with others again upon their heads, and so on. The pile would extend to a height of 3,688 times the distance from the earth to the sun (sun's distance 95,000,000 of miles; earth's radius 3,956 miles.)—*Athenæum.*

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Arms. Az., a fesse, sa., between three lions' heads, erased, gu.
Crest. Out of a ducal coronet, or, a cock's head, gu., crested and wattled, or.
Supporters. Two lions, ppr.
Motto. "*Hora e sempre.*" "Now and always."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF POMFRET.

This family, the Fermors, was, many centuries ago, seated on the lordship of Somerton, in Oxfordshire. Its ancestor came to England in the ranks of William the Conqueror; one branch of the family was established by Robert Fermor, or Farmar, in Ireland. Passing over the immediate descendants from the Norman warrior, we find, in the reign of Henry VIII, Richard Fermour, who, as a merchant of Calais, had amassed great wealth, established at Eston-Neston, in the county of Northampton. By his zealous defence of the Church of Rome he brought upon himself the hostility of Henry; and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, his Majesty's Vicar-General, moved, it has been supposed, by avarice, caused the whole of his fortune to be confiscated under a *premunire*, in consequence of his having relieved Nicholas Thayne, his *quondam* confessor, while he was confined in Buckingham gaol. He suffered largely for his consistent humanity, but his estate was partly restored in the time of Edward VI. He recovered his mansion at Eston-Neston, where he died, much esteemed, Nov. 17, 1552, and his eldest son, by Anne, daughter of Sir William Browne, Lord Mayor of London, succeeded to his estate. This gentleman's christian name was John. He was made one of the Knights of the Carpet, Oct. 2, 1553, the day after the coronation of Queen Mary, in her Majesty's presence, under the cloth of state, by the Earl of Arundel, commissioner for the occasion. Sir John Fermor represented the county of Northampton in two parliaments, and was sheriff of the county in the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary. He married Maud, daughter of Sir Nicholas Vaux, Knt., Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, and was succeeded at his decease, Dec. 12, 1571, by his eldest son, George Fermor, Esq. He was knighted in 1586, and had the honour of entertaining James I and his Queen, June 11, 1603, when his Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on his eldest son, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Thos. Curzon, Esq., of Water Perry, in the county of Oxford. This son, Sir Hatton, succeeded his father, Sir George, in Dec. 1612. In the 15th of James I he served as sheriff of Northamptonshire. He married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, but by her had no issue. His second wife was Anna, daughter of Sir William Cockain, Lord Mayor of London, by whom he had five sons and six daughters. At his decease, Oct. 28, 1640, he was succeeded by his eldest son, William Fermor, Esq., of Eston-Neston, who was created a baronet in 1641. Sir William distinguished himself during the civil wars in the royal cause, and, in consequence, suffered very severely in his fortunes, but had the happiness to live till the restoration of Charles II. He married Mary, daughter of Hugh Perry, Esq., of London, and relict of Henry Noel, second son of Edward Viscount Camden. In 1671 he fell a victim to the small pox, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name, who was elevated to the peerage in April 12, 1692, by the title of Baron Lemster, of Lemster or Leominster, in the county of Hereford. He was three times married, and, at his decease in 1711, was succeeded by his only son, the issue of his third marriage, which was Sophia, a daughter of Thomas Duke of Leeds, and relict of Donatus Lord O'Bryen.

Thomas, the second baron, K.B., was advanced to an earldom Dec. 27, 1751, by the title of Earl Pomfret, of Pontefract, in the county of York. He married, in 1750, Henrietta Louisa, daughter and heir of John Lord Jeffreys, by whom he had a family of three sons and five daughters. He died July 8, 1753, and was succeeded by his eldest son George. This nobleman was one of the lords of the bedchamber and ranger of the little park at Windsor. He married, in 1764, Miss Anne Maria Drayton, of Sudbury, in the county of

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Middlesex, to whom Lady Jane Coke, relict of Robert Coke, Esq., bequeathed a considerable fortune. He had issue by her, two sons and a daughter, of whom George, the eldest son, on his death, June 6, 1785, succeeded to the title. He was born Jan., 6, 1768, and married, in 1796, Miss Brown, daughter and heir of Trollope Brown, Esq. On his death the title devolved upon his brother, Thomas William. His widow survived till 1739.

Thomas William, just mentioned, was born Nov. 22, 1770, and became a lieutenant-general in the army. He married, Jan. 13, 1823, Amabel Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Sir Richard Borough, by whom he had issue two sons and a daughter. He died June 29, 1833. His lady afterwards married with the Rev. William Thorpe, D.D. The present baronet was born Dec. 31, 1824, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father. He is of course still a minor.

THE WRECK.*

The vessel strikes! Oh, God! its crash
Annihilates all hope;
For as the foaming billows dash,
What power with them can cope!

Two guileless children, happy while
Around is dire dismay;
Returning each endearing smile,
Engage in thoughtless play.

Sweet innocents! they little reck
What peril yawns beneath;
That presently the sinking deck
Will give them both to death.

A gentle mother looks on them,
Then, with firm trust on high,
Beyond the star-gemm'd diadem
That crowns night's ebon sky.

She with her babes beneath the wave
Will in unbroken sleep
Repose, not in a love-watched grave
Where mourning kindred weep.

But glorious faith—a heavenly fire
Surveys them from above;
To him her fervent hopes aspire
All trusting to his love.

Serenely she awaits that doom
Which many sufferers share:
See how the rushing waters come
Like torrents of despair.

The crush'd bark sinks; in pity, heaven,
Eternal mercy send;
That priceless hope to mortals given
Fulfil, Almighty Friend. L. M. S.

* This poem is founded upon an incident related by a survivor of the ill-fated 'Regarun.'

GARDENING HINTS.

(*Continued from page* 135.)

MARCH.

Leeks.—Sow the broad-leaved London in a warm situation the first favourable opportunity. The seed should be scattered thinly over a small bed, and covered lightly from the alley, beating it in with the head of the rake when levelling the surface.

Lettuce.—A few seeds may be scattered thinly amongst the onions and carrots, or on a small bed by themselves; the green or white cos are the best; and if cabbage lettuce is desired, the imperial or grand admiral may be sown: they must be protected from birds. Endeavour to obtain a few ecs. lettuce plants which have been wintered in frames to set now in a warm rich plot.

Mint.—Roots may be divided, and new plantations made.

Onions should be sown about the middle of the month, or before, if the weather permits. The ground should have been bastard trenched and ridged in autumn, and manured at the same time, therefore nothing but levelling down the ridges will be necessary now. For light soil, clay, and pig or cow dung mixed, will be found the best dressing; a piece of the best ground in the garden should always be devoted to onions. Sowing in drills is preferable to broadcast, as it ensures a regular crop, which is easier kept clean. After the ground has been levelled, mark it off in beds four feet and a half wide, with fourteen inch alleys; then draw drills an inch deep along the beds about six or eight inches apart, sow the seed immediately, and after covering tread it in regularly; if the ground should be in such a state as not to admit this without binding the surface, it will be hardly prudent to sow; but if it has been ridged, this will scarcely happen. After the plants are fairly above ground, nothing is so beneficial to their well-doing as having the soil about them frequently stirred, and being kept free from weeds. The best kind is the new white globe—a good keeper, and being of a globular shape, a greater weight is produced upon the same space than by any other kind.

Parsley should be sown, the first favourable opportunity—the seed usually takes six or seven weeks before it makes its appearance above ground; it may be sown as an edging to the walks or on a border. When put in for an edging, the drills should be drawn with great care and regularity about an inch deep, and three from the edge of the walk; if in a plot, six or eight inches apart. In covering let the soil be well broken. When the plants are full grown, any bearing uncurled leaves should be drawn out, and as soon as the earliest leaves begin to turn yellow a portion may be cut over close to the ground in succession; this will cause the plants to produce finer leaves, and stand the winter better.

Parsneps.—These should be sown at the

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same time and on an adjoining piece to the carrots, as they require similar treatment; the drills for these should be about one and a half inch deep, and one foot apart. They are an extremely nutritious and profitable crop, and should therefore be grown largely by every cottager. Boiled and eaten with salt fish or meat in the spring, they are delicious, and cows fed with them yield an abundance of milk. In sowing them, three or four seeds may be dropt in the drills, six or eight inches apart. The hollow crown parsnep is the best.

Peas.—A succession may be sown of dwarf blue imperial or blue Prussian—they both grow about three feet high, and no better or more prolific peas can be sown at this season. Earth up and stick the early kinds as soon as they are high enough. They cannot be sticked too soon at this season, as they act as protection. In drawing drills, either make one wide at the bottom, or draw double drills, and sow thinly. The rows should range north and south if possible.

Potatoes.—This is by far the most important plant we have to speak of: and although the season for the main crops has not arrived, there needs no excuse for introducing the subject, that some of the features in its successful culture may be impressed on the mind. Various interesting experiments have been made upon the manner of growing this root, which we might detail, but we will content ourselves in this instance with giving the modes of treatment which have proved the best. The time of planting depends a good deal upon the locality and nature of the soil; and although they have succeeded well from the end of February to the same time in June, yet either very early or late planting ought to be avoided: we shall, however, detail a method which in light soil and warm situations will amply repay the trouble either for home consumption, or with a view to profit—this plan is practised in Lancashire, Devonshire, and many parts of Ireland, and is termed the "lazy bed" planting; it is performed as follows: Mark out the ground, four feet and a half for the beds and two feet for the alleys: then remove about four inches off the surface of the beds into the alleys, afterwards digging the beds; and if the soil is not in good heart, manure must be added under the potatoes if at all heavy, but if very light place it above them. By putting manure under early potatoes on strong soil, it acts as drainage. The sets, which should be good-sized potatoes of the ash-leaved kidney, early frame, fox's seedling, or any other dwarf-growing early kind, must then be planted about eight inches apart all over the surface, placing them carefully with their crown-eyes upwards; they will then rise stronger than if laid on their sides, as the crown-eyes of a potato bear the same reference to those at the sides, as the terminal buds of trees do to the lower ones. Should the potatoes be so large as to make two good sets, keep the crown separate and plant each by themselves, and they will form a succession. Small potatoes should not be used for planting at this or indeed any season. As the plants appear upon the surface, a little soil must be added to keep off frost. In very small gardens this plan may be adopted with good success at a later period with dwarf growing kinds.

Radish.—Some seed of the scarlet short-top and turnip-rooted kinds may be scattered with the main crops of carrots, &c.; they will be fit for use before the crops can be damaged by them; but if room is no object, sow them by themselves, and cover as before.

Rhubarb.—This valuable plant should occupy a corner in every garden, however limited; and the cottager will find it useful and wholesome for himself and children, from its cooling properties. Independent of the cheap pies and tarts which are made of the stalks, they may be boiled and eaten with bread; by blanching the stalks, which is readily done, they are not only improved in flavour and come to perfection earlier, but one-half the quantity only of sugar is required. To accomplish this, it is but necessary to exclude the light; a large flower-pot or old butter-firkin will do this, or a few hazel-rods or rails covered with fern or straw, or any similar means as circumstances may dictate. If the crowns have been mulched during winter, they will be forwarded.

Spinach may be sown between peas or beans, or by itself, but is not a crop to be recommended at this season in a cottage-garden, being neither nourishing as food, nor durable as a crop.

Turnips.—In warm situations a few of the six weeks turnips may be sown upon a south border with a view to profit, as they are usually very scarce; the border should be dug in a sloping form, and the plants attended to regularly with water.

Knitting.

The Art of Letter-Writing Simplified. Cradock and Co.

To instruct a tolerably well educated person how to write a letter will doubtless, at first sight, appear a work of supererogation. "You may as well pretend to teach me the alphabet," will perhaps be the exclamation of many. Yet few will read the little work before us without being informed or reminded of something worth knowing in relation to epistolary correspondence. To us it appears the subject has been well

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considered, and the result is, some plain rules are laid down, so plain that they cannot be misunderstood, so obviously fit that they can hardly be called in question, and yet not deficient in ingenuity or happy arrangement. The writer submits the following plan :—

"When you sit down to write a letter, think of your subject,—of the circumstances you wish to state. On a spare piece of paper put down your loose ideas, your various points, promiscuously as they occur. For instance, I will suppose that you have a dozen different heads, more or less, on which you desire to expatiate. Put them all down (leaving a little margin on the left-hand side of your paper), no matter in what order, one after another, as they occur. A single word will in most cases suffice to lead your memory. Having proceeded so far, consider in what manner, in what order, the different heads of your letter may be arranged, so as to produce a harmonious and effective whole, and number them in the margin accordingly, 1, 2, 3, &c. There are three modes by which your task may be successfully accomplished; the mode to be determined by circumstances, and by your own taste and judgment.

"*First.*—I will suppose you have numbered your subjects according to their intrinsic importance, 1, 2, 3, &c., and that you wish to treat of them in that order, commencing with No. 1. By this means you will first state your most important point, and then gradually descend, numerically, and close with No. 12, the least significant in the series. To this mode, unless for short letters, there is an objection: your letter incurs the risk of becoming tame, feeble, and unimpressive at the close.

"*Second.*—Number your subjects inversely; that is, let your first head, No. 1, be of the slightest consideration in the series; No. 2 will possess an interest somewhat higher; No. 3 will become still more interesting; your letter will thus grow upon the attention of the reader as he proceeds; and, by reserving the most important point till the last, it will terminate with a strong and impressive climax.

"*Third.*—For long letters, or for letters embracing a great variety of subjects, this will generally be found the most preferable; but still, as I have said, the mode must be determined by circumstances, and by the taste and judgment of the writer. Adopt, first the *descending*, and then the *ascending* scale; from *superior* to *inferior*, and then from *inferior* to *superior*; something like this :—

12
1 11
2 10
3 9
4 8
5 7
6

That is, commence with No. 1, as an important point, though of less importance than No. 12; thus, descend in the importance of the respective points till you reach the bottom of the scale, No. 6; after which you may ascend from the comparatively insignificant point, No. 6, till you gradually reach the most important point of all, No. 12. Or you may number your subjects in a double series, according to the modes, *First* and *Second*, thus :—

Superior	1	1	Inferior
	2	2	
	3	3	
	4	4	
	5	5	
Inferior	6	6	Superior.

"By these means, the *commencement* of your letter will be *good*, and its *termination* will be *better*; and calculated to leave a clear and strong impression on the mind of the reader."

The examples given are well chosen. One is particularly striking; we copy it with the introduction :—

"In our epistolary correspondence, there are perhaps no letters so difficult to indite with due effect as those of condolence on the death of relations or near and dear friends. Yet, no difficulty, no experience of painful sensations, must be allowed to deter the writer from the performance of one of the most sacred duties entailed on our sublunary state. Letters of condolence from the sympathising pen of friendship, fall upon the heart of man like the gentle dews of evening on the parched earth. In the composition of such, there must be no high-flown words or expressions—no straining after effect. If heart speak not to heart, in the simplest, most soothing language of nature, words will, to the sufferer, prove cold and unimpressive—worse than useless. Be it ever borne in mind, that, to the afflicted—to the mourner in spirit—'there is only one true source of consolation;—that we shall meet those we love in another and a better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. This is the hope our blessed religion holds out to us, and its realization will amply repay our sorrows here, whilst the anticipated joy blunts the edge of present grief.'

"The subjoined epistle is from a lady—a young lady, but high in literary fame—to a father, after the loss of an only and much beloved daughter. It has not before been submitted to the public eye. To mention the writer's name would shed lustre upon a work of infinitely more importance than this.

"'My dear Mr * * *

"'I should have immediately replied to your melancholy note of the 11th inst., had I not been considerably indisposed since the period of its receipt. I pray you to believe how very sincerely I sympathise with you on the loss which you have sustained; although I am perfectly aware that all verbal condolence is vain, under the circumstances. Nevertheless, even at *my* age, I have become so much worn and harassed by the trials of the world, that I cannot refrain from looking upon that *early rest*, which is at times granted to the young, as a blessing which the survivors are totally unable to appreciate. There is a purity and a holiness in the apotheosis of those who leave us in their brightness and their beauty, which instinctively

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lead us to a persuasion of their beatitude. How many temptations have they not escaped! How many faults and errors have they not avoided! How many sorrows have they not been spared!—We *dare* not, then, mourn for *them*—we can only weep for ourselves. And these very considerations should rob our tears of all their bitterness.

"'May these and still more efficient consolations be yours, my dear sir; and may you find comfort in the conviction, that those whom you have loved on earth will be prepared to welcome you in heaven.

"'Ever, my dear Mr * * *

"'Very faithfully yours.'"

PRESENT STATE OF THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG.

Some particulars of this island appeared in the 'Mirror' several months back. The following more detailed account will, however, be read with interest:—

Hong Kong, China, Sept. 1843.

Hong Kong is one of the larger islands of that group near the mouth of the river Tigris. In size it is about eight miles from east to west, and the widest part is not more than six miles; but it is very irregular, the land jutting boldly out here and there, forming a succession of headlands and bays. Imagine, then, an island considerably longer than broad, perfectly mountainous, and sloping in a rugged manner to the sea; having here and there, almost at equal distances along the coast, deep ravines, which extend from the tops of the mountains and gradually become deeper and wider as they approach the sea. Immense blocks of stone (granite) are in these valleys, or ravines, which have either been bared by the rapid currents of water, or which have tumbled into them from the mountain sides at some former period. In each of these ravines there is abundance of excellent water, flowing at all seasons of the year: and hence the poetical name which the Chinese choose to give this island—Hong Kong, the island of fragrant streams. During the wet season (for it rains in torrents then) these little streams become very soon swollen, and then rush down from the mountains with a velocity which sweeps everything before it.

You will readily imagine there is very little flat ground capable of cultivation on the island. Indeed the only place of any size is a small valley of a few acres in extent, lying to the eastward of the town of Victoria, called "Wang-nai-chung" by the Chinese, and sometimes the "Happy Valley" by the English; and here we have numerous small gardens and paddy fields, very well managed by the inhabitants.

The principal Chinese towns on the island are Little Hong Kong and Chickchow, both of which are on the south side: at the latter there is now an extensive military station for English troops. The town of Victoria is built, and building, on the north side, all along the shores of the bay. The houses are planned in the most irregular manner; but you will be astonished when I tell you that, in almost all instances, the Chinamen build their bricks all one way, without a single tie crossways, so that they of course frequently tumble down even before the building is finished. Architects, however, are now out here, who will see that the houses are built in a more substantial manner. Already there are hundreds of excellent Chinese shops opened in the town, containing many articles as good as one can find in Canton, but generally higher in price. There is also a good market-place, abundantly supplied with its various commodities, particularly fowls, fruit, and vegetables. A firm broad road has been made all along the shore, forming the principal street of the town; and various other roads of lesser note have been made in different parts of the island, by the government, for the recreation of the inhabitants. There are various public buildings worthy of notice; for example, the Medical Missionary Hospital, the Morrisonian Education Society's House, the Roman Catholic Church, Government House, &c. It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that while the Roman Catholics have a splendid chapel, the English Episcopal church is a mat shed.

The bay is a fine one, completely sheltered by the mountains of Hong Kong on the south, and those of Cowloon on the opposite shores; the anchorage is excellent, and ships can ride here in safety during the strongest gales. I cannot add to all these things that the place is healthy, for most certainly it is very much the reverse. Fever prevails to a great extent during the hot season, and it is extremely fatal. Those who are seized generally fly to Macao, which is considered much more healthy. The inhabitants of Macao, who generally look with a jealous eye upon Hong Kong, say they are astonished if they see any one coming from that place without his head being shaved. The south side of the island is comparatively healthy, and there are certain parts of the north much more so than others; but that part near the west end of the bay called West Point, and the valley of Wang-nai-chung, before mentioned, seem to be most unhealthy. It may be possible to improve such places, to a certain extent, by draining and by removing the rice fields, but I fear the principal cause can never be got rid of, which I believe to be the situation of the town.

Throughout all my wanderings in the

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island I found the inhabitants not only perfectly harmless, but particularly civil and kind. I have visited their glens and their mountains—have stumbled on their villages and towns—and, from all the intercourse which I have had with them, I am bound to give them this character. But I always make it a rule to put no temptation in their way; and at the same time, while I showed by my deportment that I wished to be friendly, I always had the means of defending myself should I be attacked. I believe that the Chinese, in the Canton province particularly, where they have had much intercourse with foreigners, are generally deceitful, and not to be depended upon; at least, they bear this character here. Hong Kong swarms with thieves, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants find it absolutely necessary to keep a private watchman walking all night round their premises, to prevent them from being broken into, and this independent of the regular police. Pirates swarm all about the islands near the mouth of the Canton river; and lorchas which leave Hong Kong or Macao with passengers and cargo are frequently cut off. A most melancholy case of this kind happened lately, when a doctor belonging to one of the regiments here was murdered. I can assure you, from experience, that one does not sleep very soundly on board of a vessel of this kind, in a dark night, amongst the islands between Macao and Hong Kong.

The Chinese in this part of the country are particularly independent, and are rendered more so by the English who reside here. A boatman, who would not make a dollar in a fortnight amongst his countrymen, thinks nothing of demanding this sum for rowing you with your luggage from the ship to the shore. The Chinese, in their dealings with the English, seem to think as little of dollars as we do of shillings at home.—*Athenæum.*

Miscellaneous.

Different Methods for the Preservation of Timber.—Burnett's Antiseptic Solution is the chloride of zinc, patented by Sir William Burnett in 1838, and which has been very successfully tried at the Woolwich Dockyards, and is now becoming adopted in the navy. It has been found superior to Kyan's Patent Solution, the chloride of mercury. The solution of the chloride of zinc contains one pound of the chloride to five gallons of water. Another simple process for preserving wood and other substances appears to be that of Mr John Bethell. This consists in the application of creosote, along with coal-tar, or other bituminous matter. The wood is thoroughly saturated to the centre of the log with great rapidity. A load of fir timber will absorb as much as forty gallons, the close-grained woods less. A cubic foot of beech usually weighs 8 lbs. heavier after it has been prepared by this plan than before. The price of the creosote is 3d. per gallon. In some places—Liverpool, for instance—it may be had for 2½d. Preserved timber, by Bethell's process, is supplied to the railways at 15s. a load beyond the price of common timber. The use of creosote is strongly recommended by Sir John Barrow, in his 'Life of Lord Anson.' He states that Kyan's Patent (corrosive sublimate) does not prevent decay, neither does it prevent the teredo navalis from penetrating the timber, as has been proved at the dockyards. Wood treated with creosote becomes nearly waterproof, and is not touched by the teredo navalis; it requires no painting, but after exposure of some days it loses every unpleasant smell.

Sugar; with a Method to Detect the Adulteration with Grape Sugar.—The sugar cane itself, originally a native of India or China, was introduced into Sicily, by the way of Egypt and Syria, at a period antecedent to the crusades. It was carried, in 1420, by the Portuguese to Madeira, and subsequently, by the same people and the Spaniards, to Brazil, and to the West India Islands. The process of sugar making in the British West India colonies has probably undergone but little change for two centuries or more, except in the improvement of the machinery for crushing the ripe canes and extracting the juice. The tempering with lime, clarifying by heat, and quick evaporation in a series of open pans, still remain. Under the most favourable circumstances a large quantity of molasses is always produced; and as we know from the experiments of M. Peligot that nothing but crystallizable sugar exists in the juice of the cane, this production of treacle must be ascribed to an alteration of the sugar from the high temperature of the liquid in the open pans towards the termination of the boiling. The excellent plan now adopted by the refiners of the raw or Muscovado sugar, for concentrating their purified and bleached syrup by evaporation in vessels from which the air is exhausted, was invented and patented in 1813 by the Hon. C. E. Howard. Under this system the product of sugar is greatly increased, and its quality much improved, while little uncrystallizable syrup would be produced. This is, however, but a part, although an essential one, of the improvement of which the sugar cultivation and manufacture are susceptible. The East India sugars are made in part from the juice of a palm; the crude product, or *jaggery*, is subjected to a kind of refining process before exportation. These sugars are

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softer and less crystalline, and inferior in sweetness to those of the West Indies. The cause of the latter fact is to be sought for in the quantity of *grape sugar* they contain, which, indeed, is found more or less in every sample of raw sugar, having been produced in the first boiling at the expense of the crystallizable portion. For the purpose of detecting the presence of the grape sugar recourse may be had to a beautiful experiment of Trommer, described in the 'Annalen de Chemie und Pharmacie,' for 1841, p. 360. The sugar to be examined is dissolved in water, mixed with solution of sulphate of copper, and then a large excess of caustic potash added. The blue precipitate at first thrown down is re-dissolved with intense purplish blue colour by the excess of alkali. So far, both cane and grape sugar behave alike; but on heating the liquid to the boiling point, the cane sugar solution undergoes but little change, while that containing the grape sugar yields a copious precipitate of brilliant red suboxide of copper. This experiment might possibly be put into a form applicable to the *assay* of sugars, in which the proportion of grape sugar, that is, worthless sugar, should be inferred from the quantity of suboxide of copper produced from a given weight of the sample. The cheaper kinds of raw sugar, chiefly consumed by the poor, are sometimes cruelly adulterated by an intentional admixture of grape sugar, manufactured on a large scale for the purpose from potato starch.

The Gatherer

Disuse of the French Language in England.—From the Conquest down to the time of Edward the Third at all seminaries the scholars were obliged to construe the Latin lessons into French. In 'Caxton's Edition of Higden's Polychronicon by Trevisa,' 1482, book I, we read that in the next reign this was altered. He writes—"Sir Johan Cornuayl, a mayster of gramer, chaunged the techyng in gramer scole and construction of Frensh in to englyssh, and other Scoolmaysters use the same way now in the yere of oure lord M iij C lxv the ix yere of kynge Rychard the secund and leue all frensh in scoles, and use al construction in englissh. Wher in they haue auantage one way that is that they lerne the sonner theyr gramer. And in another disauauntage For new they lerne no Frenssh ne can none. Whiche is hurte for them that shal passe the see."

Impurity of Thames Water.—The water of the river is so defiled that flounders brought from the Medway, when they get above Woolwich, fly about in the wells of the boats, through which the water flows, turn up, and die.

Relics of Sir Christopher Wren.—The house, in Friday street, Cheapside, which Sir Christopher Wren occupied during the period when he was employed in the erection of St Paul's Cathedral, has just been levelled with the ground. His office in St Paul's churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, remains. His walking-stick, with a small compass at the top of it, is in the Soanean Museum.

Encouragement to Sculptors.—A gentleman of the name of Hobart, who died suddenly in May last, has left a testamentary paper, in the form of a letter, written, shortly before his death, to a Mr Blake, of Norwich, in which he directs that the liberal sum of 4,425*l.* shall be applied to the execution of an equestrian statue *of himself!* This laudable provision against the country's being put to any expense in the care of his immortality, has been met by the narrow and unartistic spirit of self-interest; and the paper propounded as a will, has been opposed in the Ecclesiastical Court. Sir Herbert Jenner Fust was of opinion, that, "though the bequest might be an evidence of the egregious vanity of the deceased, it was not sufficient to justify the court in holding that he was insane:" and he admitted the paper to probate.

Male and Female Education.—When a young man leaves school he is said to be prepared for college. When a girl leaves school her education is said to be finished; and in that phrase one of the evil influences which pervade the education of girls may be seen.—*Mrs Reed.*

Words not in Dictionaries.—A calculation has been made by a late accurate philologist that there are 13,000 words in common use in England which do not appear in any dictionary of the language.

A Patriarch.—The Prussian traveller, Dr Leipsius, writing from Egypt, says, "Yesterday we had a visit from the old, blind, but stately and rich Hassan Keschef, of Derr, the neighbouring capital of Nubia. This chief has 42 wives living out of 64, by whom he has 29 sons and 17 daughters still living: he probably has not counted the number of the dead, but, according to the usual proportion in this country, he has had about 198 children born to him."

Pelargonium or Geranium Leaves a Cure for Wounds.—The leaves of the pelargonium are, as everybody knows, strongly scented; some smell of rose, others of lemons, apples, &c.; there are also other sorts, which, when bruised, have a disagreeable odour. All the varieties of this genus contain a large quantity of essential oil, which is usually fatty; there are several sorts which are cultivated in the open air in the south of France, and particularly at Nice, for the purpose of extracting the oil, which is sold to the

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perfumers. The leaves of all pelargoniums have also the property of quickly healing cuts, places where the skin has been rubbed off, and other sores of that kind. You take one leaf or more of the pelargonium, which you bruise upon a piece of linen; you then apply it to the sore place, and it often happens that one leaf is sufficient to heal the wound. It sticks closely to the surrounding skin, and helps to close the flesh, and heals the wound in a short time.

Cultivation of Onions by the Tartars.—The Tartars, who bring all sorts of vegetables to Wilna, the capital of the grand duchy of Lithuania, have a particular method of cultivating onions. Instead of raising them from seeds, in which they do not succeed, or which appears to them too long a process, they dry and smoke in a chimney those which they wish to propagate, and in spring, when the time to plant them is arrived, they cut them diagonally into quarters, but so as not to separate the pieces entirely one from the other. They set these onions in rows, when thus prepared, in good soil well dug, but not freshly manured, at about ten inches from each other, and two inches deep. These onions increase extraordinarily, and grow large and strong.—*Rev. Hort.*, 1843, p. 449.

Musical Treat withdrawn.—The performance in St Paul's cathedral, for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy, given annually for a century past, will not take place this year; objections having been made to the erection of scaffolding, on the ground of its interruption of the daily service, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, acting on the advice of the Bishop of London, has determined that the festival shall be confined to the performance of one of the old services, with some increase of the choir.

Eyes not to be Damned.—Mahomet wrote, "There are two eyes which hell-fire does not reach—one which has wept for fear of God's punishment, and another which has remained awake to guard combatants for the faith."

Snewing.—In some parts of the country *snew* and *snewing* are used for *snow* and *snowing*, but are deemed merely local corruptions. They were not always so considered. Holinshed, under the year 1583, describing the performance of a tragedy, says that among other devices, "it snew an artificial kind of snow." Dr Wallis, in his 'English Grammar,' published in 1653, mentions that snew was used as the perfect tense of the verb to snow, "sed et utrobique, snowed." Chaucer has "it snewed."

The Best Drinking Water.—"The purest water with which we are acquainted," says Sir Humphry Davy, "is undoubtedly that which falls from the atmosphere; having touched air alone, it can contain nothing but what it gains from the atmosphere; and all artificial contact, even from the vessels in which it may be collected, gives more or less of contamination." In descending through the atmosphere, however, the rain-drops absorb a certain quantity of carbonic acid, for which water has a great avidity, and which gives it its fresh and sparkling character, so that water deprived of its carbonic acid is always peculiarly flat and insipid.

B and V.—In several languages these letters are often confounded with each other. The Parisian jokers tell that a Gascon gentleman, wishing to ingratiate himself with a fair widow, whose jointure had kindled in his heart a Hudibrastic flame, effectually ruined himself in her estimation by designating her children as "*de veaux enfans.*" Scaliger's hit at the Gascons is well known—

"Felices populi, quibus Bibere est Vivere!"

"Happy people, to whom to drink and to live are the same thing!"

Peers and their Associations.—Lord Brougham, a few nights back, replying to a rumour, that in the course he took he was seeking office, said he ought not to be astonished at a story trumped up and invented by Malice and her bastard sister Falsehood,—begotton both by the Father of Lies, upon the weakness of human nature. He believed that *all* of their Lordships had formed rather *an intimate acquaintance with that family.*

The Library of Travel.—A periodical so named will shortly appear, edited by Mr W. K. Kelly. "It is called for," we are told, "as the mania for wandering is no longer confined to the English people; other nations have caught the infection, and the symptoms find utterance in all the tongues of the West. The earnest German carries far abroad his patient spirit of research, and his old-world thoughtfulness and depth of feeling; the fluent Frenchman, in canary-coloured gloves, rhapsodises about 'la belle France' amidst the awful relics and the living glories of the East; and our American cousin cries 'Go ahead!' to all the echoes of the earth."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kalid cannot be gratified. We owe it to others not to let that of which we cannot approve appear, and if his effusions were admitted we know not what could with fairness be refused. Every one might claim insertion as a matter of course.

T. T.—We did not know that the 'Mirror' song on 'The Shirtmaking,' had been reprinted. The alteration pointed out is hardly worth mentioning.

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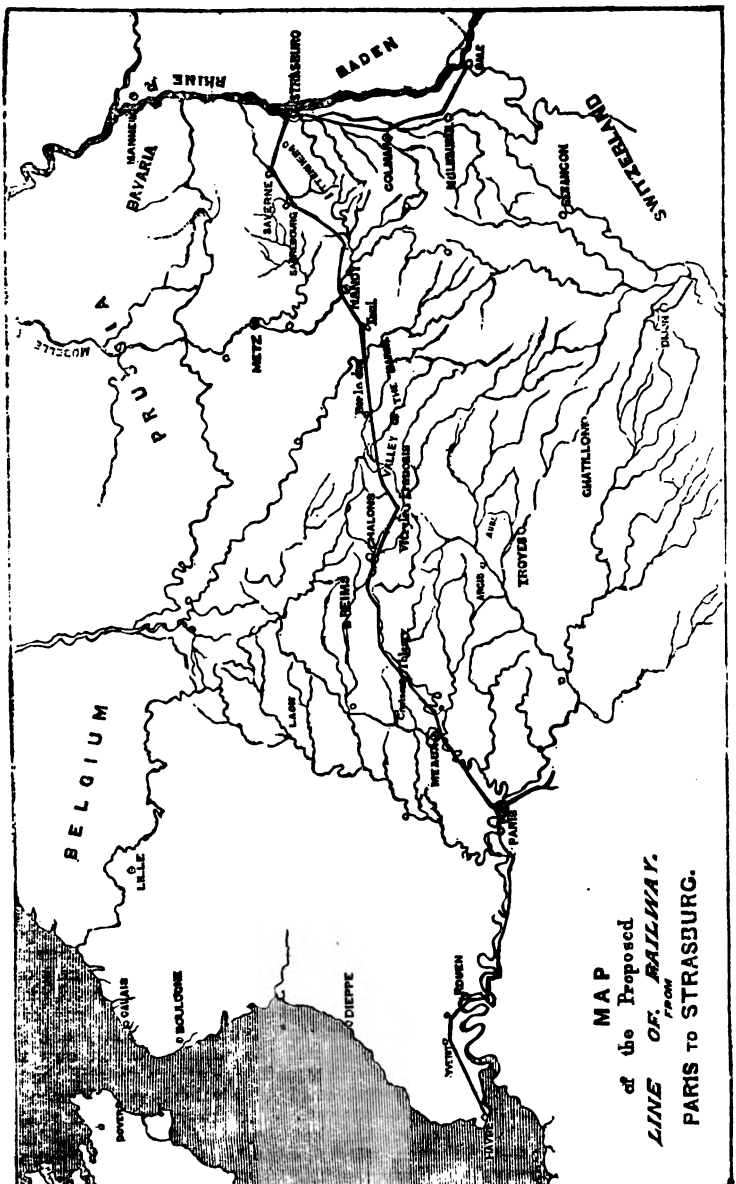
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 12.] SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1844. [Vol. I. 1844.



PARIS AND STRASBURG RAILROAD.

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Original Communications.

MARCH OF RAILROADS.

Railroads seem everywhere on the increase, at home and abroad. Those places which have them not, find themselves so differently situated from their neighbours, that in nine cases out of ten the cry is, they must be had. Plans have been formed for completely surrounding this vast metropolis with *chemins de fer*. Both Essex and Kent are to be traversed in new directions. In the former county, it is proposed to form a line to Tilbury; in the latter, several lines have been planned to connect Gravesend and Chatham, and one is announced to be actually in progress, and likely to be open to the public within six months from this date.

But by far the grandest undertaking of this kind of which we have lately heard, is that which we learn the French government have resolved on, namely, the formation of "a railway from Paris to Strasburg, the land for which will be purchased, and the earthworks, tunnels, bridges, stations, &c., executed by the government at their own expense and risk."

This undoubtedly sounds well. It must be borne in mind that we quote the prospectus put forth, in order to form a French and English company, but it will not be very difficult to verify what is thus advanced, or, if false, to disprove it. Names of high respectability appear in the committees which have been formed. In the Paris committee we find those of Le Comte de Molé, President, and Le Marechal Comte Gerard, Peers of France.

On the ultimate prospects of this speculation we offer no opinion; but regarding it as that which is likely to strengthen the amicable relations now subsisting between France and England, our wishes are in favour of its success. From the map which we have given, it will at once be seen that its course will run through or near a great number of populous places, and it is announced that "the agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing resources of the provinces bordering or within easy distance of the line, are those of fifteen of the richest provinces in France, viz.:—Seine, Seine et Oise, Seine et Marne, Aisne, Ardennes, Marne, Aube, Haute-Marne, Meuse, Moselle, Meurthe, Vosges, Haute-Saone, Haut Rhin, and Bas-Rhin, abounding in forests, mines, collieries, iron works, mills, and factories, as well as in rich vineyards and various agricultural productions. The intermediate traffic on this route is considered to be greater than in any other part of France, the total annual trade being estimated at 100,000 French tons between Strasburg and Paris, while that between and among the various localities enumerated embraces double this amount. The total population is about six millions and a quarter, and the total land revenue 320,000,000f., or 12,800,000*l*., double that of the whole kingdom of Belgium."

Such are the representations made by the projectors of this great work. Like all who adventure on a large scale, they are, perhaps, over sanguine. The discreet will take their statements *cum grano salis*, but some of the facts promulgated are important, not merely with reference to the large or small profits which the shareholders in the proposed company may eventually divide, but on account of the increased facilities which the people of England and France will have for communicating with each other. In this view of the case the scheme is one of the most important that has been brought on the *tapis* since the peace. At the moment when but too many sordid and mad-headed visionaries, on the other side of the water, are labouring to get up a new war (they gained so much by the last!), with the mountebank Thiers at their head, such an undertaking may possibly better occupy their minds, and by engaging them in that which is really for their interest, make them postpone the foolish strife they contemplate in the cause of "glory."

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Chapter II.—Literature.

The literature of the eighteenth century was of a more refined and elevated character than that of any period preceding it. Essays, histories, and poems, the productions of rightly and justly-thinking men, infused a healthy tone into the opinions of the age; and even the lighter works—the fictions of the novelist and the playwright—did not exhibit so utter an abandonment of every moral principle as unhappily characterizes too many of the novels and the dramas of our time. Pope and Tickell, as poets; Johnson, Goldsmith, Addison, and Steele, as essayists; Goldsmith, Hume, and Tindall, as historians; Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, as novelists; Burke and "Junius," as political economists; and Swift and Sterne, as general writers; with the hereditary talent of the Sheridans, and the Colmans, and the Walpoles, have combined to render the eighteenth century peculiarly a literary age—and the volumes which own those writers as their authors are still the most esteemed and valued works upon our shelves. The 'Spectator,' the 'Tatler,' and the 'Guardian,' of Steele and Addison; the 'Rambler' and the 'Idler' of Johnson; the 'Bee' and 'Citizen of the World' of Goldsmith, although, perhaps, depreciated by occasional frivolities and absurdities, may be considered the most valuable, as

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they were almost the earliest of our periodical publications. The quality of the higher literature of the time must, indeed, have been extraordinarily good, that the works of such writers as Locke, Cowper, and Shenstone, should have been reckoned second-rate. Yet so it was; and the beauties of Parnell and Hervey, Blair and Collins, were inferior to these. They must have been, indeed, the palmy days of literature, when a revised report from the 'Newgate Calendar' was *not* considered a first-rate novel, or an amended version of that revised report, a first-rate drama.

Yet the progress of letters was fettered and restrained to a degree which it does not suffer now. The law of libel, which was frequently stretched to its very utmost extent to reach some enemy of the government, silenced, in a measure, the voice of truth; the somewhat primitive processes of typography seriously retarded the publication of works of magnitude; and, though last not least, the almost consecutive recurrence of foreign wars throughout the century, distracted the attention of the nation from literary pursuits. Such were the difficulties against which the literature of the eighteenth century had to contend, and, although it rose superior to these impediments, their effects are visible in every volume and on every page. It is curious to observe the wholesome respect which the publishers entertained for the law of libel. The lists of bankrupts in the magazines and newspapers of the time are simply headed "B———pts," lest the full expression of the epithet might give offence; nay, even the houses of parliament are denominated "the Political Club Rooms," and the several speakers represented only by Roman names. In the 'London Magazine' for 1750 we find P. Ventidius, Q. Maximus, M. Cato, Cn. Domitius, Calvinus, and A. Posthumius, engaged in a debate on the English Mutiny Bill. Sometimes they were indicated by the external letters of their names enclosing the necessary number of stars. Thus we find Burke reported as "Mr B***e," Fox as "Mr F*x," &c.; whilst acting, we presume, on the principle that to majesty is due the most respect, the editors of the newspapers did not dare to mention, even thus hieroglyphically, the name of the King, but invariably denominated him, "A certain illustrious personage," or "A great person of state." For these reasons, it is a rare occurrence to find a newspaper of the eighteenth century exposing the crimes of a corrupt minister, or deprecating the conduct of an impolitic one; but measures of the most contrary nature, provided they but emanated from the powers that were, were praised and lauded indiscriminately; and Walpole, Fox, Pitt, and North, alternately declared the "Saviours of their country," and the "Guardian spirits of our land." But if the press were not so bold and free as at present, the fear of the law of libel and sanatory respect of its statutes acted advantageously in one manner—the privacy of domestic life was less frequently assailed; the veriest penny-a-liner for the paltriest journal seldom dared to penetrate into the secrets of private life, or to infuse bitterness and pain among the social circle by libellous attacks on any of its members.

Occasionally, I will not deny, there were found satirists daring enough, under the shelter of initial and final letters, to indulge in very uncivil personalities. A prime minister of to-day would hardly be dealt with less ceremoniously than was a former premier in 1768, in the subjoined paragraph, which appears in the 'Political Register' for May in that year:—

"Towards the close of the last session, the f——t L——d of the T——y was *missing*. In a day or two it came out, that his G——e* was gone down to the sea coast with Miss N——y P——s,† to attend her on board a vessel for France. About the end of March an express arrived at Dover, ordering one of the packets to be got ready for the *confidential* S——y of the T——y. He came in the evening, and embarqued for Calais: various were the speculations of the people at Dover on the purport of this embassy in such a busy time. Lo! the S——y returned with his errand, Miss N——y P——s in his hand. On Wednesday, the 14th of April, his G——e attended Mrs H——n, *commonly* called Miss N——y P——s, to Ranelagh; and the Saturday following, he introduced her into the opera, and sat behind her in waiting. I pass over his setting her at the head of his table, and entertaining no company who don't pay respect to her; his airings with her in a phaeton, and her appearance at Newmarket; because other profligates do the like: but it is only the prerogative of a f——t m——r to appear with his w—— in public, and to shew her more respect than he ever shewed to his wife."

The style of attack, however, which was more prevalent will be better seen in an extract from the November number of the same publication:—

"INTERROGATORIES,

Exhibited to a certain *little* great man, &c.
A fragment—never before made public,—and, now, offered to *any* and *all* parties.

"Quest.—Who made you P——e M——r?

"Ans.—Some little assurance, and a great deal of B——gh interest.

"Quest.—First let me know what kind of assurance is necessary that I may follow your righteous example; and secondly, what you mean by B——gh interest?

"Ans.—A full confidence of abilities you are an entire stranger to is a part, though a small one, of those which are called the proper requisites to figure in any public department; but the surest is blacking the boot of a cer-

* The Duke of Grafton.
† Nancy Parsons.

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tain *invisible* agent, and, with the right *German* ball, for that of the *English* composition will fail, and not give the right polish; and now, as to what I mean by B——gh interest, turn over any leaf of ——— memoirs, and you hear my opinion in folio.

"Quest.—I never heard of that book—is it in print, or MS.?

"Ans.—In neither—'tis all a blank, and never, perhaps, will be wrote upon,—but 'tis gilded and lettered, well bound, and opens easily at any place.

"Quest.—What did your patron promise for you?

"Ans.—He promised and vowed *four*, or *five*, things in my name,—first, that I should believe every article in the treaty of Fontainbleau; secondly, that I should rail at all G——n connexions in public—however in private I might set my hand to them; thirdly, that I should with all my *might and main—right or wrong*, run down constitutional measures; and, in short, as to the rest, should do everything becoming a man in my station.

"Quest.—How come you to be accessary (for I know the principal to be another sort of man) in making such a blundering and infamous peace?

"Ans.—Why, I'll tell you. There was no chance of a farthing of revenue from a certain corner of G——y during such a war,—and as we all of the P——y C——l (by our emissaries) had spread abroad, and made it believed, that the tenderness of a certain great man made him wish for the sheathing of each sword, we set about it. But, between friends, the *primum mobile* was *self-interest*,—for we wanted money to build children's houses, raise vallies, sink hills, and, in short, raise a girl from obscurity to eminence and degree; when, in fact, one of equal merit, and more money (it could not have been *less*) would have been the proper step for one whose estate was already mortgaged.

"Quest.—But, what?

"Ans.—May I be d——n'd if I answer any more questions.

"[Exit grumbling."

The comparatively tardy process of publication, when the powers of steam were yet unapplied to the printing press, and when, what is now the work of a few minutes, could scarcely be performed in as many hours, was another serious impediment in the way of literary progression.

The newspapers of the eighteenth century were small and badly printed; the size not a fourth of that in which they glory in the present day; and the type scarcely superior to the most worn-out machinery of one of our humblest printers. There are still, no doubt, many persons living who remember the small sheets of the 'London Journal' or the 'Public Ledger,' with their large and roughly-formed type, their brown ink, and coarse paper. Let them compare these with some of our modern journals—the 'Times' and its double supplements, for instance—and it will appear incredible that so great a change in size, typography, ink, and paper, could have occurred in so short a time. But the change which had previously occurred between the newspapers of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries—between the 'English Mercurie' and the 'Postboy,' was equally complete and equally progressive, and it is more than probable that, ere another century has passed, the "colossal journals" of our time will form pigmy objects of surprise and ridicule to our children's children.

DUELS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

In the earlier ages, when legal redress was uncertain or not always procurable, disputes and grievances were commonly decided by duel; but in our more enlightened age, when there are laws to punish aggressions and to settle contentions, the duel has not the apology which countenanced it at a remote and barbaric period. Yet, without one really sound and rational argument to advance in its favour, there are persons professing to be reflecting, civilized, and refined beings, who are ever ready to have resort to the duel, in utter heedlessness of the laws of God and man. In this they display a double disobedience—impiety and disloyalty. The object sought is said to be vindication and satisfaction; but will blowing the brains out of a skull prove the truth or falsity of anything that has been asserted? and is not death too severe a punishment for most of the acts and words which suggest a recourse to this absurd mode of redress? Should an apology be extorted by this display of pistols, the sincerity and value of it is about as questionable and unsatisfactory as a confession squeezed out by the use of the thumb-screw.

The duel being a hap-hazard proceeding, uncertain in its results, the offended person is as liable to receive the bullet as the offender. It is strange satisfaction for one whose honour is wounded to have the body wounded too. If the law is not to be appealed to, we think a useful hint might be taken from the reply which Professor Vince, the mathematician, gave to an advocate for duels:—"If a man said I had told a lie I would'nt try to kill him, but I'd tell him to prove it. If he could'nt he'd be the liar, and there I should have him; but if he did mathematically prove that I'd lied, there he'd have me, and I should pocket the affront, for after that conviction of me the less fuss I should make so much the better."

Both in a moral and political point of view it is greatly to be lamented that eminent persons should ever be found seeking to redress their grievances by the pistol, thus spurning those christian and social

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laws for which, at some other time and place, they were to be heard most gravely preaching the necessity of a profound respect and obedience to the very letter. It is remarkable that while one absurd duel between two shopkeepers, or apprentices, has done much towards rendering it unfashionable, a better-conducted duel between two men of station and character has always been followed, and rapidly, by an increase of the practice. Professed duellists are generally men of unamiable and irascible temper, or else men who have a sort of animal pleasure in the taking of another's life or in risking their own. Such persons are regarded with more contempt than respect in all circles, where people of sense see the folly of fearing to be thought afraid, and the equal folly of professing a readiness to receive challenges. The association, which has been formed within the last few months for the abolition of duelling by its own peaceable example in cases of received offence, affords some promise that duels will ere long be known only in the pages of the historian and novelist; for among the members of that association are thirty-four noblemen, fifteen baronets, sixteen members of parliament, twenty-four barristers, thirty admirals and generals, twenty-three colonels and lieutenant-colonels, seventeen majors, seventy captains, and twenty-four lieutenants,—that is to say, two hundred and fifty-three men of rank and honourable station have given their protest to this immoral and illegal practice. We wish they would adopt as their motto the lines of the poet—

"What's honour?
Not to be captious, nor unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right."

At a trial, arising out of a private quarrel, King James the First took his seat in the Star Chamber, and delivered a speech containing the following sentiments on duelling:—"To shed blood without the order of a lawful magistrate is an offence against God, the king, and the people: against God, in destroying one of his creatures, the image of his Maker; against the king, in destroying one of his subjects; and against the people in destroying one fit to serve the country, which is robbed of a patriarch; while the peace of the land wherein the subject hath interest is broken. Of all bloodshed this of the duel is the worst: first, because it comes not of revenge of other blood spilt, which may stir compassion; as when a man hath killed a father or brother, it was lawful by the old law for the next of kin to kill the murderer, if he were caught before he entered into the city for refuge. But the duel is no revenge of former blood, but a preparing to shed blood, and that often for vain words, which may be recalled. But what folly it is to revenge words with life which cannot be recalled! A man hastily falls out with another, and so to the lie, so to strokes, and so to murder; this is to be pitied, because it is in heat, but to do it in cold blood, as the duel is performed, casts away all plea of mercy both from God and the king. The divines of all ages, whether Protestants or Papists, have agreed that the duel is as damnation itself. Death by it is not only murder but suicide; for he that is killed by it dieth not only at the hand of another, moved by choler, and without repentance and amendment, but dieth as to himself, in cold blood, being the seeker or consenting author of his own death, so that he is not only, as Cain was, the murderer of his brother, but is also the killer of himself; hence, by the law of the church, he is denied christian burial. Therefore, having charge as well of the souls as bodies of my people, I say unto all 'Beware of duels!' which are a crime in cold blood; for it is a strange folly to think we may pray God to forgive us beforehand; it is praying for that whereon we must know that God cannot hearken to us. We may pray to be forgiven for past crimes, but not without repentance, which is a turning from sin; but I cannot tell how we can pray when we are going to commit sin, for that is praying without a repentance. It is like the folly of those who pray before they kill themselves. Honour is a precious thing, but true honour consists in obedience in God, the king, and the laws. Therefore I pronounce and declare that he shall never be honoured in my eyes that fights a duel, but be held infamous by me, and, I hope, by all my posterity, and he shall ever want honour if I or my laws can make him want it. If any one be injured let him come to the laws; and if there should occur a case more rare and eminent let him come to the king himself. Account it, therefore, no matter of disgrace to complain out of obedience to the king. If any one struck you here in this chamber you would not strike him again, but would reserve your revenge to another place because of my presence; so if you should be struck in another place, refrain your rage, because the king hath forbidden it, and made his pleasure known. And I promise you, upon the word of a king, wherein I would be right loath to fail, that he shall be honoured that complains, and the other adequately punished that gives the cause of offence."

We think the twofold criminality attaching to death by duel was seldom more clearly pointed out than in this memorable speech of King James, and in the sound reasoning of which most, if not all, gentle readers will concur. J. H. F.

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THE LAST OF THE GANG.

THE history of 'Brady, the Bushranger,' appeared in the 'Mirror' some months ago. The termination of the career of the last of his followers ought not to be omitted, as it is almost a part of his singular story.

Dunne was the name of this outlaw. For courage and ferocity he had been long distinguished. After Brady's fall it was supposed that his associates were also no more. The settlers had made up their minds that Dunne was "where the wicked cease from troubling," when, early one morning, Mr Robert Pitcairn, a settler on the river Shannon, was aroused from his slumbers by an unexpected visitor, whom he found seated by his bedside.

"Good-morrow to you, Mr Pitcairn," commenced the stranger.

"Good-morrow, sir," returned Pitcairn, yawning and stretching himself in bed.

"I hope I have the pleasure of finding you well," continued the uninvited guest. "I dare say you didn't expect to find me here. You don't know me?"

"Really," said Pitcairn, rubbing his eyes.

"Well, well, I don't wonder," interrupted the other, "everybody seems to have forgotten *me*—I AM DUNNE!"

"Eh! what?" ejaculated Pitcairn; "Dunne, the bushranger?"

"The very man, sir. Turn out, if you please; I'm in urgent want, and I know you can accommodate me with a few trifling articles, such as shirts, stockings, trousers, powder, lead, tea, sugar, flour, and some other little odds and ends."

To argue with a man who had previously secured all his servants, and who was armed to the teeth, would have been a piece of insanity which Mr Pitcairn did not attempt.

The robber's demands were consequently at once complied with. During the process of rifling he was very communicative.

"Humph," said he, "so they thought poor Dunne was dead, did they? They'll find him alive, however, and that, too, to some of their costs before long. I'm the last bird of the covey, Mr Pitcairn—so—sharp's the word—I must keep a bright look out—I'll not recruit yet a bit—No, no—I'll commence buisness single-handed. There's been a devilish deal of treachery, but I'll pay them for it, and revenge Brady yet—I have a few in my eye who shall smart for it before the summer be done. You will hear of me, sir, depend upon't—I'll leave a bloody memento—but, good morning to you, sir, I must be off—and now you may let the 'lobsters' know you have seen me as soon as you like—I'll show them some sport before they can catch me."

So saying, the outlaw went his way, just to be in time to rescue his men from an aboriginal attack. In conformity with the resolution expressed to Mr Pitcairn, he continued prowling about alone among the fastnesses of Lake Echo and its vicinity, unable to effect any serious outrage. One evening he entered the hut of a shepherd acquaintance, turning into bed beside him. A preconcerted scheme having been arranged between this man and some neighbouring stock-keepers, he and Dunne had not been long in bed when two of them made their appearance. The fellow in bed instantly threw himself upon Dunne, being joined by the new comers, who had secured the fire-arms. The bushranger, perceiving the game was up, desired they would suffer him to rise and dress, as he should offer no fruitless resistance. With this they complied. On pulling his jacket over his head, the outlaw contrived to draw a clasp-knife. With the rapidity of thought he dealt blows right and left, inflicting a hideous wound on the lower part of the person of one, and a horrible gash on the throat of another. A life-and-death struggle followed, which terminated in his being overpowered and bound. He now earnestly implored his captors to blow out his brains. It is needless to say this request was not complied with. Having been delivered into the hands of constables Roadknight and Dixon, two respectable freemen, he was forthwith conducted towards Hobart Town. On the way thither they were under the necessity of halting at a hut during the night—the constables agreeing to keep watch and watch. At the expiration of the first watch Dunne thus addressed his guards—

"Gentlemen, I did not like to make any request until you were both awake; but I shall now feel obliged if you will accompany me to the outside for a few minutes."

Both were completely armed, the culprit's legs strongly bound together, and leave was granted. Dunne seated himself near to a brush fence—a constable, pistol in hand, within a couple of yards on either side. Choosing a moment when the moon had become obscured, he dexterously slipt the boots from off his heels, and the cords along with them—sprung up, exclaiming, "Good-night, gentlemen," leapt the fence like a roebuck, and was lost in an instant. Both his guards fired their pistols, but it is a question if surprise permitted any aim to be taken—off started the astonished guardians in full pursuit of the ingenious runaway, but the nimble bandit, striking into the depths of the woods, became lost to view, leaving the unlucky constables to excuse themselves as they could.

For upwards of a week no tidings were heard of the fugitive, but at the expiration of that period a convict conducted district-constable Cawthorne to the barn of Mr Barker. There, nestled amid sheaves of

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wheat, alike incapable of defence or flight, the prey was again secured. Once more in the hands of justice, Dunne was not permitted a second chance of escape, being hurried to Hobart Town without delay. In his progress, passing through a road-party, he requested leave to address to them a few warning words.

"My lads," said he, "let me advise you, never take the bush. It is a d—d bad game, and now quite done up; but if any of you should be such fools—be sure you murder all the b—— assigned servants. They are a devilish deal worse than their masters."

At his execution Mrs Edward Curr, a lady of his own religion (Roman Catholic), presented him with an extraordinary vesture, resembling a shroud, covered with black crosses. In this appalling guise he ascended the fatal platform, dying with a firmness characteristic of the gang of which he was the last.

MR O'CONNELL MERRY-MAKING.

A BOOK upon Ireland has lately been published by a German liberal, named Venedey, who has enlisted himself among the friends of Repeal. Introduced to the O'Connell circle, he seems to have been admitted behind the scenes, and to have had opportunities of seeing the learned Agitator in his most playful moments. Mr Venedey amusingly describes a dinner given by Mr John O'Connell. It was to have taken place at Dalkey Island, but circumstances changed the scene of festivity for the cottage of a Dr Macdonald. Having described the surrounding scenery, Mr Venedey says—

"A table was laid the whole length of the room from one end to the other: the floor was plaster and stone, and the ceiling beams and laths. The table was laid with cold viands; and in a corner there was another table, on which coats, shawls, hats, umbrellas, and parasols, were placed. The company consisted of O'Connell's whole family, sons, daughters, brothers-in-law, and grandchildren; Thomas Steele; Mr and Mrs Fitzpatrick; Mrs A——, and myself.

"After dinner, Tom Steele stood up and made, with comic pathos, a speech which filled me with some anxiety. He said neither more nor less than that we were under a great delusion, that we might think that we were in a cottage on the mainland, but that in reality and truth, we were that blessed moment in the island of Dalkey. Every one laughed, but I was in some perplexity to know what the worthy Tom meant, till a neighbour explained the riddle to me. Before the Revolution of '98, Dalkey Island was renowned for its king. Once every year, all Dublin issued forth to the island to choose a king thereof. The monarch was of the same kind as the jolly king of Ivetot in France. The deepest drinkers were his primest heroes, and first dignitaries. Unhappy Ireland! There came a time when even this innocent joke became a terror to the rulers of Ireland, and a source of persecution for her sons. It was a national *fête*, and it was quite enough, in order to make it joyous for the patriot, that it should be suspicious to the oppressor; the Irish who on Dalkey shore cried, 'Long live the King of Dalkey,' filled the castle with alarm; the celebration was treasonable, and therefore was highly prized. Tom Steele's speech had no other object than to resuscitate this anniversary, and for this reason he informed us that our *terra firma* cottage was positively on Dalkey Island. All agreed with him, and whilst the circumstances were explained to me the election took place. It fell upon Mr Fitzpatrick, who on the spot, and without much ceremony, was immediately proclaimed king. All his subjects drank to his health, in answer whereto he spoke a long and beautiful address, just as if he had been born King of Prussia or of France. It was easy to see that kingship was not so awful a burthen, though the bearer strove to make it appear of a certain weight. At last he said—I must name a prime minister to manage affairs of state, and he named Dan O'Connell to the post; we drank approbation and good luck to the choice. O'Connell rose and returned a short speech of thanks, and straight elevated Tom Steel to the office of chancellor, he being avowedly most learned in the law. Tom Steele then returned thanks in another speech, and declared his intention of administering law and equity as badly as he possibly could, as was the duty of a legitimate lord chancellor.

"Then O'Connell appointed a court fool, a lord of the bed-chamber, naming for the latter place a young man who spent eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed, and devoted the remaining six to his pipe. I had the honour of being appointed home secretary, by right of my being a foreigner, and I declared, in gratitude, my fitness for the place, being in eight days about to quit the shores of Ireland. The war minister was a lady who certainly had a whole park of artillery in her eyes, and another dame was appointed commander-in-chief of the army. The wildest young devil among O'Connell's grandchildren was named master of the ceremonies, and the most taciturn and quiet young man in the company, who had not a word to say, was appointed speaker of the house of commons; but still water runs deep, and the new speaker made a most appropriate speech, being in the following terms:—'Mum is the word.' There reigned the most beautiful and indescribable fun and jollity that it is possible to conceive; man

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and wife, old and young, grandfather and grandchild, all mingled and playing gaily together."

CONTEMPORARY SATIRE ON CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SKELTON, the poet, is well known to most students of English literature. He has, however, generally been read rather with a view to determine his merit as a versifyer than to ascertain his principles as a politician, or his courage as a satirist. Some who are moderately well acquainted with his style, will be amazed at his daring when they glance at the extracts which follow from his "Why come ye not to Court?" That a writer should dare thus to attack the minister of the day—the favourite of the king—the omnipotent Wolsey, with unsparing raillery, cannot be contemplated without amazement. On no point is the proud Cardinal spared. The poem is too long to be transcribed entire, but the spirit of it we give. After much virulent abuse, the origin and talents of the butcher's son are thus dealt with:—

"This mad Amalek,
Like to Amamelek,
He regardeth lords
No more than potshords;
He is in such elation,
Of his exaltation,
And the supportation
Of our sovereign lord,
That God to record,
He ruleth all, at will,
Without reason or skill,
Howbeit they be primordial,
Of his wretched original,
And his base progeny,
And his greasy genealogy.
He came of the sink royal,
That was cast out of a butcher's stall.
But, however he was born,
Men would have the less scorn,
If he could consider
His birth and room together,
And call to his mind,
How noble and how kind,
To him he hath found
Our sovereign lord, chief ground
Of all this prelacy,
And set him nobly,
In great authority,
Out from a low degree,
Which he cannot see,
For he was pardee,
No doctor of divinity,
Nor doctor of the law,
Nor of none other saw,
But a poor master of art,
God wot! had little part
Of the quatrivials,
Nor yet of trivials,
Nor of philosophy,
Nor of philology,
Nor of good policy,
Nor of astronomy,
Nor acquainted worth a fly,
With honourable Haly,
Nor with royal Ptolomy,
Nor with Albumazar,
To treat of any star
Fixt or yet mobile,
His Latin tongue doth hobble,
He doth but clout and cobble,
In Tully's faculty,
Called humanity;
Yet proudly he doth pretend,
How no man can him amend;
But have ye not heard this,
How a one-eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is among blind men."

His pride and insolence are then assailed, and we read—

"Set up the wretch on high,
In a throne triumphantly,
Make him a great estate,
And he will play checkmate
With royal majesty;
Count himself as good as
A prelate potential,
To rule under Belial,
As fierce and as cruell
As the fiend of hell;
His servants meniall
He doth revile and brawl,
Like Mahound in a play;
No man dare withsay."

To this odious picture Skelton adds some of the scornful phrases in use with the Cardinal:—

"He hath despite and scorn
At them that be well born,
He rebukes them and rails,
Ye whorsons, ye vassals,
Ye knaves, ye churls' sons,
Ye ribands, not worth two plums,
Ye rain-beaten beggars rejagged,
Ye recrayed ruffins all ragged;
Thou peevish pie-pecked,
Thou losel long-necked,
Thus daily they be decked,
Taunted and checked,
That they are so woe,
They wot not wither to go."

We have next the following picture of the treatment they were forced to endure who had to wait on his Eminence:—

"Thus he, born so base,'
All noblemen should outface,
His countenance like a Cæsar,
My lord is not at leisure;
Sir, ye must tarry a stound (hour)
Till better leisure be found:
And, sir, ye must dance attendance,
And take patient sufferance,
For my lord's grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speak with you as yet.
And thus they shall sit,
Chuse them sit or flit,
Stand, walk, or ride,
And his leisure abide
Perchance half a year,
And yet never the near."

That a powerful and tyrannical minister should thus be dealt with in the time of Henry VIII, must startle those who thought both the liberty of the pen and the press of modern origin.

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Arms. Gu., three cross crosslets, fitchée, or, on a chief of the second, a crescent of the first.
Crest. Out of a ducal coronet, or, five ostrich feathers, ar., charged with a crescent, gu.
Supporters. Two talbots; the dexter, ar., collared, gu., thereon three arrows of the first; the sinister, sa., thereon three arrows, gu.
Motto. "*Patientiâ vinces.*" "Thou shalt conquer by patience."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ARDEN.

Of this noble family, Lysons, in his 'Cheshire,' says—"The elder branch of the Ardennes, whose chief seat was at Aldford, where they had a castle, became extinct in the principal line by the death of Walkeline Arderne, in or about the reign of Richard II. The present John Arden, Esq., for so the family have of late spelt the name, is descended from Sir John Arderne, a younger brother of Walkeline, before mentioned, whose posterity settled in the parish of Stockport, in the fifteenth century; and he is also the representative of the Baron of Montalt, and of the ancient family of the Dones, of Utkington and Flaxyards. A younger branch of the Ardernes settled at Alderley, at the beginning of the reign of Edward III, and ended, after a few descents, in a female heir, who married into the Weever family, whose heiress married the ancestor of Sir I. T. Stanley, Bart. The Ardernes of Leicestershire are descended from a younger son of Ralph Arderne, of Handen, in the fifteenth century."

Ralph Arderne, just named, died in 1420, leaving, by the daughter of Stanley, of Hooton, two sons; the younger, Thomas, was the progenitor of the Ardernes, of Leicestershire, and the elder, John, inherited Harden. From him descended, through several generations, Sir John Arderne, Knight, whose grandson, John Arden, Esq., of Arden, in the county of Chester, married Mary, daughter of Cuthbert Pepper, Esq., of Pepper hall, in the county of York, and heiress of her brother, Preston Pepper, Esq. They had issue two sons, John Arden, and Richard Pepper Arden, Esq., who was appointed Solicitor-General in 1782, Attorney-General in 1784, Master of the Rolls in 1788, and Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1801, when he was elevated to the peerage (May 22nd), by the style and title of Baron Alvanley of Alvanley, in the county of Chester. He married, in 1784, Ann Dorothea, eldest daughter of Richard Wilbraham Booth, Esq., and sister of Lord Skelmersdale, by whom he had a family of two sons and three daughters. He died March 19, 1804, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, the present peer, who was born February 20, 1789. His lordship served in the army, and held the rank of lieutenant-colonel, but has retired from the service. Some years ago Lord Alvanley was engaged in a duel. He went through the business with the most perfect *sang froid*, but on his way to the field he whimsically intimated a singular alarm. Having descended a hollow, "My Lord," said he to his second, "you get me down well enough, but," alluding to his full size, "should I fall, I do not know how the devil you will ever get me up again."

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF LEAD.

THE PAINTER'S COLIC.

Lead seems destined to be the great destroyer of the human race. It is not as the fatal bullet that it is most to be dreaded. In the peaceful walks of everyday life, and even in the tea cup, it is found making war on human life.

So injurious is it, that painters and glaziers who are constantly in the way of it are affected with a peculiar disease, which is termed the "Painter's Colic." The symptoms of this complaint have, however, been manifested where the habits of parties were so distinct from those who are particularly exposed to it, in a manner which for a time baffled the skill of the faculty.

A short time since a man was suffering from the "painter's colic," in St Bartholomew's hospital. He was a gamekeeper, and it was supposed the shot which he was

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in the habit of using had, in some way, come in contact with his skin, as the presence of lead was detected in the symptoms of his case. He said he had carried shot in his pocket, but this did not solve the enigma, and the doctors were perplexed; till at length the patient recollected that he had been in the habit of putting the shot in his mouth before loading. This cleared up the mystery.

A washerwoman puzzled them in like manner; but in her case it was eventually shown that she had been in the habit of washing the linen and aprons of painters and glaziers.

The dogs of Prince Albert, at Windsor, were lately affected with what was termed the "kennel lameness," which strongly resembled the painter's colic. It was found that the water which they drank was supplied through a long leaden pipe. That was removed, the animals recovered, and continue in health.

In France some tea taken from the wreck of an English ship, the 'Rebecca,' was restored to colour which it had lost by a mixture of chromate of lead and plumbagine. In consequence of this, last November a number of scientific gentlemen analyzed sixty-four samples of teas which had been thus dealt with, and in which poisonous substances were supposed to exist. In their report they describe the manner in which the inquiry was conducted, and state:—

"All the samples gave, in these circumstances, a black, flocculent precipitate, sometimes scarcely perceptible, at other times, on the contrary, very considerable. Each of these precipitates was collected on a filter, carefully washed, dried, and then incinerated.

"The teas which we examined may, from the nature of these precipitates, be divided in two series. In the first are those whose precipitates, after having been incinerated, left a residue, which, re-dissolved by a dilute acid—nitric acid, for example—furnished a liquor which, being endowed with only a very slightly acid reaction to litmus paper, did not give rise to the formation of a black precipitate when it was submitted to the action of a current of sulphuretted hydrogen.

"The metal which is contained in these teas, and which hydrosulphate of soda thus precipitates under the form of black flocks, is iron; for these precipitates are soluble in weak acids, and their solution, submitted to the action of reagents, gives rise to the following phenomena:—

"With ferrocyanuret of potassium, a blue precipitate.

"With sulphocyanuret of potassium, a blood-red coloration.

"With tincture of galls, a black coloration.

"With ammonia, a flocculent and yellowish precipitate.

"With sulphate of soda, no sensible reaction, even after twenty-four hours' contact."

By far the greater portion of the teas gave the above results. The others—those of the second series—gave black precipitates, and furnished "a liquor which, evaporated to dryness in order to drive off the excess of acid, leaves as a residue a saline mass, which is only partially soluble in pure distilled water; there remains a small quantity of a white powder, which becomes black under the influence of the alkaline hydro-sulphurets. The aqueous solution, submitted in its turn to the action of sulphuretted hydrogen, deposits a black precipitate. We every time collected this precipitate, in order to submit it to the following experiments:—

"We subjected a small quantity of it to the action of the blowpipe, and to the reduction fire, with borate of soda, in a small Le Bailiff's capsule. By this operation, when the quantity of sulphuret employed was sufficient, we always obtained metallic globules, quite visible to the naked eye or with the microscope. By continuing to heat before the blowpipe, but at the extremity of the oxidizing flame, the metal disappeared, and we obtained an enamel which remained yellow so long as it was hot, but which became colourless on cooling.

"This black precipitate, being redissolved in nitric acid, produced a liquor which, being neutralized as accurately as possible, and submitted to the action of the following reagents, gave rise to the phenomena which we now describe:—

"With sulphate of soda, a white precipitate, soluble in potassa, and turning black with the alkaline hydrosulphates.

"With ammonia, a white flocculent precipitate.

"With carbonate of potassa, a white precipitate.

"With oxalate of ammonia, a white precipitate.

"With bichromate of potassa, a yellow precipitate, insoluble in dilute acid, but soluble in potassa.

"With iodide of potassa, a yellow precipitate, soluble in an excess of the reagent.

"These experiments prove, in a positive manner, that the black precipitate obtained under the influence of sulphuretted hydrogen was sulphuret of lead."

In conclusion the examiners gave it as their opinion that the continued use of these teas would cause symptoms resembling those which were known as the "painter's colic." The report was signed by B. Couillard, Eugene Marchand, and Paquier.

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Reviews.

[illegible]-hour System — Report of the [illegible] Annual Meeting at Exeter hall, [illegible], 1844. Nisbett and Co.

[illegible]port cannot but produce an im[illegible] effect wherever it is seen. The [illegible] come when men will look back [illegible]der that ever such a system as [illegible] complained of should have been [illegible]. We have indeed heard that [illegible] some worthy persons who feel [illegible]lest the youthful draper, let loose [illegible]siness so early as seven or eight o'clock, should in consequence be exposed to all the horrors of dissipation. They, however, do not point to the gentlemen employed in the Bank of England, or the clerks in the private banks, as furnishing living instances that such results must invariably follow being released from the cares of business at a moderately early hour. Detaining young men in shops till their eyes could no longer keep open would render them harmless, no doubt; but this is reducing the human being to the level of the ass. The industrious fleas are kept out of mischief by the proprietor of the cruel and stupid exhibition in which they are found; but will it be seriously contended that from the happy effects there witnessed the draper ought to continue a prisoner? The report before us will effectually demolish all such sophistry. We shall only give, in a touch-and-go way, a sentence or two from the principal speeches to accomplish this.

Mr Moore, the seconder of the first resolution, remarked—

"I am, from my personal habits through life, attached to industrious pursuits, and despise any person, I may use even so strong an expression, who will not apply himself usefully and assiduously to the pursuit in which he has been trained. (Hear, hear.) With every prejudice, however, from early tuition, early example, and early habits, in favour of close application to business, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that it is quite possible to overstrain the exertions of working people, both beyond that which is good for them, and beyond that which is advantageous to the public."

Mr E. Tennant, M.P., the chairman, declared with much energetic feeling—

"I cannot persuade myself that it can be known in the midst of the luxuries which prevail in this great metropolis—the metropolis, not only of England, but I may add, of the world—and amidst all those professions and pursuits which directly minister to them, I cannot persuade myself that it can be known that there exists a system which for fifteen hours, ay, for seventeen hours in the twenty-four, inflicts incarceration and confinement upon thousands and thousands of the youth of London—confinement fraught with monotonous and unintellectual toil—toil which admits of no rest save that which sleep administers—labour which is not exercise, rest which brings no refreshment; thought and anxiety, which weary but cannot elevate or expand the mind. I cannot persuade myself that the knowledge will go abroad of a system such as this, and that it will not excite and enlist the best sympathies and exertions of the population of London for its removal."

He afterwards eloquently exclaimed—

"I denounce a system which says to 200,000 of the youth of England—'Lads of gentle birth and kindly feelings, we will deny you the opportunity for that education and culture which alone could fit you to be English merchants.' I say—out upon the accursed system which places such a barrier in the way of improvement and generous ambition."

Mr Hitchcock said—

"On the first of November last I determined on commencing to close at seven o'clock, and to continue it for the winter; and to this hour I can confidently assert, that I have had no cause to regret it. The effects upon my young men have been of the most beneficial character—promoting their health—their moral and intellectual improvement."

Mr Foskey observed—

"If I am directed in search of those young men who possess the most healthful frames, the best cultivated minds, and the purest morals, I ask, are they to be found in those houses which have the latest hours? (Cries of 'no, no.') What, sir! to find health where it is banished—intellectual attainments where the mind's powers are fettered and crushed, and good morals where the mind is kept in ignorance—where the physical powers are so jaded, and the intellectual so weak, that we are told it often requires the stimulating drink of a tavern to raise the exhausted frame, and revive the fainting spirit! to find the best young men, even for their employers, where the very life-blood is drained from the frame! Impossible! to find such blessings resulting from, or fostered by this system, as well might I reasonably expect to find summer's fruits growing in luxuriance, mid winter's desolation, or earth's loveliest flowers blooming on the margin of Asphalte's deadly lake!"

Dr Reed told the meeting—

"This is not the cause of one individual, or of any peculiar party—as has been justly observed by your chairman; it is a cause which affects every class—every condition of society. That which relates to the health of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical powers, must come home to every profession; for, although over anxiety and over exertion may produce more distressing effects in one case than in another, still, to a certain extent, the great mass of human beings are sufferers from the same evils; it is, therefore, not only the cause of this country, but of the whole globe."

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The Rev. J. Cumming pleasantly illustrated the case by saying—

"There is one accused and inculpated vagabond, who has long infested every town and city of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and prospered as society progressed, about whose guilt there can be no difference of opinion. This fellow has visited every shop in the kingdom, and left in it the proofs of his power; he has preyed upon the morals, the happiness, the health, the bright prospects of millions; and I am perfectly sure that this evening it will not be necessary for me to urge many arguments to carry your judgments, and to convince this most intelligent, experienced, and competent jury, to bring in one unanimous verdict of GUILTY. And if this 'Late-hour System,' for that is the name of the criminal to which I refer—if this Late-hour System shall be adjudged by the jury to be guilty, my friend, the Rev. Mr Hughes, who is about to address you, will, I am confident, read a suitable funeral service over him; I pledge myself that I will preach his funeral sermon with great satisfaction; and I feel perfectly convinced that our chairman will write legibly and distinctly, without compunction, without regret, on his tomb-stone, '*Hic jacet*,' and rise again to infest society, I hope he never will."

Mr Hall said—

"Assistants of drapers! you are not only fighting your own battles—you are fighting the battles of thousands and hundreds of thousands who are equally oppressed, but not equally capable of protecting themselves."

The Rev. H. Hughes, vindicating the course taken, told the meeting—

"I am quite sure that we are not met here to-night for the purpose of encouraging a spirit of idleness in those who are employed; because, while we do most uncompromisingly uphold the maxim, 'a fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' yet, at the same time, we equally uphold the maxim that wherever a fair day's wages are bestowed, the master who bestows them has a right to expect his compensation in a fair day's work. (Hear, hear.) Then, sir, what is it, in one single word, for which we are assembled this evening? I at once reply that it is justice—justice for a large and oppressed class of our fellow creatures."

More, much more, might be quoted to the same effect; but really we think much more need not be said.

Local Historian's Table Book. By M. A. Richardson. Smith, Compton street, Soho.

(*Second notice.*)

WE have already given a description of this laborious work, but we now add a few extracts to show how diversified, how useful, and how entertaining these volumes must prove:—

"1715. The Rev. George Walker, vicar of Stockton, shortly after he came to reside there, was called upon to inter a poor person. When they came to the grave, the attendants were preparing to take the body out of the shell, or coffin, which contained it. He inquired what they were doing, and was informed, that the *same* coffin was used for the funerals of the poor, and that this was intended to serve again. He insisted on its being put into the ground with the body; and from that time took care to prevent the repetition of such an act of indecency."—*Brewster.*

"March 6. Tuesday night, a remarkable aurora borealis was seen in the sky, which is said to have been interpreted by the jacobite party as an omen of God's displeasure against the ruling powers for beheading the rebel lords: a pleasant countryman, by an equally justifiable interpretation, is said to have declared, that it was 'an illumination, and public rejoicing in the heavens for the defeat of King George's enemies.' The comment of the latter seemed most consonant both to the letter and the spirit of the phenomenon. Some melancholy fanatics fancied, however, that they saw in this novel appearance men without their heads. A popular notion prevailed at that time, and is scarcely now eradicated among the peasants in the neighbourhood, that on the beheading of Earl of Derwentwater, who had a most amiable private character, Dilston brook, that passes by the place where his seat stood, near Hexham, in Northumberland, ran with blood."—*Brand.*

"James, Earl of Derwentwater, was beheaded on Tower hill, Feb. 24, 1716. April 10th, Mr Forster escaped from Newgate, and the next day a reward of 1,000*l.* was offered for his apprehension, but he reached the continent in safety. Of all the victims who perished in this rash enterprise, none fell more lamented than the young and generous Earl of Derwentwater. It is generally supposed that the unfortunate earl's last request, that of burial with his ancestors, was refused; and that the body was interred in the churchyard of St Giles, Holborn. However, either a sham burial took place, or the corpse was afterwards removed, for it was certainly carried secretly by his friends, resting by day and travelling only by night, into Northumberland, and deposited with the remains of his father in the chapel at Dilston. Tradition still points out *Whitesmocks*, near the city of Durham, as one of the places where the corpse rested, thus avoiding that city. In consequence of much conjecture having arisen with respect to the earl's body being at Dilston, search was made a few years ago, and the coffin broken open, when the body was found, after the lapse of a century, in a complete state of preservation. It was easily recognized by the suture round the neck, by the appearance of youth, and by the regularity of the features. The teeth were all perfect, but several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a piece; at the same time portions of the coffin were taken away by the curious. In consequence of these ravages the vault was soon after closed up. The Earl of Derwentwater was an amiable youth; brave, open, generous,

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and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the district in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people whom he employed on his estate; the poor, the widow, and the orphan, rejoiced in his bounty. The earl had such assurance given him of life by his friends, that he was under some surprise on being brought to execution. He left a paper behind him asserting the justice of the cause he died in. Charles Radcliffe, brother to the earl, who had also been in the rebellion, was arraigned at the exchequer bar at Westminster, May 8, 1716, for high treason, and pleaded not guilty. On the 18th of the same month, he was, after a short trial, found guilty, and on the 11th of December, he made his escape out of Newgate. He was taken at sea returning to assist in the rebellion of 1745, and beheaded on the 8th of December, 1746. As before stated, Holy Island was seized for the Pretender by two men only, who planned and performed the following desperate exploit: — 'One Lancelot Errington, a man of an ancient and respectable family in Northumberland, and of a bold and enterprising spirit, entered into a conspiracy for seizing this castle for the Pretender, in which, it is said, he was promised assistance, not only by Mr Forster, the rebel general, then in arms, but also by the masters of several French privateers. At this time, the garrison consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten or twelve men only. In order to put this scheme into execution, being well known in that country, he went to the castle, and after some discourse with the sergeant, invited him and the rest of the men, who were not immediately on duty, to partake of a treat on board of the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour; this being unsuspectedly accepted of, he so well plied his guests with brandy, that they were soon incapable of any opposition. These men being thus secured, he made some pretence for going on shore, and, with Mark Errington, his nephew, returning again to the castle, they knocked down the sentinel, surprised and turned out an old gunner, the corporal, and two other soldiers, being the remainder of the garrison, and shutting the gates, hoisted the Pretender's colours as a signal of their success, anxiously expecting the promised succour. No reinforcement coming, but, on the contrary, a party of the king's troops arriving from Berwick, they were obliged to retreat over the walls of the castle, among the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves under the sea-weeds till it was dark, and then, by swimming to the main land, to make their escape. But the tide rising, they were obliged to swim, when the soldiers firing at Lancelot as he was climbing up a rock, wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were taken and conveyed to Berwick gaol, where they continued till his wound was cured. During this time, he had dug a burrow quite under the foundations of the prison, depositing the earth taken out in an old oven. Through this burrow he and his nephew, with divers other prisoners, escaped; but most of the latter were soon after taken. The two Erringtons, however, had the good fortune to make their way to the Tweed side, where they found the custom-house boat; they rowed themselves over, and afterwards turned it adrift. From thence they pursued their journey to Bamborough castle, near which they were concealed nine days in a pea-stack, a relation, who resided in the castle, supplying them with provisions. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gateshead house, near Newcastle, where they were secreted till they secured a passage from Sunderland to France. A reward of 500*l.* was now offered to any one who would apprehend them; notwithstanding which, Lancelot was so daring as soon after to come into England, and even to visit some of his friends in Newgate. After the suppression of the rebellion, when everything was quiet, he and his nephew took the benefit of the general pardon, and returned to Newcastle, where he died about the year 1746, as it is said, of grief, at the victory of Culloden." —*Patten's Rebellion. Surtees, &c.*

"The beginning of the year (1760) at a sale of furniture, at Winlaton, near Newcastle, a woman bought a very large old bureau for 4*s.* 6*d.*, being considered nothing better than lumber. After the sale, she with some difficulty prevailed on a nailor, her neighbour, to assist her in removing it; he, in forcing it open by the middle, discovered some papers and loose gold; told her of it, and made it fast again; got more help, and took it away whole. In getting it out, one of the papers fell, and the gold jingling, was taken notice of by one of the assistants, but the nailor saying it was only a bag with a few nails he had put out of his pocket, he was believed. After getting it home and dismissing the assistants, the purchaser and her friend, the nailor, went to work and took it to pieces, and were paid for their trouble with several purses and papers of gold to a considerable amount. She gave the nailor five papers untold, which enabled him to pay his debts and purchase a house and shop to work in, which amounted to upwards of 200*l.*, and was told by the woman to apply to her if he wanted more; but he was satisfied, and looked upon it as a particular piece of providence, being deep in debt and out of credit, with a sick wife and a small family. It was remarkable that this old piece of furniture was recollected to have passed through several sales during the preceding forty years; that none of the gold was of a later coinage than James II, and that it was in the possession of an opulent family in the neighbourhood of Newcastle in the year 1715."

"May 23. About ten o'clock at night, some company went into Mr Pinkney's, a publican, in the Bigg market, Newcastle, when words arose between them and Ewan Macdonald, a recruit in General Guise's regiment of Highlanders, then quartered in that town; from words they came to blows, which caused some of the company to leave the room, but Macdonald followed them out, laid hold on one Mr Robert Parker, a cooper, in the entry of the house, and wickedly stabbed him in the neck with a knife, in so desperate a man-

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ner that he died immediately. When he returned to the house he abused several, and broke another man's arm. A file of musqueteers was sent for, who conducted the murderer to the guard-house, where he was confined till next day, when he was committed to Newgate. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder. September 28th, Ewan Macdonald was executed on the town moor, Newcastle, pursuant to his sentence at the assizes. This most unfortunate young man, who was only nineteen years of age, appeared all the time of his confinement deeply affected with a true sense of his guilt, and regretted much the murdered person, whom he declared to have taken no part in the quarrel between him and another man named Parker, and who was also a cooper; but at the gallows his behaviour in endeavouring to throw the executioner from off the ladder, was unbecoming one just on the brink of eternity; however, as it was generally and justly believed that he had been grossly irritated to the perpetration of the crime for which he suffered, his unhappy end was pitied by every one. His body was taken to the Surgeons' hall,* and there dissected."

"June 30. Died at Bath, John Bacon, of Northumberland, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A., and governor of Bethlehem and Bridewell hospitals, to the former of which he gave, a short time before his death, 100*l.* in South Sea annuities, to begin a foundation for the support of incurables, for whom there was no provision. A few hours before his death, he desired his friends to put him in his coffin with his best wig on his head, a ruffled shirt, and stone buttons in the sleeves, a small ring on his finger, a laced waistcoat, and a plain coat, with black velvet breeches, a new pair of pumps with stone buckles, and a clean pair of white stockings; that he might be privately interred in the abbey church; and that his servants might support his pall in their liveries, all which was performed."

"September 2. The new style was adopted in Great Britain, by which the day immediately succeeding was called the 13th of that month."

THE TRIUMPH OF ETHELRED, OR THE FALL OF LONDON BRIDGE.

THE 'Chronicle of the Kings of Norway,' as translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, gives an animated sketch of some of the wars of England. Not the least singular is the following:—

"Swend Forked Beard was in England with a Danish army, and had seized upon King Ethelred's kingdom. King Ethelred had departed from the country, and had gone south to Valland. The same autumn that King Olaf came to England, it happened that King Swend died suddenly in the night in his bed; and it is said by Englishmen that Edmund the Saint killed him, in the same way that the holy Mercurius had killed the apostate Julian. When Ethelred, the king of the English, heard this in Flanders, he returned directly to England; and no sooner was he come back, than he sent an invitation to all the men who would enter into his pay, to join him in recovering the country. Then many people flocked to him; and among others came King Olaf with a great troop of Northmen to his aid. They steered first to London, and sailed into the Thames with their fleet; but the Danes had a castle within. On the other side of the river is a great trading place, which is called Sudrviki [Southwark]. There the Danes had raised a great work, dug large ditches, and within had built a bulwark of stone, timber, and turf, where they had stationed a strong army. King Ethelred ordered a great assault: but the Danes defended themselves bravely, and King Ethelred could make nothing of it. Between the castle and Southwark there was a bridge, so broad that two waggons could pass each other apon it. On the bridge were raised barricades, both towers and wooden parapets, in the direction of the river, which were nearly breast high; and under the bridge were piles driven into the bottom of the river. Now when the attack was made the troops stood on the bridge everywhere, and defended themselves. King Ethelred was very anxious to get possession of the bridge, and he called together all the chiefs to consult how they should get the bridge broken down. Then said King Olaf he would attempt to lay his fleet along side of it, if the other ships would do the same. It was then determined in this council that they should lay their war forces under the bridge; and each made himself ready with ships and men. King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel bands, and for this he took down old houses; and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships so widely, that it reached over the ships' sides. Under this screen he set pillars so high and stout, that there both was room for swinging their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand the stones cast down upon them. Now when the fleet and men were ready, they rowed up along the river; but when they came near the bridge, there were cast down upon them so many stones and missile weapons, such as arrows and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold out against it;

* "It was said that after the body was taken to the Surgeons' hall, and placed ready for dissection, that the surgeons were called to attend a case at the Infirmary, who, on their return, found Macdonald so far recovered as to be sitting up; he immediately begged for mercy, but a young surgeon, not wishing to be disappointed of the dissection, seized a wooden mall with which he deprived him of life. It was further reported, as the just vengeance of God, that this young man was soon after killed in the stable by his own horse. They used to show a mall at the Surgeons' hall as the identical one used by the surgeon."

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and the ships themselves were so greatly damaged that many retreated out of it. But King Olaf, and the Northmen's fleet with him, rowed quite up under the bridge, laid their cables around the piles which supported it, and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the stream. The piles were thus shaken in the bottom, and were loosened under the bridge. Now as the armed troops stood thick upon the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones and other weapons upon it, and the piles under it being loosened and broken, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled, some into the castle, some into Southwark. Thereafter Southwark was stormed and taken. Now when the people in the castle saw that the river Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships up into the country, they became afraid, surrendered the tower, and took Ethelred to be their king. So says Ottar Swarte:—

"'London Bridge is broken down,—
Gold is won and bright renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hildur shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing,
Odin maks our Olaf win!'"

Miscellaneous.

THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD.—The "Shepherd Lord" was restored to all his estates and titles in the first year of Henry VII. He was a lover of study, and had lived too long, according to reason, to assimilate with the court of the crafty Henry. By the Lady Anne, he is described "as a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to court or to London, excepting when called to parliament; on which occasion he behaved like a wise and good English nobleman." His usual retreat, when in Yorkshire, was Barden Tower; his chosen companions, the canons of Bolton. His favourite pursuit was astronomy. He had been accustomed to watch the motions of the heavenly bodies from the hill-tops, when he kept sheep; for in those days, when clocks and almanacs were few, every shepherd made acquaintance with the stars. If he added a little judicial astrology, and was a seeker for the philosopher's stone, he had the countenance of the wisest of his time for his learned superstition. It is asserted that at the period of his restoration he was almost wholly illiterate. Very probably he was so; but it does not follow that he was *ignorant*. He might know many things well worth knowing, without being able to write his name. He lived at Barden with what was then a small retinue, though his household accounts made mention of sixty servants on that establishment, whose wages were from five to five-and-twenty shillings each. But the state of his revenues, after so many years of spoliation, must have required rigorous economy; and he preferred abating something of ancestral splendour to grind the faces of the poor. This peaceful life he led, with little interruption, from the accession of the house of Tudor till the Scotch invasion, which was defeated at Flodden field. Then he became a warrior in his sixtieth year, and well supported the fame of his house on that bloody day. He survived the battle ten years, and died April 23, 1553, aged about 70. By his last will, he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire.—*Coleridge's Northern Worthies.*

MR BELL AND MR BUNN.—The question on the subject of the comedy of 'Mothers and Daughters' was announced in the 'Mirror' some weeks since to have been amicably settled. The following letter was written by the manager:—"Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Jan. 3, 1844.—My dear sir,—Regretting, as I do, the disappointment created by the non-repetition of Mr Bell's comedy of 'Mothers and Daughters,' I beg to repeat that it arose from no want of merit in the comedy itself (of which I entertain the same opinion I have ever expressed, that it is one of our best of modern comedies), but is entirely to be attributed to the crippled state of the theatre, and the impossibility of doing it justice by those means which previous failures had left in my hands. The best opinion I can give you of Mr Bell's comedy is, that I would have done it this season at Drury Lane, if I possessed a company capable of doing it justice. I am most happy in putting an end to the litigation between Mr Bell and myself, by the payment of 50*l.* towards the expenses incurred by Mr Bell in printing the comedy, as well as his legal expenses, and of ceding to him the entire right of representing that comedy. I do this, not merely to express my sense of Mr Bell's forbearance throughout all the unpleasantry which has arisen, but my highest appreciation of his gentlemanly conduct, &c., &c. If I knew how, either to Mr Bell himself, or to the merits of his comedy, I could offer higher tribute, I would do so.—Yours, &c., A. BUNN."

ON THE COVENT GARDEN "DEMONSTRATION."

The course to be followed is plain,
Well known as the "Song of the Shirt;"
From friends Dan a dinner may gain,
His foes mean to give the *desert* (dessert).

L. M. S.

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ON THE LATE PARLIAMENTARY DECISION AGAINST TWELVE WORKING HOURS IN THE DAY.

Be wise humanity our toast,
Which spares the million early graves,
And justifies the nation's boast,
That "Britons never shall be slaves."

Though Parliament, 'tis very clear,
Can hardly what is right make wrong,
They can enact, 'twill soon appear,
We shall not have *long* hours *long*.

The Gatherer

The London Peace Society.—This body have presented a petition to the House of Commons, declaring that they are fully of opinion that war cannot but be displeasing to Almighty God, whilst it is fraught with unnumbered evils to all parties; and therefore pray that there may be no more increase whatever made to the existing military establishments of the empire.

Reading for the Blind.—Mr Hughes, a gentleman who has lost his sight, has cleverly contrived a set of arbitrary characters for letters, which being indented or embossed on paper by a very simple instrument, with different points at the ends, enable the blind to commit their thoughts to paper and read them by the touch with great facility.

A Dauphiness Undressed.—When a foreign princess became the wife of the Dauphin of France, a curious ceremony was observed on her passing the French frontier. Madame de Campan thus describes it in the case of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette:—"A superb pavilion had been prefixed on the frontiers near Kell; it consisted of a vast saloon connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the court of Nisma, and the other to the suite of the Dauphiness. When the Dauphiness had been entirely undressed, even to her body linen and stockings, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court (an etiquette always observed on such an occasion), the doors were opened; the young princess came forward, looking round for the Countess de Noailles; then rushing into her arms she implored her, with tears in her eyes, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support."

Poisonous Effects of Milk when kept in Zinc Vessels.—The following extract will show the danger and folly of the practice of keeping milk in zinc bowls, a custom which has lately become very prevalent, these articles being sold with the recommendation of a larger quantity of cream being produced, owing to galvanic action. "I would scarcely have believed," says Dr Elaines, of Berlin, "that zinc vessels could again have come into use for holding fluids used for alimentary purposes, as Vanquelin, forty years ago, proved that such were certain, after a short time, to hold a considerable portion of zinc in solution. I have found by experience that a solution of sugar, which had stood only a few hours in the summer in a zinc vessel, contained a considerable amount of zinc salts. It has been often stated that the cream will separate more easily from milk if the latter be kept for a short time in a zinc vessel. As, however, it is known that milk will turn acid much sooner than a solution of sugar, it is the more to be apprehended that some zinc will be dissolved, and such milk will be the more noxious, as it is well known that even a small amount of zinc will cause violent spasmodic vomiting."—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

Veterinary Surgeons.—The Veterinary Colleges of London and Edinburgh have just been joined in a Royal Charter of Incorporation, which confers on them, as a simple body corporate, the name and title of "The Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons." By this charter the veterinary art is recognised as a profession.

The Lyceum.—This theatre, which has generally been unfortunate, has at length fallen into good hands. Keeley has taken it, and opens at Easter. One favourite from the great houses generally makes the fortune of a minor. What will two, himself and his lady, do?

Southey's Estimate of Himself.—*Me judice*, I am a good poet, but a better historian; because, though I read other poets and am humbled, I read other historians with a very different feeling. They who have talents want industry or virtue: they who have industry want talents. One writes like a French sensualist, another like a Scotch scoundrel, calculating how to make the most per sheet with the least expense of labour: one like a slave, another like a fool. Now I know myself to be free from these staminal defects, and feel that where the subject deserves it, I write with a poet's feeling, without the slightest affectation of style or ornament, going always straightforward to the meaning by the shortest road. My golden rule is to relate *everything* as briefly, as perspicuously, as rememberably as possible.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Erratum.—Line 21, p. 170, of the 'Mirror,' of last March 16, for "Baronet," read "Earl."

We have not yet found in any Peerage the information wanted by our Perth correspondent.

'Villages in Middlesex' next week.

Several articles intended for the present Number must be postponed.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 13.] SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1844. [VOL. I. 1844.

Original Communications.

CHRIST CHURCH AT TURNHAM GREEN.

THIS elegant structure, completed and consecrated in the last year, has been mainly raised by the pious anxiety of the gentry and others in the neighbourhood to see their poorer neighbours adequately provided with spiritual instruction. Of the generous care thus manifested to soothe the poor man under present woe, and teach him to entertain a lively hope of happiness above, there can be but one opinion. It was consecrated and opened in due form by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the neighbouring clergy and a large and respectable congregation. The prelate, on this interesting occasion, preached a sermon from the 10th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, 10th verse—"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." At its conclusion a collection, amounting to 150*l.*, was made. An adjournment to the large room of the National School, on the south side of the green, took place, where a splendid *déjeuner a la fourchette* (provided at the expense of the Committee) had been prepared. On his health being drunk, the Bishop, in returning thanks, took occasion

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to mention that the Church Building Fund, which he was the means of establishing, had, during the last ten years, reached in amount to nearly 200,000*l.*, by means of which forty-two churches had been already erected. In this case, as above stated, individual liberality had been successfully appealed to. The total expense of erecting the church was estimated at 6,000*l.*, of which. at the time of consecration, 5,000*l.* had been subscribed. Mr Bowerbank, the vicar of Chiswick, who assisted on this occasion, had been active in furthering the design.

The new church is situate on the Great Western road, on the south side, near to the five-mile stone, and in the centre of the well-known common, called Turnham green. Its style of architecture is the Anglo-Norman, from a design by Messrs Scott and Moffatt, architects, of Spring gardens, which has been ably carried out by Messrs Bird, builders, of Hammersmith. The plan is cruciform, with a spire of considerable altitude, terminating in a point surmounted by a vane. The principal entrance is under the tower at the west end, and there are two other entrances north and south. The body of the church, exclusive of the chancels and transepts, is 72 feet long and 44 feet wide, and will accommodate 930 persons, a large proportion of the sittings being free.

TOPOGRAPHICAL GLEANINGS IN MIDDLESEX.

(*For the Mirror.*)

HARLINGTON.—In the churchyard of this village stands a famous and magnificent yew tree. It is of great age, and is forty-four feet and a half in height, the greatest circumference of its trunk being nineteen feet and a quarter. The branches cover a space of one hundred and fifty square feet. One William Woodeson, who lived in this village, made a very curious will, which was proved October 27, 1786. In this document he says, "I desire my corpse to be dressed in my last new shirt, muslin neckcloth, nightcap, and plaid nightgown; that my old rusty sword, which always lay by my bed-side, be put in my right hand, and my Latin testament in my left hand, and my little pillow under my head. I desire to be buried in a plain coffin, to be drawn, if convenient, on my own one-horse chaise to the church, and then to be carried on the shoulders of six poor men, without any pall or funeral pomp whatsoever, and I order that the said poor men be paid half-a-crown each for their trouble."

HANWELL.—The most conspicuous things here are the Railway Viaduct, the Lunatic Asylum, and the new church, which presents a very picturesque appearance from the road. By-the-by, there is a scarce book extant, entitled the 'Drunkard's Cup,' by Master Harris, pastor of Hanwell, published in 1626.

HAYES.—The church of this village is well worth looking at. The roof is of wood, unpainted, and curious. It contains also several relics of armoury, gloves, and spears placed over ancient escutcheons. There is also an interesting baptismal font. In the churchyard is a flat tombstone to the memory of a printer who left an annual bequest of buns for children. Also, a tablet to the memory of Dr Walker, who resided at the house now occupied by the Rev. Mr Hale, and was the first person who gave public lectures on astronomy.

DRAYTON.—The church of this village is covered with ivy, and is greatly admired for its rustic beauty. Near it is a fine ornamented brick doorway—a remnant of the ancient palace of the Earls of Uxbridge. On the floor of the church is a brass to the memory of John Goode, an eminent physician, A.D. 1581.

COWLEY.—In the small church of this village are buried Barton Booth, the celebrated tragedian, and John Lightfoot, the author of the 'Flora Scotica' (1777). Booth resided at Cowley Grove, which was afterwards, for many years, the residence of Rich, the famous Harlequin. Lightfoot lived in the parsonage house, Uxbridge. He was born at Newent, Forest of Dean, Gloucester, Dec. 9, 1735. He was curate at Colnbrook, but afterwards at Uxbridge, and until he died. Meanwhile, he also officiated as chaplain to the Duchess Dowager of Portland, at Bulstrode. He married a Miss Raynes, of Uxbridge, a lady of very considerable fortune, by whom he left two sons and three daughters. On February 20th, 1788, he was suddenly taken ill at Uxbridge, where he died in a few hours. Pennant says that in botany, whether British or foreign, Lightfoot was unrivalled. Modern botanists also hold his name in great respect, and his work on the plants of Scotland is frequently quoted by them.

HILLINGDON.—The Red Lion inn at this village is an ancient house of great interest to the antiquary and historian, for in 1646, when it was kept by one John Tisdale, King Charles the First stopped in it for two or three hours, and took refreshment. His majesty was at that time on his flight from Oxford to the Scots. The church is ancient, and has a fine appearance. In the churchyard lies, buried under a conspicuous tomb-stone, John Rich, patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, and celebrated as the originator of the English harlequin, and for his excellent performance of that character under the name of Lun. His "matchless art and whim" are

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recorded by Garrick. Smith's 'Historical and Literary Curiosities' (Part V), contains a view of "the tomb of John Rich, at Hillingdon, the founder of Covent Garden Theatre, with a fac-simile of his autograph." Here is also buried Eliza Maria Harris, daughter of Thomas Harris, patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, who resided in the neighbourhood. While writing, we perceive in Thorpe's 'Catalogue of Autographs' (1843) the following apropos memorandum:—"George Lord Chandos, Baron of Sudeley, in Gloucester; his signature to a document relative to some estates at Hillingdon, dated Dec. 11, 1754, written on vellum." I know not whether any of his descendants have a landed interest in the neighbourhood at the present time. On the north side of the church is an ancient, comfortable, and picturesque mansion, called the Cedar House, from a cedar tree of large dimensions having formerly stood in the garden. The house was, from about the years 1678 to 1721, the residence of Samuel Reynardson, Esq., a naturalist of some distinction; and it is probable that the cedar tree which proved so flourishing as to bestow a name on the house to which it appertained, was one of the earliest planted in this country. According to an admeasurement carefully made in 1779, its height was fifty-three feet; the diameter of the horizontal extent of the branches, from east to west, ninety-six feet; ditto, from north to south, eighty-nine feet; the girth of its trunk, close to the ground, was fifteen feet six inches; at three and a half feet above the ground thirteen feet six inches; at seven feet, twelve feet six inches; at twelve feet, fourteen feet eight inches; at fourteen and a half feet, just beneath the division of the principal branches, fifteen feet eight inches: the girth of the larger branch at a foot and a half from its division was twelve feet; it then separated into two secondary branches, one eight feet six inches in girth, the other seven feet ten inches: another principal branch measured at its division ten feet in girth, and spread itself into two arms, each being five feet six inches in girth. One of the largest branches of this fine tree was torn from the parent stem by a high wind, in Sept. 1789, and the whole tree was soon after cut down. Mr Reynardson died in 1721, liberally bequeathing his fine library for the use of the vicars of Hillingdon for ever. In the will, dated in 1715, he directs his curious collection of plants to be sold to defray the expense of building a room attached to the church for receiving and preserving his library; and he orders that if there be any surplus after building the room it shall be expended in purchasing more books, and he directs that the whole be kept according to the rules prescribed by parliament for the preservation of parochial libraries. I regret to say that this valuable library of scarce and excellent works is quite neglected and unappreciated by the illiterate persons in whose trust it is placed. The books are closely shut up in an immense cupboard in the vestry; and it was to me really painful to behold so many valuable and rare works suffered to become perfectly rotten and illegible from damp, dust, and mildew. Such neglect is a gross insult and ingratitude to the memory of Mr Reynardson, who, doubtless, concluded that in leaving his library to the church, it would be held sacred, and treated with becoming care and decency. The neglect is an injustice doubly to be regretted, as some future vicar might derive intellectual benefit from these books. At any rate, contemptuous treatment of a bequest made with so liberal an intention, is a dangerous and reprehensible precedent. Men of public spirit and philanthropic sentiments may by such careless conduct be deterred from founding parochial libraries on a more extended and useful plan. I would also here observe that it is not altogether decent or well-timed of any preacher to have his dogs put into his pulpit every Sunday during service; and that the parsons of Hillingdon would do well to show gentlemanly courtesy towards eminent persons who civilly apply to them for facts of a local nature Mr Brewer, the eminent topographer, complains, in the fifth volume of his 'Beauties of England' (1816, Prefatory Remarks, p. 7), that the vicar of Hillingdon treated him and his studies with insolent indifference, and Mr Loudon, whose name and labours ought to have commanded every attention, complained of similar treatment when he applied to the vicar for information relative to the library, &c. After the death of Mr Reynardson the Cedar House was inhabited by Major-General Rich Russell, son of Sir John Russell, of Chippenham, Cambridgeshire, and grandson of the illustrious Oliver Cromwell. In 1816 it was the residence of Lacey Primatt, Esq., whose house at Hampton was purchased, in 1754, by Garrick. At present the Cedar House enjoys a high and well-deserved reputation as a first-rate school for young ladies, under the superintendence of Miss E. Mann, of whose refined taste and judgment the house contains many proofs. J. H. F.

True Wisdom—"The beginning of all wisdom," says the Iceland moralist, "is the fear of the Highest—that fear never let go out of thy heart. God must thou love above all things, and next to him love all virtue. Accustom thyself habitually to equity, justice, and moderation. Think of thy last hour and avoid all slander."

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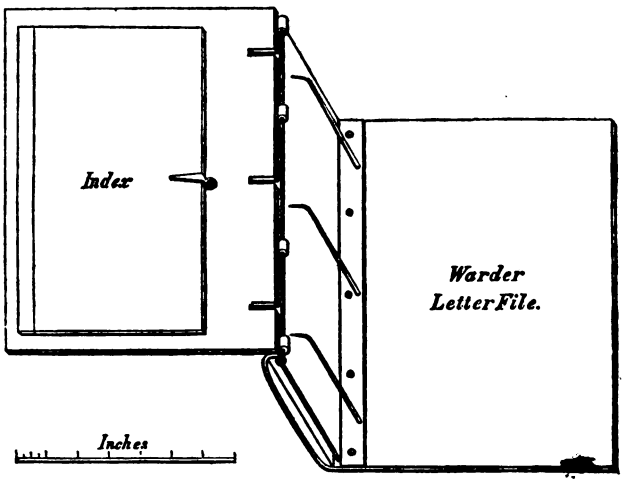
A NEW MODE OF FILING LETTERS.

THOSE who receive many letters feel it is dangerous to destroy them, but preserving them without order comes almost to the same thing, as amidst the multitude soon collected, the particular one wanted can seldom be found at the proper moment. Several contrivances have been resorted to, in order to remedy the evil. We have received a file from a Mr Perkins, which very conveniently shuts up the correspondence in a case, and the spindle on which they are secured, parting in the middle, enables the owner to take out any sheet he may have occasion for without disturbing the rest; and our attention has been particularly called to an invention by Mr W. Fyffe, of the 'Berwick Warder,' which has procured for that gentleman the thanks of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts.

Of this, which for distinction's sake the inventor has called the "Warder Letter File and Register," we submit an engraving. It will be seen that it takes the form of the



empty boards of a book, of which the upper or left hand board *ad aperturam* is movable upon a sliding hinge of a simple construction, so as not only to admit of its opening outwards like any other volume, and like its counterpart, the corresponding board—but so also as it may slide down upon the latter, or remain up from it, at any height requisite to accommodate the "letters received," as they are progressively filed betwixt the two boards, until the volume is filled.

The whole contrivance is very simple. The boards may be made of ordinary bookbinding materials; or, if made of tin, may embrace the principle of the tin safe in its most approved forms. They are formed exactly like the empty boards of a book—the left or upper one being detached, leaving the bulged back and right or lower board connected in the usual way in binding. If tin were used, the hinge connecting the right or lower board with the bulged back might be a serrated one, close fitted, and moving on a wire.

The construction of the other hinge admits of the sliding board being turned over free of the points of the files by which it is perforated,—leaving space for the operation of filing on letters. And when letters are placed upon the points of the files, this board being turned over above them, will press them securely down to their destination on the file.

The files are fixed on the under board, and perforate the movable or upper one. Their lengths being adjusted so as to admit of the sliding board passing clear of their points when slid up to the width of the volume, and turned back on its hinge. The points of the files are bent backwards to facilitate the turning over of the sliding board, and to prevent the files running into the fingers. In filing letters, cards notes, &c., respect can be had to the thickness of the volume by full-length letters being passed down on the whole files—smaller ones, notes, &c. on one or more of them, at convenience. The number of letters on hand being passed over the points merely of the files, the upper board, as already mentioned, is to be passed over the points also, and slid down on the filed letters. The elasticity of any quantity of filed letters may be subdued by loading the sliding board sufficiently; or by the use of a screw or spring clasp if preferred.

The index is attached to the inside of

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the sliding board, fastening up with a catch, just clear of the prongs or files, and jointed to the front of the board inside. It is the usual alphabetical index. The first letter filed will be numbered highest (1,000, if the file is calculated for that amount) and entered so as to be found at such a number in the index—either the name of the writer or the subject of the communication being taken for the head under which the entry is made. The next letter, of course, will be numbered one less (say 999, if the book is calculated for 1,000) and so retrogressively back to No. 1, which will be the latest letter received and the first met with in reading the file. When the book is filled the three rounded points of the file just rest within the slits through which they perforate the sliding board; and if the sliding board has been properly kept under pressure during the filing of the contents, the whole will be nearly as firm as the contents of a bound book.

The file can be made to any size.

HISTORY OF THE TROUT;

HABITS, VARIETIES, MODE OF TAKING, AND THE ART OF BREEDING THEM.

AS ADOPTED BY G. BOCCIUS, ESQ.

THE *Salmo Fario* (*Common Trout*)—In Ichthyology a genus of fishes of the order *Abdominales*. The generic character is, compressed, head smooth, mouth large, lips small, the tongue cartilaginous, movable, and white, eyes moderate and lateral, teeth in the jaws and on the tongue, the gill membrane is from four to twelve-rayed, the body long and covered with very fine striate scales, back convex, lateral line straight, nearer the back, hindmost dorsal fin fleshy, without rays; the ventral fins have many rays.

The trout is generally found in clear cold streams or lakes, and in most parts of Europe; but it is not confined to Europe alone. Great variety is observable in the size and tinge of both its ground colour and its spots; it also varies in size. When full grown it is from six inches to fifteen inches in length—that is, the ordinary trout; but in some lakes a bull trout, as it is vulgarly named, is taken several times that length. Its general colour is a yellowish grey, brown on the back, and frequently marked on its sides by round bright red spots, each spot surrounded by a tinge of pale blue grey. The colour of the body varies; it is mostly of a purplish grey, with red spots more or less mixed with black, and the belly of a silvery cast, and the fins of a pale brown inclined to purple; the dorsal fin marked with several dark spots, and the scales are rather thin. The female fish is much brighter and more beautiful in appearance than the male. In some of the lakes and rivers of Wales, indeed in almost all where there is no communication, there is a considerable difference in the trout; those of the Lake Llyndivi, in South Wales, are marked with very large red and black spots, and have frequently been caught weighing nearly ten pounds, but when of that size are coarse and badly flavoured. The best size for trout is found to be from half a pound to two pounds; when that weight is about their full size they are best for the table. In some of the lakes in North America the trout has been taken of sixty pounds and upwards, and they are spoken of as being of fine flavour; but for this we have only the authority of hungry travellers, or that of the hunters for the Hudson Bay Company's furs, of whom it may be presumed that the appetite is more keen and the taste less fastidious than that of the skilful angler on the banks of his home stream. The trout delights in clear cold and briskly running waters, having a strong and rough gravelly bottom. He swims with exceeding swiftness, and will leap from the surface to a considerable height to surmount the rapids or weirs that may interrupt his course. Its food consists generally of small fish, aquatic insects, shell-fish, and worms. It is particularly fond of the May or day fly (*ephemeræ*), as well as gnats and their *larvæ*.

In the Irish lakes, and in no other place, is the stomach of this fish found to be so remarkably thick and strong, more especially in the county of Galway, that they have received the name of gillaroo trouts; but they do not differ in any other respect from the ordinary trout, and it is supposed that, by living so much upon shell-fish, and swallowing at the same time so many small stones, to which the shell-fish adhere, that the stomach acquires the increased thickness which has been mentioned. This fish, although so common, is unnoticed by the ancients, excepting Ausonius, who is supposed to notice it under the name of salar; he says nothing of it as an article of food, but speaks highly of its beauty.

There are a great number of species of this fish, their names are as follows:—

Carpio—Has a palate with five rows of teeth: it is found in the rivers of England and Switzerland, and is the smallest of the trout species, the Arcticus excepted.

Alpinus—Back black, sides pale blue, and belly orange: some few have been taken in Loch Inch, Scotland, and also in some of the lakes in Wales; it seldom visits running streams; it is found plentifully in the cold lakes of Lapland.

Erythrinus—Having scarlet spots: found chiefly in the rivers and lakes of Siberia.

Gædenii—Very small head, body spotted red and surrounded with a white ring: found in the northern seas.

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Hucho—Palate has two rows of teeth, spotted with black, of an oblong shape: found in the northern lakes.

Lacustris—Body marked with minute black spots, tail forked, belly with a longitudinal grove: found in the northern lakes, and grows to a great size.

Lepechini—The sides are marked with ocellate spots, surrounded by a reddish colour, upper jaw prominent: found in the stony rivers of Russia.

Stremii—Dorsal and ventral fins edged with white: it inhabits the muddy rivers and waters of Denmark.

Salmarinus—Back tawny with yellow spots, tail forked: found in the stony rivers of Italy.

Salvelinus—Shape more like the salmon, back dark brownish blue, numerous small round red spots on the sides, belly red orange colour, pectoral, ventral, and anal fins the same, but with the two first rays white, dorsal and candal fin bluish brown, tail moderately bifurcated, irides silvery: native of the mountainous lakes of Germany and of some of the Siberian rivers, and also found in some of the lakes of Westmoreland: it is a fish greatly prized for its delicacy of flavour.

Umbla—The lateral lines are turned up and tail forked, body above greenish and white below, the flesh turns red in boiling: found in the lakes of Switzerland.

Rivalis—Head obtuse, belly reddish, colour pale brown: inhabits the muddy rivers and stagnant lakes of Greenland.

Stagnalis—Body roundish, upper jaw elongated, back brownish, belly white, not spotted: inhabits the remoter mountainous rivers of Greenland.

Argentinus—The body marked with a longitudinal silvery stripe, anal fin very long: found on the coast and rivers of Brazil.

Arcticus—This trout is not above three inches long, is silvery, and has four rows of brown dots and fine lines on each side: it is found in the stony rivers which run into the Arctic sea.

Taimen—Body round, compressed towards the tail, silvery at the sides, belly white brown, back with numerous darker spots, tail forked: it inhabits the rivers which empty themselves into the Frozen Ocean.

Nelma—Head very long, and colour silvery white, lower jaw projecting: it is found in the rivers of Siberia.

Lenox—Colour pale gold with brown spots. It is plentiful in the rapid and stony rivers of Siberia; it grows to about three feet in length; the body is broad and thick, and the flesh white.

Kundscha—A forked tail, colour silvery and with white spots: this fish is not larger than the finger, and resembles the grayling. It inhabits the clear rivers, which run into the Arctic sea.

While writing on the trout it will perhaps be well to give a succinct history of fish zoologically, as their *general* history will, in a great measure, represent the trout as well as other fish. This class of animals has either a naked or scaly body, without feet, and always fins. Water being so dense a medium, must naturally occasion very remarkable phenomena in the organs of the animals which inhabit it. For a more intimate research into their anatomy and structure we must refer the reader to the elaborate writings of Cuvier and Blumenbach. The organ most useful in their vital functions is the mouth, which is generally situated under or at the end of the snout, the orifice of which has usually the appearance of a transverse slit, but in abdominal fishes the aperture is made by an opening passing obliquely downwards, except in the lamprey, whose it resembles a sucker. The glands of the mouth secrete a tenacious mucus by which it is lubricated; fishes do not chew their food, nor do they possess any salivary glands to assist mastication, therefore their teeth can only be to hold or destroy their prey; they are situated differently in different fish, and are found not only in the jaws but in the palatine arches and the tongue. The œsophagus, or gullet, of fishes is generally short, at times opening from the mouth nearly direct to the stomach; the œsophogus in very large fish is capable most frequently of dilation to nearly the size of the stomach; this may be particularly noticed in the jack, which will swallow a fish half its own size. The stomach in most fish resembles the form of a common alembic inverted; its coating varies very much in strength, and depends greatly upon what the fish feeds upon; in the *salmo fario*, or trout, the cœcal part of the stomach is very inconsiderable, but the trout called gillaroo, found in the western part of Ireland, is of great strength and thickness; this trout feeds on shell-fish, and the stomach acts as a sort of gizzard to grind or masticate them.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER III.—GAMBLING.

GAMING of every description was extensively practised by both sexes during the last century.

The South Sea Bubble and the multitude of companies which sprang into momentary existence in the reign of George I were perhaps the means of diffusing a passion for hazardous speculation all over the country. The scene exhibited about the year 1720 was most startling. "The whole nation," says Hume, "was infected with the spirit of stock-jobbing to an asto-

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nishing degree: all distinctions of party, religion, sex, character, and circumstances were swallowed up in this universal concern, or in some such pecuniary project. Exchange alley was filled with a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, churchmen and dissenters, whigs and tories, physicians, lawyers, tradesmen, and even with females: all other professions and employments were utterly neglected. New companies started up every day under the countenance of the prime nobility: the Prince of Wales was constituted Governor of the Welsh Copper Company; the Duke of Chandos appeared at the head of the York Buildings Company; the Duke of Chandos formed a third for building houses in London and Westminster: about a hundred such schemes were projected and put in execution, to the ruin of many thousands: the sums proposed to be raised by these expedients amounted to 300,000,000*l.* sterling, and exceeded the value of all the lands in England!

"An obscure projector, pretending to have formed a very advantageous scheme, which however he did not explain, published proposals for a subscription, in which he promised that in one month the particulars of his project should be disclosed: in the meantime he declared that every person paying two guineas should be entitled to a subscription of 100*l.*, which would produce that sum yearly; in one forenoon the adventurer received a thousand of these subscriptions, and in the evening set out for another kingdom."

These delusions eventually became the subjects of general ridicule, and it is worthy of remark that the ordinary instruments of play were made the instruments of chastising gambling extraordinary. In the British Museum there are specimens of the playing cards then published, which effectively caricatured the scheme of the day. They had burlesque engraved representations of some of the mighty works announced, with satirical lines beneath. In one of these packs the York Buildings speculation was dealt with—a series of rickety falling houses were seen on the *five of spades*, with a flag inscribed *scire facias* flying over a water wheel. The verses were these:—

"You that are blest with wealth by your Creator,
And want to drown your money in Thames water,
Buy but York Buildings, and the cistern there
Will sink more pence than any fool can spare."

The *seven of hearts* treated the company formed for building ships to let to freight, which was thus complimented:—

"Who but a nest of blockheads, to their cost,
Would build new ships for freight when trade is lost?
To raise fresh barks must surely be amusing,
When hundreds rot in dock for want of using."

"The Pennsylvanian Drabs" seem already to have gained a "pretty considerable character," as the *nine of diamonds* exhibited the subjoined compliment to the "Pennsylvania Company."

"Come all ye saints that would for little buy
Great tracts of land, and care not where they lie,
Deal with your Quaking friends, they're men of light—
The Spirit hates deceit, and scorns to bite."

A plan for insuring the lives of horses was illustrated in the nine of diamonds, in which several dead horses were seen on the ground. These lines followed:—

"You that keep horses to preserve your ease,
And pads to please your wives and mistresses,
Insure their lives, and if they die we'll make
Full satisfaction, or be bound to break."

Many, no doubt, still remember the days, or rather nights, when an invitation to tea—dinner parties were not of very frequent occurrence—was usually concluded with the remark, "and then we can have a nice rubber of whist," or "a game of seven-shilling loo." No other mode of passing the hours from five or six, by which time the cups and saucers had generally disappeared, till twelve or one was recognised; with the exception of dancing, whist, picquet, or loo, formed the regular occupation of the evening. An hour for tea and scandal, five or six hours for cards, another hour for supper, and then by way of a conclusion, and "just to pass away half an hour"—another game at cards; and not unfrequently the visitor who had been invited to a tea party arose from the table, the loser of from twenty to thirty guineas. And this rage for gambling was not confined to gentlemen; coteries of ladies, young and old, married and single, had their regular nights of meeting, and the household expenses were occasionally not a little increased by the loss in a single evening, of three times the last night's winnings. It was in vain that sermons were preached, moral tales written, Hogarth's 'Lady's last stake' painted, and moral dramas performed, to stop the growth of what eventually became a frightful evil; the prince and the peasant, the clergyman and the actor, alike yielded to temptation, and hour after hour, evening after evening still found them gloating over the gaming table.

But in London were the favourite resorts of professed gamesters, who, despising the quiet though sufficiently hazardous game of the family circle, preferred a desperate one with avowed sharpers.

The green-rooms of the theatres were frequently the scene of great doings in the

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gambling way. Miss Bellamy tells us that thousands were frequently lost there in a night. To witness some of these aristocratic follies, if they do not deserve a harsher name, that celebrated actress one night took a lady of title, her patroness, behind the scenes. On that occasion, however, she seems to lament that fashionable ruin was not going on in the usual way; and on entering the apartment Miss Bellamy was horrified at seeing Mrs Woffington with a pot of porter in her hand, giving as a toast "Confusion to all order." The great lady she had introduced, shocked at something so vastly different from what she had expected to behold, it is added, delicately exclaimed, "Is all hell broke loose?" and immediately retired. The vulgar jollity of the actress appalled her ladyship, and produced the exclamation just quoted. She had expected to behold a different *hell*.

The 'Daily Journal,' of Jan. 9th, 1751, gives a list of the officers retained in the "most notorious gaming houses." The first twelve were—

"1st. A Commissioner, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night; and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.

"2nd. A Director, who superintends the room.

"3rd. An Operator, who deals the cards at a cheating game called Faro.

"4th. Two Crowpees, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the bank.

"5th. Two Puffs, who have money given them to decoy others to play.

"6th. A Clerk, who is a check upon the Puffs to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

"7th. A Squib is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half-pay salary while he is learning to deal.

"8th. A Flasher, to swear how often the bank has been stript.

"9th. A Dunner, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

"10th. A Waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room,

"11th. An Attorney, a Newgate solicitor.

"12th. A Captain, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish for losing his money."

Foote, the celebrated comedian, was a notorious gambler, till the dissipation of his entire fortune and the subsequent distress of his condition taught him prudence; and Fox often deserted the benches of the House of Commons to pay a visit to the gaming house. The chocolate rooms in the vicinity of Charing cross, Golden square, and Leicester fields (now called Leicester square), were the principal *rendezvous* of gamblers, and at these "hells," as they are justly termed, a fortune or an estate was often lost and won in a few hours, and the man who had entered into the room in a state of comparative affluence turned into the streets at night penniless, and probably in debt to a large amount! When every article of value—money, land, and jewels had been staked and lost, when the blacklegs who frequented the gaming tables, preying upon the inexperienced, had robbed them of their money to the last sixpence, and their property to their rings and brooches, they were invited, nay, encouraged to proceed until land, estates, and houses, all had passed away, and then, when the almost irresistible fascination and maddening excitement of the game were over, the unhappy gambler found himself a homeless wanderer in the streets, without a shilling to call his own or to purchase for him food or lodging. The necessary consequence was the constant recurrence of murders, robberies, suicides, and duels; it was the same oft-repeated tale that at last, from very repetition, scarce shocked the feelings of the readers of the newspapers. From Leicester square to the Serpentine or the Thames was but a short journey, and phrenzy, despair, and madness pointed out the way. The report of a pistol or a sullen plash in the water was the dying knell of the unhappy gamester, and when his body was found and recognised, the report of the dreadful, but by no means unfrequent, occurrence was usually wound up by the remark that "no money was found upon his person."

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

A BUNN AND A BELL.

(A parody.)

Tune—'*Said a smile to a tear.*'

SAID A. Bunn to a Bell,
In a half screech or yell,
And frown'd like a cloud in bad weather,
"How is it Bob B.
That you wish to see,
Your work and my players together?"

"I brought something smart
Relief to impart,
To yonder poor devil, John Bull;"
"And I," said the Bunn,
"Came to banish all fun,
Since you gave a play with it full."

"O! then," said the Bell,
"Sweet Bunn, will you tell,
'Is it known you are out to your mother?'
But—how sweetly it sounds!
Entre nous, fifty pounds,
You must tip ere you humbug another."

Master Stratton.—The Queen has been advised to decline seeing the wonderful dwarf, Master Stratton, for the present. After a *certain event* he will have the honour of appearing in her presence.

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Arms. Or, six amulets, sa.
Crest. A dragon, passant, ar.
Supporters. Two horses, ar., each gorged with a chaplet of laurel, ppr.
Motto. "*Magistratus indicat virum.*" "The magistrate proves (or evinces the character of) the man.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LONSDALE.

This family is of great antiquity in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, having been established at Lowther Hall, in the former county, from a very remote period. Sir Richard Lowther served the office of high sheriff in the eighth and again in the thirtieth of Queen Elizabeth. He succeeded his cousin, Henry Lord Scroop, as Lord Warden of the Westmoreland marshes, and was thrice a commissioner in the great affairs between Elizabeth and Scotland, during the reign of that princess. When Mary Queen of Scots fled into England and arrived at Workington, in Cumberland, in May, 1568, Elizabeth sent orders to Sir Richard that he should convey the Scottish Queen to Carlisle Castle. The sheriff, while she remained in his custody, incurred the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth by permitting the Duke of Norfolk to visit his prisoner. Sir Richard died January 27, 1607, leaving, with other issue, Sir Christopher, of whom we shall presently speak, Sir Gerard, of St Michael's, Dublin, who subsequently became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and afterwards Lord High Chancellor in Ireland, and Sir Launcelot, one of the barons of the Exchequer and a privy counsellor in Ireland.

Sir Christopher, the eldest son of Sir Richard above mentioned, was succeeded by Sir John Lowther. He was M.P. for Westminster in the reigns of James and Charles I. Sir John, on his decease in 1637, was succeeded by his eldest son, who bore the same name. The latter died in 1675, and the title then devolved on his grandson, Sir John, who was the thirty-first knight in the family, almost in direct succession. He was returned for Westminster in 1675, and continued to represent the shire so long as he remained a commoner. On the accession of King William, Sir John became a member of the Privy Council. In 1689 he was nominated Lord Lieutenant of Westmoreland and Cumberland. In 1690 he was appointed first commissioner of the Treasury, and elevated to the peerage May 28, 1696, by the title of Viscount Lonsdale and Baron Lowther. He died July 10, 1700, and was succeeded by his eldest son Richard, who on his death in 1713 was succeeded by his brother Henry, third viscount. On his decease without issue, March 12, 1750, the viscounty ceased, and the baronetcy and estates devolved on his grand nephew, Sir James Lowther. This gentleman was the eldest son of Robert Lowther, Esq., Governor of Barbadoes, and Catherine, daughter of Sir Joseph Pennington, Bart. (which Catherine Pennington's mother was the Hon. Margaret Lowther, daughter of the first Viscount Lowther). Sir James had represented the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland for a number of years in parliament. He was raised to the peerage, May 24, 1784, by the title of Baron Lowther, of Lowther, Viscount Lowther, and Earl of Lonsdale. He married, September 7, 1761, Margaret, daughter of John Earl of Bute, but having no issue he obtained a new patent, October 10, 1797, creating him Baron and Viscount Lowther, with remainder to the heirs male of his cousin, the Rev. Sir William Lowther, Baronet, of Swillington; and dying, May 24, 1802, all his honours expired, except those of the last creation, which devolved, according to the limitation, with the deceased earl's estates in Westmoreland and Cumberland, upon Sir William Lowther, Baronet, the eldest son of the Rev. William Lowther, of Little Preston, prebendary of York, and rector of Swillington, who at the death of the Rev. Sir W. Lowther, Bart., of Swillington (when that baronetcy ceased), succeeded by bequest to the estate of Swillington, and being created a baronet, August 22, 1764, became the Rev. Sir William Lowther, of Swillington, as designated in the renewed patent. He married Anne, daughter of the Rev. Charles Zouch, vicar of Sandal, in the county of York, by

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whom he had issue. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, the late earl, who died on the 19th instant. His lordship was born the 29th December, 1757, and on the death of his father in 1788, succeeded to the baronetcy. He had previously—namely, on the 12th July, 1781, married Lady Augusta Fane, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Westmoreland, and sister of the late earl, by whom, who died the 6th March, 1838, he had a family of two sons and five daughters. The late earl entered the army as ensign in the 84th regiment, on the 6th of March, 1794, and in January, 1800, obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy, having previously retired on half-pay with the regimental rank of major. On the death of James, Earl of Lonsdale, who in 1797 was created a viscount, with a collateral remainder to his relative Sir William Lowther before mentioned, 24th of May, 1802, he succeeded to the family estates, and became Viscount Lowther. In 1807 he was created Earl of Lonsdale, and was the same year nominated a Knight of the Garter: with the exception of the Duke of Rutland, he was senior knight of that order. The deceased was a Fellow of the Society of Arts, Lord Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and Recorder of Carlisle. The title has now fallen on his eldest son, Viscount Lowther, born July 30, 1787. His lordship represented the county of Westmoreland in the House of Commons from 1818 to 1831, when he sat for Dunwich. In 1832 he was again returned for his native county, which he continued to represent in parliament until the last general election, when he was summoned to the House of Lords by the title of Baron Lowther. The noble earl during the Wellington administration was Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and when Sir Robert Peel came into office in 1834, he was appointed Treasurer of the Navy and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Since the present government succeeded to the seals of office, he has filled the appointment of Postmaster-General.

A NEW CALAMITY—AN AUTHOR WRITING TOO WELL.

THE letter inserted last week, from Mr Bunn to Mr Bell, on the subject of his comedy (inserted in a preface to a new edition of 'Mothers and Daughters'), with other circumstances, proves that it is no small misfortune in these days for an author who aspires to the stage, to write too well. The manager says—"One of our best of modern comedies cannot be acted, and that is entirely to be attributed to the crippled state of the theatre, and the impossibility of doing it justice." Mr Webster thought highly of it, but Mr Farren "could not see himself in it," though it is proved everybody else could. A play was therefore to be thrown out, not because it wanted wit or knowledge of human nature, but because one performer thought he might get less applause than he sometimes obtains. Really an actor of Farren's standing might have sacrificed a little to have gratified the public. His selfishness ought not to have turned Mr Bell out of the theatre.

The compliments Mr Bell received were numerous. "Mr Bartley," he says, "was obliging enough to declare that the comedy required a much stronger cast than the resources of the theatre could command: that it wanted such actors as Elliston, Munden, and others of that day: and, with a friendly zeal for which I am bound to be grateful, he advised me to reconsider the prudence of bringing it out under such circumstances. He assured me that, instead of running thirty or forty nights, as, properly cast, it ought to run, it would probably not live beyond fifteen or twenty."

A still richer bit, however, is given of this gentleman:—"'If the comedy were mine,' was one of Mr Bartley's observations, 'I should lock it up like a bank-post bill, and wait patiently.' 'So should I,' was the answer, 'if you could tell me when it would be due.'" "The whole affair," adds Mr Bell, "is a practical commentary on the present state of our theatres. A dramatist gets a play enacted, not when he ought, but when he can."

He resolved to get it acted, and a curious account we have of the treatment it received. He says:—"The company are assembled. Mr Bartley reads the play. Every body concerned entertains the stranger with the most cordial good will. All the scenes tell successfully (a good omen) on the habitual nerves of the listeners. The parts are cast and distributed; and the pleasant group, with their various fluctuating anticipations, break up like a flight of birds. This was on Saturday, January 14th, 1843.

"To those who are acquainted with the preparations requisite for putting a five-act comedy on the stage, with any reasonable hope of success, it is needless to observe that some little time is necessary for study, and for such a number of rehearsals as will enable the performers not only to master the finesse of the dialogue (to say nothing about character), but to acquire a certain degree of fluency in its delivery—that fluency which is the life-blood of acted comedy. But to those who are not familiar with stage mysteries, it may be as well to add, that the time usually consumed in these preliminaries (as essential for the actors as the author) is about a month or six weeks, according

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to circumstances. In France, where these matters are much better ordered, a still longer period is devoted to this purpose.

"Some notion of the care that was bestowed upon this comedy, may be formed from the circumstance, that it had FOUR rehearsals between the day when it was read in the green-room and the night of its production on the stage; and some of these rehearsals, too, were scrambled for amongst a mob of people who were trying to hurry forward, in the same helter-skelter way, a tumultuous opera of such multitudinous magnificence, that it must have put the printer to his wits' end to squeeze its descriptive particulars into a double playbill! To suppose that any actors could be ready to do justice to a new play, or to themselves, at such short notice, would be preposterous; but in this case, where some of the characters did not sit quite easily upon the performers, the utmost that could be hoped for was to escape a complete and disgraceful failure. How much praise, then, is due to the artists who, under such circumstances, carried the play triumphantly through its perilous ordeal!

"'Mothers and Daughters' was produced on Tuesday, 24th January, and the playbill of that day was filled with announcements *up to the following Saturday*. This is a significant feature in the case. If Mr Bunn intended to give the comedy the smallest chance of success, he would have left room for its repetition, while the impression it made was yet fresh. But he never intended that it should succeed."

This gives but an indifferent picture of the present state of theatricals. Perhaps we may derive comfort from the reflection, that if a play is not to be repeated because it is good, the incident is one which is not likely to be of very common occurrence; but ought this state of things to continue?

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF SPAIN.

It is hinted that Don Carlos meditates renouncing all claim to the Spanish crown. That, all impartial observers are of opinion, is the wisest step he can take. Those who have credit for being the most profound politicians, think, however fiercely his efforts to obtain it may be renewed, he will never gain it, and if this be an error, it may still reasonably be doubted, looking at the distracted state of Spain, whether it would be worth gaining. Louis Philippe, who had thought of bringing about a union between the young Queen and one of his sons, seems to have abandoned the project for the present. Time will show whether in this the King of the French is sincere, or if sincere, will prove firm. The return of his royal friend, Queen Christina, to Madrid, may open new views to his majesty, but all eyes are now turned to the eldest son of Don Carlos as the future king consort.

Whoever may gain the hand of the young Isabella, report says he is likely to "catch a Tartar." She is petulant and sullen. Her person presents but little of her mother's beauty. Her sister, the Infanta, has great personal advantages. Mr Haverty, in his 'Wanderings,' gives a very captivating picture of the latter. The appearance of the two royal ladies at the opening of the Constitutional Assembly last year is thus described:—

"Shortly after twelve o'clock the peers and commoners, mustering in tolerably large numbers, took their seats, a solitary bishop occupying one on the back benches; and two deputations—one to receive the Queen, and the other the Infanta—left the house. In a few moments the latter deputation again made their appearance in the house, and the Infanta, Donna Maria Louisa Fernanda, was seen in front of the tribune prepared for her royal highness, robed in white and gold, and beaming with beauty and innocence. The hum of conversation was hushed as her presence was announced, and an involuntary murmur of admiration followed. She appeared, as it were, to realize those images of beauty and splendour with which the imagination of youth peoples the realms of fairy-land. Although then little more than eleven years of age, she seemed to be moulded in beauty's fairest form; and with the gracefulness and simplicity of childhood, she smiled familiarly on all she knew around her, curtseying with exquisite grace, and looking eagerly from time to time towards the tribune over her head, where her attendants were, to exchange a smile. The curiosity to see the princess was scarcely gratified before the young Queen herself, accompanied by the regent, Espartero, and followed by the officers of the household, made her appearance. She is by no means so beautiful as the Infanta, but is much fairer; her figure also is good, and her neck and arms worthy a sculptor's study; and although at that time no more than twelve years and six months old, she seemed already to have sprung into womanhood. She was robed in white satin, waved with flowers of delicate tint, and wore a diadem of silver richly spangled with diamonds—the great, golden crown having been placed on a table near the throne. Her train, which was of a deep green velvet, lined with ermine, was borne by an officer of the household, and Madame Mina, the royal *camarera* and *governante*, walked behind her majesty, dressed in the plain, black costume of a Spanish lady. It was pleasing to see the fair young Queen, as soon as she entered, look earnestly around for her sister, whom, perhaps, the

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preparations for the ceremony had prevented her from seeing before on that day."

In support of what has been said of the temper of Queen Isabella, we quote from the same writer a notice of the sisters at church:—

"The amiable little Infanta seemed to devote, perhaps, too much of her attention to her royal sister, who was evidently the object of all her admiration and affection. They wore bonnets of green velvet, but on subsequent occasions I frequently saw them wear the Spanish mantilla, of which the Queen is said to be particularly fond. When the Queen's name was mentioned in the prayers at mass, the train of priests turned round and bowed to her Majesty, but she only returned the salutation with a rapid inclination of the head; and in this as well as in her other abrupt gestures, such as starting every moment from her seat, and tossing her head about violently, she displayed not only an extremely defective education, but, it is to be feared, a sullenness and violence of disposition also. In this respect it is apprehended that she will but too strongly resemble her royal father, as she deidedly does in a certain coarseness of expession about the mouth and chin, if not in the general outline of her features. On one occasion I saw her Majesty lose temper so much, because her governess could not make her understand the parts of the office in her prayer book, that she shut up the book in a pet, and refused to speak with her sister, who was gently endeavouring to soothe her anger."

THE WRETCHED MISER; OR GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR.

Remarqueable in a most Miraculous Punishment inflicted on the Person of a Notorious Usurer, in Sunderland, neer New-Castle.

Who having unjustly taken away two kine from a poor Widdow, put them among twenty of his own, which were all struck by the hand of heaven, and found dead the next morning: the Widdows Kine only escaping: which sad judgement when the Miser had seen, he fell a Cursing, Blaspheming, and Deriding Gods justice in such words as are not fit to be named amongst Christians.

Thereupon he immediately Sunk into the Ground above the waste, and there continually Barketh and Howleth like a Dog Day and Night, still beckoning with his hand for assistance, to the great terrour and amazement of all that see or hear him.

"Consume them in thy Wrath, consume them that they may not be.

"And at evening let them return, let them make a noise like a Dog, and go round about the City."—Psalm, 59. 13. 14.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden-ball in West-smith's-field.

The cry of the oppressed is so loud that it pierceth Heaven, and reacheth even to the ears of the Almighty, who is graciously pleased to espouse their Quarrel, and to engage himself in their revenge. For the oppression of the poor for the sighing of the needy I will arise, saith the Lord, &c. Psalm 12. 5. But in the cause of the Fatherless children and the widdow, God is pleased to declare himself more particularly concerned, and therefore whosoever injureth or oppresseth them he provoketh the most high to wrath and indignation against him, of which we shall see a dreadful example in the ensuing Narrative.

In the Town of Sunderland not many miles from Newcastle, there lately lived a person (whom I forbear to name), of great wealth; though not much reputation in the Country where he lived, for the vast sums of money he had raked together were gotten by such unjust and indirect ways that he was envyed by the rich, despised by the good, dreaded by the poor, and hated by all men; a wretched miser he was that scarce allowed himself or his Family necessaries for the support of Life, all the pleasure he took in this world was in multiplying of his bags, those idols of silver and gold, to which he constantly paid his Devotions, and to this end the business of his whole life was no other than to defraud the rich, and oppress the poor, resembling his father the Devil in this, that he went dayly too and fro seeking whom he might devour, and having in him too much of the nature of the Pine-tree, which destroys every thing that grows within reach of it's shaddow.

Not far from his house there dwelt a Widdow, miserable, who really wanted those necessaries the miser was afraid to make use of; one that lived in a Cottage of *Turf*, more like a Den than a house, having scarce any other sustenance for herself and two small children than what she receiv'd from two Kine which she had the priviledge to keep in an adjacent Common. Her Husband, it seems, in his life time owed this Miser four pounds for rent, for a small Tenement he had taken of him: and a very hard bargain it prov'd, for with all his care and labour, in four years time he could compass to pay him no more than three pound of the principal Money, for which he took his Acquittance, and shortly after dyed. After his Death, the Widdow was very much troubled, partly for the loss of her Husband, and partly for fear of the Usurer, lest if he should come and demand the remaining twenty shillings, before she had wherewith to satisfie him, he

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might (according to his usual custom) violently prosecute her to the utter ruine of her self and children, to prevent which mischief, she wrought hard Night and Day, using all manner of thrift, and allowing herself no more than would (as we say) just keep life and soul together: so with much ado she had at last (to her great Joy) gotten up the twenty shillings, which she kept carefully in a Pitcher underground against the Miser came for his Money.

In very little time after he came and knocked at her Door, but she, overjoy'd that she had the Money ready, before she would open the Door, ran and taking up her Pitcher, came to him very cheerfully. Master, says she, here is your money, and with it I give you a thousand thanks: the Usurer seeing the money, and fancying the Acquittance might be lost or mislay'd (as indeed it was) replyed to her, Woman what dost thou mean, to give me twenty Shillings instead of four pound? The poor woman amazed hereat and not being able to prove the payment of three pound before, fell upon her Knees and beg'd him for God's sake that he would take what was his due and trouble her no more, for that she had seen a Quittance (as the poor Creature call'd it) under his hand, for three pound paid by her Husband. But he very impudently Denyed the Receipt of any such money, and Desired that God would inflict some heavy judgement upon him, if ever he saw a penny of it, and so going away with horrible Curses, and Oaths, in his Mouth, threatning to sue the poor Widdow for his money, he left her to her tears and prayers, miserably lamenting her condition, and comforting her self only with the words of David: saying, "The Lord will be a Refuge for the oppressed, a Refuge in time of trouble." Psalm 9. 9.

While the Woman was in the mid'st of her affliction, weeping over her poor Infants, and every hour expecting the fury of the oppressour: he concluded upon a Writ of Attachment as the speediest way to get his own (or rather the Widdows money) into his hands, which accordingly he obtained in a very few Days, and serving it upon her two Kine, he took them into his custody, and put them among twenty more which he had of his own. The poor Woman neither finding nor expecting mercy at the hands of a merciless man, desired earnestly of God that he would be pleas'd according to his gracious promise, to plead her cause, and to deliver her from the violent man. However she and her little ones went that night supperless to bed for want of milk, almost the only thing by which they subsisted. Little rest was taken among them that night, the mothers heart was too full of grief, and the childrens bellies too empty of victuals to sleep or be at quiet, and in this condition at the present we leave them.

The miser hardning himself in his wickedness, and having no remorse of conscience for what he had done, slept very securely that night, abundantly satisfied that he had made a small addition to his stock; little dreaming that he had gotten a canker to eat up his estate, or that the widdows lean Kine (like Pharaohs) came in for the destruction of the fat. But Walking in the Morning early to his Grounds he found it so to his cost, for by I know not what miracle all his own cattle were Killed in the strangest manner that ever eye beheld, not one remaining alive in the ground, save only the poor Widdows; some had their horns stuck fast in the ground till they had beaten themselves to Death, others were blasted with Lightning, many riven in sunder, and one prodigiously swell'd, with a kind of Corruption boiling out of her nose, which stunk so loathsomely that none could indure to come nigh her. The miser at first could not believe his eyes, till being fully convinced of the truth of the misfortune by his other sences, he fell to stamping, raving, cursing, swearing, and tearing his hair as if he had been Distracted, one while blaspheming against God, another while cursing and daming of the widdow and her Kine.

A Neighbour of his perceiving him in this outrage, was walking up towards him, to see what was the matter, and being come almost to him, he heard him wish the Widdow (such a one) a Dog: there would be Carrion enough for her: immediately upon which he sunk by degrees into the ground, as far as his waste, and fell to howling and barking like a Dog, after so strange and terrible a manner, that he was afraid to come near him: so that making what haste he could away, he reported the thing publiquely in the neighbouring Village, insomuch that it was quickly noised far and wide, and immediately thousands of people flocked from all parts to see and hear this prodigious Miracle: and there is scarce a man in all that part of the Country, but is ready to testifie that he hath been both an eye and ear witness of this dreadful example of wrath and justice. For any person at Noon-day may both hear him bark and howl, and see him wave his hand, and struggle, as it were, to get out of the ground, but all spectators are struck with such horror and amazement that none durst go nigh him, either to view him, or relieve him.

The Magistrates of the adjacent Burrough, being informed as well of the Injury the poor Widdow had received, as also of the wonderful judgement inflicted on the Miser, repaired to the place, resolving to

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relieve the former, and be satisfied in the latter, and when they had been confirmed in the truth of the whole matter, they admonished the people in the first place to take warning by the sad spectacle before them, to take care how they oppressed their Neighbours, and of provoking God, especially in so high a nature as that wicked wretch had done, and in the next place they thought convenient to order the restoring of the Two remaining Kine to the poor Widow, whose right they were: to which the Relations of the Wretched Usurer most readily consented.

The Woman being overjoyed at the sight of her Kine, could not but return her hearty thanks to Almighty God for his wonderful Providence towards her, and like a good and charitable Christian, Immediately fell to her prayers, that God would be pleased to give the wretch that had injured her, a sense of his Sins, and if it were his blessed will, to take off his heavy hand, and to restore him to his former condition, but as yet God hath not heard her prayers, and what will be the effect thereof he only knows to whom they are made; sure I am that it will well become every Christian to make his peace with God in time, and from this dreadful example to learn to serve the Lord with fear and trembling.

[Reprinted from a copy of the original pamphlet in the Collection of Mr John Moore, Sunderland, as published in the 'Local Historian's Table-book.']

Miscellaneous.

BERNADOTTE, THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN—was born at Pau, in the Pyrenees, on the 26th January, 1764, and was christened by the name of John Baptiste Julius Bernadotte. His father was a lawyer, and gave him a good education. In 1780 he enlisted in the army, and was orderly sergeant in 1789, when the revolution broke out. We find him in 1794 a general of division, and in 1795 the famous retreat across the Rhine was principally effected under his superintendence. His military talents were quickly discovered by Napoleon, who reposed great confidence in him. The passage of the French army at Neuwied, the siege of Mentz, and many other celebrated military feats, established his reputation as a commander of the first rank. He was requested by Napoleon to undertake the siege of Gradiska, which he accomplished, and displayed military ability of the highest order. At the 18th Fructidor Napoleon selected him to bear the colours which had been taken at the battle of Rivoli. At the conclusion of a treaty of peace at Leöben, the disturbances in the south of France continued to convulse the surrounding country, the directory of that period appointed Bernadotte commandant of Marseilles; but he refused to accept this appointment, and in a few months afterwards was installed as ambassador from the French Republic to the Court of Vienna. A misunderstanding caused a considerable riot at Vienna, where Bernadotte hoisted the tricoloured flag on his palace, and he left the Austrian capital to go to Rastadt. From that time he was employed by Napoleon in several important military missions, and finally in 1799 was appointed a member of the Privy Council for the war department. In 1799 he refused to take the command of the famous expedition against St Domingo. After the Lunéville peace (1801), he was appointed ambassador to the United States, which he refused. In 1804 he accepted the command in Hanover, where by his humanity he obtained great popularity. At the battle of Austerlitz, Bernadotte's division created great havoc in the Russian army, and Napoleon then created him Prince of Ponte Corvo and grand officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1806, on the 14th October, when marching from Dornburg, after having beaten Blucher, and pursuing him to Lubeck, he was the only general either of the French or the German allies who used their best endeavours to preserve that city from ruin. He distinguished himself afterwards at the battle of Wagram, and was next appointed commander of the coast of Holland and Belgium, which trust he also fulfilled to the satisfaction of Napoleon. Bernadotte then retired to comparative privacy in the neighbourhood of Paris, when on the 21st August, 1810, he was unanimously elected by the states of the kingdom of Sweden as successor to the throne of Charles XIII, provided he would adopt the doctrines of the Lutheran faith. Napoleon had no influence whatever upon this election; on the contrary, it is well known from the best authenticated memoirs that his wishes were in favour of the King of Denmark, who was likewise a candidate for the Swedish throne. After having elected the new successor to the throne a Knight of the Order of the Seraphim, Charles XIII confirmed the election at Oestroe and adopted Bernadotte as his son. Napoleon, upon being applied to for a confirmation, declared that he never could nor would interfere with the election of a free nation. Bernadotte accepted the choice of the Swedes. As Crown Prince of Sweden Bernadotte distinguished himself as an able commander during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. Charles XIII died on the 5th February, 1818, and his adopted son Bernadotte succeeded him on the throne without the slightest oppo-

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sition. His wise and temperate government whilst he reigned over the Scandinavian peninsula will be recorded in history.

MYSTERIOUS SOCIETY.—In Paris there were lately rumours of the existence of a mysterious society in the Faubourgs Saint Jacques and Saint Marceau, the members of which came forth in the dark, in the environs of the barriers, and having forced away several girls, did not set them at liberty again until they had undergone the most brutal treatment. About ten days ago several fathers and mothers of families laid informations before the commissary of police that their daughters, who were only between twelve and fourteen years of age, had been accosted, some at the Barrière de Fontainbleau, others at the Barrière Saint Jacques, by young and well-dressed men, who invited them to go to a dance, and afterwards compelled them to accept a supper. Of what took place at the conclusion the poor girls could give no account, for they were thrown into a state of lethargy, in which they remained for a long time, and on recovering their senses found themselves resting against stone posts in obscure corners of the quarters above mentioned. Twelve of the offenders have been arrested. It appears from the examinations that the wretches had joined in hiring a house in the Rue de l'Oursine, to carry on their hideous designs. To this they gave the name of the Tour de Nesle, and they called the room in which they consummated their outrages the Chambre Orsini; each assuming the name of one of the characters of the drama entitled 'Tour de Nesle.'

The Gatherer.

Guilt of Enclosing Commons.—Mr Fyshe Palmer, on the subject of enclosing commons, produced the following quaint lines:—

"The crime is great in man or woman,
Who steals a goose from off a common;
But who shall plead the man's excuse,
That steals the common from the goose?"

Huntingdonshire behind other Counties.—At a late meeting Mr Cobden remarked it was a curious historical fact that in almost every matter of improvement Huntingdon was greatly behind every other portion of the country. Huntingdon was the last place in England where they burnt old women for witchcraft; and it was a remarkable fact that an annual sermon was now preached by a Fellow of a College in Cambridge—a bequest having been made for that purpose—at Huntingdon against witchcraft. He thought it would be a very good thing if they could get one of these Fellows to preach an annual sermon in Huntingdon against the corn laws, for there was little difference between burning old women for witchcraft and destroying women and children by not allowing them to have a sufficiency of food.

Quicksilver.—There has been importation from China of about 300 boxes of quicksilver. The article is stated to have been bid for at 3s. 5d. per lb., but this price has been refused, as Messrs Rothschild require about 4s. 6d. for the Spanish product. The important points to be decided are, first, as to the quality of the Chinese quicksilver; and, secondly, as to the quantity available; if these be satisfactorily met, the results will be of the very first importance.

General Bertrand, on his death-bed, charged his brother, M. L. Bertrand, to present to the city of Lyons a copy of the campaigns of Italy, written by the Emperor at the island of St Helena. Napoleon had two copies made, one of which he gave to General Bertrand, and which is now transferred to Lyons.

Duels.—From the commencement of the reign of George III to the reign of her Majesty upwards of 200 duels have been fought. In three, both combatants were killed. In eighty, one of the combatants was killed in each, and in all one hundred and twenty were wounded. Upwards of twenty trials for duels have occurred, in which four duellists were found guilty of murder, and two were hanged. In the list of duellists occur the names of York, Norfolk, Castlereagh, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, Burdett, Canning, Peel, Wellington, and Winchilsea.

Frederick the Great's Regimen.—Zimmerman, in his narratives of his interviews with Frederick, says, "To-day the king had taken a great quantity of soup, made of the strongest gravy drawn from the most healing things. With his portion he mixed a large table-spoonful of pounded mace and pounded ginger. He then ate a large slice of beef stewed in brandy. This he followed up by a copious allowance of an Italian dish, composed half of maize flour and half of Parmesan cheese; to this he added the juice of garlic, and the whole is fried in butter till it acquires a crust as thick as one's finger. This dish is called *polenta*. At length (continues Zimmerman) the king praising the excellent appetite which the dandelion had given him, concluded the scene with a large plate of eel pie, so hot and so highly seasoned that it seemed to have been baked in hell. While at table the king fell asleep, and was seized with convulsions."—*Medical Gazette.*

Burial of a Mayor.—One of a company of Arabs travelling through France, and performing at the theatres, died lately at Mons. The following details of the cere-

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monies observed are from the 'Gazette de Mons:'—"In the first place all his hair was shaved off, and the body washed and perfumed with essences. It was then dressed in a new white tunic and placed in a coffin, not entirely closed, with a copy of the Koran on the bosom of the corpse. On arriving at the cemetery the Arabs took off their shoes and washed their feet. Two who were to place the body in the grave, went into the house of the grave-digger and took a cold bath. After that the chief, isolated from all who surrounded him, recited the prayers. These concluded, the two men above mentioned took off their belts and let down the coffin, which had been previously closed, and subjected to copious ablution. At this moment the Arabs set up a terrible howling, and then each threw some earth upon the grave. This was the conclusion."

Revolutionary Standards.—The ensigns of the French regicides were as absurd as they were brutal. The mob of Paris, passing in view of Marie Antoinette, carried one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words "Marie Antoinette à la lanterne" were written beneath it. Another, was a bullock's heart fastened, with an inscription round it, "Heart of Louis XVI."

Sacred Fires.—Much has been said of the sacred fires of Persia. Formerly in this country the same superstition prevailed. In some of the Druid festivals fires were lighted on all the cairns and eminences around by priests carrying sacred torches. All the household fires were previously extinguished, and those who were thought worthy of such a privilege were allowed to relight them with a flaming brand, kindled at the consecrated cairn fire.

Generosity and Gratitude.—Dr Radcliffe once refused to take a fee for attending a friend during a dangerous illness. Upon his recovery, however, the patient presented the agreeable amount in a purse, saying, "Sir, in this purse I have put every day's fee, nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude." The doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days to a minute, and holding out his hand, replied, "Well, I can hold out no longer; singly I could have refused them for a twelvemonth, but altogether they are irresistible."

Dr Boettger's Method of removing Marking Ink from Linen.—A somewhat concentrated solution of the cyanide of potassium of Liebig, free from sulphate of potassa, to prevent a combination with sulphur during the calcination, is requisite. This done, characters formed on linen by marking ink may be easily obliterated. They are to be gently rubbed with the solution and they will vanish, leaving the fabric of the cloth uninjured. If common writing ink has been used with the marking ink, a hot, concentrated solution of oxalic acid will be necessary.

Marie Antoinette and Pitt.—The ill-fated queen of Louis XVI had a great dread of the English minister of that day. "She," says Madame de Campan, "would sometimes say to me, 'I never pronounce the name of Pitt but I feel death at my shoulder (I repeat here her very expressions); that man is the mortal enemy of France, and he takes a dreadful revenge for the impolitic support given by the Cabinet of Versailles to the American insurgents. He wishes, by our destruction, to guarantee the maritime power of his country for ever.'"

What is Death?—A release from toil and labour, a state of quiescence, a dreamless sleep, or a change of our restless and unjoyous existence here, to an active and conscious existence elsewhere.—Whither does this internal spirit go when it leaves its cold clay? To a temporary rest. It is the animal part of man which requires rest, it is the body which is fatigued by exertion, not the mind. How can that which is immaterial suffer weariness or fatigue? What can we reason but from what we know? And what do we know of death?

How to render Dwelling Houses Healthy.—Two processes are necessary to the comfort and salubrity of an apartment—the ejection of sixty gallons per minute of damaged air—the supply of an equal quantity of pure air. There are two modes of doing this: keep the doors or windows sufficiently open to let in the pure air, or always have a large fire to draw the bad air up the chimney out of the apartment. These plans, used together, are certainly effective; unhappily the cure is often as bad as the disease. The air must be changed, but so changed as not to expose the body to injurious draughts of cold air.

The Wearing of Jewels Discouraged.—Diodorus of Sicily, quoting the laws of Zaleucus, brings one before us from which it would seem that pomp and jewels were not always considered indispensable to respectability. It provides that "a free woman shall not have more than one chambermaid to follow her, save when she is drunk; nor leave the city at night, nor wear jewels set in gold about her person, nor any robe enriched with embroidery, if she be not of disreputable character."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Pelletan Light, with an explanatory engraving, next week.

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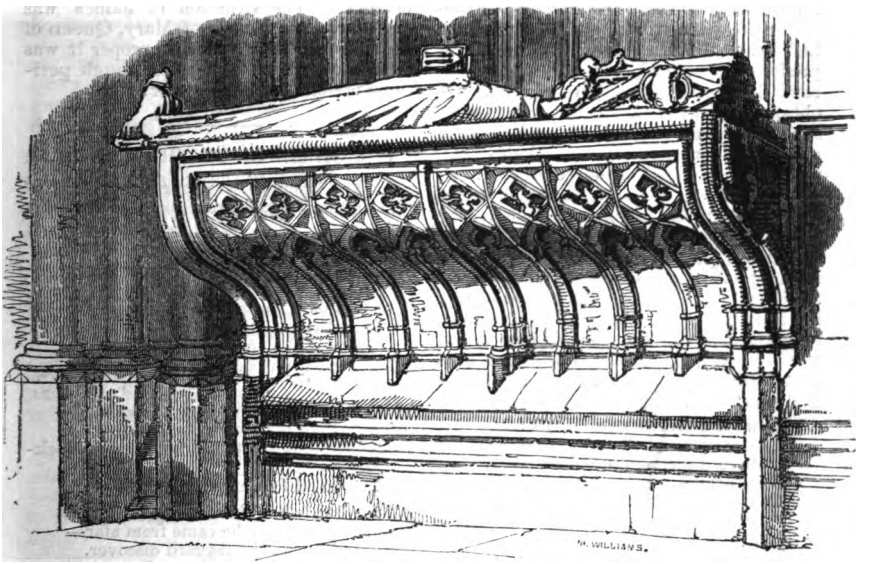
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 14.] SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1844. [Vol. I. 1844.



Original Communications.

ANCIENT MONUMENT.

We submit a representation of a very curious relic of antiquity—the Brackett Monument, as it is called, in Gloucester Cathedral. "Though dead, it speaketh!" If Jacques could find "sermons in stones," assuredly this might have furnished him with a text pregnant with wholesome lessons against the vanities of life. Here we find a costly sepulchre; enough to indicate that its occupant, if permitted to remain in it, but that he was not obliged to make way for one of Cromwell's roundheads, is unknown. All the careful and pains-taking Briton can tell us on the subject is this:—

"A singular shelf or bracket monument, sustaining an effigy, generally ascribed to Aldred, Archbishop of York, who died in 1069, is attached to the stone screen on the south side of the choir. According to Leland, Serlo, who died in 1104, was buried under a fair marble tomb on the south side of the presbytery. The same author mentions the finding of a bull's hide, containing a body, supposed to have been that of the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Richard Strongbow. It lay at the head of Edward the Second's tomb, under an arch, where Malvern, *alias* Parker, made a chantry chapel to be buried in. As Aldred was not interred at Gloucester, and the situation of the monument corresponds with Leland's description, it may, therefore, be fairly attributed to Abbot Serlo. The monument is strangely described by Mr Gough as a beautiful and singular altar tomb, reaching forward on pillars. The figure resembles that of Osric, and is habited in a long robe or tunic, holding in one hand part of a pastoral staff, and in the other the model of a church, probably in allusion to Serlo's having refounded the church."

Of this Serlo we are told, that having previously worn the monastic habit in two or three religious establishments, was probably introduced into England and advanced to this abbacy by William the Conqueror, to whom he was chaplain. He was appointed to that dignity in the

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year 1072, by the new monarch; but such was the state of ruin and decay of the abbey, that on his accession he found only two, or as some say, three adult monks and eight boys in it. By his own good management, however, and the assistance and co-operation of Odo, the cellarer, he very much augmented the possessions of the house, and by the influence of the king, with whom he was in great favour, recovered from Thomas, Archbishop of York, the manors of Froucester Colne, St Alwin, and others, which had been alienated in the time of his predecessor. He likewise obtained a thousand days' release from the church. He obtained from the Conqueror and his two sons, William and Henry, numerous grants, and confirmations, and lands, and privileges, and died in the year 1104.

But, after all, it is not known that this was his interesting place. The vanity which prompted him with an enduring monument, or the gratitude which erected it unacquired, has failed of accomplishing the object—the extension of the vanity of life into the empire of death. Truly we may apostrophise the sleeper here in the words addressed to a skeleton found in a stone coffin at Leighton Buzzard, as we find them in 'Railroadiana:'—

"What if a prelate's vestments fair,
The crozier and the mitre's glare
Were thine, and promised fame!
All learning, genius, and success,
Could to ambition's service press,
Have not preserved *thy name!*

Deeds of renown, or noble birth
Denied thee rest in common earth,
When 'twas thy turn to fall;
A ponderous mass the quarry gave,
Thy head to pillow in the grave,
But what availed it all!

'O, not in silver, not in gold
Inter me, but in kindred mould,'
Of Cyrus was the prayer.
If different were thy costly whim,
What he desired thou shar'st with him,
Despite of foolish care.

The pomp and splendour once thy boast,
The homage of a menial host,
The crowd's applauding roar,
Saves thee not from the common lot,
The lowest hind unknown can rot,
And thou hast done no more."

PRAYING TO SAINTS.

The folly of addressing prayers to saints in heaven has been condemned by many divines, and ridiculed by some on the ground that those holy personages being not like the Deity, omniscient, could never know what petitions were made to them, unless they were repeated by the Almighty. On this subject King James the First expresses great indignation, and says, in reference to some of the prayers addressed to the Virgin, "I reverence the blessed Virgin as the mother of Christ, but I dare not mock her and blaspheme against God by praying her to command and controul her sonne, who is her God and her Saviour; Nor yet doe I think that she hath no other thing to doe in heaven than to hear every idle man's suite, and busy herself in their errands." The situation of James was singular. As the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, he felt deeply how improper it was to attempt to move a son through petitions preferred to his mother!

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

(From the German of Schiller, by Sir E. L. Bulwer.)

"Take the world," cried the God from his heaven
"To man—" I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given,
But have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire;
The Harvest the Husbandman seizes,
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the Squire.

The Merchant his warehouse is locking—
The Abbot is choosing his wine—
Cries the Monarch, the thoroughfares blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the Poet—he came from afar—
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God—"canst thou murmur at ME?
Where wert *thou*, when the Earth was dividing?"
"I was," said the Poet, "BY THEE!"

"Mine eye by thy glory was captur'd—
Mine ear by thy music of bliss,
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptur'd—
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God—"Earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!—
What say you to quarters in Heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

The Glorious Cause of Slavery.—Mr Calhoun, a favourite orator among the southrons of the dis-United States, lately said of slavery that he regarded it as a "glorious institution, the corner-stone of a free and democratic government, and that he hoped and prayed it might endure for ever."

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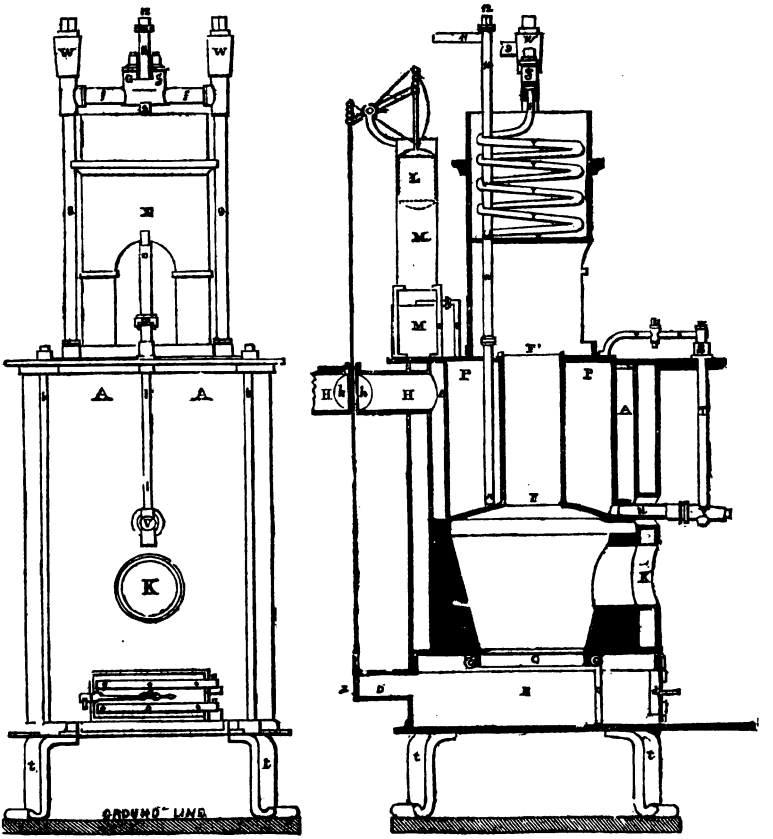
DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS REPRESENTING THE PATENT PELLETAN LIGHT APPARATUS.

A. Metallic cylinder containing the furnace and generator.
B. Fire brick or clay lining, resting on a cast-iron plate lined with the fire bars.
C. Fire bars.
D. Branch pipe to admit air into the ash pit.
E. Ash pit.
F. Flue through the generator to feed the fire.
G. Valve box communicating with the main pipe.
g. Valve box communicating with the return pipe.
H. Chimney.
K. Fire door.
L. Metallic float.
M. Cylindrical vessel to be kept full of water.
M¹. Cylindrical vessel containing the float L.
P. Generator.
S. Steam branch pipe, with cock for the gauge T.
T. Glass gauge to show the depth of liquid in the generator.
U. Water branch pipe for the gauge T., and for the purpose of drawing the liquid from the generator.
V. Stop cock for ditto, ditto.
W. Stop cock on the main pipe.
X. Worm tub, or condensor.
Y. Metallic worm in ditto.
a. Pin by which one end of the fire bars is suspended to the fire plate.
b. Four bolts to connect the various parts of the metallic cylinder A.
c. Upright or standard, to support one end of the fire bars.
d. Ash-pit door.
f. Branch pipe to connect the main and return pipes with the condensor.
h. Register valve in the chimney.
h¹. Handle to work ditto.



l. Lever to connect the float L. with the air valve z.
ur hollow tubes to connect the two cylindrical vessels M. and M¹.
o. Steam pipe to connect the cylindrical vessel M. with the generator.
t. Four feet on which the apparatus is supported.

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w. Stop cock on the return pipe.
z. Air valve to regulate the admission of air to the fire.
4. Pipe to connect the valve boxes G. and g. with the worm Y.
8. Main pipe standing on the generator.
9. Return pipe. (This pipe goes nearly to the bottom of the generator.)
10. Pipe to connect the worm with the generator. (This pipe also goes nearly to the bottom of the generator.)
11. Pipe to connect the worm with the chimney, and serving at the same time as a feed pipe for the generator.
12. Brass cap to close the orifice of the feed pipe 11.

Having thus described the various parts of the apparatus, the following directions will enable any person to work it:—

1st. Fill the generator P. about half full of water.

2nd. Add spirit of turpentine in the proportion of about one pint of spirit to every eight pints of water already introduced. (This proportion may vary from one-fourth to one-eighth, or even less than one-eighth, as it is only requisite that the surface of the water in the generator should be completely covered by the turpentine.)

3rd. The generator having been so charged through the orifice of the pipe 11, screw on the metallic cap 12, and light the fire through the orifice K.

4th. The fire being lighted, close the orifice K, and fill the furnace with coke through the centre of the generator F. This done, replace the cover on F., and close the ash-pit door d.; after which no air can get to the fire only through the air valve z., which, when there is no pressure in the generator, remains quite open.

5th. Pour about a quart of water into the cylindrical vessel M¹.; this water will pass through the pipe m. into the lower cylindrical vessel M., and if more has been poured in than is sufficient to fill the lower vessel M., the surplus will pass over into the generator through the pipe o. The apparatus may then be left to itself for any length of time, and the burners may be lighted at any period when the vapour from the generator shall have circulated through the main, which will have taken place whenever the return pipe 9 is hot.

Attention to the above instructions will enable any person to manage an apparatus with perfect safety. The following explanation will more fully elucidate its action:—

As the fire increases the water in the generator will soon attain its boiling temperature, when steam being emitted, will accumulate and create pressure within the generator; this pressure acting freely on the surface of the water contained in the cylindrical vessel M., will force a portion thereof through the connecting pipe m., into the upper cylinder M¹., containing the float L.; this float will rise with the water, and by so rising will lower the air valve z., and will thereby diminish the quantity of air admitted to the fire; the combustion of the fuel will thus become less active, and the evaporation of the water in the generator will consequently be partially checked; if too much checked the pressure will diminish, the float L. will descend, and the admission of air to the fire will be increased; in a very few minutes the oscillation of the float will cease, the pressure in the generator will become perfectly constant, and will so remain for many hours, so great is the precision with which this mode of regulating the fire acts.

By the above simple and efficacious system a regular distribution of vapour is determined without the use of gasometers, or any other voluminous apparatus, and the production of vapour is regulated by the consumption, without requiring the least interference on the part of the attendant. If only one light is required the apparatus produces only the quantity of vapour requisite to supply one light; if ten lights, then the apparatus immediately so regulates the fire as to produce the quantity of vapour requisite for ten lights; and if the whole of the lights are extinguished, the apparatus again reduces the production of vapour to that quantity only that is sufficient to maintain the proper degree of pressure to keep itself in perfect readiness for action, which it will do most effectually so long as there remains enough fuel in the furnace.

The furnace should be always filled with coke at the commencement, as it is desirable not to have to feed the fire while the apparatus is in operation, but when light is required for more than five or six hours, it is requisite to add fuel, which had better be done by small quantities at a time through the opening F.; and attention being paid to this, an apparatus may be easily kept at work night and day without interruption.

To facilitate the clearing out of the furnace previous to the fire being lighted, the fire bars are so disposed, that by shifting the foot of the upright or standard c., the end of the fire grate nearest the ash-pit door d. will fall down upon the cast-iron plate forming the floor of the ash pit, and the coke and ashes will fall from the fire plate on to the same plate, so as to be conveniently withdrawn through the door d., and by replacing the standard c. in its upright position the fire bars will be replaced perfectly clean in their horizontal position, ready to receive the fire.

The cylindrical vessel M. always remains quite full of liquid, and therefore does not require any attention after it has been once filled with water, but this is not the case with the generator, because, as the

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water contained therein is evaporated in small quantities daily, it is requisite to examine every day or two the glass gauge T., in order to see that the generator is kept about half full of liquid. Water or turpentine can at any time be poured in at the orifice 12, care being taken, if the lights are burning at the time, to pour the cold liquid slowly in, so as not to diminish the pressure in the generator by condensation.

The cocks V. and s. need only be opened to establish a communication between the glass gauge T. and the generator, when so required to ascertain the height of the liquid in the generator.

Should the apparatus be entirely left alone, the furnace being full of coke, and the lights all extinguished, I have already stated that the pressure would remain regulated, ready for work, so long as there remains fuel in the furnace, and as the pressure cannot possibly be increased, there would not be the slightest danger in so leaving it, as the fire would gradually die away; but the easiest and best way of proceeding, when light is no longer required, is to suspend a small weight to the valve z., so as to close it, in which case, in a very few minutes, the whole of the pressure in the generator will disappear, and the fire will go out for want of air.

The quantity of fuel required under the generator does not appear to amount to more than one-tenth of a farthing per hour per burner.

An Argand burner of one inch in diameter, similar to the four that may be seen alight every evening at the office of the company, No. 248 Regent street, will consume about one quart of spirit of turpentine in twenty-four hours, or about 1½ ounce of spirit per hour; therefore, when turpentine costs 20s. per cwt., the cost of each light per hour is 8-10ths of a farthing; 25s. per cwt., 1 farthing; and 30s. per cwt., 1 farthing and 2-10ths; to which has to be added the cost of the fuel.

I will now show how the circulation of the vapour through the main is determined, and the arrangement by which all the material is returned to the generator without any loss whatever, when the lights are not burning, as, for instance, when an apparatus is placed in a room or hall, for the purpose of occasionally giving heat without light, for which it is equally well adapted.

The valve box G., in communication with the main, contains a small valve, to prevent the vapour from passing directly from the generator to the condensor or worm; the vapour as it is generated is thereby driven into the main, and passes round until it comes under the valve in the box g., which valve being lighter than that in the box G., and so weighted as to open a little under the ordinary pressure required, allows a constant circulation of vapour to flow into the worm, where it condenses, and returns to the generator in a liquid form through the pipe 10; by this means a constant circulation of vapour is kept up through the whole system.

When the main cock is shut off the vapour can no longer arrive at the valve in the box g., and as the pressure then naturally increases a little, the valve in the box G. serves as a safety valve, and allows the vapour to flow immediately from the generator into the worm, and from thence into the generator again, in a liquid state, the apparatus acting as a common still.

There remains to explain the use of the pipe 11, which connects the worm Y. with the chimney, the object of which is to get rid of atmospheric air or any other permanent gas that may be contained in the apparatus; when the vapour passes through the main it drives before it the atmospheric air with which it was filled when cold, and with that, any liquid that may have lodged itself therein; the liquid, the air, and the vapour, arriving in the pipe 9, separate, the liquid falls by its own gravity into the generator, whereas the vapour and air pass through the valve box g. into the worm, where the vapour condenses and falls into the generator through the pipe 10, but the air, which is also forced into the tube 10, instead of descending into the generator, ascends and passes off through the branch 11, and escapes into the chimney.

Enough has already been said to show the great merit of this invention and the perfect safety of the apparatus, which is so clearly demonstrated by Dr Ryan in his very interesting and instructive course of lectures on artificial light, at the Polytechnic Institution, as to need no further comment; the only question that can arise with regard to the apparatus, is in the event of the generator burning, or becoming by other means perforated at the bottom, and in this case the effect would be that the fire would be immediately extinguished, owing to the great quantity of water contained in the generator, as, for instance, if we take an apparatus containing eight quarts of water and one quart of turpentine, should the bottom of the generator burn, there would be eight quarts of water thrown into a very small fire (that a pint of water would be sufficient to extinguish) before a drop of turpentine could arrive, because turpentine, being lighter than water, naturally would come out last.

Death of Thorwaldsen.—This eminent sculptor is no more. On the 24th of March he went to the theatre; was taken ill while there, went home, and died. He was in his 74th year.

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SEFI THE BLOOD-SHEDDER.

THE remarkable story of the tyrant which follows is little known in Europe. Its incidents would seem too wild and dismal for a romance. Adam Olearius gives the following facts as authentic history:—

"Shah Sefi was born in 1615; he succeeded his grandfather, Shah Abbas, who having, on vague suspicion, put his eldest son to death, was most anxious, as far as might be, to expiate the guilt of authorising such a deed, and used extraordinary means to secure the throne to the child of his murdered offspring. With this object in view, when his end approached, till his grandson should be secure, he ordered his own body, after his decease, to be placed in the hall where he had been accustomed to sit; and with his eyes open, his arms were to be artificially moved by attendants, so that it might be supposed he still lived, and was capable of transacting business. This dismal drama, which has been since repeated, is said to have been most carefully performed; and answers to certain questions were supplied by one of his people, Isa Chan, who, with other actors in this strange scene, had been sworn by the late prince to use every means in their power to secure the throne to Sefi. The fraud was successful, and for several weeks the death of Abbas was not generally known.

While the corpse was thus exposed at Ferabath, Seinel Chan was dispatched to Ispaban to announce to Sefi, the grandson, that he was to ascend the throne. His mother was a woman of strong feeling—a Circassian, and when she first heard of the murder of her husband by command of his own father, no fear of consequences to herself, or of reverence for the awful person of the Shah, could restrain her indignation within moderate bounds. On seeing the unnatural parent, she bitterly reproached him, and fiercely attacked him with her fists. This outrage he had the manliness not to resent, but with tears in his eyes declared he had been positively assured that the deceased prince had a design on his life. He added, since the deed could not be recalled, it would be useless to dwell upon it, and his grandson should succeed to all the honours of the father who had been thus unhappily brought to his end. His regret was sincere. He mourned the son his mandate had consigned to the grave in the most extravagant manner. For many days he fasted, and shut himself up in darkness, as one no longer worthy to behold the light of heaven; and when he seemed to revive, those who had prompted the act he deplored, were sacrificed to the manes of the departed. The miserable men were poisoned at a banquet, to which they were invited by the penitent murderer.

All the professions of Abbas did not still a fond mother's alarms. She concealed the young prince as much as possible; could seldom be prevailed upon to bring him to court; and now, when he was invited to ascend the throne, her fears suggested that it was but a new outbreak of the Shah's fury, which demanded another victim. For three days she refused an audience to the messenger; and when at length, moved by urgent representations, she brought the prince forth, she wept over him, and expressed a conviction that he was confided to the hands of murderers; while she breathed a prayer that his spirit might pass to the happier abode, where the soul of his father reposed.

It might have been expected that the young Sefi would have learned from adversity to

"Feel for other's woe,"

and to exult in the opportunities which his exaltation afforded him of doing good. But instead of that, when placed on the carpets, on which the ancestors of his race had sat (one being made for every new monarch), and when he saw his own—in conformity with ancient custom—placed over them all, on a stone table, and his feet affectionately kissed, he only rejoiced, while his courtiers wished him a long and happy reign, in the power which he had gained of making himself feared.

It was rumoured that shortly after his birth his hands were seen covered with blood; and this, as it could not naturally be accounted for, was interpreted by Shah Abbas to be an omen, that in the fulness of time, he would be a great shedder of blood. The dismal augury was justified by the result. Sefi caused an only brother's eyes to be put out immediately after his accession to the throne. Two uncles, Chodabende and Imanculi, who had been dealt with in the same cruel way by Shah Abbas, were ordered by Sefi to be thrown from a rock. "Being deprived of sight," he said, "they might as well die, since they were useless in the world." The wrong which they had sustained from his grandfather, and which, with odious care, he had copied, to the injury of his own brother, was made an excuse for putting them to death!

The mad caprice of the tyrant was as odious as his ferocity. He enjoyed agony, and made a horrible diversion of the misery he created, strangely mingling farce with murder.

The daughter of Shah Abbas, a celebrated beauty, had become the wife of Isa Chan. Poets loved to celebrate the bright attractions of her fair countenance; and the charms of her mind were not less the theme of praise. Her wit rendered her conversation one of the luxuries in which Sefi took most delight; and if any one,

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while basking in the distinguished favour of a despot, might safely calculate on security, his lovely and accomplished aunt was that one. In conversation she was lively; and with the Shah—as restraint seemed unnecessary—she, on one occasion, remarked on the singular circumstance of his having no child by any of the ladies to whom he was attached; while she exultingly spoke of her own happiness in having already become the mother of three sons. She playfully enlarged on the subject, satirically glancing at him as the sole cause of his own misfortune, and withal expressing a fear that eventually it would be necessary to place one of her children on the throne. Mirth on such a subject stung the Shah to the heart, and though at the moment he expressed no anger, the fiercest flames which maddening fury could wake rankled in his bosom, and he secretly resolved that the event which had been imagined should never take place, if it could be averted by treachery and murder.

He hastened to perpetrate the meditated crime. His three cousins were seized, and beheaded without trial. Their mother met the Shah at dinner as usual, on the day which had witnessed their death, unconscious of the fate of her offspring. He greeted her with smiles; and nothing in his deportment gave the slightest intimation of the dreadful deed which had just been performed by his command.

It was the custom of the country to bring the Shah's dinner in large vases, containing rice, on which the meat was dressed. In one of these vessels the heads of the three ill-fated youths, whom he had deprived of existence, were deposited, and when the unhappy mother least expected to look on so ghastly an exhibition, he ordered them to be severally lifted from the vase by the nose, while he mirthfully, but sternly, exclaimed—"Behold the boasted progeny of a woman who was vain of her fecundity! Let her look upon her three children now, and try how soon she can supply their place." Horror-stricken at the sight, she could not utter a word, but, accustomed to bow to the strange and cruel mandates of the tyrant, unlike the mother of Sefi, she disguised her rage and her despair, and, after a pause, threw herself at his feet, and seemed to kiss them, while she exclaimed—"All is well, all is well. God grant the king length of days, and happiness." He affected to recognise in conduct so unlike that of his own parent—so at variance with nature, an instance of sublime devotion, and she was permitted to withdraw with the flattering commendations of the tyrant, who held that a noble example had been set to the matrons of Persia.

The miscreant humour of the monster had not been sufficiently gratified with the butchery of his cousins and the misery of his aunt. He had yet to feast his eyes on the anguish of her husband—that husband, too, who had mainly contributed to his unworthy exaltation. Isa Chan was sent for, and he, probably informed of the course which his consort had pursued, while gazing on the pale countenances of his slaughtered children, suppressed the indignation such a spectacle could not but inspire, in the hope of one day avenging it. He manifested no resentment, but seemed to think only of duty to his prince, "That what had taken place was the good pleasure of the Shah was for him all-sufficient. Had command to that effect been given, his own hand should have executed the righteous sentence, and he would have been the bearer of their heads to the royal presence. If such be the Shah's will," he continued, "he desired to have no children; had no wish again to become a father."

That, after a bereavement so dreadful, he had no anxiety immediately to see other children, objects of his love and tenderness, exposed to the violence of a cruel tyrant, may be easily believed. The rest must be only understood as dissimulation, for the purpose which has been glanced at. The thin disguise was seen through; he was not immediately doomed to lose his head, but it soon occurred to Sefi, that one who had been so fearfully injured could not with safety be spared, and Isa Chan shared the fate of his children.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EARTHQUAKE.

OMNIPOTENCE resoundeth through the roar
Of mightiest thunder, in the deep-ton'd wind
That sweeps along the storm-encompass'd shore,
And in each cave a thousand echoes find.
But chief in thee, O Earthquake! thou dost tell
Of judgment past the reach of human thought:
E'en in thy name such fearful myst'ries dwell
That with an untold horror thou art fraught.
We hear of thee and wonder! Oh! thou art
Invested with a dread which famine nor
Wing'd pestilence can own, or death's swift dart,
Cleaving th' ensanguined fields of direful war;
For thou engulphest cities, kingdoms spread
With desolation, burier of the living—dead!

L. M. S.

Reason for Drinking.—A gentleman having argued in favour of drinking, concluded with "You know drinking drives away care, and makes one forget what is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink in that case?" "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "if he sat next to you."

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Arms. Ar. three bendlets, enhanced, gu.
Crest. A mermaid, with her comb and mirror, all ppr.
Supporters. Two horses of a chestnut colour, ppr.
Motto. "*Crede Byron.*" "Trust Byron."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BYRON.

The Byrons appear to have held extensive possessions in Yorkshire at the time of the Conquest. Ralph de Buron, when the survey was made, held divers manors in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. Among those in the latter county Horsely is mentioned, in the park of which stands a castle called Horestan Castle, which became the chief seat of the early Burons. The grandson of Ralph Hugo de Buron, feudal Baron of Horestan, retired from secular affairs in the time of Henry I, professed himself a monk, and held the hermitage of Kersale, belonging to the priory of Lenton. He left a son named Roger, whose descendant, Sir Richard Byron, Knight, married Joan, second daughter of William de Colewick, of Colewick, in Northamptonshire, by which all his large estates came into the family. The grandson of this marriage, Sir Nicholas Byron, Knight, of Clayton, county of Lancaster, was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, who received the honour of knighthood from Henry VII, for the great service he had rendered in Bosworth field. He died without issue, May the 3rd, 1488, and was succeeded by his brother, Sir Nicholas, who was made one of the Knights of the Bath at the marriage of Arthur, Prince of Wales, November the 11th, 1501. On his death, 1503-4, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, who obtained a grant, May the 28th, 1540, of the Priory of Newstede, with the manor of Papilwick, and rectory of the same, with all the closes about the priory. His son, Sir John Byron, K.B., was succeeded by a son of the same name, who was also a K.B. He married Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Molineux, Bart., by whom he had a family of ten sons and a daughter. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John, who represented the town of Nottingham in the time of James I, and the county of Nottingham in the succeeding reign. Faithful to the cause of Charles I, he commanded the reserve at the battle of Edgehill, and in the victory of Roundaway Down, July the 5th, 1643, where Sir William Waller was routed mainly through the skill and intrepidity of Byron, who, at the head of his regiment, charged Sir Arthur Hasilrigg's cuirassiers, and after a fierce encounter, in which Sir Arthur received many wounds, compelled that celebrated regiment to retreat. Sir John Byron having given such distinguished proofs of courage and devotion, and six valiant brothers having followed the same loyal example, he was in consequence advanced, October the 24th, 1643, to the dignity of a baron of the realm, by the title of Lord Byron, of Rochdale, in the county Palatine of Lancaster, with limitation in default of his own male issue to each of his brothers. He married twice, but dying without issue, in 1652, the barony came to his brother Richard. This gentleman, one of the gallant colonels who fought at Edgehill, received the honour of knighthood from Charles I, and was subsequently appointed Governor of Appulty Castle, in the county of Westmoreland. Lloyd says of him, "he deserves to be chronicled for his government of Newark, and many surprises of the enemy." He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Viscount Chaworth; and at his death, November the 13th, 1695, was succeeded by his son William, fourth baron, who became husband to Mary, daughter of John, third Earl of Bridgewater. By that lady he had no issue. In 1706 he married a second wife, Frances Williamina, third daughter of William, first Earl of Portland, by whom he had three sons and one daughter, all of whom died unmarried. By a third wife, Frances, daughter of William, Lord Benteley, and by her who afterwards, in 1740, married Sir Thomas Hay, he had four sons, William, John, Richard, and George, and a daughter.

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John, the second son above named, is celebrated in the annals of the navy. He served as a midshipman on board the 'Wager,' one of Lord Anson's squadron, and was cast away upon a desolate island in the south seas, where he remained for five years, and after enduring many hardships, at length returned to England and attained the highest rank in his profession. The peer died August the 8th, 1736, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

William, the fifth Buron. He was born November the 5th, 1722. He fought a duel with a Mr William Chaworth, in which his adversary lost his life (January 26, 1765). For this he was tried, in Westminster Hall, by his peers, on the 16th and 17th of April in the same year, and found guilty of manslaughter; but claiming the benefit of the statute of Edward I, he was discharged, paying his fees. He had married, March the 28th, 1747, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Shaw, Esq., of Besthorpe Hall, by whom he had one son, who was killed in Corsica, and two daughters. He died, May the 19th, 1798, and was succeeded by his great nephew, George Gordon, the late Lord Byron. He was the son of Captain Byron, the son of John, the Admiral, brother to the fifth Lord. His mother was the Captain's second wife, Catherine Gordon, lineally descended from the Earl of Huntley and the Princess Jane, daughter of James II of Scotland. George Gordon was born January the 22nd, 1788. He gained great fame as a poet, which was unhappily dreadfully interfered with through his weaknesses as a man. His history presents a melancholy romance, in which generous enthusiasm, fearful virulence, and mean pursuits, are strangely mingled. He undertook to engage personally in the struggles of the Greeks for liberty, and died from fatigue and excitement, April the 19th, 1824, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He married, January the 2nd, 1815, Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millbank Noel, Bart., and co-heir of the barony of Wentworth (through her late mother the Honourable Judith Noel, eldest daughter of Edward, first Viscount Wentworth, and co-heir of her brother Thomas, second Viscount and ninth Baron Wentworth, a barony created by writ in 1529). By this lady his lordship had one daughter, Ada Augusta, born December the 10th, 1815, and married, in 1835, to William, Earl of Loudon. Lord Byron separated from his lady soon after the birth of his child, not through any alleged misconduct on her part, but from his own wayward courses. On his marriage he had assumed the additional name of Noel before that of Byron. At his death the barony devolved upon his first cousin, George Anson, another descendant from the Admiral.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IV.—HIGHWAYMEN AND ROBBERS.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

THE want of an efficient police in the ill-lighted streets of the city and the rural and uninhabited lanes of the suburbs rendered outrages of the most serious description of frequent occurrence in London during the last century, and highwaymen and thieves were constantly committing daring robberies with the utmost impunity, and in the very neighbourhood of the city.

It will appear extraordinary to us children of the days of gas lamps, new police, and railroads, to hear that a "gentleman was stopped by two footpads in Holborn, and robbed of all his property," or that "a female was found murdered near St Clement's church, in the Strand." Equally strange will it appear to us to read of the depredations committed upon passengers by "the mounted highwayman who infests the fields in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell," seeing that in that particular vicinity the grass has long been covered with paving stones and the fields with houses. Yet such outrages were of frequent occurrence only a century ago, and that pilgrim must have possessed more than the usual degree of human courage who would venture to traverse the environs of the city unattended and after nightfall. So late even as the year 1772 the notorious Doctor Dodd was stopped, fired at, and robbed "near Pancras" by a single highwayman, who was executed for the offence at Tyburn, on the 20th of January, 1773.

Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, or "Sixteen-String Jack" were ever uppermost in the imagination of those whose business compelled them to cross the fields which skirted London eighty years ago; for then London *was* surrounded by fields, and not, as at present, by a mass of buildings the very counterpart of itself; and, notwithstanding the degree of confidence which a trusty sword at one's side or a brace of pistols in one's pocket are calculated to inspire, many a nervous glance or half-suppressed exclamation of terror did the distant sound of footsteps or the slight rustling of a tree excite. But, if the Strand, and Holborn, Whitechapel, and Clerkenwell were considered dangerous, Finchley common, Hounslow heath, Epping forest, and Bagshot were absolutely impassable, for these were the notorious haunts of the most daring highwaymen and desperate robbers of the time. These were their strongholds, full, said tradition, of subterranean caves and places of ambush. Every tree was an object of suspicion, every bush was supposed to be the lurking place of half-a-score of robbers,

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and the hardy traveller who dared to cross the haunts of these banditti after darkness had set in was momentarily affrighted from his propriety by a mysterious shadow or an inexplicable sound.

There were gentlemen highwaymen, flying highwaymen, and generous highwaymen. Highwaymen who took to the road for pleasure and for "glory"—highwaymen who had appeared at half a dozen different places in as many minutes—and highwaymen who, like Rob Roy MacGregor, levied contributions from the rich to bestow upon the poor. In short, the tales which were told of the mounted robbers of the eighteenth century were innumerable; each had some mysterious air of romance connected with his history, and each rode a bold-faced nag, and carried a brace of pistols.

In consequence of the daring of the gentlemen of the road, strange scenes were sometimes witnessed in London. The following may be taken as a specimen :—

The notorious highwayman, Turpin, had formed a sort of partnership with one King; they robbed in concert for some years, but the firm was dissolved rather tragically in consequence of a horse having been stolen from a Mr Major one Saturday night, which, through the exertions of a Mr Boyes, was discovered at the Red Lion, in Whitechapel, on the Monday. The brother of King went for it, was secured, and being alarmed, on being promised his liberty, told his detainers that there was a lusty man, in a white Duffil coat, waiting for the horse in Red Lion street. Mr Boyes went out to look, and recognised King, and attempted to take him into custody. King upon this drew a pistol and presented it at Mr Boyes; it snapped, but did not go off. Turpin, who was close by them, rode up, when King called out to him, "Dick, shoot, or we are taken, by God!" Upon this Turpin fired, missed the intended victim, but shot King, who exclaimed, "Dick, you have killed me!" Turpin rode off. King died a week afterwards. This remarkable affair occurred in Red Lion street, Whitechapel.

One MacLean, some years later than Turpin, was the great highwayman of the day. His gentlemanly deportment was extolled, and a sort of admiration kindled for him in the public mind; his crimes were gaily recounted by those who did not suffer from them, and the exciting tales told no doubt produced a crop of young aspirants to succeed him on the road and at the gallows. The ladies took great notice of him while he was in Newgate, and kept him well supplied with money. He finally made his exit at Tyburn, with the brief prayer, "O God, forgive my enemies, bless my friends, and receive my soul."

Those were the days when travellers who lived what is now within a sixpenny ride of the city buckled on their weapons, and were armed *cap-à-pie* before they left London for their homes—when gentlemen who understood the management of a pistol little better than their horses, persisted in carrying at least a brace in each coat-pocket, and sallied forth brimful of courage, and with deadly thoughts of resistance floating in their brains—thoughts which quickly evaporated on the approach of a suspicious-looking horseman or a burly passer-by. Those were the days when fire-side stories all turned upon some midnight encounter with armed and daring robbers; when those old gentlemen who had returned in safety from "business" to their houses in the suburbs, shortened the long winter's evenings with lively tales of the (imaginary, of course) highwaymen and footpads they had encountered, ay, and put to flight, in the course of their homeward journey. Those were the days when old ladies might be seen, just as the clock struck eight, returning from "tea and scandal" with a friend, hurrying through the streets, carefully shunning some dark court or gloomy alley, and raising their little lanterns to reconnoitre a suspicious object, which, perhaps, turned out to be a handpost or a pump.

Exaggerated as were the fears of our grandfathers, they were undoubtedly far from groundless; and swords and pistols might be useful (provided the bearer had sufficient courage to handle them), when a mounted highwayman, or half a dozen footpads, were no uncommon sight within a mile of London—when "Stand and deliver!" or "Your money or your life!" not unfrequently saluted the ears of the passenger in the very outskirts of the town, and when suburban travellers were in a constant state of uncertainty whether a pistol was at their head, or a sword-point at their breast.

But highway robberies, although the most frequent, were scarcely the most daring offences committed in the town a century ago. Burglaries and murders constantly engrossed the conversation of the city gossips, till some offence of a more desperate (and therefore interesting) character occurred to give them an opportunity of discussing, and illustrating with their imaginative genius. Stabbing in the streets of London was no uncommon occurrence; and now the newspapers announced that "a man, whilst passing over the cellar flap of a house in St Giles's, was let down by the sudden opening of the flap, and it was supposed had since been murdered;" now, that "as a woman was passing through Whitechapel with a bundle of clothes in her hand, some ruffians holding a rope across the road, tripped her up thereby, and robbed her of the parcel."

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Yes—reader, start not!—these extracts are taken from the newspapers of the time, and may be found in endless variety on every page and in every column.

Occasionally, too, "a hackney coach was driven furiously through the city, containing some motionless object, concealed by a black cloth thrown across it;" or "four men were noticed carrying on their shoulders a sack, which appeared to contain some heavy body." And then follow sundry speculations as to what these "motionless objects" and "heavy bodies" could have been—speculations which usually terminate in the conclusion that they were corpses stolen from some graveyard, or perhaps purchased from the sextons, and being conveyed to the dissecting-room of a surgeon for anatomical examination.

How frequently the Dovor mail was robbed during the last century we are unfurnished with the means of determining; but, judging from the frequent recurrence of the details of those offences which we find in the papers of the day, we may safely conclude that an encounter occurred on an average about twice during each night's journey. The particular mail we have mentioned was especially subjected to robbery; the road was bare, uninhabited, and gloomy, affording the utmost facilities for the depredations and the escape of the thieves; and many and desperate were the encounters on Shooter's hill—now the favoured, healthful, and picturesque retreat of those who covet repose—between bands of mounted robbers and the guards and passengers of the mail.

The princely style in which these highwaymen were wont to live may in some measure be conceived from the particulars which I have heard related of one Robert Martin, a famous mail-robber of his day. My informant was his wife's god-daughter, and she has frequently told me, that being in the habit of occasionally paying long visits to her god-mother, she was surprised at the magnificence which was displayed. A sideboard of handsome and costly plate, and the constant attendance of a footman during dinner, were among the indications which she enumerated of the possession of an ample fortune. Yet this man, in the midst of all his luxuries, was haunted and distressed by conscience. "I had often remarked," continued my informant, "that Martin was in the habit of leaving his house at night; his wife used in vain to implore him to remain at home. I have seen her cling to him, and with tears in her eyes, exclaim, 'Now, Robert, do not go! You know what all this must end in;' but, disengaging himself from her, he used to depart, and I saw nothing more of him till the morning. Young as I was, this conduct surprised me, and I was at a loss to account for it; until my mother, having one day called to see me, observed that whenever the servants were summoned to the door, Martin appeared fidgety and uneasy, and suspecting that something was wrong, she fetched me home; and a short time afterwards we heard that he had been apprehended, tried, and found guilty of a highway robbery. He was hanged at Tyburn, and his wife reduced to the greatest poverty."

It has been observed that while petty larceny and swindling speculations have increased, crimes of a more serious and capital nature have diminished; we now seldom hear of highwaymen or footpads; burglaries, at least in the neighbourhood of the city, are of rare occurrence; and, thanks to the invention of gas-lamps and policemen, we may travel from one end of London to the other without meeting a band of "resurrectionists," with their unlawful spoils from the churchyard and the burial ground. Let us trust that the march of honesty may stride on rapidly, and that the chronicler who records the history of the present century may have to notice a still greater progression in its morals, and a still greater diminution of crime.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

HISTORY OF THE TROUT;

HABITS, VARIETIES, MODE OF TAKING, AND THE ART OF BREEDING THEM.

AS ADOPTED BY G. BOCCIUS, ESQ.

(*Continued from page* 198.)

THERE are but two intestines in fishes, one corresponding with the small, and the other with the large, although the terms should be often reversed, as in this class of animals that which may be termed the lesser is generally the greatest, and the reverse. The liver is large, the size of the fish being remembered, and is situated before the stomach, covering it with its lobes; but in some, such as the genus *pleuronectes*, and where the abdominal cavity is short, the liver lies between the stomach and first convolution of the intestine. It secretes bile as in other animals, but all fish are not furnished with a gall bladder. The spleen is found in all fish excepting the lamprey. The lymphatics, from the liver, pancreas, and spleen, unite with the absorbents of the stomach and intestines, to carry the nutriment of the food into the circulation. The heart is situated nearer the head than in other animals, the space between the mouth and the belly in fishes being short: this organ is furnished with a pericardium. It has two cavities only, an auricle for receiving the blood from the veins of the body, and a ventricle for propelling it to the bronchiæ; as the heart of fishes consists of only an auricle and ventricle, it can only furnish one artery, which conveys the blood to the organs of respiration, the gills, and resemble the lungs. Thence it is

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conveyed by numerous arteries over the whole body; and it is returned by the veins that pass the blood into the auricle by rather a small aperture, which is presumed to perform the office of a valve. Fishes are among the cold-blooded animals, but there is a considerable difference of temperature in them. Those which inhabit the sea are of lower temperature than the natives of rivers: the standard heat of fishes may be safely stated at 60° of Fahrenheit's scale for the fresh water, and 50° for the salt. The gills are the organs of respiration and are situated on each side of the neck; they are beautifully laminated and tufted for minutely dividing the water and extracting from it the air it mechanically contains, for without air the fish would die. Cuvier states that they not only act as respiratory organs, but also as hearts, giving a small impulse to the blood which flows through the aorta.

The kidnies are situated close, and are firmly attached to the vertebral column: their duty is to secrete water as in other animals, but the bladder, the common receptacle, is not found in all fish; an enlarged ureter supplying its place. The brain is small, but the cavity in the cranium is generally large, which is filled to some extent with a gelatinous matter in the *cartilaginous*, and by an oily fluid in *osseus fishes*; salt and fresh water is also found in the cavity, which is supposed to get there by absorption: from the brain springs the medulla oblongata, and the nerves, as in the superior animals. The organ of smelling in fish is much more complicated than in other animals; they possess olfactory nerves which are the first pair which arise from the brain, and are distributed over a laminated surface in the nasal cavity. Fish are supposed not to possess the organ of taste on account of the structure of the tongue, which is reckoned unfit for receiving the impression made by flavour. The tongue is without papillæ, nor is there a greater supply of nerves than to any other part of the body. The organ of hearing is without an external *concha*, as the sound is conveyed to them through the medium of water: the whole of this organ is situated within the head. In all fish the parts which constitute the organs of hearing are essentially the same, viz., membraneous semi-circular canals, and sacs, which contain calcareous substances, either hard or soft, upon which the organs of hearing are chiefly spread; these parts are all filled with a gelatinous fluid. The existence of the sense of hearing in fish is denied by the ignorant, and has given rise to the following foolish couplet:

> "If fish could hear as well as see,
> No man could then a fisher be."

The generality of fishes have their eyes situated on each side of the head, which prevents their seeing the same object with both; the eye is moved by six muscles, as in the human being; but they are not provided with movable eyelids; in the salmon and mackerel there is an immovable veil which projects a little way over the eye, at the angle; the eye does not possess any lachrymal gland, the animal not requiring any aqueous secretion for keeping the eye moist.

We now proceed to speak of the best mode of taking trout. They are caught with flies, natural or artificial, with small fish, worms, or cads. The rod to be used should be long and strong, and furnished with a reel or running tackle with a multiplying winch, and a line to which should be attached a No. 6 or 7 Kirby hook if you bait with worms or cads. These are the best baits during the morning or evening of the months of March, April, and May. Put on a few shots about ten inches above the hook, to insure the sinking of the bait to the bottom, upon which it will drag by the current; the number of shots will be regulated by the strength of the stream, and no float to be used. In still water the bait should be frequently moved up and down, or "roved," the term that is used with most anglers. The best worms are the lob, blue-head marl, marsh, or tag-tail worms. Put them into some damp moss for a few days previously for the purpose of scouring them, as the trout is a delicate feeder, and will reject a dirty bait. Care must be taken to cover as much as possible every part of the hook. The hook should enter about a quarter of an inch below the head of the worm, and pass along the body to within three quarters of an inch of the tail; but of course this will depend greatly on the size of the bait. In cases where two worms are required the point of the hook should come out where the hook stops in the single worm, and a second should be hooked, as in the instance of one only being used. When fishing stand as much out of sight as possible, and cast your line into the most rippling parts of the water. When you feel a slight tug, do not strike, but wait till you feel your fish has actually got hold, either by a strong pull or two slight ones.

When you have hooked your fish, if a large one give him line, and do not be in too great a hurry to land him; always be provided with a landing net or landing hook. These precautions are necessary for any sort of fishing. The minnow, gudgeon, indeed any small fish, is a good bait for trout, but the two named are the best. These fish may be hooked by the lips with a 6 or 7 hook, or by passing the hook under the back fin; the line must be shotted and the bait kept about mid-stream. There is an artificial bait called a *devil*,

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which is to be purchased at all the tackle-shops; it consists of a piece of leather twisted up into a substance something resembling the shape of a fish, of about two and a half inches long, laced over with gold, brass, and silver thread or wire, and striped with various colours, the more brilliant the better. The tail is made of one or more pieces of block tin. To the body two or four or more hooks are lashed; attached to the nose of this bait is a swivel, to which the line is fastened, and by giving this bait a bend from head to tail it will spin or turn round as it is drawn through the water; the hooks attached to the devil should be No. 8 or 9. This bait is not of much use in a lake or quiet stream, but is reckoned a killing bait in rough waters. Fly fishing-rods are not made like those for trolling, being much more flexible at the top. The artificial flies used for taking trout are, for April, the thorn, yellow dun, and stone fly; the May fly in May and early part of June; and after that the black ant fly. July brings the wasp fly, August the butterfly, September the badger fly; the gnat is always said, during its season, to be a favourite fly for trout, but the baits of all kinds will in some measure vary in different lakes or streams.

Trout is not worth taking when out of season, that is, while spawning and for some time after. There is an old saying, "They come in and go out with the buck." When in perfection their spots are bright, the back is large and thick. The best for the table is the female, which is known by having a lesser head and deeper body. During the winter months the trout is sickly, and is very frequently what is termed lousy; the insects called lice resemble a small worm with large head. When the spring comes on, the trout increases in health and vigour, and visits the clear and gravelly streams, where he constantly rubs against the bottom to rid himself of the vermin bred during his unhealthy season. The most favourable resorts of the trout, and of course the places most likely for the angler to succeed in taking him, are as follow:—In small holes or under stones and clumps in shallow quick streams, always swimming against it; in cold waters; they congregate also in clear and gravelly-bottomed ponds where streams run into them.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

Peregrine Pultuney; or, Life in India. In 3 vols. Mortimer.

Looking on the work before us as a novel, it wants plot and incident, and has other deficiencies. The hero is a careless, bold, roystering adventurer, with a taste for banter and waggery. All this is allowable, and still he may be a very good hero, but the author ought not to add unnecessarily to the list of youthful failings. It abates the interest we might otherwise take in Peregrine's fortunes, when he is found too much addicted to tippling, smoking, swearing, cruel hoaxing, and savage revenge. These things may be in nature, but it is not in nature to love the youth in whom they abound, and therefore it is not to the principal figure in a picture, for whom it is intended our sympathies should be enlisted, that they can judiciously be given. The faults of the imaginary Peregrine we suspect, in some degree, attach to their author. From the careless, frolicsome tone in which he occasionally speaks in his own person, in terms not far removed from what is termed slang, "we calculate," as brother Jonathan would say, it is a young or at all events not a very old soldier that holds the pen, and that he conceives the licence he requires for himself, the writer of a book is bound to concede to his hero.

But on reverting to the title-page we have some misgivings. It is not there told that the work before us is a novel. The writer evidently means to take his stand on 'Life in India,' which he applies himself to paint, and in this he is no doubt entitled to praise. All old East Indians at Cheltenham, all Englishmen in India whose livers are not yet calcined, and all Griffins, old and young, from the sucking Griff, who has just landed, to the expiring Griffin who has been a year and three quarters of a day on shore, and all embryo Griffins at Haileybury and Addiscomb—nay, possibly Griffins unborn, will be likely to pore over these pages with eagerness, and devour their contents with advantage. For the simple English reader it would have been well had the dialogues been shorter and some of the delineations less minute; and we may just hint that a descriptive author need not be as flippant as an auctioneer, and should be careful not to multiply details till they become as dry as a catalogue.

Some of the school pranks of the hero are hit off with great spirit, and much power blended with humour is occasionally displayed. Our first quotation is a very clever sketch. It gives *Death* as well as *Life* in India.

"'Did you hear,' asked Mrs Parkinson, with a smile, 'that Miss Dance is going to be married?'

"'Miss Dance! only think—dear me!—well—well! wonders will never—and to whom! only think! Miss Dance!'

"'To Mr Fast, of the Civil Service,' said Mrs Parkinson.

"'Well—well! only to think; a lakh and a half in debt, I believe—with only a thousand a month. That's a bad match at all events.'

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"Mrs Poggleton uttered these last words as though there was something eminently refreshing in the thought of Miss Dance's having made a bad match; and it is more than probable that she would have manifested her inward satisfaction still more palpably, if a servant had not entered the room at this juncture, and put a loosely-folded note with a deep black edge to it into Mrs Parkinson's hand.

"'Bless me!' exclaimed that lady, directly she had perused the contents of it; 'how shocking, to be sure!'

"The note was in fact one of those dreadful undertaker's circulars, which are sent round to the principal houses in Calcutta, almost immediately an inhabitant dies, to inform the friends of the late Mr So-and-so, that his 'remains will be removed for interment,' from his residence in such and such a place at a certain hour of the same afternoon, and which frequently are the first announcements you receive of the death of some neighbour or acquaintance.

"'Who's dead now, pray?' asked Mrs Poggleton, who was too well used to the sight of these billets not to know their full meaning at a glance; 'who's dead now, Mrs Parkinson?'

"'Mr Collingwood,' returned Mrs Parkinson; 'it really is quite shocking; he dined with us the day before yesterday—cholera, I suppose—dreadful!' and Mrs Parkinson endeavoured to look quite overcome, but was not particularly successful.

"But Mrs Poggleton pretended nothing at all: she leant forward, held out her hand for the undertaker's circular, looked rather pleased than otherwise, and said, 'Dear me! if it is not the gentleman with that pretty carriage, I declare.'

"'Small use to him a pretty carriage now,' said Mrs Parkinson; 'the only carriage that he needs is a hearse.'

"'Oh! but,' exclaimed Mrs Poggleton, with more eagerness than she had manifested throughout the conversation, 'I have been dying a long time for that carriage, and now I shall be able to get it. What a nice thing to be sure!'"

The etiquette of a Calcutta ball-room may be agreeable to many English ladies. It is furnished by a spinster born in India, who has returned to her native land after completing her education in England.

"An Indian spinster is an Indian spinster, whatever her position may be. I am used to it now; but when first I came out I was constantly making mistakes; the English licences I took astonished my father and mother, nay, even my very acquaintance. A few nights after I arrived here, I was at a ball at the Town hall, and there was a Mr Darlington there—a civilian—whom I had met very often in England, as he was staying, during Christmas, at my grandmamma Poggleton's, and so of course we got very intimate. He is a very nice man, but I must tell you, Peregrine, that I should as soon think of marrying the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome, as I should him; and whilst he was sitting by me, between the quadrilles, I saw a young ensign of a king's regiment, who had come out in the ship with me, and whom I particularly disliked, making his way towards me to ask, for the third time of asking, whether I was still engaged for so many dances. I was not engaged for more than two, and so seeing my dilemma, I said to Mr Darlington, 'Pray let me say I'm engaged to you for the third,' and will you believe it, he quite stared at me. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he thought he had danced with me once. 'Oh!' said I, somewhat offended, 'and once is enough—is it?' Upon which he smiled, and said that he supposed I was not yet initiated into the mysteries of Calcutta etiquette; for that no lady ever danced with a gentleman more than once in the course of the evening unless he was going to be married to her. I looked very foolish of course, but never made such a blunder again, and was condemned to dance with the ensign."

We now take a peep at a Calcutta furniture shop; Peregrine enters it with his friend Jenks:—

"Julian Jenks, who, living as he was on his own foundation in the South Barracks, had seen at least twenty times as much of the Indian world as Peregrine had from the fine house in Chowringhee, seemed to know perfectly well his way about the bazaar, and to be acquainted with several of the dealers—as a proof of which he conducted our hero into a furniture-shop, and told him that he would find it necessary to buy several articles, and that he could not provide himself at a better establishment.

"'With all my heart,' said Peregrine, as he entered a shop in which chairs, tables, beds, couches, and other articles of upholstery were huddled promiscuously together; 'and what shall I buy first?'

"'Master buy plenty things,' returned the head of the establishment, after making a profound salaam—'master buy three—four hundred rupee things—tousand rupees, master, I sell.'

"'I have no doubt of it,' observed Peregrine; 'but first of all, what's the price of this bed?'

"'Master, I say proper price,' replied the obsequious dealer—'very cheap, master, I sell—that bed I say forty rupee.'

"'Very well,' said Peregrine, 'write it down—one bed forty rupee.'

"'Stop,' interposed Mr Jenks, 'you must not do that, my good fellow. Forty rupees! why I bought the very fellow to it for sixteen rupees the day before yesterday. Oh! you rogue!'

"'Nay, sahib,' remonstrated the babee, very meekly, 'I not rogue—I say forty rupee. Forty rupee that asking price—master say sixteen—master take—be good to poor man, master; buy plenty things, I sell. Mr Chank, he buy things from me; he know price, but very cheap.'

"'Yes,' said Julian, 'and very lucky for my friend that I do know the price. You see, Pultuney, that if you give about the third of what these people ask for their goods, you are pretty sure of giving too

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much. The "asking price," as this man calls it, is nothing. They never expect to get what they ask, for nobody ever thinks of giving it. Phillimore says, that the only way to annoy one of these men is to give him immediately what he asks, and he will go away cursing his folly for not having asked three times as much.'

"'Thank you for the information,' returned Peregrine, 'we do things very differently in England: but now, let me see—I want two tables—six chairs—a pair of couches—a book-case—a chest of drawers, and a washing-stand.'

"'Yes, master, I show—all things got—sell very cheap—master buy all thing he want.'

"'Yes,' said Jenks, 'you had better select everything you want, and then buy them all in a heap.'

"This was done accordingly; and in half an hour afterwards Peregrine had bought all the things enumerated above, besides a dinner and breakfast set—a great quantity of glasses—a butter-bowl—some dish-covers—a pair of table pedestals (*Anglicé*, candlesticks) with glass shades—a patent coffee-pot—a dozen table-cloths—a pair of decanters—a great number of dinner-knives (plate he had brought with him)—six dozens of beer, and a box of cheroots—for the whole of which he disbursed about four hundred rupees, and went home well contented with his bargain."

We add a very graphic description of the outskirts of Calcutta.

"For two or three miles, after passing Chowringhee, where Julian Jenks had picked up his companion, the road seemed to the young gentlemen to lie through a bazaar, as densely populated, though not quite so confined, as that which they had visited a few days before. At first the streets were tolerably broad, and were skirted with houses of considerable dimensions, that had doubtless at one period been vastly comfortable abodes, but which now appeared somewhat out of repair. A great number of these houses were punch-houses or taverns, as was sufficiently indicated by the large staring boards appended to them, or the coloured flags waving over their portals; whilst others were houses of a still worse character, sinks of infamy of the vilest description. Along the streets were to be seen tottering onward, sailors, intoxicated even at that early hour, or unsteady from the last night's debauch—low Portuguese and East Indians, male and female—numberless natives 'of sorts,' Hindoos, Mahommedans, Chinamen, Arabs, and here and there, though at rare intervals, the flat face of the Mhug. Passing onward, the streets became narrower and the houses at their sides smaller—long rows of native shops now appeared, all open in the front to the street, and displaying their contents, which were for the most part of a scanty and one-sorted description, to the view of the passer by. Peregrine could not but admire the way in which they seemed to abstain from infringing on one another's conventional privileges, for there were no miscellaneous stores to be seen. Trade amongst them wore a multiform aspect, and dispersed itself thinly over a wide surface, for one man had nothing but brass pots in his shops, whilst another had nothing but earthen ones, a third sold turbans and nothing else, a fourth skull-caps, a fifth looking-glasses, and so on. The earnings of each man must have been small, but then they all earned something—there were no monopolies amongst them, and they all looked contented, and whether from principle, from prejudice, or from indolence, we know not, but they seemed to respect one another's rights, and without knowing anything about it, to have hit upon the true source of national prosperity.

"Mingled with these shops every here and there, a few paces withdrawn from the road, were some spacious but dilapidated edifices, principally of red brick, which, with their extensive porticoes and lofty columns, called to mind an age of by-gone magnificence, when Chowringhee and Garden Reach were not. In front of the shops and by the side of the aqueducts, which in some places ran along the road, were to be seen natives, men, women, and children, washing their limbs and their long black locks, which, unconfined, streamed over their shoulders; sitting on their haunches at the thresholds of their houses were others, submitting to the operations of the barber, or disentangling one another's wet hair, before twisting it up in the seemly knot behind, which gives to men such a womanlike aspect: whilst walking slowly along the street and staring wildly around, were some men, almost naked from head to foot, who, with their smeared and painted faces, and their loamed hair, to our friends, who had never before seen a Sunyasse, looked like denizens of another and a lower sphere, roaming abroad on a terrestrial visit. Altogether the scene was novel and interesting; and in spite of the difficulty of getting along through so densely populated a locality, Peregrine Pultuney and Julian Jenks were really sorry when they found themselves on a clear road, where *carhanchies** and *hackeries* were almost the only things in their way."

The Gatherer.

ON THE MOAT-DRAINING OPERATION AT THE TOWER.

All utilitarians I hate;
And really I cannot see why,
Tho' obstructions removal await,
This *moat* they should take from the eye.

L. M. S.

The Town of Woolwich.—On every side the town of Woolwich is rapidly extending. The Londoners get to it now in half the time it formerly cost them to reach Greenwich; and it is constantly presenting some grand attraction to those who like to gaze on royal personages, military exercises, and aquatic spectacles. This week her visitors saw a King land on Tuesday; and the 'Boscawen,' a seventy-four,

* Native carriages drawn by bullocks.

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launched from her dockyard on Wednesday. A new circus has lately been opened. With such a temptation—the 'Boscawen' for a star, its arsenal, common, and rich adjacent scenery, it will this Easter have a run upon it such as in former holidays Greenwich only could expect.

The Nettle, as a Fodder for Cattle, is much used on the continent, particularly in Holland, where whole fields are cultivated for this purpose; it is cut five or six times a year. In Holland the horse-dealers give the seeds to their horses to make them brisk, and to give them a fine skin; the roots are also extensively used for dying yellow. Nettles either eaten green or dried are considered by the farmers of the continent to promote the fat of horned cattle, as also sheep and pigs, and the seeds, when mixed with oats, are excellent for hardworking horses; it is a good food for poultry.—*J. McI., Hillsborough.*

Dramatic Writers.—The example of the Emperor of Austria, in granting to dramatic authors a per-centage on the receipts on each representation of their works, has been followed by the King of Prussia, who has ordered "that the writers of pieces hereafter performed at the two royal theatres of Berlin shall, according to their length, receive from four to ten per cent. on the gross produce of each representation." This charge is to be continued to the author during his life, and to his family for ten years after his death. Authors may dispose of their rights.

Authors of the Day.—"One great author has a fancy for conjuring tricks, which he performs, 'in a small circle,' to admiration; another would play at battledore and shuttle-cock till he dropped; another or two (say a dozen) prefer a *ballet* to any other work of art; one likes to be a tavern-king, and to be placed in 'the chair;' another prefers to sit on a wooden bench round the fire of a hedge alehouse, and keep all the smockfrocks in a roar; one poet likes to walk in a high wind and a pelting rain, without his hat, and repeating his verses aloud; another smokes during half the day, and perhaps half the night, with his feet upon the fender, and puffing the cloud up the chimney; another sits rolled up in a bear's-skin, and as soon as he has got 'the idea,' he rushes out to write it down." These, it may be presumed, belong to the Society of "Odd Fellows."

The Exhibition at the Louvre.—The catalogue of the Louvre for 1844 contains 2,423 works of art; and the exhibitors are 1,371 in number, of whom 200 are females. The works are thus divided—1,808 oil paintings, landscapes, and portraits, 348 miniatures, crayon and water-colour drawings, 133 sculptures, 24 architectural designs, 89 engravings, and 21 lithographs. Amongst the oil paintings and sculptures, 237 are on religious subjects.

Atmospheric Railways.—M. Mallet, the celebrated engineer, sent specially by the French government to examine the atmospheric railroad at Kingstown, states, in his report, that by the system all danger from accidents by fire is avoided, and from carriages running off the road almost, and a collision between two trains altogether prevented. It prevents the necessity of levelling the soil according to the present inconvenient method, and offers an economy of 140,000fr. a league, or 2,008*l.* British per mile. M. Mallet recommends the government to make a trial.

Cuper's Gardens.—In a song called "The Complaint," written in 1750, this stanza occurs:—

"In Cuper's gay groves what delights have I seen!
How cool were the zephyrs! the skies how serene!
The music, the fireworks, and all was so grand,
For ever, me thought, I admiring could stand:
But now Susan is absent, I cannot forbear,
But cry, 'What ridiculous trifles are here!'
Alas! all those rockets sent up to the skies,
Are nought to the fireworks play'd from her eyes!"

Let the reader cross Waterloo bridge from the Strand, descend the stairs to the left on the Surrey side, and advance nearly a quarter of a mile among the numerous small houses behind St John's church, and he will stand on ground forming part of "Cuper's gay groves."

Redmen and Blackmen.—There is something noble and striking in the Indian character irreconcilable though it be with advanced civilization and Christian influences. The Negro, on the contrary, is *a domestic animal.* The Indian avoids his conqueror; the Negro bows at his feet. The Indian loves the independence and privations of his solitude better than all the flesh-pots of Egypt; the Negro, if left to himself, is helpless and miserable; he must have society and sensual pleasures; if he be allowed to eat and drink well, to dance, to sing, and to make love, he seems to have no further or higher aspirations, and to care nothing for the degradation of his race.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to see one or two of the articles by "A Tender of Insects."

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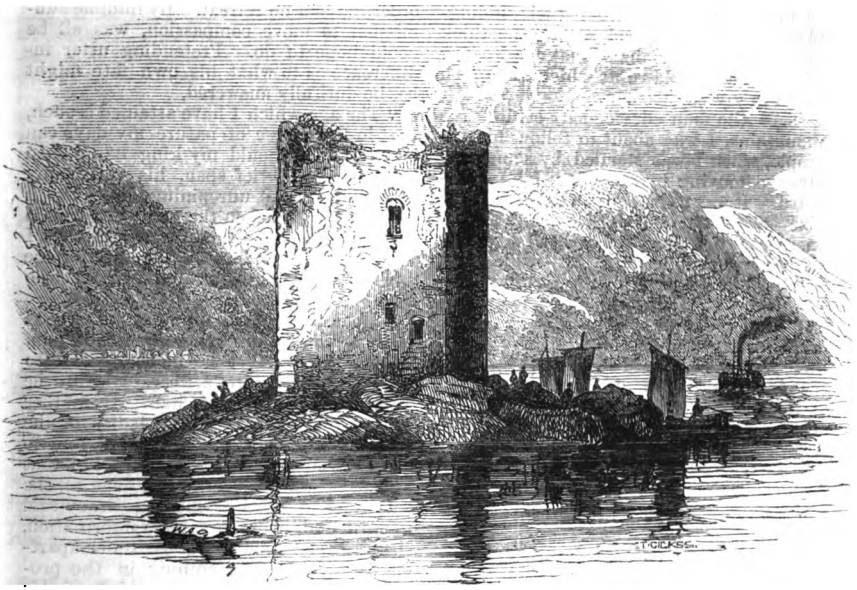

Original Communications.

THE MOUSE TOWER.

Among the remarkable objects which the lover of antiquities who visits the Rhine ought to see, is the Mouse Tower. It is a remarkable ruin. At present its dilapidation is very perfect. Though its massy walls still defy the storms, *et fuga temporum*, its windows are shattered, its doors, roofs, and floors have vanished. Here Solitude keeps her court, and brambles and nettles alone guard the approaches which were once protected by the swords and spears of warlike men.

It was an odd whim that gave this structure the name which it has now borne some six or seven centuries—that of the "Mouse." We are told that, in or about the year eleven hundred and something, a small borough established here was annoyed and often threatened with destruction from a fortress which was called the Cat. The borough at length fell into the hands of Kuno de Falkenstein, and he did what its formidable neighbours had only threatened—fairly put the borough out of existence, and then raised the structure which remains, and which he made much larger than its pugnacious neighbour. It was his humour to honour it with the title of the Mouse, that thenceforth, on that spot, the ordinary course of things might be inverted, as he declared "the mouse should devour the cat."

In this he did not deceive himself. "*The cat has had her day.*" She has fallen before the mighty mouse; we find nothing of the former but her *tale*.

The mouse in its time must have been of great strength. It is reported to have harboured beings from the other world, some of whom, the peasants in its vicinity believe, still reside in it. This, however, is discredited by a modern traveller.

"I wandered," says Victor Hugo (we quote Aird's lively translation), "first in one room, then in another: admiring at one time a beautiful turret; now descend-

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ing into a cave, groping my way through some subterraneous passage; then finding myself looking through an aperture which commanded a view of the Rhine.

"The sun at last began to disappear, which is the time for spectres and phantoms. I was still in the ruins. Indeed, it seemed to me as if I had become a wild schoolboy. I wandered everywhere; I climbed up every acclivity; I turned over the large stones; I eat wild mulberries; I tried by my noise to bring the supernatural inhabitants from their hiding-places; and, as I trod among the thick grass and herbs, I inhaled that acerb odour of the plants of old ruins which I so much loved in my boyhood.

"As the sun descended behind the mountains, I was about to follow his example, when I was startled by something strange moving by my side. I leant forward. It was a lizard of an extraordinary size—about nine inches long—with an immense belly, a short tail, a head like that of a viper, and black as jet—which was gliding slowly towards an opening in an old wall. That was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of the ruin—an animal at the same time real and fabulous—a salamander, which looked at me with mildness as it entered its hole."

Some readers may possibly suspect M. Hugo came to a wrong conclusion, and that the object he saw was a ghost or fiend in the form of a lizard.

SEFI THE BLOOD-SHEDDER.

(*Continued from page* 215.)

BAGDAD was besieged by the Turks in the year 1632. Thither Shah Sefi directed his arms, and with such success that the assailants were compelled to withdraw. The officers who contributed to this result had not forgotten his former bloodthirsty doings, and it was feared that the triumphs which swelled his pride might cause the merciless Shah to revel in new atrocities. Some of the grandees were of opinion that he wished to be relieved from the whole of the nobles who surrounded him. It was proposed that they should concert the best means of averting such a catastrophe. Seinel Chan, who had formerly laboured zealously for the advancement of the despot, still retained kindness for him, or thought his own safety and promotion would be most favoured by betraying his companions. He advised him to do what it had been with reason suspected he had long contemplated—namely, to get them all effectually removed from his presence. His disclosure was listened to with attention.

"Thou speakest well," said Sefi, "thus counselling me to put away those whose power makes them formidable to my peace, nor will I ungratefully neglect advice, so judicious in itself, and so admirably timed. With thy head will I begin; for thy age and great authority must needs make thee one of the leaders in the conspiracy. Thus shall I tread in the steps of the mighty Abbas, my grandfather, who was never tranquil till he had despatched him who held that office which is at present thine."

Such a reply confounded Seinel Chan. Whatever, under other circumstances, he might have attempted, a traitor to his order, he had no retreat. By humble submission to move compassion, was all he could hope to do. Pretending utter indifference as to what his own fate might be, he dutifully answered,

"The age which I have attained is such, that in the course of nature my days can be but few. Should my king be pleased to reduce that brief span, his will is my law, and I shall unrepining die. But a day must come when the great Sefi will do justice to the important disclosure that I have made, and lament the fate of the most faithful, most devoted servant who now stands before him.

The firmness and humility of Seinel made a powerful impression on the Shah. He doubted whether he had not gone too far, and resolved to deliberate before he finally sealed the fate of Chan. His mother had attended him, with the ladies of the seraglio, in his advance to Bagdad, and to her he determined to communicate all that he had heard. When he had done so, she was much amazed at the conspiracy said to exist, and, to obtain further information, she sent for Seinel privately to her apartments. There was nothing in the proceeding incompatible with the Shah's safety, but their meeting under such circumstances appeared to him an unpardonable offence, and in a glow of fury he hastened to the palace of the Princess, just as the aged Chan was about to take his departure, and stabbed him in the presence of his mother. She remonstrated with him on the folly as well as atrocity of his conduct, in thus putting to death one of the ablest ministers of his grandfather Abbas, and one who had evinced so much attachment to himself.

But men in power, as they advance in crime, seem really to become intoxicated with blood, and every pleasure which has no connexion with human sufferings becomes mean and insipid. He had opportunities for showing his cruelty on a great scale in the province of Kilan, where an insurrection broke out under one Karib, who appears to have been "*Atavis editis Regibus*," as he could claim descent from the ancient kings of Lahetzan. Karib was, at first, successful; but giving himself up too soon to exultation over the victory he had gained, he was attacked by the

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armies of Sefi, and sustained a total defeat. The Shah put to death, with refined cruelty, many of his captives, and expressed great anxiety to have their late chief in his power. When his troops were routed, Karib fled, and concealed himself in a garden belonging to a Chan named Emir. He was discovered by a domestic; and in this unfortunate situation attempted to move compassion, giving money, jewels of great value, and promising future wealth to the menial, if he would provide him with a disguise, and favour his retreat. The man seemed to consent; but, as a first step towards guarding against recognition, he claimed Karib's cloak and sword. These were promptly surrendered, and as promptly the receiver turned round upon him, and calling him "traitor," placed him in the hands of his dreaded enemy, Sefi.

To doom the unhappy rebel, now at his feet, to death, was not enough to satisfy his lust for vengeance. He would have the prisoner brought into his presence, that he might feast his eyes on his despair. He was surrounded by the beauties of his harem, and made a studiously ostentatious display of splendour, and all the creatures of his court were encouraged to jeer and outrage the wretched Karib. He was ordered to die; and Shah Sefi caused him, in the first instance, to be shod, both hands and feet, with iron like a horse, at the same time telling the helpless victim that this was done for his especial ease and comfort, for being accustomed to the soft and sandy ground of Kilan, the stony ways of Persia must of necessity annoy the hands and feet of one so delicate, unless some precaution were used to fortify them. Thus tortured, the captive languished for three days. All who came near rejoiced in his anguish, and no sympathizing friend could soothe his woe, and prepare the departing spirit for its last awful flight. At the end of the period which has been named, he was conveyed to the Maidau, or market-place, and there elevated on a lofty pole, to be shot at as a target. Sefi took his bow, and discharged the first arrow. He then called upon all about him, if they loved him, to do as he had done. A thousand bows were instantly bent — a thousand messengers of death in the next moment winged their way to Karib. The number that struck him was so great, that his corpse no longer presented anything at all resembling the form of a man. It was suffered to remain thus between heaven and earth, a strange nondescript object, for three days, before the poor privilege of a grave was conceded to the unfortunate Karib.

The fearful career of guilt which it has been seen Sefi commenced in wantonness, he continued to pursue without hesitation or remorse. He had not yet returned from the expedition which has been mentioned, when being encamped near Tauris, Urgulu Chan, the lord high steward, on a day when he should have commanded the Shah's guard in person, was absent, having gone to an entertainment given by another high officer of the state, Tabub Chan, who was chancellor of the kingdom. The ordinary captain of the guard gave Urgulu Chan notice that his presence was required. The chancellor, being unwilling to lose his guest so soon, dismissed the captain, telling him he could do well enough without the high steward, as the king, being but a child, would take no notice of his absence, so the guard were properly set by the captain. The latter was reluctant to be put off, and pressed so earnestly for Urgulu's instant departure that it gave great offence, and he was finally sent away by force, very roughly treated, and even wounded by the servants.

The officer so dealt with seems, in the first instance, to have been animated by an honest desire to save Urgulu from the fatal consequences of his master's displeasure, but the outrage he had sustained changed the current of his feelings and rendered him wholly indifferent as to what befel one who had manifested so little gratitude. Bleeding as he was, he repaired to the Shah's tent, and there recounted, with some aggravation, what had passed. The despot foamed with rage at the language which had been held, and which he regarded as an insult to himself; it was not in the nature of things to forget or pardon. He laid his commands on the captain to be silent, and dismissed him for the night.

Sleep did not so compose Sefi's mind as to make him feel less resentment on the following morning. But no frown clouded his countenance, and no indication of rage gleamed from his eye. Tabub was received with smiles, and permitted to dine with his sovereign, and not a single circumstance or expression gave the doomed chancellor warning that that dinner was to be his last.

"Attached to me," said he, "you, as a faithful subject, of course feel that my honour must never be assailed by living man in wantonness."

Tabub intimated his perfect accordance with his imperial master in the sentiment which he had breathed.

"Feel you not, then," he proceeded, "that this having been done, thy master having been mocked, the presumptuous offender cannot be allowed to escape with impunity."

"Assuredly he ought not," was the reply.

"Say then," cried Sefi, "for you are one of the wise men of my empire, what

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punishment does he, my subject—nay, my favoured servant, deserve, who, far from paying that respect which loyal subjects are evermore but too happy to yield, slights my commands, and scruples not even to name his sovereign with contumely?"

Wholly unsuspicious of the dark designs of the Shah, the chancellor, though startled at the appeal, after a short pause, gravely replied,

"He who can so far forget his duty and the sublime dignity of the great Sefi, merits not to draw the breath of life. He ought to die."

"You say well," the Shah answered, in an applauding tone. "From you I looked for sage counsel; but know, in giving it, thou hast pronounced sentence upon thyself. Thou, Tabub—thou art the person who hast thus grievously offended—thou, I say, living by my favour, eating at my table, sharing all thy master's greatness, hast foully dared to offer insult, and term me, in contempt, a child."

He then more particularly referred to the occasion, and the circumstances as reported to him by the captain of the guard. In vain did the chancellor attempt to appease his wrath and explain away the cause of it. Sefi drew his scymitar, and, without deigning to listen to the speech of the accused, plunged it furiously into the lower part of his body. With an exclamation of agony and fear, the unhappy man sunk to the ground in a dying state. Sefi then called to his *Rikà* (a part of his guard, armed with pole-axes, who occasionally act as executioners), and ordered them instantly to cut Tabub's head into small pieces. They proceeded to do this butchery in his presence.

Besides the murderer and his guards, there were several pages in attendance. They affected to behold with satisfaction the horrible doings of the Shah; but one of them, however, though most anxious to conceal the disgust and horror such a scene could not but inspire, turned his face away, while the *Rikà* were engaged in their miserable duty. The action was remarked by Sefi, and the reproach it conveyed made him regard it as a new offence. "Those eyes of thine," said he, "must needs be very delicate since such a spectacle offends them. They will never be of much use to thee as thou canst not look on a dead rebel;" and this taunt he followed up by ordering the same executioners instantly to put the youth's eyes out.

Accustomed as we are not only to the restraints imposed upon kings by the British constitution, but to the moderation which marks the exercise of regal authority in the principal European states, we trace with wonder the career of this Asiatic potentate. If we are astonished at the violence which a fierce monster loved to exercise, we are still more so at the tame, unresisting patience with which his fearful behests were worked out and submitted to with apparent content. But this was part of a regularly organized system. The satellites of Sefi pretended to feel for him all the devotion manifested in former more remote ages by the followers of the "Old Man of the Mountain." They declared that for them life was wholly valueless if it ceased to be illuminated with the smile of their Shah; for him they were eager to encounter all sorts of difficulties, every imaginable toil; to please him, they would unceasingly labour, brave the most terrific dangers, and unrepiningly die.

A more dreadful state of suspense than that to which the chans and governors of provinces were necessarily subjected by the situation in which they stood cannot be conceived; they were expected periodically to show reverence for their monarch by sending costly presents. In return it was the custom to dispatch an envoy to make known the estimation in which the Shah held the sender: he was provided with a box covered with rich tapestry, which ordinarily contained a splendid robe, but not always. Sometimes the box was empty when sent, and destined to receive the governor's head. Care was taken that the person most interested in knowing the envoy's errand should be kept profoundly ignorant of what was intended. Arriving within a few leagues of the city where the chan or governor was established, a messenger went forward to announce that he approached to bring glad tidings from the Shah. Upon this it was expected that the governor should set out to meet the envoy, attended by a suitable escort; on meeting the latter the former made a halt at some distance, and put off his sword, garment, and turban, and then with an air of great humility and perfect resignation advanced to learn his destiny. In some cases a brief announcement of the monarch's will was promptly followed by decapitation, and the bleeding head was placed in the box, of which it has been stated the envoy was the bearer. In others, a letter of grace, with a magnificent robe, were produced, and then the happy functionary, blessing his good stars, kissed the collar of the garment, touched it with his forehead, and rendering like honour to the letter which accompanied it, hastened to attire himself in the present, which, in addition to a gown of sea-green satin, consisted of a rochet of cloth of gold, a girdle, and a turban; and some of the governor's attendants proclaimed aloud that "his master desired to pray for the health and

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prosperity of the Shah, and the success of his soldiers."

Sefi was not appeased by the death of Tabub, but thought it due to his insulted name to visit Urgulu with the like severity. Aliculi Chan received orders to fetch his head; he waited on the victim in due form, and met him as he was leaving his bath. He started at seeing Aliculi with two attendants, and rightly conjectured the nature of his errand. Escape was impossible: he and Aliculi had been extremely intimate, and he now addressed his friend in a desponding tone:—

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "woe is me! Hope is no more! I fear, my friend, thou bringest me no good news."

Aliculi answered, "I am grieved to say thy conjecture is too correct. The Shah has laid his commands upon me to fetch thy head. My duty is most painful, but thou hast only to submit."

The bloody deed was then performed, and the head of Urgulu severed from the body. Aliculi made a hole in one cheek large enough to admit his finger, and by this he carried it into the royal presence. Sefi looked on the ghastly object with a smile, and touching it with a wand, he exclaimed—

"It must be confessed, Urgulu, thou wast a stout man! To see thee thus gives me sorrow, but it was thine own fault. 'Tis pity thou hast in this way come to thine end, were it only for that goodly beard which though wearest!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE GRAND ARMY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"Let harps, and lyres, and trumpets proudly sound!
Bid echoing cannon the bold strain prolong!
With laurel be our mighty Emperor crown'd,
And celebrate him in immortal song!"
Such—even such th' exulting choral swell,
Which hail'd of Gallia's chief the favouring star,
When the famed Kremlin to his cohorts fell—
The celebrated palace of the Czar.

Where Moscow's towers majestically rise
Chilly and dreary are September's nights:
Whence come those flashes reddening all the skies?
That cloud of smoke? that thousand, thousand lights?
A city burns!—a mighty sea of fire
From house, and tower, and temple throws its glare!
Mad vengeance only could the deed inspire!
It is the throe of national despair!

Soon we retreat. The snows incessant fall
From the black bosom of yon threatening cloud;
Above we see but a funereal pall,
Below one awful, all-surrounding shroud.

Strange human figures in the woods appear;
They do not live, nor are they sculptured stone—
We recognise these statues, drawing near,
Though cold and motionless, are flesh and bone.*

Slow is our progress, terrible the cold,
As on we move a wild disordered mass;—
The sage grow timid, and subdued the bold,
While seeking Beresina's awful pass.
The falling bridge, the yielding ice, the groan
Of strugglers sinking to a watery grave,
The mother's thrilling cry, the infant's moan,
Mingle with howling winds and roaring wave.

The horsemen, furious at the long delay
Caused on the bridge by wretches striving there,
Cut through the awful group a gory way,
Heedless of curse and menace, scream and prayer.
Nature and nation both have lost their ties;
Compatriots who together fought and bled
"Can find no pity in each other's eyes—
By brother's hand a brother's blood is shed."†

How vast, how horrible was the dismay!
The stoutest heart might to behold it faint!
Dread scenes were acted in the face of day
Such as no tongue can tell, no pencil paint.
Even Heaven itself seem'd to rebuke war's trade;
For mercy when a prostrate foe implored,
The hand that sought to draw the murderous blade
Immovably was frozen to the sword.

Dread lines of ghastly corses mark our flight!
The pale survivors disregard the dead!
Horrors become familiar to the sight,
And every spark of sympathy is fled!
But is the fearful spectacle I see
In sad reality what it would seem?
On earth may such abominations be;
Or is what I relate a madman's dream?

Unhappily, alas! too real all
The grim magnificence of "war's dread game;"
Maids, wives, and mothers weep, and men must fall,
And "thousands bleed to raise a single name."
Wild terror, fiendish rage, and bleeding hearts,
Make of a hero chief the brilliant story;
For these are ever the constituent parts
Of what the giddy, senseless world calls GLORY.

EGYPTIAN SLAVE HUNT.

The 'Fourth Annual Report of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society' is before us. It contains much interesting

* Forms were seen in the woods which seemed like men asleep. On approaching them it was found that they were dead.—*History of Napoleon.*

† Some, furious and determined, with sword in hand, cleared for themselves a horrible passage. Others, still more cruel, opened a way for their carriages by driving them without mercy over crowds of unfortunate persons, whom they crushed to death.—*Twenty-ninth Bulletin.*

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matter. However great the merits and however unremitting the exertions of the opponents of slavery, we are sorry to say as yet humanity has little to boast of having gained through their well-meant labours. Though success has crowned their efforts in some instances, in others there is reason to lament the horrors of slavery have not merely remained stationary, but have been fearfully aggravated through the measures necessarily adopted to abate the evil. Some melancholy statements appear in the report. Few of our readers will be prepared for the following particulars of a slave hunt, ordered by that enlightened personage the Pasha of Egypt, to whom the merchants of England lately presented a medal, with a laboured eulogium on his generosity and virtue.

The exhibition, or sport as it may be called, we suppose, was commenced on the 15th January, 1843. The progress of the Egyptian force is thus recorded:—

"Arrived, on the 9th of February, at the head of the Khor el Sidr, the cavalry, with a party of Beduins, were detached against the Dinkas, a race of nomadic negroes occupying the banks of the White River. The main army, in the meanwhile, marched southward to Ule, in the country of the Bórun negroes, where they awaited the return of this detachment, which joined them there on the 14th February, bringing 623 slaves (males, females, and children), 1,500 oxen, and a few sheep and goats. Next day the booty was divided in the proportion of one-half to the government and one-half to the captors. My informant not having accompanied this detachment saw nothing of its proceedings, and only heard of its results in a general way.

"The army now marched on southward into the country of the Bóruns as far as Abu Gúnus, about 9° 45′ N. lat, and 32° E. long., when they turned eastward, still through the country of the same people, who, together with the Bártas, another negro people living on the Blue River and along the Túmat, were destined to be the prey of the invaders. At Djebel Tombak, in about 40° N, and 33° E, the first attack was made on the 19th of February. The inhabitants of the village having received warning of the enemy's approach, had retired to the summit of a small isolated mountain, rising some five or six hundred feet above the plain, which mountain was surrounded by the Egyptian cavalry and then stormed by the infantry.

"The negroes defended themselves valiantly, and even desperately, preferring death to submission and its inevitable consequence, slavery; so that but very few men able to defend themselves escaped death. But so insufficient were their means of defence, their arms consisting of only bows and arrows tipped with ebony, that not one man of the Egyptian troops was killed; and though numbers were wounded by the arrows, still the wounds inflicted were of so trifling a nature as not to hinder a single individual from following his usual avocations. About noon, the soldiers returned to the camp with their prisoners and booty, so much of the grain (dhúrra and sésame), as the army wanted having been taken from the village, and then the whole place was given as a prey to the flames.

"On the following day (February 20th) the slaves taken were reviewed. They were all brought out, in number five hundred and twenty-six, inclusive of infants at the breast, and examined by the medical officers of the army (principally Europeans) in order to see how many of the men were fit to bear arms. They were all naked, being a fine, large, handsome people of the true negro race. The men had only a sheepskin over their shoulders, and the women wore a small apron. Only seventy-five men were found fit for military service, and these had most of them severe musket-shot wounds. After these had been set apart the Pasha selected the handsomest women and boys to make up the tale of the half belonging to government, leaving the remainder to the army, among the soldiers of which they were divided. Thus far all had remained perfectly quiet; but when the allotment was begun to be carried into effect, husbands being separated from their wives, children from their parents, and even infants from the arms of their mothers, the cries and lamentations which broke out among these poor wretches were dreadful and heart-rending. The slaves were secured in the following manner. The neck of each captive was inserted between the forked end of a pole from seven to eight feet in length, and as thick as the arm, the two points of the fork being fastened behind his head. The right arm was tied to the pole, the other being left free. The other end of the pole was then attached to the saddle of one of the soldiers, who could thus drag on his prisoner without being obliged to pay him much attention. This was the plan adopted with men and stout women: the old people and children were led along with merely a rope fastened round their necks. Having on the march generally to go six or eight hours without finding water, the waterskins of the soldiers were not more than sufficient for their own supply during the interval; and the only nourishment of their miserable captives being a little *dhúrra* moistened with water, and they being dragged along without any regard to their sufferings, it is not at all to be wondered at that a very large proportion of them should sink from

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exhaustion and fatigue. Those who were too severely wounded, or whose strength failed them on the march so that they could not keep up with the army, were, on the spot, shot through the head by their inhuman masters without a moment's consideration or the slightest compunction. The result showed that at least one-half of the captives died before reaching the head-quarters at Khartum.

"On the 21st February the army proceeded northward to Kerr, an assemblage of ten or fifteen small villages, the inhabitants of which, on hearing of its approach, had retired to two stockaded enclosures erected by them as places of refuge and defence in case of need. On the following morning one of these stockades was attempted to be breached with the cannon, about forty shots being fired against it, but so ignorantly was the firing conducted that it had no effect whatever, and at length it was discontinued, and the soldiers themselves advanced to the stockade, into which they forced an opening by pulling up the stakes with their hands. The negroes, armed, like those of Djebel Tombak, with only bows and arrows, made so resolute a defence that the assailants were thrice driven back. But personal bravery could not avail against the fire-arms of the Egyptians, and in about an hour they were overpowered. The scene of horror that now ensued is not to be described. On obtaining an entrance into the stockade the soldiers not merely shot and cut down all those who continued to resist, but butchered in cold blood men, women, and children whose wounds rendered them unfit to be taken as captives; and then fire being set to the stockade, the dying with the dead were left to be consumed in its flames, whilst the attack of the second stockade was commenced. But seeing the unprofitableness of employing force, the Pasha first attempted to bring its defenders to terms, and one of the prisoners was sent in to call on them to submit to slavery. It was with great unwillingness that he went on his errand: 'I know my brethren well,' said he, 'they will never submit.' And he judged them rightly. The brave natives did not even deign to return an answer; so that the Pasha, after waiting some time to no purpose, was obliged to order the attack, which (as might have been anticipated) resulted in the same manner as that of the former stockade."

THE PARISIAN VENUS.

This astonishing work of art is now in Regent street. On entering we see what seems to be the corpse of a handsome female who has just expired. It is moulded in wax; the face is removed like a mask; and the exterior of the limbs and bosom being lifted, representations of what would appear in a real subject are pointed out. Anatomical explanations are supplied with great clearness by the gentleman who attends. Much real information may be gained from this exhibition. It gratifies curiosity in a high degree; nor can the contemplative mind look on such an object without emotion—without feeling how just, how natural the exclamation of the Psalmist, "I am wonderfully and fearfully made!" Young medical students would be likely to derive considerable benefit from the inspection. The artist has gone all through the human subject.

"After displacing the lungs the heart is separated into sections, and the wonderful and admirable mechanism of its interior fully demonstrated: here are seen the beautiful series of valves, and their accessory parts, accompanied by a description of their uses and mode of action. If (adds the programme) in one part of the body there are evidences of design more than in another it is here; for so palpable is the adaptation of the various means to their respective ends, that no one who has seen and reflects on this portion of our organization can fail to pay a tribute to the great First Cause."

Scandinavian Usages.—In some of the northern provinces of Scandinavia the administration of justice was marked by the observance of rules which seem not a little singular. The hanging up of a shield was essential to the formation of the court, and an announcement that it was open; the overturning of the judges' seats proclaimed its close; the judge was to sit (his rising interrupted all proceedings), and sit in a specific attitude. In one state he was to sit "with one foot upon the opposite knee;" in another "with the right leg thrown over the left, like a grim lion," in which position, if he could not decide a point at once, he was to meditate upon it 123 times. In this awful position, when he had decided, he pronounced in a loud voice such dooms as the following:—"For this we judge and doom thee, and take thee out of all rights, and place thee in all wrongs; and we pronounce thy wife a lawful widow, and thy children lawful orphans; and we award thy fiefs to the lord from whom they came, thy patrimony and acquired property to thy children, and thy body and flesh to the beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, the fish in the water. We give thee over to all men upon all ways; and where every man has peace and safe conduct, thou shalt have none; and we turn thee forth upon the four ways of the world, and no man can sin against thee."

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Arms. Gu., a chev., between three leopards' heads, or.
Crest. A leopard's head, guardant, erased at the neck, or., ducally gorged, gu.
Supporters. Two leopards, regardant, ppr., each gorged with a ducal coronet, gu.
Motto. "*Sapere aude.*" "Dare to be wise."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MACCLESFIELD.

In the time of Henry IV, a gentleman named Thomas Parker, married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Adam de Gotham, and great-grand-daughter of Roger de Gotham, to whom the lands of Norton Lees, in Derbyshire, were given in the reign of Edward III. Their descendant, George Parker, Esq., settled at Parkhall, in the county of Stafford. He had two sons: William, who commanded a company of foot in the service of King Charles II, and Thomas, who, as a country gentleman, resided at Leke. The grandson of William was Sir Thomas Parker, knight, who was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer till Oct. 23, 1772, when he resigned. He married, in 1731, Anne, youngest daughter and co-heiress of James Whitehall, Esq., of Ripe Ridware, and left a son and successor.

The son of the Thomas Parker we have just mentioned, who was of the same name, became an eminent lawyer in the reign of Queen Anne. He was nominated one of her Majesty's counsel, and being called to the degree of Serjeant-at-Law, was appointed Queen's Serjeant, and received the honour of knighthood, June 8, 1705. Sir Thomas was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Queen's Bench in 1710, and to the peerage, by George I, March 10, 1715-16, as Lord Parker, Baron of Macclesfield, in the county of Chester. His lordship was constituted Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, May 12, 1718, and created Viscount Parker, of Eweline, in the county of Oxford, and Earl of Macclesfield, Nov. 5, 1721, with remainder (in default of male issue) of the dignity of baroness, viscountess, and countess to his daughter Elizabeth, wife of William Heathcote, Esq., and the dignities of baron, viscount, and earl to her issue male. The Earl married Janet, daughter and co-heir of Charles Carrier, Esq., of Winkworth, in Derbyshire, by whom he had a son and daughter. The Earl was impeached on charges of corruption in June 1725, and being convicted at the bar of the House of Lords, was sentenced to pay a fine of 30,000*l.*

His lordship was accused of making profits by selling offices, especially those of Masters in Chancery. His answer was able and ingenious. Part of it ran thus:—

"My Lords: I have now gone through all the several articles, that have been endeavoured to be supported against me; and I think I may say, as I did in the beginning, that except those relating to the disposal of places, which are of another kind and another consideration, all the rest must, to be made criminal, turn upon that aggravation in the articles, from my inordinate, wicked, and corrupt designs of procuring to myself excessive and exorbitant gains and profits by divers unjust and oppressive practices after mentioned.

"It is such a corrupt heart only can change actions, that in themselves are innocent, and some of them perhaps commendable, into so many crimes.

"And yet it is very extraordinary, and scarce possible to be conceived, but that if there had been such a corrupt heart, it must have broke out upon some other occasion of my life. Not one instance of my whole life has been yet produced to show it.

"Several of those under me have been examined, several officers immediately attendant on me, that received considerable profits and salaries, to the amount of three or four thousand pounds per annum, and more; if I had set my heart upon gain, a certain profit might have been there yearly made amongst those whom I had wholly at mercy, and in private. But there has no appearance been found of anything of that kind. And is it not more likely that I should have laid hold of a certain profit, than be laying schemes for advantages upon the uncertain contingency of the sales of masters' offices?

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"The value of such an expectation is a mere trifle; and with respect to the probability of its happening, it was exceeding uncertain whether I should have an opportunity of putting in one single master.

"Three masters have happened to die in my time, and two of those in less than the space of a year; but I think not one in nine years before.

"My Lord Cowper admitted but one in the last time of his being chancellor, which was four years; and that was upon a surrender.

"There are twenty-four cursitors; only one has died in my time: thirty commissioners of bankrupts; only one died in above six years.

"Surrenders of the offices of masters are rarely till after sixteen or seventeen years, sometimes thirty or forty years' enjoyment.

"My life was very uncertain, the office of chancellor much more so.

"Little therefore was to be hoped from the profit to be made by masters' places.

"My lords, in the next place, I apprehend, that it appears I did not take the advantage I might have taken.

"When the time came for me to reap the fruit of all my contrivances, all those schemes and stratagems, the work of above three years (a great space in the time of a chancellor), see whether there be the least mark or symptom of this impotent desire of gain."

It was said that the king proposed to pay his fine, but never did. He died April 28, 1732. His son George succeeded to the title as second earl. He was an LL.D., and President of the Royal Society in 1752. In 1722 he had married Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Ralph Lane, Esq., an eminent Turkey merchant, by whom he had two sons, Thomas and George Lane. In 1757 his lordship married a second time, a Miss Nesbitt. He took an active part in forwarding the act of parliament for altering the style. He died in 1764, and was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas, who, in 1749, had married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of Sir William Heathcote. She died in 1812. By her he had issue two sons, George and Thomas. His lordship died February 9, 1795, and was succeeded by George, the present Earl, who was born February 24, 1755, and married, May 25, 1780, to Mary Frances, daughter and co-heir of the late Rev. Thomas Drake, D.D., rector of Amershan, Bucks. Her ladyship died January 1, 1823, leaving an only daughter, who was married, in 1802, to Thomas, Earl of Haddington. The Earl of Macclesfield is Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Oxford, High Steward of Henley, and President of the Board of Agriculture.

A LONDON GIN PALACE.

The following fearful picture is from 'Bentley's Miscellany' for the present month:—

"The gin palace is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets, in a gin-drinking neighbourhood; it lowers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine cockney splendour, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.

"The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half open, half shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram-drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements, in large letters, 'The cheapest House in London,'—'Cream of the Valley,'—'Creaming Stout,'—'Brilliant Ales,'—'Old Tom, fourpence a quartern,'—'Hodges' Best, for mixing,' and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

"Within, the splendour is in keeping with the splendour without; counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass taps; fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished; bottles containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries' shops. At one side is the bar-parlour, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican; in the distance are vistas, and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the topers, stand men in their shirt-sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the 'short' and 'heavy;' the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the 'drop' of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return; ragged women, with starveling children, match and ballad-vendors, fill up the foreground of the picture. There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers in the regular gin-palace; every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay; step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire-cage, for protection against the furtive hand; drink, eternal, poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whited sepulchre.

"There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than

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the area of one of the larger gin-palaces on a wet night. There, the homeless, houseless miserables of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter; aged women selling ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar-boys and girls, slavering idiots, piemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange-women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggle-tailed confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots; the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature; the weeping, ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slip-shod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

"The noises, too, of the assembled topers are hideous; appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, objurgations, supplications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *vi et armis*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the inhospitable door.

"Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tipper, sot.

"Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery.

"Here the steady, respectable sot, the good customer, slides in, and flings down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic 'hah' of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend, the landlord, and for a short interval disappears.

"Here you may behold with pity and regret, and as much superadded virtuous indignation as the inward contemplation of your own continence may inspire, the flaunting Cyprian, in over-dressed tawdriness, calling, in shameless voice, for a quartern of 'pleasant-drinking' gin, which she liberally shares with two or three gentlemen, who are being educated for the bar of the Central Criminal Court. You may contrast her short-lived hey-day of prosperous sin, with that row of miserables seated by the wall, whose charms are fled, and whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman; and who are only permitted that wretched place of rest, that they may beg for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others."

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

We have some rich anecdotes and curious facts under the above head, in 'Ainsworth's Magazine' for April:—

"There is an anecdote recorded of a son of Macklin, who, when in India, fell into quarrel with a brother cadet, the result of which was a hostile meeting. When Macklin came on the ground, he appeared enveloped from top to toe in a large great-coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. On the parties taking their stand, Macklin, to the surprise of all, threw aside his extensive wrapper, and appeared in a perfect state of nudity, with the exception of a pair of yellow slippers. To the inquiries of his antagonist, he observed, 'I am told that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen of a man's dress being forced into the flesh by the ball, occasioning in that climate a speedy mortification—to avoid which I am determined to fight in the manner you see me.'

"Now Mrs Charke, the eccentric daughter of Colley Cibber, was guilty of an adventure still more outrageous, in which (not to alarm the reader) we will at once premise, that although she appeared without her own attire, she had very abundantly borrowed that of another person. Mrs Charke had long lived on unpleasant terms with her father, by whom she was treated with just severity for her total disregard of all social duties and common decorum. Being on one occasion greatly irritated by the dramatist's refusal to honour her drafts, she equipped herself after the style of a gentleman of the road, and hiring a suitable charger, actually waylaid her father upon Epping Forest, by stopping his chariot, presenting her pistol, and desiring him to deliver. The affrighted comedian, to save his life, could do no less than part with his purse. 'Young man—young man,' said the dramatist, 'this is a sorry trade; take heed in time!'

"'And so I would,' replied Charlotte; 'but I've a wicked old hunks of a father, who rolls in money and mistresses, yet denies me a guinea, and has had the impudence to make so worthy a gentleman as yourself answer for it.'"

The facts stated about the prize address, or the address for which a prize was offered by the Drury Lane Committee, in 1812, are worthy to be remembered:—

"In August the committee announced, by advertisement, that the authorship of the poetic Address to be spoken on the restoration of the theatre was open to

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public competition. This declaration gave rise to the celebrated publication of the 'Rejected Addresses,' one of the happiest efforts of its precise nature which has ever perhaps appeared, and likely to enjoy the favour of posterity equally with 'the only true and particular' composition, by which the play-going public were welcomed for nine consecutive nights.

"Upwards of one hundred sealed addresses were forwarded to the dread Sorbonne of the Drury Committee, of which, 'sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,' and not a few of the number, as may well be imagined, attracted notice after a fashion somewhat different to the secret promptings of the respective bards, and like the tinker's terrier, have owed their preservation to being the 'ugliest dog' in the whole country. Some examples of the litter we have seen; one or two we beg here to offer. The first ugly dog ran after this manner:—

"'A new theatre in quite a modern style,
Beautifully finish'd—a stupendous pile,
In a short time uprears its lofty crest,
Just like a burnt-out Phœnix from its nest;
Where loyalty once more shall raise its voice,
All that can make a British heart rejoice.
Here the proud Corsican shall quickly know
The fortune which shall humble England's foe;
Here shall he find the battles all recast—
Blenheim to Salamanca—July last.
For 'tis the drama's duty to inspire
Britannia's sons with patriotic fire.
To Whitbread thanks, and noble Holland too,
For bringing all this beauteous scene to view;
Raising a temple, where but yesterday
All was a mass of smoking stones and clay,
Showing so much of industry and skill,
And what the English can do if they will.'

"This composition was spun to above eighty lines.

"Under, what was called, an emergency, Lord Byron was applied to for an address. The following is one of many letters which the poet addressed to Lord Holland on the subject:—

"'Sept. 27, 1812.

"'I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed to Holland House. As to remarks, I can only say, I will alter and acquiesce in anything. With regard to the part which Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe the Address will go off quicker without it, though, like the agility of the Hottentot, at the expense of its vigour. I should like Elliston to have it, with your leave.

"'As there will probably be an outcry amongst the rejected, I hope the committee will testify that I sent in nothing to the congress whatever, with or without name, as your lordship well knows. All I have to do with it is, with and through you; and though I, of course, wish to satisfy the audience, I do assure you, my first object is to comply with your request, and in so doing to show the sense I have of the many obligations you have conferred upon me. "'Yours, ever. BYRON.'

"Amongst the competitors for the prize Address, we find Wm. T. Fitzgerald, Ch. Masterman, Mary Russell Mitford, G. F. Busby, George Lamb, John Taylor, Joseph Hume, H. Jameson, Paul Jodrell, Horatio Smith, Wm. Linley, Ch. Brinsley Sheridan, J. Edwards (a sign-painter, who afterwards turned actor), and Wm. Burton (another painter and glazier), &c."

SCIENTIFIC MEETING.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—A paper by Professor Royle, 'On the mustard tree of scripture,' was read. The author stated that he was induced to bring this subject before the Asiatic Society in consequence of having traced an Indian tree, by its Asiatic synonyme, to be the mustard tree of scripture. Having referred to the passages in the New Testament, where the tree is mentioned, Dr Royle stated that it appeared to him essential that it should be indigenous in Palestine, and be strictly arboreous, have a small seed, be possessed of properties similar to mustard, and have a name in the language of the country of which the Greek *sinape* of the New Testament might be considered a correct translation. Our Saviour, in addressing the multitude on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, no doubt employed a name familiar to them in the Syriac, or western Aramaic. The Professor stated that his attention had been directed to the subject in consequence of having been asked by Dr Lonsdale, the Bishop of Lichfield, whether he knew what tree was intended by the mustard tree in scripture, because Mr Ameung, a native of Syria at that time, and now a student of King's College, had informed him that he was well acquainted with a tree which answered to what was required in the parable. Mr Ameung gave Dr Royle the same information, and stated in addition that he had often stood on horseback under the tree, which was in Syria considered to be the mustard tree of scripture, and that it was commonly called *khardal*. On this, Dr Royle asked if that was the Arabic name of mustard? Mr Ameung replied that it was so, and that the seeds were used for the same purposes as mustard was employed in Europe. Dr Royle was long unsuccessful in finding any explanation of *khardal* as applicable to a tree of Palestine; though in his MS. Materia Medica of the East three kinds are enumerated. 1, *khardal*, or common mustard; 2, *khardal barree*,

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or wild mustard; 3, *khardal Romee*, or Turkish mustard. He then referred to the index of his 'Illustrations of Himalayan Botany,' where he found the word *Kharjal*. This he was surprised to find applicable to the subject; for, in the body of the work, it is stated to be the name of a tree in the north-west of India, with acrid bark and edible berries. It droops like the willow, and has leaves something resembling those of the *Salvadora Persica* of botanists, which Dr Roxbergh describes as a moderate-sized tree, common in the Circars, growing well in every soil, and producing flowers and ripe fruit all the year round. These are in panicles, with the berries red and juicy, and much smaller than a grain of black pepper, having a strong aromatic smell, and a flavour much like garden cresses. Retz obtained it from Tranquebar, and called it *Embelia grossularium*. It was first obtained from the shores of the Persian Gulf. Forskäl describes it under the name of *Cissus arborea*, as a native of Arabia, much esteemed by the Arabs, and as even celebrated by their poets. On inquiring of Dr Lindley, he learned that it had been found by Boré in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai. But still he could find no notice of the *Salvadora Persica* as occurring in Palestine, either among botanists or travellers. Captains Irby and Mangles, however, in their travels, mention a tree which they suppose to be the mustard tree of scripture, and which Dr Royle, even from the few characters given, has no doubt is the same tree, and which he had traced from India to Mount Sinai. These travellers mention that, advancing towards Kerek, from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, they met, among many others, with one curious tree, which they observed to be in great plenty, and which bore a fruit in bunches resembling in appearance the currant, with the colour of the plum. "It has a pleasant, although a strong aromatic taste, exactly resembling mustard; and, if taken in any quantity, produces a similar irritability of the nose and eyes to that which is caused by taking mustard. We think it probable that this is the tree our Saviour alluded to in the parable of the mustard seed, and not the mustard plant which we have in the north, and which, even when growing large, can never be called a tree." The author concluded by stating that though Captains Irby and Mangles had first indicated the tree, he thought that he had been the first to ascertain that the *Salvadora Persica* was the precise tree; but he had since been surprised to find in the 'Flora Indica' of his friend Dr Lindley the observation that "this plant is supposed to be the mustard tree of scripture." Dr Royle stated that he felt no doubt but that the *Salvadora Persica* was the mustard tree of scripture.—*Athenæum*.

ON THE POLISH REFUGEES BEING ORDERED FROM POSEN.

What, think you, could have been the reason,
Fear'd he the devil, secret treason,
Would there engender quick?
Oh, no! for if the King of Prussia
Would prove himself the slave of Russia,
He acts to please "Old Nick" (Nicholas).
L.M.S.

Reviews.

London Polytechnic Magazine for April. Mortimer, Adelaide street.

This miscellany continues to increase in interest. The following picture of mining speculation may be read with advantage.

"A singular incident, which occurred about the time the rage for mining began in Spain, literally drove the Carthaginians mad. A poor man named Valentin, and by trade a weaver, as a relief to his sedentary habits, used frequently to visit a secluded spot in the mountains, called Sierra Almagrera, ostensibly for the purpose of shooting rabbits. This Sierra, or range of mountains, is situated two leagues from the town of Cuevas de Vera, near the coast and on the confines of Murcia, and had seldom been trodden by any other persons than shepherds. Struck by the singular appearance of the surface of a particular ridge of it, called Barranco Jaroso, coupled with other indications, Valentin concluded that underneath ore, of some kind or other, lay concealed. Provided with implements he therefore set to work, unobserved, and every day's result tended to encourage his hopes. Finding one spot of more than ordinary promise, he there redoubled his efforts, and in a short time dug out lumps of heavy ore, the quality of which it was out of his power to test. Having carefully collected a large sample, he carried it to Granada, where it was submitted to a smelter, who pronounced it to be argentiferous lead. Not satisfied with this report, he took another to Cordova, where the results of the first assay were satisfactorily confirmed. Valentin now considered himself the luckiest man on earth, not only in having discovered the means of enriching himself, but also because he had carried on his researches with so much precaution that by no one had the real object of his rural sports been perceived. One great difficulty, however, stared him full in the face. In his trips to the mountains several months were expended, and in the interval his substance wasted away. Scarcely was a dollar left, and he thus saw himself in possession of a valuable secret, but without the means of deriving any benefit from it. In this dilemma he communicated his project and position to a plain and worthy townsman of the name of Soler, on whose honour he could rely, and who had the command of a few hundred dollars. Having made their preliminary arrangements, the two parties proceeded to the spot described by Valentin, when, after a careful inspection of the ground, Soler felt satisfied with the appearances, and agreed to advance money to dig a

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few experimental pits. Neither of them had the least knowledge of either mineralogy or mining, but fearful of their secret being divulged, they nevertheless declined calling in the aid of professional skill. Favoured by seclusion, these two persevering adventurers secretly continued their experiments for four years, digging first on one point and then on another, without striking upon a mineral deposit calculated to reward their labours, and in that time their little stock of funds became exhausted.

"Wearied out with fatigue and broken-hearted, Valentin soon afterwards died, leaving his faithful companion the only depositary of his secret. In the meanwhile mining was coming into vogue, when, at length, Soler, who since his bereavement had fluctuated between hope and despair, thought seriously of retrieving his circumstances. He assembled a dozen discreet friends and unfolded his case to them, confirming his plain and unvarnished tale by the production of specimens. An association was accordingly formed, the sum of money required clubbed together, and a deputation selected to accompany Soler to the locality where it was represented the promised treasure lay concealed. The report in every respect corroborated Soler's statements, but, instead of working in secret, the new company resolved at once to denounce the ground which they had in view, by lodging a specification of it in the inspector's office, in order to secure the grant when prepared to ask for it. They next called in professional advice, and to their joy the assurances of the engineer proved still more encouraging than any of the papers left behind him by Valentin. As a bar had now been put to all interference with the property registered, the company set to work in real earnest, when the results soon convinced them that they were in the vicinity of a deposit of rich argentiferous lead. The little purse subscribed, not more than 100*l*., was, however, emptied before the main object could be obtained, and the enterprise again nearly fell to the ground through the inability, or indisposition, of some of the parties concerned to contribute more. After tedious delays, a second purse was made up, by increasing the number of partners to twenty-nine, and a practical miner employed, to whom a share, with a salary of 2*s*. per day, was allotted. The workings then commenced on a more scientific principle, but still no metallic vein of a determinate character made its appearance. Varying the point of digging, a leader was, however, eventually discovered, and on the 21st of April, 1839, the lode sought for opened upon the view of the despairing partners, at a depth of less than fifty feet. The new mine was called El Carmen, and proved to be the largest and most promising mass of argentiferous lead ever before seen. The bells of the neighbouring towns and villages were set ringing, and thousands of persons hastened to the spot, to witness this wonderful, if not miraculous, *bonansa*, or god-send. Scientific engineers and practical miners flocked to the spot, when after a proper survey the whole sierra was pronounced to be a valuable mass of galena, or argentiferous lead. So much were the spirits of the viewers elated, that three days afterwards companies were formed to work the contiguous setts of Esperanza, Observacion, and Estrella, for which grants were immediately solicited.

"Soler and his companions now reaped the fruits of their perseverance. Each of their shares, one of which at one time might have been had at 150 dollars, was declared worth 60,000, and at that price purchasers might have been found. Workmen collected upon the spot, and within the first year the Carmen and Observacion companies raised at the rate of 1,800 arrobas (25 lbs. each) of ore per day, with machinery of the most defective kind.

"At the close of last year it was calculated that as many as 300 associations had been formed there."

The Advocate of the Industrious Classes; or, every Man his own Landlord.

This publication is to appear monthly. Its great object is to give effect to the plans of benefit societies, to enable the industrious, by paying a somewhat higher rent than need be paid in the prime of life, to secure, before the approach of old age, a comfortable home rent free. Among other things—

"Ground plans and elevations for buildings suitable for inhabitants in the middle and lower ranks of life, with estimates of the cost of erecting such buildings, and the probable rents they should produce, will be frequently inserted. Eligible situations for buildings will be pointed out, with important suggestions for improving their healthful and comfortable occupation."

It is extremely well printed, and contains, among other useful and agreeable articles, the commencement of a chronology by Mr Leonard Townsend.

"SATISFACTION."

Lord —— sends me a challenge; I meet him
—what then?
Why he shoots me right "slick" through
the head:
Well, I cannot complain, for my courage is
proof,
Except to the brain-searching lead.

L. M. S.

Miscellaneous.

Cosmoramic, Dioramic, and Panoramic Exhibition.—The views here presented are on a grand scale, and bring celebrated objects in distant lands before us with a distinctness which verges on reality. Several of them are beautiful, but Constantinople and the Plain of Thebes are peculiarly interesting. In the latter the enormous statues called Chama and Tama appear. Of these we read—"The dimensions of these enormous statues are not so striking, except when, in your imagination, you detach them from the immense monuments of Thebes and

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examine all their parts separately. They then appear enormous, for their height is much greater than the highest houses in London. They are seen at a distance of four leagues like rocks rising in the middle of a vast plain; and at sunrise their immense shadows extend a considerable way up the chain of the Lybian Mountains. The further statue, called by the natives Tama, has passed for many ages as the wonderful Colossus of Memnon spoken of by Homer, Herodotus, Diodorus, &c. This statue was said to have had the property of uttering a melodious sound every day at sunrise like that heard at the breaking of the string of a harp when it has been wound up. This was effected by the rays of the sun when they fell on it. At the setting of the sun and at night the sound was lugubrious; this is supported by Strabo, who, however, confesses himself ignorant whether the sound proceeded from the basis of the statue, or the people that were then round it; it was said to shed tears at sunset."

CANADIAN MUSKANUNGEE FISHING.—Our bait consisted of small trout, very large minnows, and a bright little fish, something between a dace and a bleak, which some urchins of the village had been deputed to catch. As soon as we were in deep water, and had approached the spot where our cicerone had predicted we should be sure of "a run," our rods and lines (wound on large salmon reels) were put together, and the live bait impaled *secundem artem*. Acting under Captain Browne's advice, I selected one of the captivating and lively white fish for my bait, and had good cause to thank him for the judicious recommendation; for my hook and gymp had not been lowered to the prescribed depth (about seven or eight yards) more than two or three minutes, ere my reel was spinning like a Manchester jenny. "Strike now," called out Captain Browne; and strike I did, and then came "the tug of war." I have hooked and played a shark many a time on the broad Atlantic in calm weather; but my arms never ached more from exertion than on the occasion I am recording. Having incautiously handled my rod after the European fashion, my fingers were cruelly cut by the line being whisked through them with such extraordinary velocity: the excitement, as well as the novelty of the affair, prevented my noticing the inconvenience at the time. I shall never forget the sensation I experienced on feeling such a monster at the end of my line. "Gently does it;" "now wind up;" "now let him go;" were the alternate cautions given me by the experienced troller at my elbow. "By the powers! he's a big fish, and I'm right glad you've got him," continued Captain Browne: "he'll give us some trouble yet: he's a forty-pounder at least.' Many minutes elapsed before I caught a glimpse even at my splendid prize; but at length this fresh-water monster, having been exhausted by the resolute game I had played, came within view of our party in the boat; three hearty cheers greeted the aldermanic pike; which vociferous compliment, by the way, was not received with a very good grace, for the disgusted captive abruptly turned tail, carrying with him as many yards of line as I could well afford him. He tried all sorts of dodges; but the tackle was too stout, and he had been too firmly hooked to admit of his giving us the slip. Having run to the end of his tether, my friend remained quiet for a minute or so. "He's sulking now," said Captain Browne: "give a pull at him before he gets his second wind." Following my Mentor's instructions, I went to work, after the fashion of an Italian boy with a hurdy-gurdy, and wound away to some tune. For the succeeding quarter of an hour, we kept up a very animated game of "pull-devil, pull-baker;" but, as I had the best of it, I felt but little inclination to show any quarter; the race of the maskanungee was run; the sand of his piscatorial existence was ebbing fast, thanks to the stout gymp and honest steel that held him fast by his formidable jaws. A fiercer or more resolute customer I never battled with: he fought nobly and died, as all well-conditioned pike of Patagonian dimensions should do, game to the last, and snapping at every object, animate or inanimate, within reach of his molares. My experienced coadjutor gaffed my prize most dexterously as soon as the colossal fish was brought to the surface, and in a trice he was floundering in the boat, lashing right and left with his ponderous tail. It was, in truth, a noble fish, and when weighed, at the "store" of a Yankee in the village, proved to be rather over than under forty-two pounds.—*Sporting Magazine.*

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF LIFE.—"Never," says a Paris paper, "was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quantity of his glory, without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804 down to his eventful exit. At that time, he had, as he declared to Lord Wentworth, an army of 480,000; and his different levies from 1804 till 1814, amounted in all to 2,965,165. This account, derived from Napoleon's official journal, the

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'Moniteur,' under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be under the mark, in affirming that he slaughtered 2,500,000 human beings, and those all Frenchmen. But we have to add thousands and tens of thousands of Germans Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles; and at a moderate computation, those cannot have fallen short of 500,000."—*Herald of Peace.*

The Gatherer.

Boz and the Americans.—The 'New York Weekly Herald,' in a squib at Mr Dickens, speaking of the treats given to him when in the United States, and the compliments since received, says—

"We gobbled with a relish, Boz,
Like gluttons, too, no doubt;
But folks as relish servin' up
Don't relish servin' out!

"'Bout 'taste' we will not stickle, Boz,
Since not alone we're noodles;
And 'meanness' is'nt *all* confined,
It seems, to Yankee doodles!"

Thames Tunnel Fair.—The fair held to celebrate the anniversary of the opening of the Tunnel was well attended. The numbers were—on Monday, 10,178; on Tuesday, 35,440; and on Wednesday, 20,740; making altogether 66,358, persons, producing 276*l.* 10s. 7d. for the three days.

The 'Mirror' Abroad.—The following paragraph appears in 'Sam Sly's African Journal' of February 8. To *us* it proves that the civilization of Africa is complete:—"The above we glean from the 'Mirror' (Cunningham and Mortimer, London), whose interesting, old-fashioned face we are pleased to find gracing the table of the first library in Africa. It ranks amongst the most abiding of the periodicals, and has lived to witness the death of innumerable, but far less amusing and intellectual rivals. Success to its future career.—Ed. S. S. J."

New French Journal.—We have now a 'Courrier de Londres et Paris.' It is a French paper got up in the English form, and in many respects happily combining the attraction of the London and Paris journals. Besides the intelligence of the day, its readers are gratified with romance and history. A history of London, from the revolution of 1688, brings many interesting facts before us. The dissentients, or rather the *non-dissentients*, of 1844, who find themselves called upon to take three and a quarter per cent. as interest for 100*l.*, will stare to read of a minister, Sir Robert Walpole, in the last century, having to persuade the reduced creditor to accept of five per cent.!—six having previously been paid.

Artesian Springs.—It seems that Artesian springs are rapidly increasing in the vicinity of this metropolis. The following enumeration is now some years old:—At Hammersmith, six; Brentford, three; Uxbridge, eight; Richmond, four; Watford, nine, one of which produces 22,500,000 gallons weekly, partly supplying the river Colne; St Alban's, two. In London itself there are one hundred and seventy-four, of which thirty produce 30,000,000 gallons weekly. A new list might be supplied with considerable additions.

The Houses of Parliament.—The immense building preparing for the Great Council of this nation is fast advancing to completion. It will afford every desirable accommodation to the members. The late House of Commons measured forty-nine feet by thirty-nine feet; and on frequent occasions above 600 persons demanded admission. It was calculated that each victim in the Black Hole of Calcutta had eighteen inches square to stand upon; a member of that House of 600 being present, had not quite nineteen and a half.

The Tobacco Question.—According to Stow, tobacco was introduced into England in 1568. The young courtiers were the first to bring it into vogue. Sir Walter Raleigh, for some time Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and his friend, Sir Hugh Middleton, made it the fashion, by smoking in the streets, and other places of public resort, indulging with apparent ecstasy in the inebriating perfume which they exhaled around them. People stared at them at first, then imitated them; and thus the use of tobacco became at last the fashion even amongst ladies. 'Twas at this juncture that the new pleasure became the object of inveterate persecution on the one hand, and irresistible predilection on the other. Stow describes it as "a stinking plant, the use of which is an offence to God;" whilst Spenser, in his 'Fairie Queene,' denominates it as "divine tobacco!"

An African Grievance.—"I take leave to remark," writes one of Sam Sly's correspondents, "that the Regent street of Simon's Town continues to present a disgusting spectacle, as even pigs, ducks, geese, *et hoc genus omne*, are roaming, grunting, and quacking at all seasons of the day and night, in parties varying from six to perhaps six dozen. Now, although a nice little roasting pig is really not so bad, when properly dressed and garnished; and ducks, with green peas, help to adorn the second course; and a goose, if tender, is not to be sneezed

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at on table; yet, however palatable these things may be in their way, it is not *comme il faut*, or agreeable to good taste and good breeding, that they should obstruct our fashionable mall."

Mr Thomas Hutchinson.—This gentleman, an eminent railway contractor, recently lost his life, on his way from the Sedgefield station of the Stockton and Darlington railway to Morden, where he lived. He had a few glasses of whiskey at the Sedgefield station, which is a public house, and in less than half an hour after he had left to walk home he was found with his head just within the rails. An engine with a train of thirty-five waggons had gone over his neck, right shoulder, and arm, which killed him in a moment. He has left a widow and six children.

A Husband's care for his Widow.—In the chapel of the abbey church of La Couture there was formerly an inscription to the memory of a certain innkeeper and postilion, who, wishing that his name should be handed down to posterity, had set forth the fact of his having conducted the carriages of four kings of France, and after passing sixty-four years as a married man, died in 1509: he added a prayer to this important record, that heaven would provide a second husband for his widow, whose age appears to have reached not less than sixteen lustres.

Tough Pavement.—The Admiralty yard has been paved with India-rubber.

A Scene in the Civil Wars.—The entrance of Prince Rupert's men into Bolton is thus described in tracts lately published by the Chetham Society:—"At their entrance, before, behinde, to the right and left, nothing heard but kill dead, kill dead was the word in the town, killing all before them without any respect, without the town by their horsemen pursuing the poore amazed people, killing, stripping, and spoiling all they could meet with, nothing regarding the doleful cries of women or children, but some they slashed as they were calling for quarter, others when they had given quarter, many hailed out of their houses to have their brains dasht out in the streets, those that were not dead in the streets already pistoled, slashed, brained, or trodden under their horses feet with many insolent, blasphemous oathes, curses, and challenges to heaven itselfe (no doubt) hastening the filling up of their cup, and bringing that swift destruction upon them which they shortly after tasted of (and blessed, blessed ever be the great and just God for it) with many taunts and cruell mockings; as, 'See what your prayers are come to! Where is all your dayes of humiliation? O, that we had that old rogue Horrocks that preaches in his grey cloake.'"

Peculiar Feature of Gothic Architecture.—The mixture of jest with earnestness is a striking distinction of Gothic architecture. We commonly find in the details various samples of the ludicrous, the general effect of the whole edifice being serious, and eminently solemn and impressive. Whenever we examine the ornaments closely, we discover ridiculous scenes and characters, and a number of grotesque representations. It has been conjectured that the figures allude to stories that were well known at the time when they were executed, and that by bringing them together and comparing them with whatever information the writings of the day will afford, the whole subject might be made intelligible. They frequently contain satires on the clergy, especially the monks and nuns; the most frequent subjects of these ludicrous representations, however, are demons. It was natural enough that the churchmen should hold up to scorn and derision their grand adversaries, the spiritual enemies of the human race; that these beings should be gibbeted on the roof, exposed to the wind, the rain, and the frost, impaled in conspicuous situations, and rendered ridiculous, that they might be despised.

Poets of the Middle Ages.—Philippe Monski, Bishop of Tournay, wrote the history of France in Latin verse, "*en rimes dilectables.*" He begins with the Trojan origin of the Franks. Guillaume-le-Breton's poem on Philip-Augustus contains twelve thousand verses. It is a metrical chronicle, with metaphors and figures borrowed from the classics. Lisyer, in his 'Literary History of the Poets of the Middle Ages,' counts upwards of one hundred and eighty in these two centuries.

Ancient Legends.—In determining the time when legendary fables arose, the greatest assistance is derived from the dates of colonies; for instance, Byzantium was founded in the 30th Olympiad (about 660 B. C.) by Megarians, with whom were a party of Argives. The fables of Io connected with the worship of Juno (who had a temple on the citadels both of Argos and Byzantium) were local at Argos, and the place was there shown where she had fed in the shape of a cow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The continuation of the articles on 'Fish Breeding,' and 'Life in London in the Eighteenth Century,' through an accident, must be postponed till next week.

Mr Lowe will hear from the editor.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 16.] SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1844. [Vol. I. 1844.

Original Communications.

BABLAKE HOSPITAL.

Few English cities have more remarkable circumstances connected with their early history than the ancient town of Coventry. To common readers it is perhaps most known by the singular story of Lady Godiva. That the tale of her riding naked through the city is most improbable no one can deny, but many incidents not more likely to have chanced we know to have been true; and though Dr Pegge and others regard the tradition as a mere fiction, numbers still believe all that is recorded of her ladyship and of Peeping Tom, and a procession in honour of the former has been periodically repeated down to the present times, and we do not know that it has yet been finally discontinued.

Hardly less remarkable was the incident which, if it did not originally establish, added to the importance and continues to sustain the charitable institution represented in the cut which appears in our present number.

"Bablake Hospital," says Briton, "founded for old men, in the year 1506, by Thomas Bond, who had been mayor of the city, was enlarged to accommodate a number of boys in 1560. The buildings bound three sides of a quadrangle, and were formerly occupied by the priests of the Trinity Guild. The rooms appropriated to the old men are on the north side of the area, and the enriched gable at the end of that range, with its corresponding bay window beneath, are shown in the engraving. The entrance gateway to the hospital connects one side of the area with the boys' apartments and schoolroom. In the distance, opposite the tower of Bablake, and to the left of St John's church, is seen the spire to the church of the Grey Friars' Monastery.

"Bond, the founder of the establishment, placed six poor men, a woman, and a priest in the hospital, the revenues of which were vested in the city after its suppression in the reign of Edward VI. It now receives eighteen old men and a nurse."

The incident to which we have adverted, and which largely increased its utility, was connected with the extension of Bond's plan, mentioned above to have occurred about the year 1560, and led to its giving education to a number of boys, who are clothed in blue. This is ascribed to the

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"*justice* and benevolence" of Thomas Wheatley, who was mayor of Coventry in 1556. He had sent persons in his service to Spain to purchase several barrels of "steel gads," who brought home, through some unaccountable mistake, a number of casks filled with cochineal and ingots of silver, which were offered for sale in the open market as the articles before mentioned, and bought as such. This worthy, who was an *ironmonger* and *card-maker*, used every possible exertion to discover the owner of the property which had thus strangely come into his possession, but to no purpose. Such being the case, since he could not return the amount to the party to whom it rightfully belonged, he resolved to devote it to charity. He accordingly provided for the education of a number of poor boys, and in doing this not only appropriated all he had gained through the strange accident just described, but added to it considerable sums from his own funds.

ON METALLO-CHROMES AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. IV.

(*Continued from page 410 of vol. 43.*)

AFTER a long interval we return to our subject. On reaching the conductors, which are essential to the formation of a voltaic pair, we found that an efficient arrangement might be constructed of a slip of zinc, a slip of platinum, and a solution of diluted sulphuric acid; and the indication that such a combination gave us, of the existence of something more than mere chemical action in the exciting liquid, was the ignition of the fine connecting wire.

It remains now to point out the phenomena which are produced, when some chemical compound is made to form part of the circuit, in the place of the fine wire. If, for instance, a glass be filled with a solution of sulphate of copper, and two copper wires, one coming from the zinc, and the other from the platinum, be made to dip into this solution, the wire attached to the platinum will soon be seen to dissolve away, and that connected with the zinc will increase in size by the acquisition of new copper. However this experiment be varied, the same order of change will prevail. Now, it is thus rendered evident, that the certain something which is called into play by the above combination, and the presence of which was detected by its action on the fine wire, possesses also certain powers over chemical compounds, and that these powers are very definite in their character. When we come to investigate the changes that take place, both in the apparatus which generates the power, and in the solution where the effects are allowed to be called into play, a very notable analogy is found to exist. But, before this need be further detailed, it will be necessary to describe more fully others of the class of instruments termed voltaic batteries, of which the combination hitherto mentioned is but the elementary type.

We have said that, in a voltaic pair, of zinc and platinum immersed in dilute sulphuric acid, the hydrogen is liberated at the platinum;—an equivalent of oxygen is, in like manner, determined to the zinc; but then in its nascent state it combines with the metal to form an oxide, or does not appear. From this it appears that the source of voltaic action must be eminently due to that body which furnishes these two gases, and that body is the water. But now comes the principle on which all exalted voltaic actions are based. As the resultant oxide is not soluble in water, but is soluble in sulphuric acid, a quantity of the latter is added to the water; and thus the oxide is removed, as fast as it is formed, and an accelerated renewal of the action, by the successive contact of fresh particles of water is thus encouraged.

The intensity of the action is represented by the affinity between zinc and oxygen, under such circumstances; and the perfection of an arrangement consists in the facilities which are given for allowing the utmost development of this action. There are metals having a still higher affinity for oxygen than zinc has, as, for instance, sodium and potassium. Could the nature of these metals allow of their being substituted for zinc, a proportionate increase would occur in the electro-motive force. As they will ignite of themselves when in contact with water, it is obviously impossible to employ them; but they may be used amalgamated, or rather in the form of amalgam, and then the very maximum of power is obtained. Thus much in reference to the metal at which oxygen is determined.

We have used platinum as the metal, at which hydrogen shall be liberated; and for this reason: platinum has no affinity for oxygen If a metal having an affinity for oxygen were employed, it is manifest that the amount of the force would depend on the difference between the affinity here and that at the zinc plate; whereas with such a metal as platinum there is nothing to deduct from the general effect. Practically, it is often convenient to use copper in this place: it has objections, not on the score of the comparative affinities merely, but for other reasons, which will be apparent hereafter. Like as we desired to get rid of the oxide of zinc as fast as it was formed, so do we esteem it an advantage to provide every means within our power to facilitate the escape of the hy-

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drogen. Mr Smee was the first philosopher who made any important improvements in this. He had seen, in common with other philosophers, that more hydrogen escapes from the edges and corners than elsewhere; and it occurred to him that if the metal were all edges and corners, much advantage would arise. This idea led to the construction of his "Chemico-mechanical battery," in which the chemical action is allowed its utmost freedom, by means of the mechanical arrangement of the surfaces. He prepares his plates by depositing on their surfaces the finely-divided powder of platinum, so that the whole presents a mass of minute, indeed microscopical points, from which the hydrogen comes off, as he has aptly described it, in floods. His mode of throwing down the platinum in powder will be understood better as we proceed.

A further accession is made to the electro-motive force by preventing the liberation of the hydrogen, and causing a chemical affinity to occur at the platinum, which may be added to that occurring at the zinc.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PILGRIM'S REMONSTRANCE.

(*With an Illustration by Mrs Gent.*)

Sorrow not thus for the dead, lady,
Sorrow not thus for the dead;
He is gone to his rest,
To the home of the blest,
To the Saviour who for him bled, lady,
To the Saviour who for him bled.

Remember those happy days, lady,
Remember those happy days,
When ye laugh'd and ye sang,
And the echoes rang,
As ye rivall'd the wild birds' lays, lady,
As ye rivall'd the wild birds' lays.

Ay, remember! but *not* to repine, lady,
Remember, but *not* to repine,
For tho' heav'n gave
An early grave,
Heav'n's bounty made him thine, lady,
Heav'n's bounty made him thine.

He might have died lonely and old, lady,
He might have died lonely and old;
And desolate age
Is a mournful page,
And hath sorrows that cannot be told, lady,
And hath sorrows that cannot be told.

Thy lot hath with mercy been cast, lady,
Thy lot hath with mercy been cast;
In health to caress,
In sickness to bless,
And to watch by his couch to the last, lady,
And to watch by his couch to the last.

Then mourn not thus for the dead, lady,
Mourn not thus for the dead,
But bow to the rod,
Of a chastening God,
And by faith to the Cross be led, lady,
And by faith to the Cross be led.

S. S. Gent.

IMPROMPTU UPON READING THE 'MIRROR' ARTICLE ON THE RAILROAD FROM PARIS TO STRASBURG.

Les chemins de fer it is better to plan,
Than destroy the fair visage of nature and man;
Yet even in peace they a type of war yield,
As they will undoubtedly *cut* through the field.

L. M. S.

THE PARRICIDE.

The following, very singular adventure is related as a fact; it is said to have happened in one of the provinces of France, half a century ago. It appeared in 'La Nouvelle Bibliothèque de Société;' related in a letter to a friend.

"The adventure which I am going to relate to you, my dear friend, is of so strange and dreadful a nature, that you are the only person to whom I must ever disclose the secret.

"The nuptials of Mademoiselle de Vildac were celebrated yesterday, at which, as a neighbour, custom and good manners required my attendance. You are acquainted with M. de Vildac; he has a countenance which never pleased me; his eyes have often a wild and suspicious glare, a something which has always given me disagreeable sensations for which I could no way account. I could not help observing yesterday that in the midst of joy and revelry he partook not of pleasure; far from being penetrated with the happiness of his new son and daughter, the delight of others seemed to him a secret torment.

"The feast was held at his ancient castle; and, when the hour of rest arrived, I was conducted to a chamber immediately under the Old Tower at the north end. I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I was awa-

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kened by a heavy kind of noise overhead. I listened, and heard distinctly the footsteps of some one slowly descending, and dragging chains that clanked upon the stairs. The noise approached, my chamber door was opened, the clanking of the chains redoubled, and he who bore them went towards the chimney. There were a few embers half extinguished; these he scraped together, and said in a sepulchral voice, 'Alas! how long it is since I have seen a fire!' I seized my sword, looked between my curtains, and saw by the glimmer of the embers a withered old man, half naked, with a bald head and a white beard. He put his trembling hands to the wood, which began to blaze, and soon afterwards turned towards the door by which he entered, fixed his eyes with horror upon the floor, as if he beheld something most dreadful, and exclaimed with agony, 'God! God!'

"My emotion caused my curtains to make a noise, and he turned affrighted. 'Who is there?' said he. 'Is there any one in that bed?'—'Yes,' I replied; 'and who are you?'—He answered, 'I am the most miserable of men. This perhaps is more than I ought to say; but it is so long, so many years, since I have seen or spoken to a human being, that I cannot resist. Come towards the fire; listen to my sorrows, and for a moment soften my sufferings!'

"My fear gave place to pity; I sat down by him. My condescension moved him; he took my hand, bathed it with his tears, and said, 'Generous man! let me desire you first to satisfy my curiosity. Tell me why you lodge in this chamber, where no man has lodged before for so many years; and what mean the rejoicings I have heard?'

"When I had informed him of the marriage of Vildac's daughter, he lifted up his hands to heaven—'Has Vildac a daughter? and is she married? Almighty God, grant she may be happy! grant she may never know guilt!' He paused for a moment: 'Learn who I am,' said he. 'You see, you speak to—the father of Vildac—the cruel Vildac! Yet what right have I to complain? Should I—should I call man or tiger cruel?'—'What!' exclaimed I with astonishment, 'is Vildac your son? Vildac! the monster! Does he shut you from the sight of man, and load you with chains?'

"'Behold,' said he, 'the power, the detestable power of riches! The hard and pitiless heart of my unhappy son is impenetrable to every tender sentiment; insensible to love and friendship, he is also deaf to the cries of nature; and, to enjoy my lands, has hung these eating irons on me.

"'He went one day to visit a neighbouring young nobleman who had lately lost his father; him he saw encircled by his vassals, and occupied in receiving their homage and their rents; the sight made a shocking impression upon the imagination of Vildac, which had long been haunted with a strong desire to enjoy his future patrimony. I observed at his return a degree of thoughtfulness and gloom about him that was unusual. Five days afterwards I was seized during the night, carried off naked by three men masked, and lodged in this tower. I know not by what means Vildac spread the report of my death; but I guessed by the tolling of the bells and funeral dirges, more solemn than for inferior persons, they were performed for my interment. The idea was horrid; and I entreated most earnestly to be permitted to speak, but for a moment, to my son, but in vain; those who brought me my food no doubt supposed me a criminal, condemned to perish in prison. It is twenty years since I was first confined here. I perceived this morning that my door was not secured, and I waited till night to profit by the accident; yet I do not wish to escape; but the liberty of a few yards more is much to a prisoner.'

"'No,' cried I, 'you shall quit that dishonourable habitation, Heaven has destined me to be your deliverer, defender, support, and guide. Everybody sleeps; now is the time; let us begone.'

"'It must not be!' said he after a moment's silence. 'Solitude has changed my ideas, and my principles. Happiness is but opinion. Now that I am inured to suffer, why should I fly from my fate? What is there for me to wish for in this world? The die is thrown, and this tower must be my tomb!'

"'Surely you dream!' answered I. 'Let us not lose time; the night is advanced. Come.'

"'I am affected,' replied he; 'but cannot profit by your kindness. Liberty has no charms for my small remains of life. Shall I dishonour my son; or which way has his daughter given me offence, to whom I was never known, by whom I was never seen? The sweet innocent sleeps happily in the arms of her husband, and shall I overwhelm her with infamy? Yet might I but behold her! might I but lock her in these feeble arms, and bedew her bosom with my tears!—'Tis in vain! It cannot be! I never must look upon her! Adieu! Day begins to break, and we shall be surprised. I will return to my prison.'

"'No,' said I, stopping him; 'I will not suffer that. Slavery has enfeebled your soul; I must inspire you with courage. Let us be gone; we will afterwards examine whether it be proper to make the matter public. My house, my friends, my fortune, are at your service. No one shall know who you are; and, since it is neces-

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sary, Vildac's crime shall be concealed. What do you fear?'

"'Nothing! I am all gratitude. But, oh no! it cannot be! here I must remain!'

"'Well, act as you please; but if you refuse to fly with me, I will go immediately to the governor of the province, tell him who you are, and return armed with his authority to wrest you from the barbarity of an inhuman child.'

"'Beware what you do! abuse not my confidence. Leave me to perish. You know me not. I am a monster! Day and the blessed sun would sicken at my sight. Infamous I am, and covered with guilt—guilt most horrible! Turn your eyes upon that wall; behold these boards, sprinkled with blood, a father's blood;—murdered by his son; by me!—Ha! look! behold! do you not see him! he stretches forth his bleeding arms! he begs for pity! the vital stream flows out! he falls! he groans! O, horror! madness! despair!'

"The miserable wretch fell convulsed with terror to the floor; and when fear and passion in part subsided, he durst not turn his guilty eyes towards me, where I stood transfixed with horror. As soon as he had the power, he approached the door:—'Farewell,' said he, 'be innocent, if you would be happy! The wretch who so lately moved your pity is now become detestable to you as well as to himself; he goes unlamented to the dungeon, whence alive he never shall return!'

"I had neither the power to speak nor move. The castle was become a place most abominable; and I departed in the morning. Now, my friend, is it possible that humanity can produce wickedness so intolerable and unnatural?"

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.—BIRTHDAY ODES.

(*Continued from page* 217.)

Two or three verses of the most fulsome adulation and abominable flattery which it is possible to conceive, formed what was called an 'Ode for his Majesty's Birthday,' written by the poet laureate, and set to tune by the doctor of music who catered for the court. On Colley Cibber and William Whitehead in succession did his fulsome task devolve, and each performed his duty to the very letter; each fawned and flattered, comparing the reigning monarch to the most noble heroes the world ever saw, and doubting whether any of the emperors of ancient Rome could possibly have equalled him: lauding his "courage," which had never been proved or even tried, and praising the "extensive learning," of which they could only *presume* him to be the possessor. "Cæsar," "Augustus," and "Britannia's lord," were the appellations most frequently conferred on the king; and Cibber, in one of his odes, even went so far as to denominate him "Lord supreme o'er all the earth." But the following "recitative" of the Ode for the king's birthday in 1756, written by Cibber, and set to music by Doctor Boyce, may be taken as a pretty fair sample of the general run of birthday odes:—

"When Cæsar's natal day
Demands our annual lay,
What empire of the earth explored
Can hope to raise
A pyramid of praise
Superior to Britannia's lord?"

And here is the "air" of another of Cibber's odes:—

"In Rome, when fam'd Augustus lived,
Had then the lyrist of his praise
To this *more godlike* reign survived,
What glories now had graced his lays!"

These extravagant and sickening effusions could produce no beneficial effects. So far from enhancing the monarch in the respect of his people, they tended, by their ludicrous and absurd flattery, to bring royalty itself into ridicule; they were degrading to the sovereign by the adulation which was showered upon him, and they at the same time degraded the poet who submitted to a perversion of his talents to such base purposes.

George II has been spoken of as deficient in taste. But the very speech quoted in support of that opinion, bearing in mind the nonsense annually, and more than annually, poured into his ears by his laureates, many will think tends to prove the contrary, when he exclaimed in his imperfect English, "D——n the bainters and the boets too!"

The grand jury of one of the West India islands, a few years ago, actually presented the governor as a nuisance! Had the Middlesex jury done as much for Colley Cibber and some of his tuneful brethren of the court, their presentment would have been justifiable. The evil was gradually abated. Pye did not deal so largely in heroics as some of his predecessors. His ode for the king's birthday in 1789, composed immediately after the recovery of George III from that indisposition which threatened the nation with the regency which twenty years afterwards became necessary, was most exulting, but we had nothing about Cæsar in it. That he over-rated the public sympathy from the estimate now formed of that monarch, many will think more than probable, when the poet thus delivered himself:—

"In the royal sufferer's smart
Each beholder bore a part;
Rumour gave th' afflicting tale,
In sighings to the passing gale,
That bosoms, never wont to sigh,
Were clogg'd with speechless agony.

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When royal bosoms teem with woe,
When royal eyes with tears o'erflow,
Can the private heart refrain
Mingling in the mighty pain?

Contagious grief, in that affecting hour
How wide, how gen'ral was thy power?
Sad was each gesture, ev'ry step was slow,
Silent each tongue, and ev'ry look was woe;
The supplicating eye presum'd alone
To beg compassion at the heavenly throne."

It is to our late poet laureate, the lamented Doctor Southey, that the merit belongs of discontinuing a system of such gross flattery; but while I give him credit for this act of independence, I may be pardoned for adding, that by thus abandoning the practice of writing birthday odes, he rendered his office a perfect sinecure. The duty of annually writing two adulatory odes, one for each new year, and the other on the king's birthday, was always sufficiently light; but Doctor Southey dispensed with even this slight task, and the title and salary (the amount is variously stated) was all that remained of the office of poet laureate. For what possible purpose such an officer has been retained in the royal establishment, I know not; or if retained, why some duty is not assigned to him. It may be urged, that the sinecure is a delicate mode of bestowing charity on indigent poets: in the name of heaven, do not let them starve! make them pensioners on the royal bounty; allow them annuities from the privy purse (it is long enough); but why profess to pay them for services which they are never called upon to perform? why deceive the world into a belief that the laureateship is a *bonâ fide* office, having duties as well as emoluments? It can hardly be pretended that there is no public duty for an eminent literary man to perform; the history of our country, since the deaths of Hume and Rapin, has been unrecorded; no authentic chronicle of events from the date to which their histories extended now exists; and the present century will appear, in some respects, a blank in the book of our authorized records, which future generations will be unable to fill up. Why, then, is not the almost obsolete office of poet laureate abolished, and the salary conferred on a national historian, who should record the principal events as they occur, and while all the facts connected with them are capable of being exactly ascertained?

But I am wandering from the subject which suggested in the train of ideas with which it is associated these scarcely pertinent remarks: a consideration of the frivolities of the birthday odes has betrayed me into observations on the duties of their authors, and finally, into a proposal for entirely abolishing the office of poet laureate, and substituting in its place a really useful and requisite public officer. It is now time to return.

The birthday odes were performed on the anniversary of his birth before the king by his band of vocalists, and were regularly reported in the newspapers of the following day. After going the round of the periodical press of the country, they were consigned to the oblivion for which they were only fitted, and the laureate's absurdities of "Cæsar's gentle sway," and "England's god-like king," were forgotten by the few who had waded, half dreaming, through their sickening length before the page which contained them was fairly passed. ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

HISTORY OF THE TROUT;

HABITS, VARIETIES, MODE OF TAKING, AND THE ART OF BREEDING THEM.

AS ADOPTED BY G. BOCCIUS, ESQ.

(*Continued from page* 221.)

THERE are some foolish and astringent laws respecting the innocent amusement of fishing; one passed in the fifth of George the Third, of which this is an extract:—

"No one shall enter into any park or paddock fenced in and inclosed, or into any garden, orchard, or yard, adjoining or belonging to any dwelling-house, or in or through which park, or paddock, garden, orchard, or yard, any river or stream of water shall run or be, or wherein shall be any river, stream, pond, pool, moat, stew, or other water; and by any ways, means, or device whatsoever, shall steal, take, kill or destroy any fish bred, kept or preserved in any such river, or stream, pond, pool, moat, stew, or other water aforesaid, without the consent of the owner or owners thereof, or shall be aiding or assisting in the stealing, taking, killing, or destroying any such fish as aforesaid, or shall receive or buy such fish, knowing the same to be stolen or taken as aforesaid, and being thereof indicted within six calendar months next after such offence or offences shall have been committed, before any judge or justice of gaol delivery for the county wherein such park or paddock, garden, orchard, or yard, shall be, and shall on such indictment be, by verdict, or by his and their own confession or confessions, convicted of any such offence or offences as aforesaid, the person or persons so convicted shall be transported for seven years."

There is another clause, which states that should a person be taken while fishing in the above manner, "*not* being in a park, paddock, garden, orchard, or yard, adjoining or belonging to any dwelling-house, but *shall be* in any *other inclosed ground* which shall be *private property*," the

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penalty to be five pounds, or six months' imprisonment.

In the 22nd of Elizabeth, an act, not yet repealed, states, "no servant shall be questioned for killing a trespasser within his master's liberty, who will not yield, if not done out of former malice; yet if the trespasser kills any such servant it is murder."

The catching of fish with nets, trimers, or snares at night, in canals, subjects the parties to heavy fines, and they are liable to transportation.

The other acts regarding the taking of rout were passed—1st Elizabeth, cap. 21; 4th Anne, cap. 2; 30th Geo. II, cap. 21.

In 1841 a Treatise was written by Mr Boccius upon Fish Ponds, published by fr John Van Voorst, Paternoster row, in rder to point out their value, when pro-rly arranged and stocked, showing a munerating return and an abundant ac-ssion of wholesome food to be produced ith little trouble.

Mr Boccius states he has, for many ars, made himself acquainted with the bits of most fresh-water fish; induced motives of mere curiosity in the first tance, but subsequently from a disposi-n to examine more closely the works nature, which, if looked at with only derate attention, will show how simple beautiful she is in all her doings.

'rom a wish to awaken a spirit of ful investigation in others, we take up pen in order to show how easy it is to , foster, and protect, millions of any ription of fish.

or this purpose we will begin by point-out how to stock rivers and streams in season to any extent, according to Mr ius.

ot having the advantage of salmon in noble river Thames, since so much has been poured into it from London, y of the tributary streams, we must uence with trout, the habits of which imilar, with the exception only of ation, peculiar to the former.

Boecius states he has already pro-many thousands of trout in the river, on his preservation system.

ut begin to be heavy in spawn in the of October, the smaller or younger irst, but it is very rare they "hill," is termed, or are ready to deposit ggs, until the month of November; ger or older ones are later, and it is frequent to find these, in a cold , spawn as late as February. It is ely interesting to watch the move-and caution of trout, when about to their spawn; a number of them nce burrowing the gravel with their and form a bed with their tails, and, positing the egg, cover them up e gravel, frequently throwing up a hill as they proceed, to the height of one or two feet, so as to leave but a shallow depth of water to flow over it. At this period, if any object appears within sight, they leave the hill, and as quickly return when all appears to be safe. For the purpose of burrowing and heaping the gravel, nature at this period makes provision for the male fish, who is head labourer, by elongating and hardening the lower jaw, as is the case with a salmon at the spawning season. When on the hills it is not unfrequent for two or more males to wait upon a female, for, among fishes, as among almost all nature's works, more males than females are produced.

It is worthy of remark, that each female fish has her favourite, and always leaves the hill in his company.

Trout, like all the salmon tribe, make for the heads of rivers or tributary streams to spawn, where the springs bear an even temperature, and where the water is not likely to be affected by flood or thickened for any length of time, for instinct, or animal reason, warns them of the danger arising from the thickened state of the water, which proves completely fatal to the embryo; for after animation, muddy waters are destructive to the egg, caused by the fine earthy, mixed with animal matter, depositing itself on the neck of the same (or that part which had adhered to the membrane of the ovarium in the fish), which prevents the progress of animation and addles the egg. Therefore, the want of fish of every description in our rivers and streams does not proceed from either traffic or poaching, but from the pouring into our rivers the sewerage, refuse of chemical works, factories, &c., which destroys the egg. Yet still this refuse, when not composed of chemical matter, is of the greatest importance for the sustenance of living fish, as the myriads of larvæ and insects, produced by the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter in water, affords the young fry, by their abundance, an easier access to food. Great complaints have been made against fishermen for taking fish in the fence months, but so few are taken, comparatively speaking, to the quantities which each river or stream ought or might be made to afford by the improved system, that the offence is not worthy of notice. The rivers swarm with fish where the population is small; but as the population increases, so does the quantity of fish decrease, not from the quantity taken for food, but from the impurity of the waters injuring the egg: now this can be remedied, as it is much easier to produce fish for food than any animal in existence, as each fish yields hundreds, some thousands, and others hundreds of thousands of eggs, which, within a very short period, increase to a large size. The salmon, for instance, which has spawned in

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October, leaves for the sea in April, and returns in October three to four pounds in weight, so that in seven months a splendid stock is produced. When trout "hill," as the fishermen term it, the female keeps working up the stream before the male, and presses against the gravelly surface, and is by that pressure relieved of the spawn or egg; the male following her does the like at the same time, and gives to the waters the soft roe or milt. The eggs deposited absorb a portion of the same, and become animated. Mr Boccius's mode of stocking rivers with trout or other fish is as follows:—The female and male fish are taken at a time when they are about depositing their roe, and by pressure they are relieved of the spawn in some convenient place near the stream, so made as to be constantly supplied with a running water; after about fifty to sixty days the fish leave the eggs; they are, after a few days, let into the stream to shift for themselves. The eggs being kept in a safe place, do not become a prey to other fish as food, and, strange to say, the trout itself watches its species leaving its imprisonment, and devours the small fry as they are produced, when, by keeping them for a few days, they are enabled to shift for themselves and collect together in the shallow waters out of harm's way. Mr Boccius prefers a long, shallow box made of wood, about three feet wide, ten feet long, and one foot deep, the bottom to be covered with a shingly gravel, so that the eggs may fall between the stones, and by that means prevented from washing away or rolling about; a stream of water must be let in at one end and allowed to pass out at the other. A wire gauze may be put over the entrance and exit of the stream, to prevent anything getting in, or the young fry escaping until they may be thought strong enough to get out of the way of their destroyers. A box of this description is large enough to breed 50,000 trout. The milt of the male trout must be pressed out into the water as soon as the eggs of the female are pressed from them into the box, and the stream should not be allowed to pass through until the water has been stirred, so as to mix the milt a little with the water.

Mr Boccius states that he is always successful; but supposing only half the eggs in a trout to produce fish by his plan, it will be found that one dozen females will give on an average 12,000 trout. The roes of fish vary in the number of eggs; for instance, Leuwen Hoeck found in a cod fish 9,344,000 eggs, and in a carp 211,629. The number of eggs vary in the trout; some of the species have 20,000 to 60,000 eggs in their roe.

There is a very learned work by Professor Agassiz, called 'L'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons d'Eau douer de l'Europe Centrale.' Par Z. Agassiz. 'Embryologie des Salmones.' Par G. Vogt.

The learned professor has also bred fish in Germany on the same plan as adopted by Mr Boccius; and in his book the reader will find most valuable observations made during two winters on the embryon of the Paleè (*Coregonus palœa*, Cuvier), a fish of the salmon family, habiting the Lake of Neufchatel, in Switzerland. The observations were made in the year 1839. He has described successively the development of the different organic systems. Embryologie, which, as a science, has only as yet been examined in the egg of the hen, and with that as only regarding certain organs; but in this work the comparative anatomy of each stage has been carefully examined. The following is a list of the contents:—The egg before fecundation—Fecundative conditions of the egg, with method of observation—Vitality of the egg—Development of the central nervous system—Ditto of the organs of sense, the eye, ear, and nose—Ditto of the carcass, in six divisions—Ditto of the skin and muscles and the intestines, in five divisions—Ditto of the systems of the blood, the heart, vessels, and circulation. The work is elaborately got up, containing one hundred and fifty subjects.

Telegraph Printing.—We direct attention to the simple, elegant, and efficacious application of electricity to telegraphs, recently patented by Mr Alexander Bain, and which is now in operation between the Nine Elms Station of the South-Western Railway and Wimbledon, a distance of six miles. The telegraph requires but one wire to be employed to form the connecting link between the two points; a saving not only of expense, but a security against disturbance or accident to the machinery. It appears, from the description given us by the inventor, that he converts the whole space of ground between the two points of communication (say in this instance Nine Elms and Wimbledon) into an electric battery. To use his own words, his telegraph is "worked by the electric currents of the earth." A hand moves round a dial, which the exhibitor stops at certain numbers. This is known at Wimbledon the next moment. The hand then moves apparently by itself and stops at precisely the same figures. Mr Bain might render his experiments more effective by arranging that one or two of his visitors should proceed to Wimbledon. This would prove that there is no intermediate agency, which at present, though we have no doubt of the fact, is less apparent than it might be.

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Arms. Three Moors' heads, couped in profile, ppr., wreathed round the temple, arg. and az.

Crest. A demi lion, rampant, arg., charged with three trefoils, vert., holding in the dexter paw an arrow, pheoned and flighted, ppr., shaft, or.

Supporters. Dexter, a lion, ar., charged on the shoulder with three trefoils, slipped, vert., and holding in the sinister fore-paw an arrow, point downwards; sinister, a cormorant, holding in its beak a branch of laver, all ppr.

Motto. "*Ne cede malis, sed contra.*" "Yield not to misfortunes, but, on the contrary, meet them with firmness."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CANNING.

THOUGH new to the Peerage, the Cannings are an ancient English family. They have been of considerable note since the time of Henry VI. A series of George Cannings could be enumerated who were known to fame—

"In arms who triumphed or in arts excelled,"

from whom the Garvaghs are descended, before we reach that eminent man who threw a new lustre on the name, and having acted a distinguished part in the great council of the nation for more than a quarter of a century, was the cause of its being added to the peerage of England.

Of the family of the late Lady Canning Burke gives the following particulars :—

Major-General John Scott, of Balcomie, in the county of Fife, married Margaret, youngest daughter of Robert Dundas, of Arniston, Lord President of the Court of Session, by Henrietta Baillie, heiress of Lamintoun, and left at his decease

Henrietta, who inherited landed and other property to the amount of 300,000*l.* She married William, present Duke of Portland; Lucy married Francis, Lord Donne (now Earl of Moray); and Joan, who became Viscountess Canning. The last-named lady had married George Canning. He was the friend of Pitt, and held many important offices in the state, and at length, after the death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, became Prime Minister of England.

Few men have acted a more splendid part in parliament. His speeches were long listened to by "admiring senates." His sonorous voice, energetic manner, classical taste, and brilliant wit, commanded the applause of all parties.

"And factions strove which should applaud him most."

As Prime Minister his career was short. The anxieties of office were supposed to have shortened his life. While in that high situation he died, August 8th, 1827. Shortly after his death his widow was elevated to the peerage as Viscountess Canning, of Kilbraham, in the county of Kilkenny. Her ladyship had issue

George Charles, who was born April 25th, 1801, and died March 31st, 1820; William Pitt, a captain in the Royal Navy, who was drowned while bathing at Madeira, in September 1828; Charles John, the present peer; and Harriet, married, in 1825, to Ulick John, Marquis of Clanricarde.

Lady Canning died March 15th, 1837, when the title came to her son Charles John. His lordship was born Dec. 14th, 1812, and married, Sept. 5th, 1835, the Hon. Charlotte Stuart, eldest daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

CONRAD MANNERT, in his history of the Ancient Germans, gives a lively picture of the customs which prevailed among the Franks under the Merovingian Kings, in cases where homicide was to be revenged.

"At Tours dwelt two noble Franks who possessed extensive domains. Austregil, one of them, slew and plundered some of the *Pueri*, or armed attendants of the Sichar, the other. As the slain were not free-born Franks, but thralls, although appertaining to that armed portion of the

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household without whose escort no man of consequence undertook a journey, the affair was referred to the burgher tribunal, which decided that Austregil had incurred punishment. Sichar learning that the stolen goods were in his antagonist's house, collected a body of armed followers, attacked the mansion by night, slew Austregil, and plundered his property. The town was alarmed for the consequences, and the bishop, in conjunction with the judge, invited the parties to appear before them. They came, the assembled citizens being present. 'Prosecute this quarrel no farther,' said Bishop Gregory, 'be placable, and let him who has done the wrong make compensation; should his wealth prove insufficient, the church shall buy him off with her gold.' But Chramnisind, the nearest kinsman of Austregil, refused to accept any composition. It was soon reported that Sichar had been murdered upon a journey by his own attendants (he was merely wounded). Immediately Chramnisind and his party attacked Sichar's country residence, killed some of his servants, burnt his houses, and drove away his cattle. Both parties were again summoned before the *Gravio*, and the judges decreed that he who, rejecting a just composition, had burnt the houses, should forfeit one half of the composition previously adjudged to him, but that Sichar must still pay the other half. This was a proceeding devised as a means of restoring peace. The church paid the money; both parties respectively swore that neither would speak a word against the other, and so the dispute seemed to be ended. So thoroughly satisfied to all appearance were the parties, that they frequently feasted together and slept in the same bed (an old German custom). As they sat one day at Chramnisind's table, drinking together in mirthful mood, Sichar said, 'Thou shouldst thank me, good brother, for having killed thy kinsman, since the composition has made thee a rich man.' Then thought Chramnisind in his heart, 'If I leave my kinsman's blood unavenged, I am not worthy to be called a man.' He put out the lights, clove Sichar's head in twain, and hastening to the king, told how the thing had happened, and prayed for assurance of his life. He believed, therefore, that he had acted with perfect propriety, but was constrained to seek for safety in exile."

SEFI THE BLOOD-SHEDDER.

(*Concluded from page* 229.)

A TYRANT is always restless. Though the two friends, Tabub and Urgulu, were laid low, Sefi recollected that they had sons, and deemed it necessary to decide what their fate should be. He sent for them, and told them what their fathers' offence had been, and vindicated the brutal atrocity which requited it as a just and necessary step. Urgulu's son spoke lightly of the event:—"That death," he said, "but little affected him, since it seemed good to the Shah. He had ever held that his sovereign alone was entitled to reverence as a father." For this monstrous speech he found favour in the tyrant's eyes, and Sefi permitted him to succeed to the wealth of the parent he had lost. Not so the chancellor's son. He could not refrain from expressing horror, and for such a manifestation of filial sensibility his property was confiscated, and he was reduced to great poverty. A poet who had ventured to take this tragedy for a theme, threw out some reflections which gave offence to Sefi, who, in consequence, caused the imprudent votary of the Nine to be conveyed to the mardan, or market-place, where he was brutally deprived of his nose, ears, tongue, hands, and feet. In this deplorable state he languished for several days, when his sufferings terminated in death.

Notwithstanding the general professions of devotion, and the often-repeated declaration that they had no will but the Shah's, some of his chans proved that they had a strong — indeed, an insurmountable — objection to be slaughtered, merely because such was his good pleasure. Alymerdan, the governor of Candahar, and Danub, the governor of Kentze, having failed to attend his court in person on one occasion, Sefi was as much incensed against them as he had been against Tabub. Aware of this, Alymerdan, when summoned, fled to the king of the Indies, and put into his hands the fortress of Candahar. The other chan, Danub, was in the same predicament. He, as well as Alymerdan, had sent one of his wives and one child to represent him in the Shah's presence, believing more would not be required; but understanding the dire resentment which he had unwittingly provoked, Danub decided on retiring into Turkey. Acting upon this prudent resolve, he performed a deed of ferocity not unworthy of the tyrant from whom he sought to escape. Having announced his intended flight to his servants and guards, finding fifteen of them unwilling to follow him in his retreat, he caused them instantly to be put to death. He then wrote a bitter and reproachful letter to his late master, and repaired to Constantinople, where he was received with much distinction by Sultan Ibrahim. The wives of the chans who thus withdrew from his unreasoning vengeance were seized, and by order of the Shah sent to certain infamous receptacles, and there subjected to the most degrading insults. The sons were treated with great severity; and the fury of the tiger still raging, he

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next commanded Immanculi Chan, the governor of Schiras, and brother of one of the self-exiled chans, to appear before him.

Immanculi was a man much honoured by the Persians, his wealth was great, and he was distinguished for princely liberality. The bridge at Ispahan had been built by his father, Alla Werds Chan, at his sole expense. In other respects he had deserved well of his country, and enjoyed a high reputation as a warrior. Though warned of the fate which probably awaited him, Immanculi did not refuse obedience to the mandate. It was his persuasion that his blameless life, and the various public services he had rendered, would save him from that vengeance by which friendship had truly whispered he was relentlessly pursued. Be this as it may, with loyal devotion which merited a very different return, "I would rather lay down my life," he declared, "than lose the favour of my sovereign. Unhappy I may be, but I will not, by rebellion, make myself criminal."

He came to Caswin, where the despot then held his court, and had no sooner presented himself before Sefi than the order was given to take off his head. The fierce command was promptly obeyed. His children, no fewer than fifteen in number, suffered the like punishment immediately afterwards. Their remains were exposed for several days in the market place, and the sympathising crowd beheld their frantic mother's anguish with manifestations of indignation and disgust, which for a moment made the guilty author of the tragedy tremble for his throne. He at length ordered them to be removed, and the broken-hearted mourner escaped from the dreadful scene with her only remaining child, and found an asylum in Arabia with her father.

Sefi drank to excess, and several of his atrocities were no doubt perpetrated under the influence of wine. But in many cases even this wretched apology for crime could not be urged in his behalf. He deliberately in some instances prepared himself for the shedding of blood by putting on a scarlet dress. When thus attired all shuddered for what was to follow.

He affected great love for the fair sex. If an insatiate desire to have all the beauty of the land at his command could deserve the name of love, in this he was sincere. The handsomest young females from every part of Persia were brought to him and placed in his seraglio. He could feel passion, but to manly affection his bosom was a stranger. The idol of his fond homage to-day, was likely to perish the victim of his abominable violence to-morrow,—one actually expired under his ferocious attack. The startled and outraged victims of his power, compelled to dissemble, pretended to regard with devoted attachment the tyrant they could not but loathe. On a sudden his health rapidly forsook him, and as "suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind," he concluded that the cause was poison, administered by the incarcerated victims in his harem. His constitution was sufficiently strong to throw it off, and the first use he made of returning health was to institute inquiries which had for their object to discover the authors of his late sickness. He succeeded in obtaining what he deemed all-sufficient evidence. An attendant, who had given an offence to her mistress and been reproved or chastised, spoke to the pernicious ingredients which had afflicted him for nearly two months having been prepared in the women's apartments, and administered by the widow of Isa Chan. He had wronged that ill-fated beauty so deeply that he was ready to believe anything malice could urge to her prejudice, and Sefi, as he rarely lost an opportunity for provoking hatred, made it a rule of action never to forego revenge.

A night or two after he had gained the information a frightful scene was acted in the seraglio. By order of the Shah a vast pit was prepared in the garden. The beautiful condemned were then brought forward to the number of forty, including their female attendants, and, despite of their tears, and prayers, and protestations of innocence, were cast into it. Unmoved by their anguish and despair, Sefi ordered the earth to be thrown upon them, and they were buried alive. It was even said that his mother and aunt, who were reported to have died of the plague at that time, had shared the miserable fate of the inmates of the seraglio.

Impetuous and brutal in his nature, even his best moments were degraded by hateful violence. Successful at Eruan, his triumph was celebrated as a brilliant instance of his prowess as a general, but it reflected little credit on his prudence as a commander or his equanimity as a man. Exasperated by the resistance made by the besieged, he assumed the dress of a common soldier and determined on assaulting the walls in person. His mother, alarmed for his safety, entreated him not so to expose himself. To the affectionate appeal he deigned no reply in speech, but requited her with a violent box on the ear. Eventually the place was taken with immense loss of life. Bagdad was lost to the Turks.

Of the females which he claimed three were called his lawful wives One was the daughter of a man who had been in early life a mule-driver. This humble person, on one occasion when the weather was extremely hot, had the good fortune to supply the Shah Abbas, when hunting,

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with a most welcome draught of water. The incident led to his introduction to court in some menial capacity, and eventually he became the colonel of a regiment. The attractions of his daughter were great, and they caught the eye of Abbas, who, however, did not distinguish her by placing her in his seraglio, but made a present of her to his son's widow, with the intention of bringing her up to become the wife of Sefi, who, in accordance with the desire thus signified, married the mule-driver's daughter when he came to the throne.

His second wife was the daughter of a Georgian prince called Tamras Chan. She was a Christian. His third consort was a Circassian, and sister to Prince Massal. No fewer than three hundred females were inmates of his seraglio. Many were of singular beauty, presented by governors of provinces as the rarest treasure affectionate loyalty could offer; and some were offered to the tyrant by Persian nobles, who, by sacrificing a niece or other interesting relative, purchased favour, or where it was needed, pardon for past offences.

The career of this heartless man and cruel despot was, happily for humanity, not very long. He was called to his account in the twelfth year of his reign—in the year 1642. There were reasons for believing that poison had hastened his progress to the grave. His enormities had been so many, and he had so often assailed those nearest to him, that none could really love him or wish his life to be prolonged. He had one son, then eleven years of age, who succeeded to the throne which Sefi had so mournfully degraded by his frantic and heartless career.

LIFE OF HERR STAUDIGL.

An interesting memoir of the admired vocalist Herr Staudigl appears in the last number of 'Fraser.' He once, it would seem, meant to become a physician.

"Behold," says the writer, "our renowned bass singer a student of medicine at Vienna. He seems to use phrases familiar to ourselves, to have gone through the prescribed course of lectures, and to have qualified himself for examination; but he was unable to procure the money —'convention money,' necessary to be paid to put himself in a condition to take his degree. This amounted to thirty florins; and his father's salary being only three hundred florins per annum, he was unable, at this critical period, to supply the wants of his son. In these unfortunate circumstances his chance of obtaining a *testimonium* was destroyed, because the payment of this money was an indispensable precursor of the examination which could alone lead to it. The profession, therefore, of physician had glided from his grasp as already had that of civil engineer, not to speak of the asylum in the church from which he had turned aside. Here was an accumulation of broken hopes and blighted prospects; and, to crown all, the demand upon a man's energies and resources to provide the present means of existence. What was he to do? Why, betake himself to those heretofore slighted vocal powers and musical science; and this he did. The death of a bass singer called Weinmüller had made a vacancy in the Imperial Royal Court Chapel. Staudigl applied for it. He was admitted as a candidate in the trial, but was unsuccessful.

The voice was pronounced to be naturally splendid, but not sufficiently cultivated, and in the Report of the Examination he was placed below two persons named Borschütsky and Riehling. The disappointment, in his straightened circumstances, was sad, and he next betook himself to the recently established Imperial Royal Court Opera. He solicited from Weinkopf, the leader of the chorus, a place in the chorus, and was accepted. The Count de Gallenberg was then manager of the Opera, and Staudigl entered into an engagement with him as a member of the chorus, and also, in our theatric phrase, to 'go on,' if required, for small parts. His salary was two hundred florins a year. This agreement bore date January 1, 1829. Duport, in August 1830, succeeded to the management, and Staudigl remained on the same terms, but under a more intelligent master. The clause about the small parts proved propitious to the poor chorus singer, on whom Duport already had his eye. On November 14th, in the same year, Staudigl, on presenting himself at the office of the theatre at eight o'clock in the morning, was asked by Demmer, the stage-manager, if he thought it were in his power to get up the part of Pietro, in 'Masaniello,' so as to play it that evening? Siebert, the possessor of the part, had declared himself hoarse, after an approved fashion amongst singers. Staudigl undertook the enterprise, and was ready. Siebert, however, appeared at his post, and claimed his character. He had it; but, as it happened, he was really hoarse. He sung himself still hoarser, and two nights after, when the piece had again to be played, he was so unequivocally hoarse that it was physically impossible for him to appear. Staudigl 'went on;' his success was triumphant, and thenceforth he ceased to be a mere chorus-singer; he was one of the regular company. The manager, too, volunteered to give him a small increase of salary, which, however, was to rise yearly. Duport at the same time appreciating his visible talent and future pro-

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mise, did more for him. In Gottank, Demmer, and above all, Cicimara, he gave him excellent masters. Under these he studied, and Duport's judicious patronage was still further extended in never bringing him out in a part wherein he was not well prepared. Of this Staudigl entertains a most grateful recollection. In 1833, Mayerbeer's opera of 'Robert the Devil' was produced at Vienna. The part of Bertram was confided to Staudigl, and so triumphant was his success, that the flutterings of genius which had been exercised upon the confines of so many professions subsided, and Staudigl stooped, with a firm rest, upon the stage. The attraction of this opera, mainly through him, was very great. A large augmentation was at once made to his salary, on an engagement for six years, extending to the end of 1839. The establishment of an Italian Opera in Vienna, for the three months of April, May, and June, left him free to travel during this space of time in each year, and of this he availed himself. First, however, we should state that the Imperial Royal Court Chapel remembered the rejected candidate of 1828, and in 1836 he was, by a decree of the Court, appointed to that institution for life. Availing himself of his liberty for the months we have indicated, in 1836 he performed, with great success, at Munich and Carlsruhe; in 1837, in Hamburg and Prague; in 1838, at Gratz and Brunn; in 1839, at Stuttgard, Frankfort, Wisbaden, Mainz, Darmstadt, and Manheim; and in 1840, after having previously displayed his powers at Nurenberg and Manheim, he joined the German Operatic Company at London."

PLAY LICENSING; OR, COURT FOLLY.

If a sinecure be objectionable, a bad office is still worse. Why the stage should require a censor more than the press we do not know. The Examiner of Plays was never necessary, was always odious, and each succeeding licenser seems to have been ambitious of proving himself more absurd than his predecessor. When George Colman obtained the berth his great talents could not save him from the common lot, and he stood before the world a known profligate acting the part of a rigid puritan; warring on the dramatic writers of the day to purchase absolution for his former sins against morality. Charles Kemble was said to have been more intolerant than the author of 'Broad Grins,' and we suppose the gentleman to whom the office descended from him, thinks it necessary to be as obnoxious as possible that he may not be said to take a good salary or fees for nothing.

A play, entitled 'Richelieu in Love; or, the Youth of Charles I,' has lately been printed. It was accepted by a manager, but has been prohibited by the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the Lord Chamberlain. The subject was good and it was ably treated. In a preface the author gives the following just and pungent comment on the foolery of which he is at present the victim:—

"The 'Examiner of Plays' is in truth the sentinel of a powder magazine; as such the lurid language of the passions, their lightning revealings terrify him out of his senses, while other men merely admire the splendour and beauty of the celestial flames. With him despair raves blasphemy, love murmurs licentiousness, Cato talks treason, Tiberius brings government into contempt, Sejanus is an allusion to the minister of the day, the Gracchi mean to raise a tumult against the corn laws. A mark for all the aimless shafts of satire can he find, when all men else imagine them showered at random. Who knows? Might not the pit imagine it beheld not the picture but the mirror of a court? Might it not whisper to its wife that although set in an antique frame all courts are faithfully reflected in the one before their gaze,—the envy, hatred, treason, ingratitude, and intrigue which haunt them? 'Look to that, Master Brooke;' let no future dramatist be deterred by the fate of him who hath been thus generously gibbeted by way of example to all, except to shun his errors. Let him write a play without plot, character, or language appropriate, and he may write it as finely as he thinks proper and receive an eulogy along with his permit. Thus shall he avoid Charybdis. It is true that the town has seldom the good taste and deference to be delighted with what pleases the authorities, and thus he rushes on Scylla. But Charybdis never regorges her prey, whereas Scylla sends it roaring up half a dozen times before she sucks it down for ever! It is too late for the author to take his own advice: he is hardened like steel in the fire he has been cast into. But let not the reader misunderstand him so far as to imagine he complains of any peculiar hardship in his case. If Shakspeare himself had not flourished before 'Examiners' were invented, the author is constrained to admit that he could not have flourished after. Under the system in action he acknowledges that a great dramatist is as impossible as an eagle soaring in all his pride and sublimity in a zoological cage. Who can complain of being placed under a despotism from which, if that superhuman genius now existed, he would not be exempt? Yes, if Shakspeare himself, if the man whose unbounded genius mirrors the universe, who has fathomed all the depths of the human heart, given all its

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passions an echo distinct as their own voices, made the language of England imperishable, were she herself, her power and her glory passed away like a cloud on the rack of the winds—if this man," or rather this demigod, were now in being, would he not be placed under the absolute control of an 'Examiner of Plays?' The imagination faints in the descent. Who then shall complain when he recollects that the transcendent flame which the Almighty only once breathed into humanity would have run just the same risk of being puffed out as his own poor farthing twinkle! For which of Shakspeare's masterpieces deem you, reader, would have escaped the blasting mildew of the licenser's red ink? Is it 'Hamlet,' with his guilty kings, his grand scepticism, his melancholy musings which lay bare the aching heart of humanity and strip it alike of its rags and tinsel? Would not this phrase alone, 'the insolence of office,' condemn it? Is it 'Macbeth'—'Macbeth' that teaches lessons of usurpation and murder, and may be meant to frighten the Queen from going near Tamworth? Is it 'Richard III' or 'King John?' Can any one doubt that Shakspeare meant, by delineating those flagitious sovereigns, to bring royalty into hatred, let alone contempt? Is it meet the people should learn in 'Othello' what a 'cogging knave' can do at the elbow of a nature too noble to understand him? 'Coriolanus?'—let us see—ahem! There seems to be a great deal of violent language in it, frenzied invective, scorn and hatred and contempt of the—well, well, only of the common people to be sure! It must then be prohibited to spare the feelings of the shilling gallery? Or if they have not sufficient influence at court to obtain that favour, there is still another good reason. In 'Coriolanus' aristocracy and democracy are represented at war; and in all well-regulated commonwealths, especially in England, they have always agreed like—like man and wife. The people must not learn such turbulent matters—'prohibited.' Shall the 'Merry Wives' pass, merry though they be to tears of laughter? If we do license it you must at least expunge that gross old sensual satyr, that Falstaff! else will he bring the whole order of knighthood into contempt, he with his huge paunch and vulgar wit, which 'splits the sides of the groundlings.' 'Twelfth Night' may perhaps, with some thousand improvements, pass muster. But no; it violates decorum! In it a woman, to preserve her honour, puts on the attire of a 'skirted page'—an attire differing but little from that worn by our ladies a few years ago when short petticoats were in vogue. The same objection is fatal to Portia, to Rosalind, and to Imogen: above all to the latter, for she is the daughter of a British king! What matters it that, thus disguised, these characters have always been considered the sweetest, the chastest, the most feminine of Shakspeare's characters? People of nice ideas know better."

THE FORSAKEN BEAUTY.

There dwelt a lovely lady
Beside the Northern Sea,
Of stately form and feature,
And born of high degree.
Among the host of lovers
That were ever in her train,
Was one whose heart grew bitter
Because he wooed in vain;
And though her voice was gentle,
And her words were kind and gay,
Yet he vowed a cruel vengeance
From the hour she said him nay.

He muttered spells of darkness,
He called the pow'rs of ill;
In secret and in silence
They wrought his wicked will.
Her pure young heart soon yielded
To the might of magic spell,
And he mocked her in his triumph
When he saw she loved him well.
"Proud heart," he said, "that scorn'd me,
Thy love is nought to me,
The heartless scorn thou gavest
I give again to thee!"

He left her in her anguish—
He left his native land,
And she watch'd the parting vessel
As she paced the lonely strand;
It sped across the waters
Like a sea-bird free and light,
Its snowy wings grew fainter,
Then faded from her sight.
They sought that high-born lady
At eve along the shore,
Her lips were wan and silent,
Her dreary life was o'er!

They laid her by the waters,
In a fair and costly tomb,
While the cruel one passed onward
All heedless of her doom.
"Her heart may break!" he muttered;
"She shall rue her early pride;
In the merry world there beateth
Full many a heart beside;
In the merry world there shineth
Full many a face as fair;
Farewell, once scornful lady,
I leave thee to despair!"

They laid her by the waters,
But her spirit could not rest;
And she tracked her faithless lover
Across the sea's dark breast.
To him, where'er he wandered,
Invisibly she clung,
And spells of hidden power
About his steps she flung.
From land to land she led him,
Where gold and beauty shone,
But his soul was dark within him,
And the charm of life was gone.

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From land to land she led him,
Till he saw how poor and vain
To one with sin o'erladen
Were pride, and mirth, and gain.
From land to land she led him,
Till his heart grew weak and mild;
And his haughty soul was humbled
To the meekness of a child,—
Till tears of shame and sorrow
He wept by night and day;
Then homeward o'er the waters
Once more he bent his way.

He neared the land, beholding
The costly tomb that bore
The corpse of her whose spirit
Had led him to the shore.
"The tomb of the Forsaken!"
He knew it must be hers,—
Her love, her faith, her sorrow,
He owned them conquerors.
"Oh! that thy soul might bless me—"
He murmur'd, kneeling there,
"Might see my deep repentance,
And hear my hopeless prayer!"

For one brief moment round him
A radiant light was shed,
And beside him, in her beauty,
Stood the shadow of the dead!
It passed,—he bow'd in silence,
For he knew the blessed sign
Was a promise of forgiveness
Revealed by love divine:
He bow'd him down in silence,
For he knew his hour was nigh,
And ere the daylight faded
He breathed his last calm sigh!

Fraser's Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

SHERIDAN THE ACTOR.—The following anecdote appeared in the English newspapers about the year 1768:—Last year Mr Sheridan, the actor, obtained an Irish act of parliament protecting him from arrests on account of his debts in Dublin, amounting to sixteen hundred pounds; and having this season saved eight hundred pounds, he gave notice that he was ready to pay his creditors ten shillings in the pound, and desired them to call on him for that purpose, with an account of their respective demands. Mr Faulkner, the printer of one of the Dublin papers, was one of his creditors. This gentleman told Mr Sheridan that he would not trouble him with his demand till he dined with him: Mr Sheridan accordingly called at Mr Faulkner's, and after dinner Mr Faulkner put a sealed paper into his hand, which he told him contained his demand, at the same time requesting Mr Sheridan to examine it at his leisure at home; when he came home he found, under seal, a bond of his for two hundred pounds, due to Mr Faulkner, cancelled, together with a receipt in full of a book debt to the extent of one hundred pounds.

MAN NEVER SATISFIED.—Lord Melcombe, in the last century, speaking of a negotiation on which he had entered with the Duke of Newcastle for court preferment, in relation to an offer which had been made to him, wrote—"The duke must think 2,000*l.* a year would not make my fortune with one foot in the grave; that, as to rank, I have as much respect for the peerage as any man; but that in my situation, without succession or collateral, a peerage to me was not worth the expense of new painting my coach." He, however, added, though he had one foot in the grave, he was determined to make some sort of figure in life:—"I earnestly wish it may be under your grace's protection; but, if that cannot be, I must make some figure. What it will be I cannot determine yet: I must look about me a little, and consult my friends; but some figure I am resolved to make."

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—The 'Amsterdam Gazette,' of Feb. 13, 1784, mentions the following fact:—"A soldier of Silesia, convicted of stealing certain offerings to the Virgin Mary, was doomed to death as a sacrilegious robber. He denied the theft, saying that the Virgin, from pity, had presented him with the offerings. The affair was brought before the king, who asked the Popish divines whether, according to their religion, the miracle was impossible? They replied that the case was extraordinary, but not impossible. 'Then,' said the king, 'the culprit cannot be put to death because he denies the theft, and because the divines of his religion allow the present not to be impossible; but we strictly forbid him, under pain of death, to receive any present henceforward from the Virgin Mary, or any saint whatever.'"

The Gatherer.

Death of the Bishop of Tarbes.—Pierre Michel Marie Double, after a long episcopal career, died on the 1st inst. at the age of 77.

Church Architecture.—The style, which is characterized by its lofty vaults and arches, its pillars, that have the appearance of being formed out of bundles of reeds, its profusion of ornament, its flowers and leaves, is in all these respects essentially distinguished from the older Christian architecture, the first and best model of which is to be found in the church of St Sophia at Constantinople.

A Pugilist of the Old School.—Broughton the boxer, called, in reference to his size, the Great, attended the Duke of Cumberland, in one of his military expeditions on the continent, where, on being shown a foreign regiment of a terrific appearance, the duke asked him if he thought he could beat any of them that composed it; upon

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which Broughton replied, "Yes, please your Royal Highness, the whole corps, with a breakfast between every battle."

Simplifying Laws an Act of Tyranny.—Montesquieu says the multiplicity of our laws is the price we pay for our liberty; and remarks, from the examples of Cæsar and Oliver Cromwell, that simplifying the law is generally one of the first acts of a tyrant. In what a glorious ignorance of such tyranny do the people of England rejoice!

William the Conqueror's Laws.—The Conqueror gave England a code of laws consisting of seventy-one articles. They were written in German-French, and opened thus:—"Ce sont les leis et les custumes que li reis William grantut à tut le peuple de Engleterre, après le conquest de la terre; iceles meismes que li reis Edward, sun cosin tint devant lui. Co est à saveir: pais à saint yglise; de quel forfait que home ont fait en ces tens, et il pout venir à saint yglise, ont pais de vie et de membre."

The 'Courier de Londres et de Paris.'—This new French journal has the advantage of being edited by one who knows England as well as France. It is admirably printed, and its utility to foreigners who are unacquainted with our language, promises to make it the 'Galignani' of England.

The Evil Sight.—Upon new buildings or children the Turks imagine the looks of Christians bring ill luck; and so to attract what they call the evil sight, upon arches or houses they suspend a ball or some fantastic thing to fix the attention of those who pass, in order that the eyes may not be fixed too long on the building.

How to catch a Unicorn.—In the 'Speculum Naturale' of Vincent de Beauvais, the unicorn is placed in the list of the animal kingdom. Great value was attached to it and it was exceedingly difficult to take. To effect this it was absolutely necessary that a young virgin should be employed, because she was regarded as the emblem of purity.

Portrait of the Virgin.—Among the paintings of the Greek Church was one which represented the Holy Mary as exceedingly hard featured. It was presumed to be the portrait painted by St Luke, or at least such a one as he would have painted, and according to the tradition the Virgin was fifty years old when her likeness was taken by the Evangelist, who was a painter by profession, as well as a physician.

A New Freak of Despotism.—Letters from Egypt announce that the Pasha has suddenly fallen in love with antiques, and has given a positive order that no more shall be removed out of the country; and so strictly is this enforced that one of the little blue images, so commonly met with, has been stopped. If this law be strictly enforced, it will increase the price of those already in the English market.

Wives bought.—In some of the German states wives were formerly bought and sold; by one law against adultery, he who seduced the wife of a freeman was bound to buy him another.

Mr Horn.—This well-known vocalist has commenced a series of lectures at the Polytechnic, on the music of all nations. He has given some curious specimens of old English melodies with animated illustrations, which prove his powers have suffered no diminution since he trod the boards of Drury. At the same Institution a most astonishing scientific novelty has been added to its varieties. The face of a living man, enormously magnified, is shown on the sheet which has heretofore presented insects and inanimate objects. The giant looks and smiles on the visitors, puts on spectacles, smokes a cigar, and exhibits a reality as strange and startling as any pantomimic monstrosity that ever delighted Christmas revelers.

Sagacity of a Cow.—The late Sir Herbert Taylor, at Fan Grove, near Chertsey, in Surrey, had a cow which was in the constant habit of turning the handle of a turnip slicer, when the hopper had any turnips in it. The cow would then feed on the turnips which had dropped out. When these were consumed, she would turn the handle again.

Don Augustin Arguelles.—This incorruptible patriot lately died at Madrid. Multitudes accompanied his remains in solemn procession to the tomb. It was a tribute to the memory of a man whose name had never been sullied with intrigues for place, power, or wealth. As guardian to the royal children, during the regency of Espartero he was, entitled to above 14,000*l.* a year. Of this he would only accept the tenth part, and at his death just twenty-two dollars were found in his house, and old claims on the government for 7,000 dollars.

— "Ministers without virtue," says M. Necker, "are more to be feared than sovereigns indifferent to public good: newly come out of the crowd, they know better than the monarch the selfish use that they can make of all the passions and vices; and, as they are connected with society, as they have a continual relation with the different orders of the state, their corruptions are propagated, and their dangerous influence spreads to a great distance."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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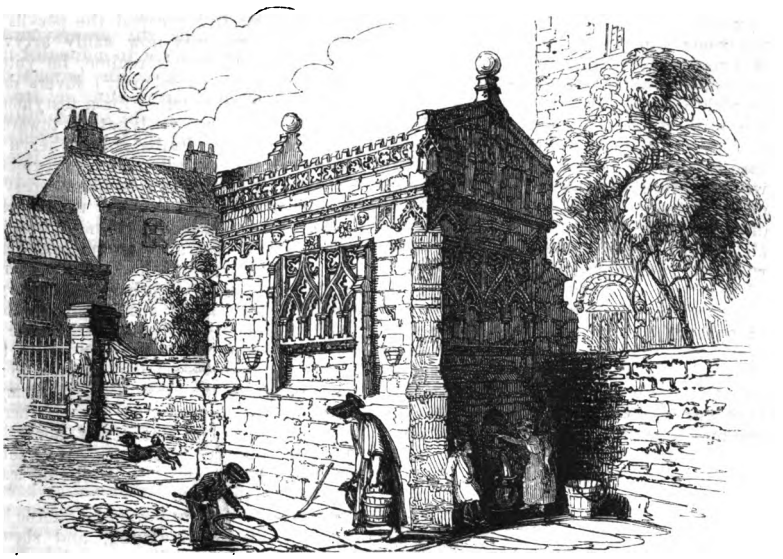

Original Communications.

ST MARY'S CONDUIT, LINCOLN.

THE conduit in the high street above represented was probably the gift of some pious donor, who knew from painful experience how valuable, how passionately coveted is that first necessary of life, water, which happily, in most English towns, from the abundant supply we now possess, is allowed in vast quantities to flow unregarded away. Before pipes for its conveyance were in use public conduits were of no small importance. Ben Jonson has, in his 'Every Man in his Humour,' a character named *Cob, a water-carrier*, which was then a regular calling. A considerable number of poor men and women found occupation in those days in supplying the neighbouring houses from the conduits. They carried the water in tankards and pails, the former being more commonly used by the men, and the latter by women. The name of William Lambe was long honoured in London for the conduit which he erected in Holborn, about the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Many such were erected in different parts of the country. Scott describes one at Flodden—

> "Behold her mark—
> A little fountain cell,
> Where water clear as diamond spark
> In a stone basin fell.
> Above some half-worn letters say,
> 'Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
> For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
> Who built this cross and well.'"

That which is the subject of our cut arrests the attention of most visitors of the ancient city of Lincoln, which, according to tradition, was once the most important town in the kingdom, as "London is now," says M. Jorevin, who wrote in the time of Charles the Second, "and as York *is expected to be* at some future period."

The aspect of the building is singular. In his 'Picturesque Antiquities' of Lincoln, Britton says—"This curious little edifice, adjoining the church of St Mary-le-Wickford, in the High street, serves as a reservoir for water." It is thus noticed by Leland:—"There lay in a chapel at the White Freeres, a rich marchaunt caulled Ranulphus de Kyme, whose image was thens taken and set up at the south ende of the new Castelle of the Conducte

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of Water in Wickerford." Thus we find that the conduit was newly built when Leland saw it, about the year 1540; and from his description, and a close examination of the building, it seems probable that the whole materials were brought from the Carmelites, or White Friars, immediately after the destruction of that house, which stood on the opposite side of the street. The statute of Ranulph de Kyme continued to lay where Leland found it, until the churchyard was rebuilt about ten years ago (1826), when the conduit was repaired; it was then set up at the back of the conduit, together with another sepulchral effigy, which had also laid upon the wall. The appearance of this little structure is that of a chapel; and the ornamental tracery, niches, and other carved works on its sides look like the fragments of some richly-decorated chantry, perhaps of one built by *Ranulph de Kyme himself at the White Friars*. The two stone balls, which so unsuitably terminate the points of the gables, were probably set up in 1672, when the conduit was repaired, as appears by the date inscribed on the south end. The situation of this curious piece of antiquity, in a public and spacious street, makes it much noticed by strangers. It is now in a substantial state of repair, and may stand for centuries, unless some notion of *improvement* should occasion its demolition.

RECEPTION OF A MATRIMONIAL AMBASSADOR TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IMMEDIATELY after the succession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne all the royal fortune-hunters in Europe were on the *qui vive* to gain her hand. Among the aspirants was Eric, the eldest son of Gustavus I, King of Sweden. His brother John, Duke of Finland, came over to this country in 1559 to attempt to negotiate a marriage between Eric and the Queen. There is in the State Paper office a letter from Sir Henry Knolles, who was appointed to receive the prince. His account of what passed on the occasion is interesting. The following is a copy of the letter above-mentioned:—

"Syr, "1559.

"At 7 of the clocke yn the mornyng, thys day, y came unto Harwyche: and at 9 of the clocke, after y had taryed together with Sir Thomas Smythe yn the Duke's hall more than halff an howre, y was admytted unto the Duke's presens; who, syttyng yn a chayre withowt movyng hymselff, offered me hys hande,—as yt semed by the maner of the holdyng theroff, to kysse. But y that had bene otherwyse brought up then to kysse the hand of ony subject, other than of the parentage of my naturall prynce, after y had with reverens kyssed myn owne hande y joyned my hande with hys, accordyng to the maner of thys owr natyve countre.

"The Queen's messag he receaved very thankfully, but her mageste's lettres he loked not on at that present; only he sayd he wolde take a tyme to delyberat, and then make me furder answer. All that y spake yn declaryng how moche the Quene's hyghnes rejoysed on hys behalff that he had escaped the perylls of the seas, and was now saffly arryved wythin her Mageste's realme, he ynterrupted yt even as co[urtly] lovers doe; applyeng yt all together for a testymony of the Quene's good ynclynatyon towardes the lykyng of hys Embassade: wheryn he taryed so moche, that y was marveylously perplexyd, feryngdest that upon occasyon of my wordes, he wolde take holde towardes a promyse of some yncovenyentsey. Wherfor, after he had ended hys tale, y said that yt was the maner not only of the Quene's hyghnes that now ys, but also of all her Mageste's progenytors, at what tyme ony noble prynce, estate as he was, came hether to see other the realme or theyr personne, allways to receive them most thankfully; and to omytt no maner of curteysy, or favor, wherby they myght ether doe them honor, or shew them ony pleasure. Whereunto when he replyed nothyng, I toke my leave of hym for that tyme.

"After dynner, my lorde of Oxforde had hym forthe on hawkyng, and shewed hym great sporte, kyllyng yn hys syght both faysant and partrych; wheryn he semed to take great pleasure. Towardes nyght, as he came homewardes, y was so bolde to enqwyre of him whether yt wolde please hym to use my servyce ony longer here; or otherwyse, yn case y sholde retorne, whether hys pleasure were y sholde say ony thyng on hys beheliff unto the Quene's Magesty? He answered that he entended to wryte unto her hyghnes; and what tyme he delyvered me hys lettres y sholde knowe furder what to say. Afterwards, yn talke of hys removyng towardes London, y was very desyrous (by rayson of the dowtfulnes that he kept all men yn so longe tyme), to know when he entended to take hys jorny that way. Wheruntò he answered that, by rayson hys horse[s] were ympayred throughe the noysomnes of the seas, they were not yet able to serve hym; but after 4 or 5 days he thought he sholde be redy to goe. Thus moche y thought yt my duty to sygnyfye unto you by lettres, yn as moche as y am deteined, myselff, longer then my tyme appoynted: wheryn also y truste you wyll declare myn excuse unto the Quene's Magesty. Thus, after myn humble commendatyons, I pray God assiste you

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allways with hys grace, to hys glory, and the honor of the Quene. From Harwyche, the 27th of Decembre.

"Your poor frende,

"H. KNOLLES."

ON METALLO-CHROMES AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. V.

(*Continued from page* 242.)

We mentioned in our last article that if arrangements are made for preventing the liberation of hydrogen at the negative plate of a voltaic pair, considerable increase is given to the electro-motive force. Mr Daniell accomplished this by providing for this plate a solution containing an element for which nascent hydrogen has an affinity; or, to speak more correctly, by introducing a binary compound for one of the elements of which nascent hydrogen has a greater affinity than the other element has. The binary compound which he employs is oxide of copper, consisting of oxygen and copper: the hydrogen, under such influence, instead of being liberated, combines with the oxygen of this oxide, forming water, and the metal copper is set free and deposited on the negative plate. The oxide of copper, as employed for this purpose, is dissolved in sulphuric acid and water, constituting the salt popularly called sulphate of copper, and known in commerce under the name of blue vitriol.

The zinc plate of the pair must, on no account, be in this solution; because zinc having a greater affinity for the acid than copper has, the latter metal would be thrown down upon the zinc, and there set up an infinity of local actions, which would soon destroy the zinc plate, as well as interfere with the main action. Therefore, to complete the arrangement, the zinc plate is excited with dilute sulphuric acid, while the copper (for it is folly now to employ platinum, since it will immediately be covered with copper) is in the solution of sulphate of copper. The solutions are kept separate by a porous tube or diaphragm of plaster, clay, membrane, paper, &c.; and thus we have Daniell's constant battery. A few sulphate crystals are suspended in the copper solution, in order to maintain its strength unimpaired.

One step more, and we have the most powerful voltaic combination known, viz., "Grove's Nitric Acid Battery." In this arrangement the negative plate, which must be of platinum, is immersed in strong nitric acid, and the positive or zinc plate in diluted sulphuric acid as before. Nitric acid parts with its oxygen much more readily than does oxide of copper, and it is of itself a very excellent conductor of electricity, approaching the metals in this respect. These two properties combined make it a valuable material for exciting voltaic action.

There are other voltaic arrangements besides the above, but these have been selected as the most important in themselves, and the best fitted to illustrate the principles by which the philosopher is guided in constructing voltaic elements of various degrees of energy. It is almost superfluous to add, that each of these forms is subject to the modification of being in good or in bad action, according as the exciting liquids are fresh or exhausted. It is equally obvious that the power of each is in proportion to its electro-motive force; and that one can do more work than the other. But there is another condition which is not so obvious; it is that one can do work which the other cannot do at all. It might at first sight seem possible that the weaker forces might do the work of the stronger, if they were allowed time; as is the case with mechanical forces. Not so: each has a limit, beyond which it cannot pass. And now, as we come to illustrate this point, we reach the main subject of the present notices.

For instance: a cell of the constant battery, with platinum wires dipping into acid water, in a second vessel, has no power to decompose this water; a cell of the nitric acid battery decomposes it slightly. A battery, excited with pure water, falls very far behind the weakest acid battery in its decomposing power. But there is no limit to the power of each form, when we increase the number of elements; that is, when we take several pairs and connect them in series one with the other, having the positive plate of one connected with the negative plate of the other. A series of *three* nitric acid pairs, or *seven* constant pairs, gives about the best number for decomposing water; if we wish to employ any multiple of these numbers, they are most advantageously placed in multiple series. *One* constant cell is sufficient to decompose the solution of oxide of copper. Perhaps there is no better means of acquiring a general idea of the principles which actuate the production of metallo-chromes, than to take a single cell of the constant battery, and exercise its action on compound solutions under various circumstances. We will take up this point in our next.

(*To be continued.*)

Military Surgery.—The 'Berwick Warder' mentions that Professor Sir George Ballingall has this year awarded his prize in the class of military surgery, university of Edinburgh, to Mr Alexander Cahill, son of Dr Cahill.

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ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VI.—LOTTERIES.

(*Continued from page* 245.)

THE gambling propensities of our grandfathers was in no way more apparent than in the complete success of the lottery system, by many considered one of the most iniquitous and most baneful measures that a government ever sanctioned for the raising of the ways and means of the year. When the expenses of the long war had considerably drained the coffers of the exchequer, and the ministry were looking round for an expedient which would replenish them, a proposal for raising a public lottery was suggested and instantly acted upon. The chance for a twenty or thirty thousand pound prize was too dazzling, and the tickets were bought up almost as soon as they were issued; nay, scarcely had the "scheme" of a fresh lottery been announced in the 'Gazette,' before the offices of the agents, to whom distribution of the tickets fell, were besieged by impatient applicants. The rage for lottery tickets was a species of monomania with which few people were not infected—from the nobleman who could afford to purchase "a whole ticket," to the servant who raised a few shillings to buy "a sixteenth." Long and serious was the consideration in the choice of an agent. Hazard was a famous name—he had sold the twenty thousand prize in the last lottery; but then Goodluck had a more propitious sound. The case was perplexing, and the anxious speculator long wavered in doubt and hesitation, till a glance at the long list of "Prizes sold by Bish!!!" in former lotteries decided his choice, and to Bish's office accordingly he hied. But then interposes another momentous question—what number shall he choose? Three is lucky, so is twelve,—seven is unlucky; no, it shall be twelve—or he will consult a friend who has been fortunate in his former selections. He chose Tom Brown's number for him, and it was a prize; he advised Jack Smith in his purchase, and it turned up a thousand pounds. Such was the general manner of selecting a number in the purchase of a lottery ticket; but occasionally a fortune-teller was consulted, and the figures which she pretended to discern, and which the superstition of her dupe readily pointed out, in the grounds of tea or the formation of the fire, were instantly noted down, and the ticket whose number corresponded, anxiously secured. This is no exaggerated picture—the recollections of many of my readers will testify to its truth. The superstition and credulity of lottery speculators were truly ridiculous; —a squinting woman, auguring ill luck, was the most hideous demon they could encounter, whilst a man labouring under the same obliquity, and who was supposed to import good fortune, became a very angel in their eyes. Dreams were held in high estimation. Then, if a crumb fell from the table on the morning of "the drawing," what losses did it not portend!

But the eventful day which was to decide the fortune of thousands—pregnant with joy to some, and misery to many, many more, now approaches, and the sanguine possessor of a lottery ticket—and already the fancied possessor of a prize of twenty thousand pounds—disdains to walk to the scene of his anticipated triumph, and hires a hackney-coach from the nearest stand to carry him to Guildhall. What, walk! he—the holder of a ticket which will soon be drawn a prize—psha!—"coach! coach!—to Guildhall, jarvey, and fast too!" How crowded is the old hall with anxious faces—some beaming with hope, others betraying a mixed feeling—half hope, half fear; others, again, bent seriously on the ground, the owners evidently wondering "when the drawing will commence." See—the sleeves of the bluecoat-boy, who is to draw the prizes, are turned up at the wrist—and why is this? to prevent his concealing, as he was once suspected of doing, a prize beneath his cuff. And now the wheel revolves—a prize is drawn!—what number?—hark! —silence there—ha! is it possible?—Yes; yonder buxom servant, whose joy reflects its lively expression upon her smiling face, is the happy possessor of twelve hundred pounds—a sixteenth of the prize! That babe who is fretting and screaming in its mother's arms is the all unconscious owner of another portion—and a long history the proud mother has to tell to the surrounding crowd about that same screaming babe; how that she had purchased the ticket with the money which she had saved up when "in service"—how she had held him forth and allowed his little hand to dive among the tickets, and how he drew forth from the mass the identical one that had obtained the prize. But hark! something withdraws the attention of her audience—a buzz has recommenced at the upper end of the hall; but now everything is hushed. Once more the wheel of fortune revolves, and, this time, is drawn—a blank! Note yonder man who has been straining and stretching his neck to hear the number pronounced, he is the possessor of the ticket. Poor fellow! mark his countenance—how the ray of hope which had previously illumined it disappears on the announcement. This was his last attempt; for years he had been hoarding up a little money for a risk in this lottery, and now he has lost his all! Equally unsuccessful were all his former attempts,

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and now this, which had been the constant subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night—this, which, he had fondly hoped, would double, a hundred times, the money he had lost before—this, for which he had denied himself the few luxuries which his scanty means would have enabled him to enjoy—this for the issue of which he had induced his importunate creditors to wait—this last chance lost, his last hope was blighted! The mind, so suddenly and abruptly deprived of its only consolation, gives way before the shock, and madness and suicide succeed.

This is one of the frightful evils which the existence of state lotteries engendered; in many cases they rendered the unfortunate speculator a manaic and a suicide—in many more they encouraged dishonesty and crime. Several of the agents, or "lottery-office keepers," as they were called, had a small room at the back of their shops in which they pursued the lucrative but illegal business of "insuring numbers." Thus, a person having a superstitious prejudice in favour of any particularly propitious number, would, on payment of a shilling to the agent, effect an insurance on it, by which, in the event of its being drawn a prize, he would receive a certain sum of money. This practice, which was in fact a lottery on a smaller scale, was strictly prohibited by the government, as it superseded in some degree the purchase of the tickets, those persons who were ill able to procure them investing a shilling in this speculation. The consequence was, that these illicit proceedings were carried on in a surreptitious manner, the door being carefully secured against intruders before the agent would enter upon the insurance. But it was capable of being rendered a means of the most dishonest practices. Persons who were in the habit of attending the drawing of the lotteries frequently had their agents posted like telegraphs along the street, and the instant a prize was drawn, a messenger was sent to communicate the number to the first of these living telegraphs. The information was rapidly conveyed along the line till it reached the last, who forthwith hastened to the nearest office and insured the number; in a few minutes the agent received intelligence by some less rapid mode of communication that it was a prize, and the sum insured was afterwards distributed among the accomplices in this dishonest act.

Thus the lottery scheme was capable of being perverted to the worst purposes, and a quarter of a century ago the parliament, taking into consideration the ruin and misery which it entailed, and the crime which it encouraged, passed an act abolishing it and declaring it illegal, and the termination of the war rendered this ill-advised means of procuring funds unnecessary and needless.

Some of the stories told of omens and lucky dreams, as connected with lottery doings, were too extravagant to merit notice, but some of the coincidences really witnessed were not a little remarkable. One well-attested fact obtained some publicity. A man felt persuaded that the number 27 would win the twenty or thirty thousand pound prize. On rising one morning he had remarked that number on the door of a house opposite. Just then a hackney-coach passed, distinguished by the same figures, and this was on the 27th of the month. Several other incidents tended in like manner to stamp that particular number on his mind. He actively set to work to buy as many shares as he could obtain. His friends remonstrated on the folly of being so positive on the subject, but nothing could shake his conviction. The day of drawing having at length arrived, a knock was heard at the door. "There is news of my ticket," said he. A stranger inquired for him by name. "Walk in," called out the adventurer, "I know the business you come about." The person entered, and it proved that he was really sent to announce to the confident speculator that his ticket had won the great prize!

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

MAHOMET'S BIRTHDAY.

THIS day, April 27th, is a great day with the followers of Mahomet. All good Mussulmans join to honour the prophet, and pomp and festivity are called in to the aid of religion, that nothing may be wanting that can be grateful to the *manes* of the founder of their religion. We give a description of the celebration at Constantinople two years ago, April 27, 1842:—

As the Mussulman day commences with sun-set, its last rays had scarcely disappeared behind the heights of Daoud Pacha, now crowned with the green tents of the numerous battalions encamped around the barracks, ere a salute from all the ships and batteries announced the approaching holy night. Shortly, also, the clusters of lamps that entwine the circular galleries of the minerets on both sides of the harbour and Bosphorus, were gradually lighted, and sparkled like groups of stars in the darkness; the imperial mosque of St Sofia, Achmet, Mahomet, Soliman, Osman, the Princes, the Sultan Mother, and others, being distinguished from the rest not only by their commanding position, but by their double and triple illuminated galleries, whence the Muesin chant forth the call to prayer. The front of the imperial Cannon-gate (Top Kapou) at Seraglio-point, those of the Arsenal and Custom

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house, those of the Sultana's and Pacha's palaces, and of all public buildings, being likewise adorned with illuminated festoons and devices, surrounded with transparencies, formed a scattered but pleasing spectacle, when seen from the water or from the summit of the adjacent eminences.

The dawn of the festival was ushered in with salutes similar to those that announced the close of the previous day. Then all was bustle and movement throughout the vast city and its suburbs.

At Beiram it is customary for the Sultan to proceed to the mosque in time for first or dawn prayer, but the festival of the Mevlood being of human and not of divine institution, regular prayers are not performed. The propitious moment for the ceremony is selected between the morning and mid-day prayers (Sabahh and Euily Namazy), the one said to have first been practised by Adam, and the other by Abraham. The Sultan therefore quitted his palace of Beshiktash, after performing his devotions privately, and then proceeded *incognito* (tebdil) in his fourteen-oared hark to the gate at Seraglio-point, whence he ascended to the hall of audience. Here his imperial Majesty held a levee, to which were admitted the vizier, moufti, grand dignitaries of state, and all persons entitled to the privileges of the rikhiab, kissing hands, or more properly speaking slippers, the same honour being paid to the Sultan's foot by Moslems, as to that of his holiness at Rome by Catholics. Each individual having made his obeisance in the prescribed form, by doing homage on both knees, and touching the imperial slipper with his forehead, they withdrew, and mounting their horses, left in the outer court, placed themselves in their proper places in the procession—those of inferior rank in front, and those of higher grade nearest the imperial person, which is always immediately preceded by the vizier, Sheik ul Islam, and captain pacha, and followed by the master of the horse and kislar aghassi, or, in the absence of the latter, by his deputy, the kapou khassekissy (private guardian, or agent of the gate). The grand marshal Reza Pacha having announced that all was prepared, the Sultan descended into the first court, and being assisted to mount his charger by the master of the horse, the bands struck up the imperial march, composed for the late Sultan by the brother of the celebrated Donizetti, who is director of the Podischah's music. The procession then commenced to file through the different courts, and thence under the great gate of the old seraglio, contiguous to Santa Sofia.

According to the injunctions of Sultan Mourad, the founder, it was directed that the dresses worn by all persons should be less brilliant than those exhibited at Beiram. Upon reaching the gate leading into the square enclosed court opposite the grand entrance of the mosque, all present dismount, and entering, take the places assigned to them by the master of the ceremonies, under the superintendence of the kislar aghassi, whose place is upon a raised cushion near the small stairs which conduct to the Sultan's gallery.

Upon this occasion the chief of the emirs, or Prophet's kin, and who is one of the highest ullemahs, receives distinguished honours. He is seated upon a green cushion of state, under a species of green canopy, close to the pulpit of the sheiks, or first preachers, the deans of the cathedral. He is attired in his green caftan and head shawl, and is guarded by a body of Cavass, all Prophet's kin, and likewise distinguished by green ornaments and shawls twisted round their fez.

Before the Sultan reaches the mosque each person is seated; therefore, immediately upon his imperial Majesty ascending the private back stairs conducting to his gallery, the lattices are thrown open and the whole assembly rise. The Grand Vizier and Sheik ul Islam step forward and bow to the sovereign. The whole assembly make a similar obeisance, and the lattices being again closed, all re-seat themselves, and the ceremony commences. This consists, firstly, of an oration or eulogium of the Prophet, divided into three parts. The first portion upon this occasion was delivered from the pulpit called Kursee, by the Sheik of St Sofia, who takes precedence of all others, and may be considered as the metropolitan; the second was recited by the Sheik of Achmet, and the third by the Sheik of Nouri Osmanich (the light of Osmar), whose turn it was to perform this duty. In the middle of each portion of this panegyrical discourse, and not between the intervals, the two senior capidgi basshi (chamberlains of the household) present to the Sultan a vase and ewer filled with rose-water, which the one pours over his hands, whilst the other offers a richly embroidered towel, and then two other chamberlains wave before him cassolets of silver, filled with burning aloe wood. At the same time a number of tchokadar besshi (grooms of the chamber) step forward with similar ewers and cassolets, and offer rose-water and perfumes to the vizier, and all the ullemahs and dignitaries. When each sheik has terminated his portion of the eulogium, he descends from the kursee, and is met by officers (eunuchs) attached to the kislar aghassi, who compliment him, and present him with a pelisse of honour lined with rich furs, and a purse of gold.

This being ended, the muezins of the mosque, who occupy the lofty gallery allotted to them on the southern side of the

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great dome, chant forth a hymn of praise to the Prophet. When they have finished, a body of other singers, stationed in a species of movable pulpit, recite in chorus the psalms and prayers selected for the occasion; and this being ended, the Mevlood-Khananbir ascends the pulpit and recites the Mevloodich. In the midst of this the Hademeh, who perform the duties of the ancient battle-axe guard, attired in their green and gold uniforms and state caps, surmounted with immense plumes, set aside their axes and advance with a number of trays, some covered with a variety of sweatmeats and preserves of the rarest kinds in baskets and crystal vases, and others laden with bowls of the finest sherbets in season. Two of these trays are then placed before each of the grand dignitaries and first rank ullemahs. These trays are afterwards carried with their contents by the servants of the mosque to the respective abodes of those to whom they are presented. Similar trays of exquisite form and immense size are likewise offered by the kislar aghassi to the sultan, to whom they are presented by the first officer of the seraglio. The latter are then conveyed to the palace, and are destined to be distributed to the seven kadins (or wives), or to such favourites as the sultan may choose to distinguish. Those gifts are said to excite nearly as much jealousy and satisfaction as the portions of lamb or mutton distributed at Beiram.

During the chanting of the Mevloodich, at the moment when the Prophet's name is first pronounced, the "Harbinger of Peace," steps forward with the Scheriff's reply to the annual complimentary letter, which he holds up in its embroidered green cover above his head. At this signal the whole assembly arise in silence—not a breath is heard but the deep-toned voice of the officiating Mevlood Khanan. The first secretary of the Grand Vizier then advances towards the bearer of the letter, and beckons him to approach. The latter obeys, and passing to the side of the Vizier, delivers his all precious charge into his hands, which the Vizier respectfully receives, and then hands it over to the Reis Effendi. A pause then ensues, during which the grand marshal and master of ceremonies, the messenger and first chamberlain silently step forward, and proceed with the Reis Effendi to the seat of the kislar aghassi. The latter then takes the letter from the hands of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and ascending the stairs of the Sultan's gallery, presents it to the sovereign, who breaks the seal, and reads the contents. Having done so, his Imperial Majesty returns it to the Kislar Aghassi, who re-delivers it to the Reis Effendi, by whom it is placed in the archives of his department, or rather in that of the State Paper office. At this moment dresses of honour, or equivalent presents of great value, are given by the Sultan to the chief of the eunuchs, who, in his turn, presents similar gifts to the bearer of the letter, to the singers of the Mevloodich, to the Reis Effendi, and other persons who assisted in bearing the letter to the foot of the royal gallery. This being done, and the Mevloodich being terminated, the whole assembly resume their seats, and following the voice of one of the Imams, recite a short prayer, with which the church ceremony closes.

The whole of the vast multitude then retire in silence, and resume their places in the procession. The Sultan, when all are mounted, descends from his gallery, and in a short time the gorgeous cavalcade returns to the seraglio nearly in the same order as that pointed out for its passage to the mosque.

THE FRENCH CHURCH IN EDWARD STREET, SOHO.

We commonly witness the fall of old buildings with regret. In this case it would hardly be rational to do so, as the church in Edward street is unworthy of its highly respectable minister and congregation; and it will only be abandoned that a more suitable temple may receive those who have been accustomed to worship there. The establishment did not grow out of the cruel folly of that inhuman royal quack, Louis XIV, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes, as has been supposed, but was founded at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It was in July, 1661, that it adopted the liturgy of the English church, and had the little chapel in the Savoy granted by the monarch (succeeding the Dukes of Savoy, who built it) for its worship. In the same year the king further endowed the ministers with 60*l.* a year, as a new mark of his royal approbation, which pension is received to the present day. The revocation of the edict of Nantes occurred twenty-five years after this, 21st October, 1685, and 150,000 French families were forced to seek refuge in foreign lands. Of these nearly 80,000 individuals came to England, and about 15,000 of the number took up their abodes in the quarter of the town about Soho square. The arrival of these refugees could not fail greatly to increase the congregation of the Savoy. It in consequence becoming too numerous for the little chapel, the clergy rented from the vestry of St Martin's the Greek church in Crown street, Soho square (formerly Hog lane), and moved thither. About 1690, the same increase continuing, they took the church annexed to the Savoy, in Spring gardens, which was soon after burnt

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down, and rebuilt at the cost of the Savoy consistory. Until 1734, the service was regularly and simultaneously performed in these three places—the Savoy chapel, the Greek church, and that in Spring gardens; all under the same direction and control. At this time the Savoy fell into such dilapidation that it was obliged to be closed; and there were no funds for its repairs. In 1790 also terminated the occupancy of the Spring gardens' place of worship; and the French Protestant church was reduced to the single building in Crown street, Soho. King George III, on ascending the throne, renewed the grant of the Savoy; but their poverty compelled the French to cede their rights therein to the German Protestants in 1773. In 1822, the Greek church was given up for that now in use in Edward street, Soho, a place by no means remarkable for its fitness. It is narrow and gloomy, and on entering it the inhabitant of London is startled at seeing a large black clock with yellow figures, such as is commonly seen in the tap room of an old public house. Arrangements are making for placing the church in a better neighbourhood, and we are glad to see it mentioned in the 'Literary Gazette,' that the *Eglise Protestante Episcopale Francaise de Londres* is offered every facility in their power to accomplish this desirable object by her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and that a piece of ground is likely to be secured for a site in the space lately cleared at the south end of Charlotte street, Bloomsbury.

DEATHS OF AGED PERSONS.

THOUGH the winter just closed has not been very severe, it has proved most fatal to many old persons. Two remarkable cases we find in the last 'Berwick Warder.' —"James Stuart, who called himself a descendant from royalty, and whose name has several times been lately brought before the public, breathed his last on Thursday week. He was born in the time of George I, or early in the reign of George II, for he had reached the great age of 116 years and three months. Even now, it is said, his time could scarcely yet be said to have come in the course of nature, for his death was the result of an injury in the hip joint, occasioned by a fall on Thursday last week. In his anxiety to get out of doors, to enjoy the recent sunny weather, his foot got entangled, and he was thrown down. Any injury, however slight, was almost sure to have proved fatal, and accordingly the utmost care and skill were unavailing."

We are glad to learn from the respectable journal we have quoted, that the last days of the veteran were comfortable.

"On the Tuesday morning before his death his senses appeared perfectly acute —and his appetite undiminished. He called to his wife and asked in a gurgling voice for his breakfast, eating a little bread and treacle to his tea. Shortly after he had finished it he requested a gill of beer, which his wife went to purchase, and in her absence the old man gave vent to an expression of displeasure at her delay in bringing it—saying he thought she had gone to Berwick for it. On Tuesday one of the last ordinances of the church to which he belonged were administered to him—after that morning, recollection and observation only recurred at fitful intervals. On Wednesday his son visited him —and was recognised by the old man. He has three daughters living—one at Alnwick, one at Lowick, and another at Rennington.

"It may be satisfactory to know, now that all poor Jamie's wanderings have ceased, that the fund, which the kindness of a few munificent individuals (including our gracious Sovereign, and several of the leading names in the land) had placed at the disposal of Mr Jaffray, bookseller, in Berwick, and ourselves, has amply sufficed to smooth the last asperities in his path; and the old man lately bestowed his blessing on Mr Jaffray, and said, 'That he hadna been sae weel aff *this hunder year.*' The most vigilant means were adopted of administering to him the comforts best suited to his peculiar case. And it must be stated that his wife, who is his junior by whole generations, tended and kept him with care and assiduity truly exemplary. He was buried on the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th inst. Above two thousand persons assembled at Tweedmouth churchyard. His coffin bore the inscription, 'James Stuart, aged 116.' According to his own statement he was born on Christmas-day, in the year 1728.

The other death we have to mention took place at Dunbar, on the 6th instant, Mrs J. Reaburn, aged ninety-two. Mrs R. was a most rigid Cameronian, and retained in her possession the flag of the covenant, which was borne by her grandfather at the battle of Bothwell Brig. Although somewhat tattered, still all the emblems and inscriptions are perfectly legible. The old lady prized it beyond rubies, and has transmitted it as an heir-loom to her family. Many have heard, with much pleasure, Mrs Reaburn recite the events of that stern Presbyterian period, and fight all the battles of her ancestors o'er again with the most sincere and romantic enthusiasm, declaring that unless the stern principles of that eventful era were adopted her native country was in a state of heathenism, and would never prosper.

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Arms. Sa. a chev., or, between three stags' scalps and attires, ar.
Crest. On a mount, ppr., a stag, lodged, regardant, ar.
Supporters. On each side a lion, erm., collared, dau cettée, vert.
Motto. "*Prodesse quam conspici.*" "To do good rather than be conspicuous."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SOMERS.

Cocks, the family name of this noble house, was known in Kent early in the reign of Edward I. Its wearers were of importance in that county till their removal to Gloucestershire in the reign of Henry VIII.

Thomas Cocks, Esq., of Bishop's Cleve, in the county of Gloucester, married Elizabeth, daughter of —— Holland, of Lancashire, by whom he had ten sons and three daughters, and was succeeded, at his decease, in 1601, by his second, then his eldest, surviving son, Richard. This gentleman purchased the estate of Castleditch, in Herefordshire, and settled there. He married Judith, daughter and co-heiress of John Eliot, Esq., of London, by whom he had two sons, Thomas and Richard; the former succeeded to his estates at his death. He married Anne, daughter of Ambrose Elton, Esq., of Ledbury, in the county of Hereford, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. On his decease he was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who, dying unmarried, the property came to his second son, the Rev. Thomas Cocks, of Castleditch, who died in 1724, leaving an only daughter and heiress, who became the wife of her cousin, John Cocks. The youngest of the five sons of Thomas Cocks, above mentioned, in 1692 represented the city of Worcester in parliament, and the borough of Droitwich afterwards,. He married Mary, daughter of John Somers, Esq., of Clifton-upon-Severn, in the county of Worcester, and sister and co-heiress of John, Lord Somers, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, whose honours expired at his lordship's death in 1716. The issue of this marriage was two sons and three daughters. The youngest daughter married Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and created Lord Hardwicke. Mr Cocks was succeeded by his eldest son, James Cocks, Esq., of Bruckmans, in the county of Hertford, and M.P. for Rye-gate, who married, first, in 1718, Lady Elizabeth Newport, eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Bradford; but by that lady he had no issue. His second wife was Anne, youngest daughter of William, fourth Lord Berkeley of Stratton. At his death he was succeeded by his only child, James Cocks, Esq., who was killed at Cas, on the French coast, in 1758. He was unmarried, and in consequence the estate reverted to his uncle, John Cocks, Esq., of Castleditch, who had obtained that seat by marrying his cousin, Mary Cocks, above mentioned, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Cocks. Twelve children were the offspring of this marriage—ten sons and two daughters. Mr Cocks died June 24, 1771, when his eldest son, Charles Cocks, Esq., of Castleditch, succeeded to the estate. He was born June 29, 1725, represented Rye in parliament, and was created a baronet September 19, 1772, and raised to the peerage May 17, 1784, by the title of Lord Somers, Bart., of Evesham, in the county of Worcester. He married, first, August 2, 1759, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Eliot, Esq., of Port Eliot, county of Cornwall, and sister of Edward, first Lord Eliot. She died January 1, 1771, leaving issue John Somers, the late peer, and Edward Charles, who was unfortunately drowned in the fourteenth year of his age, in 1781, while at Westminster school, and two daughters. By a second marriage, May 20, 1772, his lordship had another family of two sons and a daughter. His death took place January 30, 1806, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, John Somers, second baron, who was born May 6, 1760, and created Viscount Eastnor and Earl Somers, July 17, 1821. He was lord lieutenant of Herefordshire, recorder of Gloucester, and high

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steward of Hereford. He married, first, March 18, 1785, Margaret, only daughter of the Rev. Treadway Russell Nash, D.D. This lady died February 19, 1821, leaving issue three sons, Edmund, Charles, John Somers, and James Somers. The first, born in 1786, was killed in the Peninsular war, at the assault of Burgos, October 8, 1812. He was unmarried. The second became the wearer of the title. The third, born January 9, 1790, is in holy orders. The Earl was married a second time, June 3, 1834, to his cousin Jane, daughter of James Cocks, Esq., and relict of the Rev. George Waddington. He died in 1841, when his son John Somers Cocks came to the title. The present peer married, February 4, 1815, Caroline Harriet, youngest daughter of Philip, third Earl of Hardwicke, by whom he has issue Charles Somers, born July 14, 1819, and three daughters.

VEGETABLE DIET DEFENDED.

A PAMPHLET has appeared by a Dr W. A. Alcott, of Boston, in the U. S. It is hardly enough to call it a defence of vegetable diet; the writer goes the length not merely of strongly insisting on the importance and value of it, but almost, if not wholly, denounces the use of animal food. The style of the Doctor is peculiar. Some of his Americanisms almost puzzle us to decide on their exact meaning; but not to dwell on trifles, we owe it to him to say his little book is written with a kindly feeling which gives it a claim to respectful consideration. He brings together a body of evidence in support of his theory. He shows that in some cases the advantages of flesh eating are illusory; that a stimulus is given for a time, which eventually fails, and leaves the balance of strength and enjoyment on the side of the man who is content with vegetable fare. In many circumstances of difficulty and danger he maintains that vegetable food has preserved life. He says:—

"It is now pretty generally known that Howard, the philanthropist, was, for about forty years, a vegetable eater, subsisting for much of this time on bread and tea, and that he went through every form of exposure to disease, contagious and non-contagious, perfectly unharmed. And had it not been for other physical errors than those which pertain to diet, I know of no reason why his life might not have been preserved many years longer—perhaps to this time.

"The Rev. Josiah Brewer, now a missionary in Smyrna, has been very much exposed to disease, and, like Mr Howard, to the plague itself; and yet I am not aware that he has ever had a single sick day as the consequence of his exposure. I do not know with certainty that he abstains entirely from flesh meat, but he is said to be rigidly temperate in other respects.

"Those who have read Rush's 'Inquiries' and other writings, are aware that he was very much exposed to the yellow fever in Philadelphia, during the years in which it prevailed there. Now there is great reason for believing that he owed his exemption from the disease, in part at least, to his great temperance.

"Mr James, a teacher in Siberia, in Africa, had abstained for a few years from animal food, prior to his going out to Africa. Immediately after his arrival there, and during the sickly season, one of his companions who went out with him died of the fever. Mr James was attacked slightly, but recovered.

"Another vegetable-eater—the Rev. Mr Crocker—went out to a sickly part of Africa some years since, and has remained at his station thus far in perfect health, while many of his friends have sickened or died.

"General Thomas Sheldon, a vegetable-eater, has spent several years in the most sickly parts of the southern United States, with an entire immunity from disease; and he gives it as his opinion that it is no matter where we are so that our dietetic and other habits are correct.

"Mr G. McElroy, of Kentucky, spent several months of the most sickly season in the most unhealthy parts of Africa, in the year 1835, and yet enjoyed the best of health the whole time. While there, and on his passage home, he abstained wholly from animal food, living on rice and other farinaceous vegetables and fruits."

Ancient history and modern experience he boldly arrays on his side of the question:—

"The Jews of Palestine, two thousand years ago, lived chiefly on vegetable food. Flesh, of certain kinds, was indeed admissible by their law; but, except at their feasts, and on special occasions, they ate chiefly bread, milk, honey, and fruits.

"Laurence says that 'the Greeks and Romans, in the periods of their greatest simplicity, manliness, and bravery, appear to have lived almost entirely on plain vegetable preparations."

"The Irish of modern days, as well as the Scotch, are confined almost wholly to vegetable food. So are the Italians, the Germans, and many other nations of modern Europe. Yet, where shall we look for finer specimens of bodily health, strength, and vigour, than in these countries? The females especially—where shall we look for their equals? The men even—the Scotch and Irish for example—are they weaker than their brethren, the English, who use more animal food?"

Nor does he stop here; the Doctor proceeds to show the moral evil resulting from the slaughter of animals, and would have the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," regarded as applicable to depriving the brute creation of existence!

The tenderness which would spare all living creatures unnecessary pain, we are disposed to applaud; but we cannot help thinking that if man have a right to exist himself, he has a right to take the lives of

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the inferior animals. The good Doctor is eloquent against the pain inflicted on the victims; but he does not show how this can be avoided. If all mankind were with one accord to refuse to eat flesh, he does not tell how the millions of animals which would soon over-run the land, are to be provided for, so that they could live and rejoice in living. Shockingly, we are free to admit, as man frequently abuses his high charge, we are by no means convinced that it would be better for the brute creation if he were away, or his habits wholly changed. To say nothing of the fury with which some would tear others to pieces, we would ask on what are they to feed? If told "on vegetables," taking it for granted that there would be plenty for them as well as for man, largely increased as his consumption would be in the case supposed, we would request Dr Alcott to look at some of these vegetables through a microscope, and then perhaps he will find them teeming with life, and discover myriads of living creatures, the denizens of that green world, who may be as capable, for aught he can know, of feeling pain as an ox or a sheep, and if so, how can animal destruction be spared?

While we deprecate as hateful and odious anything like contempt for the sufferings of the brute creation, we still hold that were animals left to themselves their wars with each other, the horrors of famine to which they would be exposed at particular seasons, and the state of miserable helplessness which must be their doom in old age, are evils which, were they capable of reasoning on the subject, we should expect they would deem more dreadful than even the butcher's knife and all the horrors of the slaughter house. In spite of his weaknesses and vices he is of some use, and has not inaptly been called the "Constable of nature."

LAST MOMENTS OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.—No. IX.

THE GREAT CONDE.

The Prince of Condé, whose courage and success on the field of battle continue to be the pride of his country, passed a strangely chequered life. At Rocroi he became a renowned conquerer at an age when others only venture to aspire. Alternately the idol of the Parisians and the object of there bitterest hatred, the prop mainly depended upon to support the throne, and the denounced traitor, he experienced greater changes than it falls to the lot of most mortals to know. His course materially changed when he drew near the close of life. Though constantly exposed to the greatest dangers, he had for many years been indifferent to religious matters. He did not make himself the opponent of the Catholic faith, but from the doubts which arose in his mind he neglected its observance. In this state of mind he reached his sixty-fourth year, when he was called to the death-bed of his sister, the Duchess de Longueville. She had not led a most virtuous life, but after being long notorious for her gallantries, in her latter days her penitence and faith made her in the eyes of those about her such a model of piety, that dying they regarded as a saint soaring to heaven rather than a weak sinner sinking into the grave. Her admonitions, when she approached life's goal, made a deep impression on his mind, and her happy departure from the world completed his conversions.

The change in his opinions is said to have produced but little alteration in his habits, as in him philosophy and benevolence had to a great extent done this work of religion.

His health was declining when his grand-daughter, the Duchess de Bourbon, was attacked by the small pox. Condé visited her at Fontainbleau. The air of the sick chamber, added to grief and anxiety, was thought to have tended to shorten his days. He rapidly declined. Louis Joseph de Bourbon thus brings his story to a close:—

"The prince daily grew worse; he heard his approaching dissolution announced by one of the physicians, whom he had requested to speak openly, and without fear, and from that moment devoted himself to the duties of a good father and a pious Christian. He sent for his son and his nephew; the Duchess d'Enghien wished that the Duke de Bourbon might likewise be present, but he would not consent; alleging 'that he was an only son, that his days were precious, and that he ought not to be exposed to the contagion of bad air.' He dictated his will with his accustomed presence of mind. After having satisfied the duties of the father, the master, the prince, and the friend, Condé made a separate bequest o fifty thousand crowns to Gourville. That faithful follower, however, when he had the act legally registered, omitted the legacy to himself; and when the prince, in the most friendly manner, reproached him for this omission, Gourville replied: 'That he was overpaid by the excess of his master's kindness, and that he wished for no other benefit than the good will of the princes, his children.' Condé remembered the poor in his will; neither did he forget the provinces which had suffered by the civil war, though he had before befriended them; and he left fifty thousand crowns to build a parochial church, at Chantilly. Having dictated his last will, he wished to write to the king, but his weakness not allowing him, he dictated a letter, in which, after making protestations of constant attachment to his majesty, he earnestly solicited Louis to permit his nephew, the Prince de Conti, to return to

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court. The prince desired this letter should not be delivered till he should be dead: he then finished settling his affairs, and requested his son, whose tenderness and virtues he well knew, to supply any omission he might have made.

"Toward eleven o'clock at night he dozed in his chair about two hours; when he awoke, he asked for his confessor; but, as father Deschamps had not then arrived, he confessed to father Bergier. That jesuit, as is usual, exhorted him to pardon his enemies: 'Ah!' said the great Condé, 'why speak of pardon; you know I never retained the slightest resentment against any man.'

"Before he could receive the last sacraments, the Catholic religion required that he should make a public apology for the scandal his past infidelity had occasioned. Being too much exhausted to utter this apology himself, his confessor, at his desire, delivered it in the terms that were conformable to custom and Christian humility. He then received the last unction, and his piety was not disturbed by the loud sorrows of his afflicted family.

"Almost immediately after this awful ceremony had taken place, the Duke d'Enghien arrived from Versailles, with the pleasing information that the king, out of respect to the great Condé, pardoned the Prince de Conti. The prince still continued alive to pleasurable emotion, and satisfaction beamed on his dying countenance. He told his son he could not have brought him more pleasing intelligence, and asked for the letter which he had dictated, that his grateful acknowledgments might be added.

"His worldly and Christian duties being now fulfilled, the prince yielded without restraint to paternal tenderness; he soothed and conversed an hour with his son, to whom he had always been tenderly attached; he then asked for the Duchess d'Enghien, and, causing everybody to retire, exhorted the duke and his consort to always live in that harmony by which they had hitherto been united. After giving them advice, founded on the experience of an eventful life, he embraced his children with that touching effusion of sensibility which never dies in the virtuous and feeling heart; they kneeled at his feet, drowned in tears, and asked his blessing, which he bestowed.

"When the prince said, 'My son, you will soon have no father,' the Duke d'Enghien, who was at his feet, overcome with tenderness and grief, swooned away; on his recovery he threw himself in his father's arms, and conjured the prince 'to forgive him any offence he might have committed.' 'You have been as good a son,' replied Condé, 'as I have endeavoured to be a father.' He then recommended his household to the duke—they requested to see the prince for the last time. Condé did not shrink from the desolating spectacle; he suffered them to come; he was no doubt moved by the grief, consternation, and despair which his numerous attendants displayed, but nothing could shake the stoic fortitude of his soul.

"The fatal moment slowly approached; he asked 'how long he might possibly survive?' and was told, 'that God alone could decide.' He was resigned, recited some prayers, and consoled his afflicted children; his soul was now absorbed in his family and his God. At this awful crisis the Prince de Conti arrived, and the great Condé had the happiness to see him before he died; he begged him to approach, and, embracing his nephew and son, exhorted them always to live united, and to be faithful to God and the king. Those around him, fearing that his sensibility would hasten his dissolution, turned his attention to religion; he dismissed his family, and conversed with father Deschamps, his confessor; but his children entreated to be again admitted, and he could not deny them. He gave directions concerning the manner of his burial to the Duke d'Enghien, renewed his paternal advice, embraced him for the last time, and then begged him to retire, as he felt his strength began to fail. From that moment he only thought of his salvation; he gave the noblest examples of piety and repentance, preserved his understanding to the last moment, and expired on Monday, December 11, at seven in the morning!

"The Duke d'Enghien, who had retired into an adjoining apartment, alarmed by the movement he heard, wished to enter his father's room; he was, however, at first prevented, and conveyed to his apartments, but it was found impossible to retain him; he forced his way to the chamber, knelt at the bedside of his father, whose face was covered with a handkerchief, and exclaimed, while tears flowed in torrents, 'Oh God! is that my father? This is all, then, that remains of that great man!' It was with difficulty they could force him from the excruciating spectacle, which became more heartrending by the presence of the Duchess d'Enghien and the Prince de Conti."

ON THE SUCCESS OF GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Great is illustrious Thumb's renown,
It ought to make the welkin ring;
More giants he has made *come down*,
Than ever fell to Israel's king.

Happy the father of this pet,
To him all rivals must succumb,
For he may boast 'tis his to get,
The London world *beneath his Thumb*.

Pudding on the hills.—A country newspaper gave rather incorrectly a quotation from Croly's 'Cataline.' It ought to have run thus—

"She would stray,
And gaze, when morn was budding on the hills,
As if she saw the stooping pomp of gods."

The *b* in the word budding had a *p* for a substitute, which caused it to read—

"When morn was pudding on the hills."

The compositor excused himself by saying the type had been made all *pie*.

Mechanics of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries.—Mechanism made considerable strides. Albertus Magnus made a speaking head, and an automaton human figure, which arose and opened a door when it was knocked at. Roger Bacon made a mechanical flying pigeon.

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THE LENTEN FAST, AND PROMOTION OF THE FISHERIES.

At the time when Protestantism was contending with the observances of Popery, various orders were issued for the guidance of the clergy and people: among other points that of the "Lent and Fyshe dayes." Dispensations were often given to individuals for eating flesh meat on forbidden days, and licences for particular considerations were given to butchers, enabling them to kill and sell meat at that season.

In the following order there is an apparent desire to avoid giving offence, by sternly commanding an abstinence from the use of flesh as a religious duty, such a reason bordering closely on the principles of Popery. Dearth of food, it was alleged, rendered the fast useful and necessary. The advantage to be derived from the promotion of the fisheries is a much better argument; the statesmen of those days rightly perceiving that encouragement to this branch of national industry as a nursery for seamen was of the highest importance. The document is preserved in the Harleian library.

"After or hartie comendacions. Albeit that in the opinion of all good and obedient subjects it maie wel be thought yt the good lawes, orders, and customes made and used in this Realme, for the due observacion of the lent and fish daies, and or Lres from yere to yere declaring her Maes pr'cise commandment in that behalfe; the matter of ytselfe also, being so agreable wth the nature of or country, environed on all pts with the Sea—very apte to be p'vided and furnished wth Fyshe, and for the use and exercise of Shipping and maryners, being the chefest Fortresse for the defence of the Realme, might be sufficient to cause the same to be duly observed and kepte, yet being given to understand howe neglygently the same hath ben loked into on sundry ptes of this Realme, wherby not only thabuse increaseth and crepeth further and further, to the contempt of the said lawes and commandments, but also by suffering of such licentiousnes ther is raised and growen in sundry places, both a great dearth and scarcitie of victualls, to the great griefe of her Matte and the hurte and pjudice of her subjects: It hath bene therfore thought meete, and so by her Maties is most straightlie commanded, that like as in her Maties owne household, and in the Cittie of London, and the pts nere about, verie straight order is taken that no fleshe shall be killed or eaten in these forbidden tymes, so the like is appointed to be observed in all ptes of the Realme, and therefore we do require you verie earnestlie, to devise by all good meanes how the same maie be best observed. And in that pte we are to put you in mynd that nothing shall more availe, than your own good examples used in this behalfe, as well in your owne houses as otherwise. It shal be meete also that bands be taken of all Butchers that no kind of fleshe shall be by them killed in the time of Lent, and so also of all Inholders, keepers of victualling houses and others keping lodging and resorte of people for their monies, that in their houses there maie be in these tymes, no fleshe eaten or dressed. And for the better loking to, that, these bands so taken maie be observed, it shall be meete, and so we require to imparte the meanyng of these or lres to all Maiors and head Officers of Townes and thorowfares. Likewise to the Constables and petty Constables within yor divisions, with earnest chardge that evrye one of them in their offices have good regard to thobservation therof, and to enforme you if any shall offend. And therupon you to p'cede to the due punyshment therof according to the lawes and the *qualitie of the offenders*, and this being her Maties commandement only for the obsvation of good order, tending to the benefyte of the comon wealth wthout any intencion to supersticion (the which her Matie by all her actes seketh to remove), we doubt not but everie of you will right carefully attend to the execution therof accordinge to dutie and the speciall trust reposed in you. And so we bid you hartelye farewell. From Hampton Court the fourthe of Februarye 1577. Yor lovinge ffriends.

(Signed) Bacon, C.—W. Burghley.—Fra. Walsingham.—Chr. Hatton.—Hunsdon.—F. Knowles.—F. Crofts, Thos. Wilson.—A. Warwyke."

DOINGS OF THE PURITANS AT WINCHESTER.

When Cromwell's soldiers were at Winchester, they aimed at proving their religious zeal by their violence against the church. Lipscomb says,—

"No place, however sacred, can be secure from the ravages which religious frenzy has sometimes prompted men to commit; but one is at a loss to account for that savage barbarity which could lead even the most dissolute of the human species so far to forget their common nature, as to violate the rites of sepulture which in all nations have been held sacred, and to ransack for plunder the mansions of the dead.

"We find this puritanic army, which had engaged in the contest ostensibly for the support and defence of the religion of their country, disgracing Christianity itself, by actions of the most shameful atrocity. The bodies of the ancient British monarchs were torn from their graves, and their bones made use of in the destruction of the windows of the church.

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"From the tomb of Rufus was taken a ring, with a ruby of large size and great value; and that nothing might escape the vengeance of these vile miscreants, the noble monuments "of kings and awful fathers of mankind" were broken and mutilated, and many of the statues suffered decollation, and every other indignity which could be devised by an infuriated banditti of fanatical enthusiasts.

"It is said, that one of the grenadiers in Waller's army, having been educated in a school founded by Bishop Wykeham, placed himself a voluntary sentinel to protect the beautiful mausoleum of that great man, which happily escaped untouched.

"The fragments of broken glass being collected, now form the great west window, which "sheds a dim religious light" through this promiscuous association of pieces."

REMARKABLE EPITAPH IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHYARD.

In Memory of
THOMAS THATCHER,
a grenadier in the northern battalion of
Hampshire militia:
who died of a fever contracted by
drinking small beer,
May 12, 1764.
In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will towards his comrades this stone is placed here
at their expense, as a small
testimony of their regard and esteem.

Here lies an Honest Hampshire grenadier,
Who kill'd himself by drinking cold small beer:
Soldier! be warn'd by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

"This monument being decayed, was renewed by the officers of the royal artillery and of the West Kent and Sussex regiments of militia, in garrison at Winchester, in 1781, and the following couplet added:—

"An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he died by musket or by pot."

Review.

Records of Israel. By Grace Aguilar, Author of the 'Magic Wreath,' &c. Mortimer.

THAT standing miracle, the dispersion of the Jews, which startles the general reader from its being written in the annals of every nation in characters of blood, has here furnished two tales of great interest, showing the mournful enormities perpetrated in the name of Him who "came but to save." The perverseness of human nature, its determined onward course turning good to evil, is in nothing more conspicuous than in the ferocity with which the unhappy Hebrews have been pursued for adhering, in their melancholy wanderings, to the religion of their forefathers. "Good men" (in the words of a contemporary author), "sincere Christians, as they professed to be, deriving all their hopes of mercy, happiness, and immortality, from the revered book which described the Jews as the chosen people of God, sought to honour that God by the most heartless persecution of his favoured race." In the first of the tales, called the 'Edict,' we find a Jewish colony named Eshcol, for a long period established in Spain. We are introduced to a family which, with one wanderer, a homicide, presents several characters of great merit, and the situations in which they are placed, including the lover of a beautiful maiden, when the Edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, banishing from Spain those who refuse to become Christians, appears, are deeply affecting. They are painted with the tender eloquence of Florian, and the descriptions are bold and striking, but occasionally redundant. The weakness which violates probability to save a favourite character is unknown to the fair authoress. Like old Renault, "shed blood enough," seems to be her motto, and all for whom she has called forth our sympathies fall beneath the sword of the destroying angel.

The "Escape" relates, as already intimated, to the same intolerant spirit, but the result is different. Its scenes are agreeably varied, and the expedients of a devoted wife to save a beloved husband are successfully pictured. They are ingenious (we must not inquire too nicely into their practicability), but in the end unfortunate. After some well-managed incidents, we find both condemned by the Inquisition in Portugal. The writer must now speak for herself:—

"The 1st of November, 1755, dawned cloudless and lovely, as it had been the last forty days. Never had there been a season more gorgeous in its sunny splendour, more brilliant in the intense azure of its arching heaven, than the present. Scarcely any rain had fallen for many months, and the heat had at first been intolerable, but, within the last six weeks, a freshness and coolness had infused the atmosphere, and revived the earth.

"As it was not a regular *auto da-fé* (Abner and his wife being the only victims), the awful ceremony of burning was to take place in the square, of which the buildings of the Inquisition formed one side. Mass had been performed before day-break, in the chapel of the Inquisition, at which the victims were compelled to be present; and about half-past seven the dread procession left the Inquisition gates. The soldiers and minor attendants marched first, forming a hollow square, in the centre of which were the stakes and huge fagots piled around. Then came the sacred cross, covered with a black veil, and

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its body-guard of priests. The victims, each surrounded by monks, appeared next, closely followed by the higher officers and Inquisitors; and a band of fifty men in rich dresses of black satin and silver, closed the procession.

"We have no space to linger on the ceremonies always attendant on the burning of Inquisitorial prisoners. Although from the more private nature of the rites, these ceremonies were greatly curtailed, it was rather more than half-an-hour after nine when the victims were bound to their respective stakes, and the executioners approached with their blazing brands.

"There was no change in the countenance of either prisoner. Pale they were, yet calm and firm; all of human feeling had been merged in the martyr's courage, and the martyr's faith.

"One look had been exchanged between them—of love spiritualized to look beyond the grave—of encouragement to endure for their God, even to the end. The sky was still cloudless, the sun still looked down on that scene of horror; and then was a hush—a pause—for so it felt in nature, that stilled the very breathing of those around.

"'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is ONE—the Sole and Holy ONE; there is no unity like His unity!' were the words which broke that awful pause, in a voice distinct, unfaltering, and musical as its wont; and it was echoed by the sweet tones from woman's lips, so thrilling in their melody, the rudest nature started. It was the signal of their fate. The executioners hastened forward; the brands were applied to the turf of the piles—the flames blazed up beneath their hand—when, at that moment, there came a shock, as if the very earth were cloven asunder, the heavens rent in twain. A crash so loud, so fearful, so appalling, as if the whole of Lisbon had been shivered to its foundations, and a shriek, or rather thousands and thousands of human voices, blended in one wild piercing cry of agony and terror, seeming to burst from every quarter at the self-same instant, and fraught with universal woe! The buildings around shook, as impelled by a mighty whirlwind, though no sound of such was heard. The earth heaved, yawned, closed, and rocked again, as the billows of the ocean, when lashed to fury. It was a moment of untold horror. The crowd, assembled to witness the martyrs' death, fled wildly shrieking on every side. Scattered to the heaving ground the blazing piles lay powerless to injure: their bonds were shivered; their guards were fled. One bound brought Alvar to his wife, and he clasped her in his arms. 'God! God of mercy! save us yet again! Be with us to the end!' he exclaimed; and faith winged the prayer. On—on he sped; up—up in direction of the heights, where he knew comparative safety lay; but ere he reached them, the innumerable sights and sounds of horror that yawned upon his way! Every street, and square, and avenue was choked with shattered ruins; rent from top to bottom, houses, convents, and churches presented the most fearful aspect of ruin; while every second minute a new impetus seemed to be given to the convulsed earth causing those that remained still perfect to rock and rend. Huge stones, falling from every crack, were crushing the miserable fugitives as they rushed on, seeking safety they knew not where. The rafters of every roof, wrenched from their fastenings, stood upright a brief while, and then fell in hundreds together, with a crash perfectly appalling. The very ties of nature were severed in the wild search for safety. Individual life alone appeared worth preserving. None dared seek the fate of friends—none dared ask, 'Who lives?' in that one scene of universal death.

"On—on sped Alvar and his precious burden; on, over the piles of ruins; on, unhurt amidst the showers of stones, which, hurled in the air as easily as a ball cast from an infant's hand, fell back again laden with a hundred deaths. On, amid the rocking and yawning earth, beholding thousands swallowed up, crushed and maimed, worse than death itself, for they were left to a lingering torture—to die a thousand deaths in anticipating one—on, over the disfigured heaps of dead, and the unrecognised masses of what had once been magnificent and gorgeous buildings. His eye was well nigh blinded with the shaking and tottering movement of all things animate and inanimate before him; and his path obscured by the sudden and awful darkness, which had changed that bright glowing blue of the sunny sky into a pall of dense and terrible blackness, becoming thicker and denser with every succeeding minute, till a darkness which might be felt, enveloped that devoted city as with the grim shadow of death. His ear was deafened by the appalling sounds of human agony and Nature's wrath; for now, sounds as of a hundred water-spouts, the dull continued roar of subterranean thunder, becoming at times loud as the discharge of a thousand cannons; at others, resembling the sharp grating sound of hundreds and hundreds of chariots driven full speed over the stones; and this, mingled with the piercing shrieks of women, the hoarser cries and shouts of men, the deep terrible groans of mental agony, and the shriller screams of instantaneous death, had usurped the place of the previous awful stillness, till every sense of those who yet survived seemed distorted and maddened. And nature herself, convulsed and freed from restraining bonds, appeared about to return to that chaos whence she had leaped at the word of God!"

Space will not admit of our going further. We can only add Alvar escaped with his precious charge, and regained his child, who had been sent to England; and we are assured it is no fiction, that "to this very day his descendants recal his providential preservation by giving, on every returning anniversary of that awful day, certain articles of clothing to a limited number of male and female poor."

TRUE THOUGH TRITE.

"Every man will be thy friend,
While thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want."

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The Gatherer.

New Westminster Bridge.—Mr Barry has recommended a new iron bridge at Westminster, at a cost of 185,000*l.*, by which the navigation and trade of the river would be improved, the effect upon the new houses of parliament be consulted, and the whole tend to a general consistency and beauty not attainable by patching and keeping up the old affair. A punster has suggested that future parliaments may object to so much *iron nigh*.

Sporting near the Pyramids of Egypt.—From Col. Napier we learn that there is no lack of game in Egypt. He says, "Our exploits were confined to a few gallops after foxes and jackals, which we generally found in the neighbourhood of the pyramids—to frightening the hares we turned out of the mimosa thickets bordering the desert—and to occasionally breathing, though without effect, both dogs and horses after the gazelles we sometimes met with during our more distant excursions into the desert, and which invariably went off as on the wings of the wind, disappearing amidst its boundless sands."

Respect shown to Ancient Deities.—Though recognised out of their own domains as having a divine power, and celebrated with almost equal honours by the various poets, the gods of Greece and Rome were supposed to have a peculiar local influence, and a decided predilection for certain places and persons. Thus when Veji was razed and incorporated with Rome, the Romans, wishing to naturalize in their city the Veientine worship of Juno, before they proceeded to move her statue first asked the goddess, "Visne Romam ire Juno?"—"whether she was willing to go to Rome?"

Ancient Trees at Mexico.—On entering the gardens of Chăpŭltĕpĕc, the first object that strikes the eye is the magnificent Cypress (*Sabino*, Ahŭahuētĕ, or *Cupressus disticha*), called the Cypress of Montezuma. It had attained its full growth when that monarch was on the throne (1520), so that it must be at least four hundred years old, yet it retains all the vigour of youthful vegetation. The trunk is forty-one feet in circumference, yet the height is so majestic, as to make even this enormous mass appear slender. On a close inspection, it appears to be composed of three trees, the trunks of which unite towards the root.

Necessary Information.—A German anatomist commences one chapter thus:—The nose: this important organ occupies a conspicuous position on the human face, of which it is a prominent feature, being situated in most subjects immediately below the forehead, between the eyes, and above the mouth!"

Amaury de Chartres.—This learned disputant maintained that God and matter were indivisible—"A simple being," said he, "is one that has neither quantity nor quality. Such is God—such is also primal matter; but can there be two simple beings? No—for they could only be distinct by qualities, or by parts which one had, or the other had not. But this is incompatible with the nature of a simple being: consequently it follows that God and matter are one and indivisible." Amaury de Chartres was compelled to retract, and his disciples were burnt outside the walls of Paris.

Paper Pence.—England, who formerly disdained a paper circulating medium for silver, has now one for copper. Postage stamps are extensively used in change. The gentleman who cannot be loaded with four or five penny pieces, has no objection to carry half a dozen stamps in his waistcoat pocket.

Mr Sinclair.—This admired vocalist, after a long absence, has returned to Scotland, and was to give a farewell concert at Glasgow last night.

How to Breed Travellers.—Children destined by their parents to be travellers should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transferred for half an hour to the kitchen fire: they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone more than once before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all. They may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter.—*Continental Travellers' Guide.*

Sacrilege in Ancient Days.—When Alcibiades and his associates were accused of insulting the public religion of Attica, the writing of accusation set forth that "Alcibiades had committed sacrilege towards Ceres and Proserpine, by imitating the mysteries, and showing them to his companions in the same dress in which the hierophant showed the sacred things; and by calling himself the hierophant, Polytion the torch-bearer, and Theodorus the herald."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We decline Mr D.'s poem, but are gratified by his letter. He may always expect fair play in the 'Mirror.'

The 'Elegy on a Young Gentleman' is too dismal for us.

'Blindman's Buff' might "amuse children learning to read," but not those who have learned to think.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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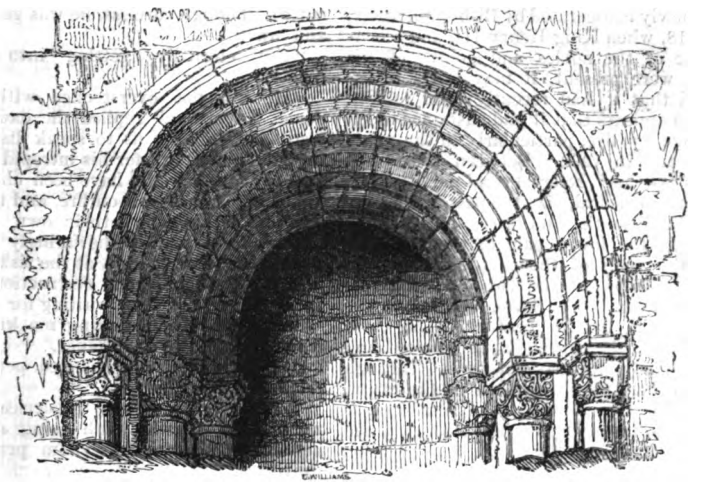

Original Communications.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A VENERABLE specimen of the pious industry of our ancestors is the subject of our cut this week—the arch in the vestry on the south side of Worcester Cathedral.

Our readers need hardly be informed that this temple for divine worship has stood many centuries. Here repose the bones of that great instrument of good in the hands of Providence, the evil-disposed King John — a selfish tyrant, but one of the principal founders of British liberty. It was formerly doubted that the grave called his, was really so. The altar tomb in the choir was believed by some to have been simply an honorary erection. It bears the inscription *Johannes Rex Angliæ*, but it is almost illegible; and though the figure on the slab held in his hands a sceptre and a sword, it was understood that the body of King John had been deposited in the Lady Chapel. At length, in the year 1797, the question was in a great measure set at rest. The effigy being removed, and the stones which sustained it, the vault was laid open, and then it was found between two brick walls, and under some elm boards, a stone coffin had been buried, and here the remains of the king were found. It was evident that the sepulchre, since the original interment, had been disturbed by some curious explorer; but portions of the royal frame were still in a perfect state. Instead of a crown, however, the head had been encircled with a monk's cowl. This corpse had been enveloped in an embroidered robe, seemingly of crimson damask; the coffin rested on the pavement of the choir, and the original cover was the slab on which the figure is sculptured. The tomb of Arthur, Prince of Wales, elder brother of Henry VIII, is also found in this cathedral.

The arch above represented is supposed to be a portion of the oldest part of the cathedral. Britton says of it: — "Mr Green asserts that the eastern end is an ancient part of the cathedral, with its original embellishments. In Storer's and some other works the statement is repeated. The writer in Storer's volume says that part of Walstan's church still constitutes the choir and lady chapel of the existing building. This choir, near the nave, has a crypt under it, and the part now called the lady chapel was the original

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choir." This assertion is more than improbable; it is refuted by almost every other Norman church, not only in England but on the continent. A crypt is almost invariably under the choir, for the purpose of raising and keeping its floor dry, as at Winchester, Canterbury, Gloucester, &c. The style and architectural features of this choir, the lady chapel, and the small transept, are the first points, and nearly corresponding with Salisbury cathedral, and as the church of Worcester was newly consecrated by Bishop Silvester, in 1218, when King Henry III, and a concourse of the nobles and gentry of his court were present, it may fairly be believed that it had recently been rebuilt. It also appears that it had sustained much damage by fire, particularly in the years 1113 and in 1202. Between these two dates we may refer several parts of the present cathedral, viz, the passages on the west and south, and east sides of the cloister, the lower part of the refectory and the walls of the chapter house, the west transept and the two west transepts of the nave. The latter belongs to the end of the twelfth century. The older portions of the church in the transept, and particularly its eastern wall, through which there were entrances to the crypt, and also two doorways in semicircular arches to the vestry on the south side, and to the sacristy on the north.

1620, 1720, AND 1820;
OR,
THE DEAD GUEST.
(For the Mirror.)

"All nations have their omens drear,
And legends sad of woe and fear."

THERE is an awful tradition of no modern date, still listened to with attention in Herbesheim, a small German town, that once in every century, during Advent, a being no longer of earth, pays a visit to the place in which he once lived in the flesh. His mission is a fearful one, as he comes not to warn of danger or to bring the guilty to justice, but to wring the necks of newly-betrothed females. On this, under the title of 'Todte Gast,' or the 'Dead Guest,' Zschokke has formed a startling story.

In the year 1820, the year which completed the century within which the Dead Guest was to reappear, an officer in command of a body of troops at Herbesheim, was billeted on a rich but somewhat eccentric manufacturer, named Bantes. His aspect was martial, but agreeable; and he was kindly received into the family circle of the manufacturer, for whom he evinced much regard. His host made some inquiries of him respecting a youth named Waldrich, to whom he had been guardian, and who sometime before had run away from school and joined the army.

"The name," said the officer, "I confess is familiar to me; but I am sorry to say I can tell you little good of him."

"So I feared," said the manufacturer. "He was always a wild, good-for-nothing scapegrace, never easy but when in mischief. I was apprehensive that he would come to some bad end."

"Nay," interposed the beautiful Frederica, the manufacturer's daughter, "say not so. Though careless, he was generous and brave."

"But eternally getting into some scrape."

"He was not overstocked with prudence, I confess," replied the daughter; "still it is not for us to speak disparagingly of him. But for his intrepid kindness my father would have been childless. When our house was on fire, and the domestics, seeking only their own safety, had left me to my fate, he daringly rushed through the flames, and, at the risk of his life, snatched me from destruction, and then withdrew without waiting for thanks —and even without letting me know to whom I owed my deliverance."

"So he afterwards reported, perhaps," remarked the officer.

"You wrong him, sir," Frederica tartly rejoined. "Satisfied with doing a noble action, he disdained to claim praise or gratitude."

"Then how, since he was not recognised, can it be known that he was the deliverer."

"Because, having thrown off his coat preparatory to rushing into the burning mass, it was carried off by a varlet in the crowd that idly looked on. The thief was taken, and in the pockets of the stolen garment letters were found, which proved, beyond all doubt, that the preserver of Frederica was no other than the scapegrace George Waldrich."

"There was something in that, I own," said the father; "but, notwithstanding, he should not have run away. He is a sad fellow, and will never be worth a florin."

"He was always too anxious to be a soldier, I own."

The young officer pulled his bushy whiskers with an air of chagrin, as if he felt a reflection, which might have been spared, had been cast on the military profession.

"But," added the young lady, "the tyranny of the schoolmaster furnished a sufficient excuse for his flight, as was proved shortly afterwards by the total breaking up of the school. If poor George fled from a brutal pedagogue, I never heard that in any other case he fled from an enemy."

"Well, well," said Bantes, retiring, "after

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all, George Waldrich was no better than he should be."

"Very true," exclaimed the officer. "That is decidedly my opinion. I have too many proofs of it.

"Yet, at all events," said the wife of the manufacturer, who had till now been silent, "I think *you* ought not to speak against him."

"Upon my word," replied the soldier, "I have much cause to speak ill of him. He has often made very free with me—with my name as well as my purse. He has led me into indifferent company—he has spent my money and run me into debt."

The ladies stared.

"Indeed!" the mother archly replied; "but," she significantly added, "you do not tell us how badly you treated him."

Frederica looked grateful for this remark, which, she had no doubt, would be keenly felt by their military inmate, the calumniator of Waldrich.

"In fact," continued the old lady, "I more than suspect you owe to him everything you have; and that even at this moment you have his *coat* on your back."

"Ah! my kind madam," cried the officer, laughing, "what, you have found me out, have you!" and, jumping up with good-natured vivacity, "I'll make *you* pay for this," he exclaimed, with affected anger, and in the next moment kissed the mother and clasped the blooming daughter tenderly to his heart.

"The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas *Waldrich's* self that pressed."

It would be a waste of words to dwell on the warm delight which filled the heart of the lovely Frederica, when she recognised in the gallant captain the playmate of her early days. The gratifying discovery of his promotion and happy return in the same moment, spread joy through the whole family, and his guardian, informed of what had transpired, was warm and sincere in his congratulations on the honourable distinction which George had gained, and which had made him their guest.

Festivity and harmony celebrated the incident. His birthday, which happened just then to come round, was marked by more than usual rejoicing. On such occasions it is customary for a king and queen of the feast to be appointed. All offer presents to their majesties, and all kiss those illustrious personages. George received and returned the kiss of Frederica with a warmth which startled the companion of his childhood. Yet was she far from being offended. Though different from what he had been when a boy, she admired him more than ever.

Yet for her that was not a day of unclouded happiness. On taking her seat at the dinner table, when she lifted her napkin from her plate, there appeared beneath it a ring and a diamond necklace. These, indeed, found favour in her eyes, for she was a woman; but they were accompanied by a letter which communicated the important but unwelcome tidings, that unknown to her the careful manufacturer had engaged her to the son of the wealthy and noble banker, Herr von Hahn, and that her intended, being in too delicate health to travel in the bad weather then prevailing, had sent his offerings with this *billet doux*, instead of presenting them in person.

To her father this was most satisfactory. He had expected the pleasure which he experienced would be shared by all his family and all his friends; but this was far from being the case. To his amazement and vexation the announcement which he had been persuaded would add to the general merriment threw an ominous gloom over every countenance. Frederica, with tears, begged that she might, at least, be permitted to see her intended bridegroom before she was understood to accept him; but this, though her suit was backed by their military guest, appeared to Bantes wholly unnecessary. He was disposed to make no concession to childish folly, and the day closed in sadness.

Frederica and Waldrich soon found an opportunity of communicating their sentiments to each other. Their conference was too long to be here reported *verbatim*. Suffice it to say, it ended in a passionate declaration on his part, and in a pledge on hers, that she would never consent to marry the young banker.

The moment now drew near when, according to general report, the coming of the terrible spectre, the Dead Guest, might be looked for. To spare the feelings of Waldrich, the lady of the manufacturer urged that at such a period of excitation, not to say apprehension, a wedding ought not to be celebrated. Bantes laughed at "the old woman's story," as he called it. It was utterly unworthy of a serious thought. Nothing, in fact, was known to be depended upon, but that in a certain church register the deaths of three brides were recorded in the year 1720 with the additional words, "With their faces turned to their backs, as one hundred years ago—God have mercy on their poor souls!" What, he laughingly asked, could be made of that? His curiosity was, however, in some degree moved by certain whisperings to hear all that had been told on the subject, and he listened with attention to one of his guests, who undertook to relate what he had heard from a grey-headed old man, who devoutly believed in it, and who, when

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he was a child, had given him the following details:—

"Late in November of 1620, when Frederic, Elector Palatine and elected King of Bohemia, was flying from the superior and victorious arms of the Emperor, Ferdinand II, three betrothed brides of Catholic Herbesheim amused themselves one evening wishing their bridegrooms could earn certain rewards, especially the title, offered as the price of the heretic usurper's head. Whilst they chatted they saw thirteen men, evidently fugitives, and as evidently one of superior rank to the rest, gallop up to an adjacent inn; and at the same instant their three bridegrooms rushed into the apartment with the tidings that one of the thirteen was the proscribed Frederic. The excited young ladies, declared that they would not marry unless their bridegrooms' swords were dyed in the heretic usurper's blood. The bridegrooms went to earn the prize. At dawn twelve men rode away from the inn; the thirteenth lay murdered with three wounds. The landlord declared that his Dead Guest was *not* Frederic; but, as a presumed heretic, the body was buried in a lay-stall. The bridegrooms had not been seen since the murder, and the pining brides regretted their sanguinary mandate. On the third evening of their unaccountable absence, a stranger visited Jacobea, the young creature with whom the idea of killing Frederic had originated. The stranger was a very tall, thin, pale man, dressed in black, and covered with jewels. He announced himself by the name of the Count of Graves, and brought a letter from her truant bridegroom, stating that, having murdered the wrong man, he considered his bride as lost, and would never return."

"Was the letter," asked the mother of Frederica, "in the hand-writing of the lover or bridegroom of Jacobea."

"So exactly his writing," was the answer of the narrator, "that he himself could not have suspected it of coming from any pen but his own."

"And how," inquired the old lady, "was the intelligence received?"

"With grief and horror," replied the speaker. "The poor girl wept bitterly, and at first would not be comforted. But in a few days the honied words of the count, and his offer of his hand and title, so thoroughly consoled her, that she consented to unite her fate with his, and an evening was fixed for the betrothing, after which ceremonial the new bridegroom was to be allowed the unusual indulgence of an hour's nocturnal visit to his bride's chamber."

"But this was only one bride. Three victims, I have understood, were claimed by the Dead Guest."

"He acted the same part with like success by the two other forsaken brides, each keeping her own secret. Different hours of the same evening were fixed for the several betrothments and subsequent *tête-à-têtes;* and the next morning the three girls were found with their necks twisted; the count, his equipage, and his presents had vanished. The victims were buried at the same time, and during the funeral a tall figure separated himself from the train of mourners, walked towards the lay-stall, and vanished on the spot where the Dead Guest was buried."

"Vanished!" cried the old lady with horror.

"Before all who assisted at the funeral and the attendant crowd. Such is the account transmitted from father to son of the first appearance after death of the Dreadful Guest."

The extravagance of this tale produced a smile from all present.

"I weary you, perhaps," said the story-teller. Shall I stop here?"

"No," said Bantes; "since we have got so far, by all means let us have the rest."

What occurred in the following century was thus supplied.

"A hundred years passed away, when, in 1720," resumed the narrator, "a Count Altenkreuz, similar in appearance, allowing for change of fashions, to the Count of Graves, had visited Herbesheim; and gained in a like manner the affections of three affianced brides, and obtained secret admittance to their several chambers on one and the same night. The next morning, as in the preceding century, each maiden was found with her neck turned round and broken; and the disappearance of the count and presents, and the scene at the funeral were repeated."

A burst of laughter, more loud than hearty, marked the conclusion of the recital. No one confessed to believe one syllable of what had been heard, but each had some curious fact to mention to his neighbour, of tokens of death, strange sounds, and other remarkable circumstances, not easily to be accounted for.

So matters rested for that evening, and Bantes, whatever others might say, declared that he, for his part, was as incredulous as ever. While he thus expressed himself both Frederica and her mother remarked that Waldrich gazed most steadfastly on the manufacturer, and though he spoke not, looked as if he would have said, "It is more than probable you will not always be of the same opinion."

(*To be continued.*)

A PLOT WITHOUT TREASON.

A CURIOUS anecdote is told of Louis XVIII by Madame du Cayla, a lady who had the honour of being considered the mistress of

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the gouty old monarch. The noblesse thought the king too liberal, and spared no pains to worry him into counter-revolutionary measures. With this view they did everything in their power to inspire him with a dread of their opponents. On one occasion they exploded a barrel of gunpowder upon a back staircase, and accused the Liberals of having designed to blow up the Tuileries and its royal inmate. After public congratulations upon his escape, Du Cayla presented herself, and was thus accosted:—

"Do you know that your friends, whom you call my faithful subjects, give me proofs of their attachment that are anything but agreeable to me?"

"How so, sire?"

"Did you not hear the explosion?"

"Can you suspect the Royalists, whilst the Jacobins—"

"For this once are very innocent. It is a machination of your right-thinking men; a little plot to frighten me."

"Impossible!"

"For the sake of your friends' honour, would to God I may be mistaken! But ere long we shall have an irrefragable proof of their guilt."

"What proof, sire?"

"That nothing will be found out concerning this plot."

"Truly an extraordinary proof."

"My dear countess," returned the king, "if the Jacobins, the Bonapartists, or the Liberals, are the authors of this explosion, before two days are over our heads, we shall have thirty people arrested, and a regular prosecution set on foot by M. Jacquinot and his underlings: if, on the contrary, all this is, as I suspect, a pretty little trick of my good friends, no one will be arrested; neither M. Jacquinot, nor his underlings, will institute any legal proceedings. If I seem angry, the keeper of the seals and the minister of police will come with downcast looks and implore me not to follow up inquiries which may disturb the public tranquillity, rekindle animosities, bring hostile parties face to face, and expose honourable names to unjust imputations. I shall be obliged to give way, the conspirators will continue to call themselves my best friends, and I—I shall not even be at liberty to tell them that I would gladly dispense with their kind attentions."

The result fully justified the suspicions of Louis.

THE DOOMED ONE SPARED.

If sentenced for an awful deed
To meet an ignominious fate,
Pause, gentle matrons, while you read,
Before my name you execrate.

Nor deem if I in frailty's path
Have walked and scenes of hateful strife,
That I could suffer fiendish wrath
To strike at a poor infant's life.

To cruel hands my child consigned,
Met no kind look—no soothing tone,
In pain and sickness while it pined
I felt its agonies my own.
It cried for food I could not give
(For industry will not gain bread),
I could not find the means to live,
And then I wished that I were dead.

And madness from my sinking heart
Rush'd on my hot, distracted rain,
And bade me act a horrid part
To spare affliction further pain.
Then to the heaven I dared offend
I raised my eyes in frenzy wild,
And cried, "My sorrows now shall end,
And I will perish with my child."

Yes, I forgot my God's behest,
And craving franticly a grave,
I clasped the dear one to my breast,
And plunged beneath the sullen wave.
Poor innocent! thy pang was brief,
Thy spirit fled to the Most High,
But I found undesired relief,
Was snatched from death, and—doomed to die.

Such was the fiat of the court,
Though hundreds of maids, widows, wives,
By stern employers crushed, report
Declares lay down each week their lives,
While none reprove. But slaying one
Enough of guilt came to my share,
Though at the moment it was done
That one I would have died to spare.

But mercy interferes—that hand
Which now this empire's sceptre sways
Is stretched, and 'twas a Queen's command
The scaffold should not end my days.
Great is the royal boon, I own,
Which gives a trembling sinner time
To seek from the Eternal's throne,
By prayer, forgiveness of her crime.

O! less illustrious by thy birth,
Though daughter of a race of kings,
Than by thy spirit—not of earth,
Which glory o'er a nation flings,—
Permit a lowly one to bless,
Of Albion's isle the purest gem,
While British mothers all confess
That thou hast sympathized with them.

RUSSIAN EMPERORS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

The Emperor of all the Russias, it is understood, is about to visit England. Such an incident is not of every day occurrence. It is now thirty years since an emperor of Russia visited our coast. George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, received the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, at the close of that tremendous

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contest which had been so pregnant with ruin and humiliation to Russia and Prussia in its course, but which had produced such unexampled triumphs for both in the end.

Their coming was hailed with transport, but the day of their arrival was one of great disappointment. Immense crowds assembled to greet them on their approach. The Dover road was provided with numerous platforms and stands, and almost every house was converted into something like a theatre for the occasion. Large placards claimed attention, in which the distinguished personages were enumerated who were expected in due course. The Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia (the Emperor of Austria was not omitted, though he never came), Old Blucher, Platow, and a crowd of other chiefs of high renown, were duly set forth as about to appear in magnificent array; and long the countless multitude looked out for them, but looked in vain.

The emperor and king indeed came, but privately, and without anything of imperial or royal state. When, as they moved forward in a postchaise, they were asked about themselves, their answer was that Alexander and Frederick were then on the road, and crowds continued to wait at Deptford and other places on this line of their route long after their majesties had arrived at the Pulteney hotel, then established in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, and paid their first visit of ceremony to the Regent.

Curiosity did not long remain ungratified. The emperor and king visited the theatres and many places of public resort. They met with a warm reception, and the acclamations which rose in their honour strangely mingled with hisses and groans, sent forth for the English ruler, whose renewed differences with his consort had made him very unpopular at that period.

Though much interest attended the visits paid to England and France by an Emperor of Russia, the circumstances were less remarkable than those which marked the coming of his far-famed ancestor, a hundred and twenty years before. Alexander was a polished gentleman, but Peter the Great was a thinking savage; the former enjoyed the refined entertainments prepared for him,—the latter, while on his travels, was constantly attentive to business.

Before coming here Peter went to Holland. At Saardam he took the name of Peter Timmerman, and hired himself as a workman to a shipbuilder, for the purpose of learning more effectually the art upon which he hoped to found the future greatness of his country. In this capacity he observed the most scrupulous regularity, attended his work at the prescribed hours, in common with the rest of the artificers, laboured hard from morning until night, and received his wages like the other workmen. He compelled his attendants to work with him. They did so, but did not greatly enjoy the whim. Determined to know what the life of a workman was, he lived on the stipend which he received for his labour; and while the emperor found a house in a mean hovel, his servants, after their daily toil, withdrew to a comfortable house and luxurious fare.

Leaving Holland, he visited England. William III, the minister of a great revolution himself, gave a cordial welcome to the reformer of Russia; and, as a testimony of his personal regard, presented the czar with a beautiful yacht, which Peter prized as a gift of inestimable value. But it was not to enjoy the ease, and sun himself in the flattery, of the court that Peter had come to England. The same motive that sustained him in a state of privation at Saardam, and that tempted him to risk the safety of his throne by absenting himself from its protection, urged him to pursue the objects of his journey with undeviating zeal. Retiring, therefore, from the palace, he took up his residence in one of the dockyards at Deptford, where he again applied himself to shipbuilding. When satisfied with the improvement he had made, he went *via* Holland to Vienna, and thence returned to Moscow to shed the blood of the rebellious Strelitz. The diabolical cruelty in which he indulged on that occasion was brought before the readers of this publication a few months back. He subsequently resumed his travels, returned to Holland, and visited France and Prussia. Some of the anecdotes given are amusing enough.

At Nymagen, where he arrived late at night in a common postchaise, accompanied by only two attendants, he is said to have supped upon poached eggs and a little bread and cheese, for which the landlord charged one hundred ducats the next morning. Peter remonstrated against the demand, and inquired if eggs were so very scarce in that place? "No," replied the landlord, "but emperors are." Peter paid the bill, and was well satisfied to have purchased such a hint of European tactics at so small a rate.

Of Peter's appearance, and that of his czarina, Catherine, at Berlin, the Marquevine de Bareith has left a lively description. She says,—

"When Peter approached to embrace the queen, her majesty looked as if she would rather be excused. Their majesties were attended by a train of what were called ladies, as part of their suite, consisting of young German women, who performed the part of ladies' maids, chamber maids, cook maids, and washerwomen, almost all of

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whom had a richly-clothed child in their arms. The queen, it is added, refused to salute these creatures. At table the czar was seized with one of his convulsive fits, at a moment when he happened to have a knife in his hand, and the queen was so frightened that she attempted to leave the table; but Peter told her not to be uneasy, assuring her that he would do her no harm. On another occasion, he caught her by the hand with such force, that she was obliged to desire him to be more respectful; on which he burst out into a loud fit of laughter, and said that she was much more delicate than his Catherine."

But the most entertaining part of the whole is a sketch of the personal appearance of the uncultivated sovereigns.

"The czarina," says the margravine, "is short and lusty, remarkably coarse, and without grace or animation. One need only see her to be satisfied of her low birth. At the first blush one would take her for a German actress. Her clothes looked as if bought at a doll-shop, everything was so old fashioned, and so bedecked with silver and tinsel. She was decorated with a dozen orders, portraits of saints, and relics, which occasioned such a clatter, that when she walked one would suppose an ass with bells was approaching. The czar, on the contrary, is tall and well made. His countenance is handsome; but there is something in it so rude that it inspires one with dread. He was dressed like a seaman, in a frock, without lace or ornament."

ON METALLO-CHROMES AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. VI.

(*Continued from page* 269.)

We are to examine the decomposing, or, as Faraday has termed it, the electrolytic action of a single cell of the constant battery. It may be as well first to describe some one form of a constant battery. It may consist of a cylindrical copper vessel varying from six to thirty inches in height, and from three to six inches in diameter, according to the wants of the operator. It has within it a tube, commonly constructed of slightly-baked pipe-clay, of about half the diameter of the cylinder: within this tube is a rod of zinc, the surface of which has been previously covered with mercury, or, as it is termed, amalgamated. The solution of sulphate of copper is poured into the outer vessel, and a little acid is added to increase its conducting power; and a mixture of one part acid with ten water is poured into the inner vessel. Crystals of sulphate of copper are suspended or placed on a shelf within the outer solution. A binding screw, for forming connexions, is attached to the zinc, and another to the copper. Two or perhaps three such cells, of the capacity of a pint each, are enough for all the experiments that concern us now. Those simple forms will readily suggest themselves to the ingenious; but we cannot spare time to describe them.

Taking, then, a single cell of this kind, we may go, step by step, from what it cannot to what it can do.

1st. If two copper wires, one attached to the zinc and the other to the copper, have platinum terminations, and these terminations be placed in a vessel of pure water, no action will occur.

2nd. If a little sulphuric acid be added to the water, no action will occur.

3rd. If the platinum be removed from the wire connected with the zinc, and its copper end be placed in the acid liquid, no appreciable action will occur: the copper, especially when oxidized, will be slowly acted on by the acid; but this has no connexion with the voltaic arrangement, being a mere chemical action, which would equally occur whether the wire were connected with the battery or not.

4th. But if the platinum be removed from the wire connected with the copper, instead of from the other, and its copper end be placed in the acid liquid, an action is instantly manifested. The copper wire corrodes, and hydrogen is given off at the other wire—and this is the place to mention the names which these wires receive. The are called "Electrodes;" and, in order to distinguish one from the other, the one connected with the negative plate, in this case the copper,—or, in other words, the one by which the electricity enters the electrolyte, or solution to be decomposed, is termed the "anode," and the other by which it leaves the electrolyte to return by the zinc to the battery, is termed the "cathode." The wire at which hydrogen, in the present experiment, is liberated, is, therefore, the "cathode;" the wire which becomes corroded is the "anode."

5th. The electrodes still remaining copper, a little solution of sulphate of copper is added to the electrolyte; and now another phenomenon occurs; the anode consumes away as before, but metallic copper (as we had occasion to mention in our fourth article, p. 242, No. 16) is deposited on the cathode. This is what we term a cathion deposit.—The proper preparation of cathodes, and the rules for obtaining this deposit in a compact form, constitute the important art of electrotype. But this does not concern us now.

In these five experiments the actual electrolyte is water. Now we have men-

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tioned elsewhere, and the first two experiments establish the proposition, that one constant cell will not decompose water,—no, not even when acid is added. In the third experiment, we remove the unoxidable metal, platinum, from the cathode, or place where hydrogen would be evolved, if any electric action occurred, but gained nothing by this. And why not? Simply because hydrogen has no affinity for copper; and we had, therefore, made no addition to a force, which had twice appeared inadequate to the work set before it. But, when we made the anode of copper—that is, when we placed a metal having a great affinity for oxygen, at the place where oxygen would be evolved, we gave this affinity the opportunity of being called into play, and of adding its force to the original electromotive force of the battery; and thus the water, which firmly resisted the one force, gave way under the united forces, and parted with its oxygen to combine with the anode, and form oxide of copper; and it parted with its hydrogen in the form of gas at the cathode. Lastly, when sulphate solution was acted on, instead of acid water, the hydrogen was not liberated, but combined, in the manner already described, with the oxygen of the oxide of copper, and the copper was set free. We have then seen a cathion deposit; but this is not our object; we have to go a step further, and show cases in which anion *deposits*, instead of anion *erosions* occur.

(*To be continued.*)

EVELYN'S PETITION—BENEVOLENT APPEAL.

[We have been favoured with a sight of the following original letter in the handwriting of the celebrated Evelyn.]

To the Rig^t Hon^ble Lord High Treas^r of England, &c.: The humble Representation of John Evelyn, Esq., &c.

I am necessitated to supplicate y^r Lo^p for a supply to pacify the many miserable people who now this pinching season do more than ever cry out for money; the arreare for quartering the sick and wounded seamen being about 9,000*l.*, so very great in my district, especially in Gravesend, Chatham, and Feversham, that our officers and deputies are now no longer able to support the clamour and threats, and are therefore come up to me with their accompts to show how their receipts have been distributed, and how great an arreare remains, and still increases for want of monies to discharge many who are yet in quarters, but make difficulty to go on board, till their landladys are cleared. I most humbly, therefore, beseech your Lo^p to order such a supply, as may enable me to give the poor people some reliefe and satisfaction. If your Lo^p would be pleased to assign them 2,000*l.*, so as I might at once be qualified to pay all of them a little (which none of my former receipts have enabled me to do, having no lesse than seaven several places to provide for, and many now in quarters), I should hope to pacifie them for a while. But the want and the cry is now so universal, that without your Lo^p's special favour and pity to them, I know not which way to turn myselfe. All which I most humbly represent to y^r Lo^p.

J. Evelyn.

The 'Cambridge' has brought up to Woolwich fifty sick people at once.

7 Mar. 7⅔.

Louis XVIII, the Duke de Vicenza, and the Emperor Alexander.—In 1814, when the Duke de Vicenza appeared at the Tuileries, it was reported that Louis spoke to him to this effect: "M. de Caulaincourt, you lie under the imputation of being accessary to a most horrid crime, the death of the Duke d'Enghein; I hope you will be able to justify yourself; but until then I must decline receiving you." Caulaincourt immediately repaired to the Emperor of Russia, with whom he had long been in great favour, and related to him what had passed. The czar replied, "What ridiculous susceptibility! I am daily surrounded by those who murdered my father, and have not more zealous servants than they are: but make yourself easy; I will arrange this for you." He invited Louis to dinner, and seated him on his right, placing Caulaincourt to the right of the count. This anecdote, or one like it, having been published in England, the book being sent abroad, and chancing to fall into the hand of the Emperor Alexander, his eye caught the accusing passage. He sat, musing for awhile, then drawing a deep sigh, "It is painful," said he, "to see these misrepresentations of my conduct made by individuals of a country I respect so much. But still, when I recollect that there have been writers amongst them whose bitter pens did not spare their own sovereigns, accusing one of poisoning his own son, and another of introducing a surreptitious child to inherit his dominions, I am something reconciled; for I cannot but suppose, that there are as many honest-hearted men in that nation, who will disbelieve these monstrous allegations against me, as have been found there, to discredit, and disprove on the page of history, the foul aspersions cast by the thinkers of evil on those two unhappy fathers."

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Arms.—Ar., a chev., gu. between three morions, or steel caps, az.
Crest.—A seahorse, ppr.
Supporters.—Dexter, a buck, ppr., holding in the mouth an arrow, between the antlers a cross patée, fitchée, or; sinister, a horse, ppr.
Motto.—"*En grace affie.*" "On grace depend."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF CARDIGAN.

THE Brudenell family is of considerable antiquity. Formerly the name was spelt differently. William de Bredenhill was a man of celebrity and of large possessions in the time of King Henry III and his successor. He held lands at Dodington, in Oxfordshire, as also at Adderbury and Bloxham, in the same county. He had besides property in Ayhno and Sibbertoft, in Northamptonshire. Sir Robert Brudenell, an eminent lawyer, who, in the 22nd year of Henry VII, was appointed one of the judges in the Court of King's Bench, was a descendant of the aforesaid William. In 1509 Sir Robert removed to the Common Pleas, and became Chief Justice of that court in 1520. He married Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Entwisell, Esq., of Stanton Wivill, and relict of William Wivill, Esq., her ladyship being cousin and co-heiress of the valiant Sir Bentine Entwisell, Knight, Viscount Brickbeck, in Normandy, by whom he had two sons, the elder of whom, Sir Thomas, resided at Dean, in Northamptonshire. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam, of Melton, in Northumberland. By her he had five sons. He died in 1586, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Thomas, who, dying in the same year, was succeeded by his brother, John, who died without issue in 1606, when the title devolved on his only surviving brother, Robert. This gentleman married, in 1570, Catherine, daughter and heiress of Geoffrey Taylard, Esq., and he was succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas Brudenell, who was created a baronet, June 29, 1611, and raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Brudenell, of Stanton Wivill, in the county of Leicester, April 26, 1627. He was further advanced to the Earldom of Cardigan April 20, 1661. His lordship married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Tresham, of Rushton St Peter, in the county of Northampton, by whom he had three sons. He zealously supported the royal cause during the long civil wars which followed, and suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower of London. He died September 16, 1663, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert, who was united to Mary, daughter to Henry Constable, Viscount Dunbar, by whom he had an only daughter, who was married to William Hay, Earl of Kinnoul. His second consort was Anne, daughter of Viscount Savage. By that lady he had one son and three daughters. The former, whose name was Francis, married Frances, only daughter of James Saville, Earl of Sussex, by whom he had one son, George, and three daughters. This earl died July 16, 1703, and his son, just mentioned, being dead, George, the grandson, succeeded to the title as third earl. He married Lady Elizabeth Bruce, eldest daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Aylesbury, by whom he had four sons, George, James, Robert, and Thomas, and two daughters. In the reign of Queen Anne, the earl was created master of the buckhounds. His lordship died July 5, 1732, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George, fourth earl, who married Lady Mary Montague, third daughter and co-heiress of John, second Duke of Montague, and last of that creation. On the death of that nobleman, in 1749, his lordship assumed the surname and name of Montague, and on the 28th of October, 1776, was advanced to a marquisate and dukedom as Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montague. His grace had issue, John, created Lord Montague, of Boughton, who died, unmarried, in 1770, when the dignity expired. He had also three daughters. The duke was installed a Knight of the Garter, June 4, 1752, and appointed Governor to

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their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick. He was created, August 21, 1786, Baron Montagu of Boughton, with remainder to his grandson James, second son of the Duke of Buccleugh, by Elizabeth, his second daughter, who, in 1667, had been united to Henry, third Duke of Buccleugh. In 1790, the duke (of Montague) died, when the dukedom and marquisate became extinct. The barony of Montague passed according to the limitation, and the Earldom of Cardigan devolved upon his next brother, James, the fifth Earl, who had been created October 17, 1780, Baron Brudenell. He married twice, first Nov. 23, 1760. Anne, eldest daughter of George Viscount Lewisham, but by her had no issue. On the 28th April, 1791, he was married to Elizabeth, sister to George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave, and she also died childless. His lordship deceased Feb. 24, 1811, when the last Barony of Brudenell ceased, but the heritable honours of the family came to his nephew, Robert, sixth earl. He was born April 25, 1769, and married, March 8, 1794, Penelope Anne, second daughter of George John Cooke, Esq., of Harefield park, Middlesex, by whom he had issue one son and seven daughters. On his death, August 14, 1837, he was succeeded by James Thomas Brudenell, the present peer, who was born Oct. 16, 1797. He is the seventh Earl of Cardigan. His lordship married, June 19, 1826, Elizabeth Jane Henrietta, eldest daughter of Admiral Tollemache.

A LEGEND OF NAPLES.

BY PETER PORUS.

The sounds of mirth and revelry resounded through the halls of the Monterini palace, and every room was lighted up as for an illumination, for it was the carnival season, and within the *elite* of Naples were indulging in the recreations of the period. Every luxury had been provided by the munificent owner for the gratification of his guests; every entertaining device, every delightful novelty, had been introduced for their pleasure, and those who had assembled at his invitation were deficient neither in number nor in rank. An unwonted proportion of the fair sex graced the brilliant scene; but none of these attractions could prevent some few of the guests from resorting for amusement to that pernicious vice which prevails to such a fearful extent amongst the Italians—gambling.

In a low room, lighted by a single lamp, and separated from the more brilliant apartments by a long corridor, sat four gentlemen, whose flushed appearance and anxious demeanour but too evidently betokened the excitement under which they laboured. Wine, too, had added its potent influence, and the two united had evidently awakened some of the worst passions to which human nature is liable.

For some time they conducted the game in silence, broken only by a muttered oath, or angry exclamation, which occasionally escaped the lips of one or other of the party; but at length a Signior Roncoroni, rendered suspicious by repeated losses, charged his immediate antagonist with fraudulent practices; and the smothered flame now burst forth with the greater fury from the efforts which had been made to repress it. In vain their respective partners endeavoured to pacify them; they fared as they would had they sought to quench a fire with oil, for the quarrel waxed more and more violent. "I say he cheated," exclaimed the accuser; "I detected him in the very act."

"He lies! he lies! By all the saints, he lies!" was Guardini's passionate response.

As if actuated by a mutual impulse, both gentlemen sprang to their feet, and, ere it was possible to interpose, the sword of each was pointed at the other's breast. The unaided efforts of their comrades were insufficient to restrain the enraged combatants, and mortal consequences might have ensued; but others, alarmed by the tumult, now entering the room, they succeeded in parting and conveying the combatants to their respective homes in peace. This done, they returned to their amusements, and in half an hour the affair was forgotten.

But on Roncoroni's mind this untoward event created an indelible impression. On reaching his home, he repaired to his chamber, but not to rest. The insult offered by Guardini had raised a wrathful tempest in his bosom, never to be stilled but by sacrifice to his injured honour. With burning brow and wildly-beating heart, he paced the room, devising schemes of deep and deadly revenge; till, wearied at length by his monotonous round, he threw himself on his couch to seek repose. But sleep would not come at his bidding. With a fierce malediction on his foe, he at length started from his recumbent position, and striding to the window, saw that the beams of the rising sun gleamed on the spires of Naples. "It is early," he muttered, "but I cannot wait."

As he spoke, he left the room, and bent his steps in the direction of a confidential servant's apartment; for no one had yet arisen. Rapping at the door, he called to him to rise. "Pietro," he exclaimed, "lazy cur! do you not hear me?"

"Is it you, signior?" said the man in a tone of surprise

"Ay, *me*, knave. Is there anything won-

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derful in that? Come, open the door and admit me, Pietro," he continued, as the door closed behind him; "dost thou know Bandoli?"

"Know him? Yes, signior; there are few in Naples who do not."

"Then, do you hear—bring him to me."

"Fetch Bandoli, signior!" the man exclaimed. "The saints be with me! did I hear right?" And he crossed himself.

"Yes, fetch him—bring him instantly. Why—what is the fool staring at? Come, come; bestir yourself! You will find me in the library. Bring him through the garden; and be secret as death."

With this injunction he left him, and repairing to the library, anxiously awaited the coming of Bandoli. The minutes seemed to pass slowly, as though even time had entered the lists against him. "A plague on the lazy fool," he muttered, stamping his foot impatiently. "Why is he so long? Bandoli is ever ready if any one wishes to employ him. Holy Saint Gennaro!" he exclaimed, and his pale features assumed a yet more cadaverous hue,—"it may be that Guardini has been before me, and even at this moment Bandoli is, perchance, seeking my life."

"Not so, signior," replied a voice behind him, and hastily turning, he beheld Bandoli himself. "I was waiting at the gate," he said, "for I expected my assistance would be required."

"You know what has happened, then?" Roncoroni demanded, fiercely.

"I merely heard there had been a quarrel," the bravo replied.

"It is well," said Roncoroni. "I would not have my dishonour made public. Listen, Bandoli: Signior Guardini has insulted me; he has awoke a demon—a fiery moloch in my breast, which will not be appeased but with blood. Do you mark me?"

Bandoli nodded assent.

"And will do me this friendly service?" pursued Roncoroni.

"Ay, signior."

"Thanks, good bravo!" was the joyful exclamation which followed this reply. "How shall I requite thee?"

"With fifty pistoles," replied Bandoli, as cooly as though the affair had been a mere matter of commonplace business, instead of a transaction involving cold-blooded murder.

Not so Roncoroni, whose hand trembled as he threw the bravo a purse. He felt, moreover, sick at heart, for his conscience told him it was the price of blood.

Bandoli received the purse with great *nonchalance*, and emptying the contents on a table, deliberately counted out the sum he had named. The remainder he returned to the owner. "I am a man of honour," he said, in reply to an offer of the whole, "and never take more than my price."

"Well, be it as you will," said Roncoroni. "But, tell me, how will you despatch Guardini?"

The ruffian silently pointed to his stiletto.

"Could you not manage it more secretly?" asked his associate in guilt, who was conscious that the odium of the murder would fall upon him. "Is it not possible to administer a dose of poison?"

Bandoli's demeanour underwent a sudden change. A dark shade passed across his brow, and his hand instinctively grasped the handle of the murderous weapon which hung at his side, as he angrily replied,—"Did I not say I was a man of honour? The deed you name is one which no man, above all, no bravo of honour, would be guilty of. I tell you, signior, it would be as much beneath a regular-bred physician to turn quack doctor, as for a bravo to become a poisoner."

"But your hand may tremble," urged Roncoroni. "You may fail——"

"Fail!" repeated the bravo, and he laughed at the idea. "Do you see that hand, signior?" he demanded.

Roncoroni replied in the affirmative.

"Well, signior, that hand has sent fourscore souls to their long home.* It never once failed."

The signior started at this unnatural boast, and hastily exclaimed,—"Well, well, it matters not, so the deed be done. In half an hour I shall expect to hear of Guardini's death."

"In half an hour I will bring you his little finger," said Bandoli; and summoning Pietro, who waited in the ante-chamber, he left Roncoroni to count the moments, and await his re-appearance.

Half an hour! It was but a few minutes, but the most ingenious inquisitor never devised a torture so exquisite as that which racked the murderer, for such Roncoroni felt himself to be, during that short space. But the half hour elapsed, and, punctual to his promise, Bandoli re-entered the room and threw a bloody finger on the table. "It is well," said Roncoroni. "I am satisfied; but take away that carrion, and leave me, in God's name, to my own meditations."

"Not so, signior," said Bandoli; "I have sent Guardini home, it is true, but ere I did so, I entered into a certain engagement with him. Now, though he is dead, and therefore unable to call me to account, I scorn to be guilty of a breach of promise, for I am a man of honour, signior," he continued, as he drew nearer Roncoroni;

* Such was actually the boast of a Neapolitan bravo, who *flourished* about the middle of the last century.

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"he paid me fifty pistoles to despatch *you*."

His stiletto gleamed in the sunshine, and the next moment it was buried deep in Roncoroni's heart. Both perished in the moment of revenge and triumph; a fitting illustration of Milton's sentiment:—

"Evil on itself shall back recoil."

MORNING.

BY FLETCHER, THE DRAMATIST.

THE following picture is not unworthy of Milton:

"See the day begins to break
And the light shoots like a streak
Of faint thin fire; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
And the lark that erst was mute
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay."

GREEN GOOSE FAIR AT BOW—THE POET'S FALL.

Bow fair, which was among the scenes of humble revelry put down within the last twenty years, was long a favourite resort of the holiday makers of London. It was held on the Thursday in Whitsun week. Taylor, the water poet, has left us a description of it which is worthy to be preserved among the pictures of old scenes and amusements in the vicinity of the metropolis. By him it was thus celebrated in 1630.

"At Bow, the Thursday after Pentecost
There is a fair of greene geese ready rost,
Where as a goose is ever dog cheap there
The sauce is over somewhat sharp and deare.
There (e'er they scarce have feather on their backe)
By hundreds and by heaps they go to wracke;
There is such baking, rosting, broyling, boyling;
Such swearing, drubbing, dancing, dicing, toiling;
Such shifting, shanking, cheating, smoaking, stinking;
Such gormandising, cramming, guzzling, drinking;
As if the world did run on wheels away,
Or else the devils in hell kept holiday."

He then proceeds playfully to celebrate the peculiarities of the goose, and gives a very droll anecdote of himself. He says—

"Once I remember riding on my way
In Berkshire neare unto a town called Bray,
I, on my journey as I past along,
Rode by a goose and gander and their young,
(I neither minding them nor yet their crue)
The gander in my face with fury flew;
Who, in his fierce encounter was more hot
Than if had been a Spanish Don Quixote.
But sure himself so bravely he did beare,
Because his love and lady goose were there.
And 'twas a spur his chivalry unto
To have his sweetheart see what he could doe.
My horse he started, to the ground I went
Dismounted in that ganderous tournament;
I should say dangerous, but sure I am
That GANDEROUS is a DANGEROUS anagram.
The gander was mine enemy, what tho',
I'll honour worthy valour in my foe,
He letted bravely, and in lieu of it,
The goose's quill the gander's praise has writ."

Review.

Uncle Sam's Peculiarities. *By* Uncle Sam. Mortimer.

WE have many pictures of the United States by various masters. Some are anything but complimentary, others reprehend those who censure, and laud the good qualities of the Americans; but differing as the writers do in some respects, they almost all concur in representing the republicans as exceedingly vain of their own progress, and ridiculously jealous of England. While yet the contest for independence continued, to decry and lessen this nation in the eyes of the world, to gain, if possible, our friends over to their cause, might be policy, but why the same course should be pursued now, in the absence of any rational or definite object, we are at a loss to guess. Yet so it is. In everything the Americans are fond of disparaging us, and in the plenitude of their egotism, they persuade themselves that their buildings, their institutions, and even their English, vastly superior to those of the "Britishers."

This is sheer folly and ignorance. Their bull-frog pride receives its appropriate chastisement in the cold disdain with which every impartial spectator, of moderate capacity, regards their pretensions. A lower tone would become America better. To a young nation it is no reproach that it is in most respects somewhat behind one that has had a thousand years to form its character, and millions of millions to spend on its soil and public edifices. Instead of insolently and falsely pretending to be before, they might rationally rejoice in not being immeasurably behind, a people that from circumstances had possessed such advantages. They, however, seem to enjoy nothing without indulging in silly exultation over the supposed start they are gaining on the British.

This appears in the book before us. Though the writer is not a rabid assailant of all that especially pertains to the inhabitants of the United States, he exhibits them in a very ridiculous light. Without malice, we must suspect that, feeling within him-

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self the power of a satirist, he has sometimes used it rather to provoke a laugh than to furnish an unexaggerated portrait. Be this as it may, his letters are highly amusing, and contain much valuable information, some allowance being made for the banter in which he is prone to indulge. His "mimicry," as he himself terms it, of the conversations of the Americans is often comic in the extreme, and gives a reality to the scenes he describes which could be furnished in no other way. Vulgarity, selfishness, and arrogance, enter largely into most of his pictures; and the views we occasionally get of the degradation of slavery, furnish the most biting satire of all on the "trumpet tongued" swagger of Brother Jonathan, *alias* (for from old associations we suppose he must have an *alias*) Uncle Sam.

Not the least entertaining passages in this work are those which make us acquainted with the emendations our mother tongue receives in America. There are some terms almost startling enough to justify an apprehension that American, in time, will not come nearer to what we call English, than the Italian language does to the Latin. Our author brings forward a great variety of characters, and all are depicted with whim, though sometimes a *little* exaggerated.

But from pleasantry he sometimes passes to a more serious vein. The following sensible lecture is read to a well-meaning American gentleman, who is carried away with the stream of gasconade which runs through the country. We do not know whether the plan of operations which he lays down emanated from the War Department, but it may be worth looking at there, and deserves grave consideration elsewhere:—

"Hear an English version of the American history. During the reign of George the Third, the English living in America fought the king's troops, and with the help of the French, surrounded them very gallantly, and thus achieved their independence. The last war was commenced by the Americans, at the instigation of Napoleon, and with the vain hope of helping to cripple England. While Great Britain was fighting in three parts of the world, America, inheriting free institutions, and almost everything of which she has to be proud, from Great Britain, joined the emperor in his efforts at destroying the liberty, independence and power of the mother country, the only anchor of freedom in Europe. Republican America fighting on the side of despotism is truly something for Jonathan to be proud of; but he gained nothing by the attempt—not even glory. What was the attack on New Orleans, which you call a battle? The British troops land and march (very badly generalled) up to their knees in mud, to a place defended by cotton bags, behind which the American military, in perfect security, keep up such a deadly fire on the besiegers, that so many thousands are killed, and the remainder are taken prisoners, at the expense of some half dozen men killed by accident on the American side. Here was no fighting, and, in the name of common sense, why will you call a defeated attack of this description a battle?"

"'But look at our sea-fights on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and Lake Champlain. Did we not beat the British over and over, and over again?'

"'I believe the British lost about as many engagements in the war as the Americans; or to speak more correctly, the British fighting on the American side gained as many battles as the British fighting on the English side. The British beat the British, the native Americans having half a share both in the victories and the defeats. This is the truth, disguise it after what flourish you may.'

"'I expect you are taking considerable of glory from the American side to give to England. But that's the way with all of you British; you are so angry at our having beaten you.'

"'You mistake: I cannot allow for a moment that any of us, from the King of England down to a Welsh waiter in a Broadway victualling store, can be angry at any such trumpery. Ha, ha! my dear major, I have been giving you a regular specimen of our English style of speaking out.'

"'This is a free country, and you certainly have spoken your mind freely.'

"'Yes, major, for once. It's a treat I have very seldom enjoyed since I left England.'

"'Why, if an American were to speak against the King of England, in London, as you have spoken of Uncle Sam here, he would be sent to the Tower.'

"'Forgive my laughing: the idea is so droll.'

"'We haven't had a toast. I'll give you one you won't drink. 'In the next war between John and Jonathan, may the most powerful whip the other.'

"'With all my heart. But do you really suppose you would have any chance of whipping the English if we were, during the war, at peace with the rest of the world, so that we might concentre one-half of our means against you? Why, you are the most naked nation in the world. You have two thousand miles of sea board—with towns worth attacking—to defend.'

"'We have: and you have Canada to defend against us.'

"'Shall I inform you how we should

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make war against you (heaven forbid it!) if compelled to make war at all?'

"'Let me hear it.'

"'We should bring one-half of the naval power of England against you in two divisions. One would have a powerful army on board destined for Long Island, of which we could take possession in defiance of all the military volunteers of the Empire State, with those of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey at their back. This army should be marched to the west of the island and plant two hundred field pieces, fifty mortars, and fifty howitzers, with a park of Congreve rockets, at Brooklyn.'

"'Where we beat you in the war of independence.'

"'Granted, but these proposed operations would be as different to our former pitiful ones, as the present times are different to '76. The army would be brought over the Atlantic in a hundred and fifty war steamers, only ten of which would go to the bottom. A mere trifle.'

"'Go a-head.'

"'We should keep possession of Long Island until the other division of the navy, which would be sent to the south, reported progress, and compelled congress to submit to any terms of peace we might propose, which of course would include payment of every cent due by the States to the British subjects, and payment also of the cost of the war.'

"'You're joking.'

"'Not a bit of it, my dear sir. As soon as we arrived out here, we should offer ten per cent. better wages than you give (and for three years' service only) to all the British seamen serving in the American service. Your fleet would then be denuded of half its strength, and have a few sham fights with ours.'

"'Now I see you're poking fun. You are a comical fellow; that's a fact. And what would your other grand division in the south be at?'

"'The other division would be sailors and marines, and three black regiments from our West India Islands. The marines would have two thousand petty officers, picked from all the non-commissioned officers in the English service, and on board the transports there would be three hundred thousand stand of arms, with munition to correspond. The black regiments, the marines, and the two thousand extra officers would be landed in Georgia, and arming as many of the slaves as might be found deserving of freedom, march along the coast under the protection of the fleet, and carry the servile war from thence to the banks of the Potomac. During this campaign Canada should merely be called on to defend herself. New York, and through her the whole of the United States, would receive a terrible lesson, which would prevent future quarrels; three millions of slaves would be made free, and you would be compelled to be honest and pay your debts in spite of yourselves. Now, major, I'm much obliged for your attention, for I have eased my mind and spoken freely for once. I begin to believe that bragging is infectious, and that I have taken to it, suddenly.'"

Miscellaneous.

EXPENSE OF REDEMPTION FROM PURGATORY IN SPAIN.—The churches of Madrid exhibited a placard, at the close of the year 1827, setting forth what had been accomplished by masses said for the repose of the departed. It ran as follows:—"The sacred and royal Monte de Piedad of Madrid has relieved from purgatory, since its establishment in 1721 to November, 1826, 1,080,895 souls, at an expense of 1,720,437*l.*; 11,402 from November 1st, 1826, to November, 1827, at a cost of 14,276*l.*; total number of souls redeemed, 1,041,797; total expense, 1,734,708*l.* It was further stated the number of masses by which so much was effected amounted to 558,921. Each individual soul, therefore, it resulted, required one mass and nine-tenths of another, or an expenditure of thirty-four shillings and fourpence.

SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.—A correspondent in an old magazine gives an amusing account of a friendship established between a horse and a hen. They were left by themselves in an orchard and saw no other living creature. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadrupeds with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection lest he should trample on his diminutive companion.

A DREADFUL DEATH.—Ingenious cruelty could scarcely have devised pains so awful as those an unhappy man, named James Johnston, was doomed to endure. He was a kilnsman at Lowick, and having gone on to the kiln to break a large stone he fell with his weight about five feet, and got firmly fixed and hedged in among the stones in the middle of the burning kiln; another man, who was breaking stones with him, gave the alarm to the quarrymen, and in a minute they threw him a rope, which he tied about his body, but so firmly fixed was he among the stones, that they could not pull him out. The poor fellow threw the hot and burning stones from about him until his fingers were completely burned off. He lived in this miserable situation for

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three quarters of an hour. They got horses, but could not pull him out even with them. They then got a pully and hung it straight above him, and with great difficulty lifted him. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when it happened, and about eleven when they got him out. In the midst of his sufferings he cried for his children. His sister got down before he died, but they did not allow his children to go. He kept his senses to the last. His legs were not in the least burned, but were nearly severed from his body.

The Gatherer.

Military Costume of the Chinese.—So little external distinction is there between the Chinese soldier and artisan, that, on throwing off the upper blue cotton jacket or coat, on which the badge of their service is emblazoned, the former may mingle with the inhabitants of a village without his *metier* being distinguishable to any but a practised eye. Many of the Chinese soldiery were in the habit of escaping death by adopting this prompt method of changing their profession.—*Lieut. Ouchterlong's History of the Chinese War*, 1844.

War with the American Indians.—A letter dated Cape Breton, Oct. 3, 1747, gives in few words a lovely picture of the sort of warfare then raging, when the French and English were in the habit of arming the Indians against each other. "Capt. Scott brought us hither, and immediately upon landing our men we met with a terrible misfortune, for whilst they were mowing grass to make hay for a few cattle we had procured, a party of Indians came out of the wood, destroyed and took all our men except three, who saved themselves by swimming, and one woman, who was murdered in sight of her husband. These wild people are encouraged by the French to these desperate undertakings by a reward for what they call scalping the English. (Scalping is cutting the skin from the eyebrows round the head and peeling it off, and the French give them a reward of three pounds sterling for each scalp)."

A Check for Valour.—A French nobleman, at the passage of the Rhine under Louis XIV, seeing a gentleman well known to him about to throw himself one of the foremost into the river, stopped him, clapping a pistol to his breast. Everybody was surprised, when the count was heard to say, "I can easily believe that you don't fear death! A fellow over head and ears in debt would be too happy to get himself decently drowned; pay me the 2,000 louis d'ors you owe me, and then venture as far as you please."

Promotions in the Navy.—Some jealousy was caused by the number of admirals created towards the close of George the Second's reign. The following squib appeared on the subject:—

JACK TAR ON THE NEW PROMOTIONS.

Jack reckons up the a——ls we have,
And wonders what a plague we mean by new!
Why, faith! half these might serve, if half were b——,
But twice as many c——ds are too few.

A Moorish Meal.—Capt. Beauclerk, describing an entertainment given to himself and others at Talée, 1826, says,—"A huge baking-dish was set before us, containing nearly half a sheep so exquisitely dressed and so finely flavoured as to surpass any dish I have ever partaken of. We were preparing to do justice to its merits when we missed the knives and forks. The basha sent immediately for what in Barbary are considered superfluous articles of luxury; but Hadoud, seizing on the joint before him, began to pull it to pieces with his fingers, and culling the choicest and fattest parts, he offered them to us; at first we hesitated, from the force of cleanly habit, in receiving these delicate morsels from the hands of Hadge; but on his giving us a hint in Spanish, 'not to offend the company by our *fantasia*,' but to do as others did, we gave up all our scruples of delicacy, and fell to with so good a grace upon the baked mutton that we soon convinced the Moors that we knew the way to our mouths without the help of knives and forks."

Theatrical Dignity.—A *prima donna* is entitled to a dressing room, with a sofa and six wax candles; a *seconda donna* a dressing room without a sofa, and two wax candles. The same principle obtains with the chief male performers, and with the first and second dancers of both sexes. Ludicrous as it may seem, these marks of precedency are insisted upon with the greatest exactness. Madame Vestris went beyond all others, and furnished herself with two additional candles; and on one night, there not being, by some inadvertency, candles enough in the house, she stood on the stage behind the curtain, and refused to dress for her part until the required number of lights was obtained.—*Ebers.*

Anecdote of Mademoiselle Sontag.—When Sontag was the bright star of the drama, a young student at Jena gained her favourable opinion. She valued him because he had maintained an unsullied reputation, keeping free from the excesses in which other youths of the university indulged. In an evil hour, under the excitement proceeding from having obtained some academic honour, the student indulged beyond his wont in the festivities of the table, was

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led to play, and, unaccustomed to gaming, rose from the table the loser of a large sum. The report quickly spread; but his mistress received the information from the lover himself, who wrote to her with the confession of his error. "I still love you," was the reply, "but you are no longer the same, and we must not meet again. Farewell!"

The Opera House at Lisbon.—This is a fine building, with a handsome portico, situated in a spacious square. It required only five months for its erection, in 1793. The corridors throughout are vaulted, as the staircases also, which lead to the several tiers of boxes, while the vomitories are so numerous and so skilfully distributed that the interior of the theatre, in case of fire, can be instantaneously cleared. Over the proscenium there is a large clock placed, rather in advance, whose dexter supporter is old Time with his scythe, and the sinister, one of the Muses playing on a lyre. A figure of Cupid surmounts the clock. Between the two columns on either side of the stage are figures representing the comic and the tragic muse.

Mozart's Home.—At Vienna Mozart lived in the Rauhenstein Gasse, a narrow street leading down to the cathedral, in a house now a tavern or drinking house, which, by some remarkable coincidence, wears on its front a badge of fiddles and other musical instruments.

Smoking for Breakfast.—M. Jorevin, when he visited Worcester, in the time of Charles II, was informed by a very intelligent gentleman that "in England when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

Sir Fulk Greville's Tomb.—Sir Fulk valued himself on nothing more than on being the friend of Sir Philip Sydney. The following lines were placed over his remains: "Here lies Sir Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney."

Chinese Batteries.—The engagement at Amoy was a fine spectacle, and it furnished strong evidence of the excellence of the Chinese batteries, upon which the fire of our seventy-four-gun ships, though maintained for fully two hours, produced no effect whatever, not a gun being found disabled, and but few of the enemy killed in them when our troops entered. The principle of their construction was such as to render them almost impervious to the effects of horizontal fire even from the 32-pounders of the seventy-fours, as, in addition to the solid mass of masonry of which the parapets were formed, a bank of earth, bound with sods, had been constructed on the outer face, leaving to view only the narrow mark of the embrasure.—*The War in China, by J. Ouchterlong*, 1844.

Rival Sea Commanders.—"It was pleasant," says a writer of the time, speaking of the naval fight off Cape Finisterre, a century ago, "to observe a laudable contention between the commanders of the 'Bristol' and 'Pembroke,' which should engage the 'Invincible.' The 'Pembroke' attempted to get in between the 'Bristol' and the enemy; but there not being room enough, the commander of the 'Pembroke' hailed the 'Bristol,' and bid her put her helm a-starboard or his ship would run foul of her: to which Captain Montague replied, 'Sir, run foul of me and be damned; neither you, nor any other man in the world, shall come between me and my enemy.'"

Civilization.—Some of our readers will read with amazement the following paragraphs from newspapers published in the United States. The 'Natchez Free Trader,' 16th June, 1842, gives a horrible account of the execution of the negro Joseph, on the 5th of that month, for murder. "The body," says that paper, "was taken and chained to a tree immediately on the bank of the Mississippi, on what is called Union Point. The torches were lighted and placed in the pile. He watched unmoved the curling flame as it grew, until it began to entwine itself around and feed upon his body; then he sent forth cries of agony painful to the ear, begging some one to blow his brains out; at the same time surging with almost superhuman strength, until the staple with which the chain was fastened to the tree, not being well secured, drew out, and he leaped from the burning pile. At that moment the sharp ring of several rifles was heard, and the body of the negro fell a corpse to the ground. He was picked up by two or three, and again thrown into the fire and consumed."

Another Negro Burned.—We learn from the clerk of the 'Highlander,' that while wooding a short distance below the mouth of Red river, they were invited to stop a short time and see another negro burned.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K.'s Essay, though correctly written, suggests nothing new on the subject.

'Jack Meinmast' wants point, and is far inferior to some of the writer's former productions.

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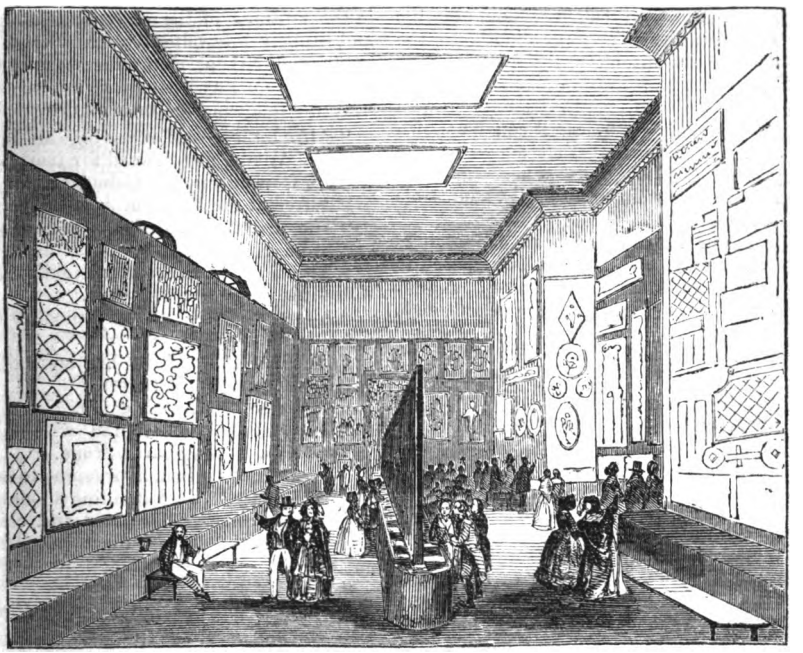

Original Communications.

THE KING-STREET EXHIBITION.

A CORRECT representation is given above of one of the most interesting exhibitions in London. Though it may be visited gratuitously, on every day but Saturday, for the varieties of talent connected with the decorative art which it comprehends, it is equal to anything we have seen, and for the historical reminiscences which it suggests, it is worth a dozen collections of odds and ends belonging to one remarkable individual, such as have sometimes been produced—to be visited, at an expense of half-a-crown—as if its sage proprietor expected all the world aspired to ride with him on the same hobby.

In June last "Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Fine Arts," by advertisement, invited artists to send carved work in wood, designs for stained glass windows, arabesque paintings, and heraldic decorations, ornamented metal-work for screens and gates, and ornamental pavements for the New Palace at Westminster. The exhibition to which we now call public attention presents a series of designs intended to decorate the future Houses of Parliament: they are displayed on each side of the screen, or partition, which appears in the centre of the hall. The carvings, as the visitors enter, are to the right; the stained glass will be found on the left.

Of the carvings many are very beautiful; and representations of some of the most memorable scenes recorded in our national history arrest the eye, and claim almost unqualified admiration. The doors of the new House of Lords, which, it has been intimated, are likely first to

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be wanted, have called forth vigorous competition, and produced works of great ingenuity, wrought with superior elegance and precision. W. Freeman, junior's, design, which brings before us the Barons demanding Magna Charta from John, has much well-marked character, and the feelings which may be supposed to have animated each party are forcibly indicated. The sullen gloom of the king, and the stern determination of the nobles, are hit off with equal felicity; but the strait line in which all their heads are seen, might be altered with some advantage, unless it can be shown that the barons of that age, like the grenadiers of this, must of necessity have reached a certain stature to be admissible to such rank.

In our limited pages we cannot particularise all the scenes it is proposed to perpetuate in the new building. A few, and only a few, shall be mentioned. No. 11, by S. A. Nash, besides the statue of Henry III., "under whom the first traces of the present constitution of a Parliament appeared," and the reigning Queen, suggests for "the sculpture proposed for the head of the arch the memorable event in the history of English constitutional government, which took place in Westminster Hall on the 3d of May, 1253, when the peers obtained from Henry III. a fresh and most solemn confirmation of liberty for his subjects." No. 19, by William Thomas, would body forth "the laws that have governed at different periods. In the four principal panels are bas-reliefs, under the general heads of—The Divine Law, The Law of Superstition, The Law of Force, and Justice Revived. In the first, is represented the Lawgiving by Moses, the Justice of Solomon, and the Death of Ananias; in the second, the Trial by Ordeal, the Inquisition, and the Martyrdom by Fire; in the third, 'the Strongest shall be Right,' Trial by Tournament, and Trial by Combat; and in the fourth, the Reformation, the Good Samaritan, and the Trial by Jury: each of these are surmounted with appropriate figures, and in the centre (on the buttress) is the figure of Justice." No. 26, by Wm. Allan, offers in "the first panel representations of a priest, a soldier, and an agriculturist, a lawyer, a sailor, and a merchant, in the costumes of the twelfth century. The centre panels represent Cranmer receiving the Bible from Henry VIII., and King John signing Magna Charta, in the costumes of the respective periods. The top panels represent David I., King of Scotland, administering justice, and St. Patrick summoned before the king and princes of Tara for lighting the paschal fire. The centre figure represents Britannia, those on the left, Henry III. and Henry VII., and those on the right, a bishop in the costume of the eleventh century, and Robert Fitzwalter." And No. 37, by Samuel Nixon, comprehends almost a perfect old English exhibition, as we have the following *tableaux* enumerated:

"Alfred the Great receiving an illuminated Missal, as a reward for learning to read, from his mother Osburgha.

"Alfred at the Battle of Aston.

"The first flotilla defeating a Danish squadron.

"Alfred scolded by the Neatherd's wife for letting her cakes burn.

"Alfred dividing his only meal with the Pilgrim.

"Alfred comforted in his adversity by the vision of St. Cuthbert.

"Alfred in the Danish camp.

"The meeting of Alfred with his trusty followers at Egbert's Stone.

"Baptism of Guthrum previous to his signing a treaty, Alfred standing sponsor.

"Alfred releasing the wife and children of Hastings, his most powerful enemy.

"Trial by Jury,

"The Assembly of the Witan, or First Parliament."

In the stained glass we have some excellent portraits. Queen Elizabeth at various ages meets the eye. Here we see her as the blooming young creature found at Hatfield, on her sister's decease; there, as might appear, the gracious friend of Leicester; and elsewhere, as she looked at a later period of her life, making up for the injuries time had done her person, by the splendour of her attire and the profusion of her ornaments, as if ambitious of shining forth,

——"Solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress."

Some of the tessilated pavements will be found well worth examining, as also the screens and ornamental metal-work. The effect of a visit to this attractive exhibition will be to convince every visitor who gives the subject *his* serious attention that the talent of the present day, in the decorative arts, will

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be likely to produce for the rising palace embellishments, which, for noble designs and exquisite finish, may proudly challenge comparison with many of the noblest works of antiquity.

1620, 1720, AND 1820;
OR,
THE DEAD GUEST.

(Continued from page 276.)

"I know not how to account for it," said Bantes, "but the strange story told for our amusement yesterday has frequently recurred to me since. Even in my sleep the Dead Guest was present to my thoughts."

"Indeed!" exclaimed his lady.

"I fancied I saw him advancing with slow, solemn, and determined step to seize a hapless beauty doomed to fall his victim. 'You strive in vain,' he groaned; and as, with a sad but merciless air, he stretched forth his hand to grasp the unhappy one, I rushed forward to interpose, and actually started from my bed."

"You awoke with the effort, of course?" said Waldrich.

"I did, but even then the delusion was not over. The voice of the spectre, which I had heard in my sleep, still rang in my ears. This was no illusion. It ceased, but it soon began again, and, in a slow strain, and in a hoarse—I should say sepulchral, voice, but still touching and melodious, I distinctly heard these words:—

"'Tis mine to roam in midnight's gloom;
'Tis mine to act a fearful part;
For, Oh! it is my horrid doom
To break a fond confiding heart!
Ah! why was I charmed with a vision of light
To render more hideous the terrible night?

"Brighter than brightest morn of May,
And softer than its blushing rose,
Must I o'ercloud thy sunny day,
And prove the deadliest of foes?
Why, why was I charmed with a vision of light
To render more hideous the terrible night?"

"And this you really heard?" said the young officer, with an air of vexation and surprise.

"I did, more than once; and the words made an impression on me for which I can only account by referring to the extravagant legend to which I had previously listened."

"It is not a little singular," Waldrich remarked, "that these verses should have been chanted, as it were, in continuance of your dream, and thus imprinted themselves on your memory."

The troops which had been stationed in the town were now ordered from Herbesheim, and Waldrich, with aching heart, took leave of Frederica. Vows of constancy and undying love were exchanged.

He gazed on her with a steadfast and peculiar expression. It recalled the look of astonishment which she had remarked when Waldrich was listening to her father's dream. "And why," she asked, "did that touch you so nearly?"

"I thought that he had found me—that he knew me to be the singer."

"And was it you?"

"Yes; likening myself to the Dead Guest, who can only gaze on beauty for an hour; must then destroy what he loves, and vanish. I mourned that I could only see Frederica for a few moments, disturb her peace of mind, and then withdraw; and in this sombre mood I drawled out a song which I had heard sung by the representative of the Dead Guest in a drama."

Frederica mournfully smiled. Deeply affected by her distress, he tore himself away, exclaiming, in a tone so vehement that it almost frightened his sorrowing mistress, "I shall soon return."

The tearful eye, the downcast countenance of Frederica, sufficiently attested how severe the pang which her bosom had experienced. Her mother marked her sadness, and was not long at a loss to conjecture the cause, if she had not discovered it before; and the old lady, in a matter so nearly affecting the welfare of her child, thought it no more than her duty to communicate what she had learned to her husband.

On hearing that his daughter was in love with George Waldrich, the worthy manufacturer started as if he had seen the Dead Guest.

"In love with him?" he exclaimed; "such a match for my daughter must not be thought of for a moment."

"Females," said the mother, "cannot always command their affections."

"Who said they could? Let them then go uncommanded, but their affections must not expect to command the arrangements of others."

"Yet do not forget that Waldrich is generous."

"To be sure he is; so is every beggar. They can afford to be generous who have nothing to give."

"But need you be reminded that to him we owe our daughter."

"I think not, for it has been already dunned in my ears often enough by you and Frederica."

"The obligation is not a small one."

"Very true, it is so large that I do not wish it increased. It is quite enough to be one child in his debt. I should be sorry to see half-a-dozen grand-children added to the score."

"And are you quite resolved?" inquired the anxious mother.

"I am; so that account is closed."

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"What, then, is to be done?"

"Why we must get her married to young Hahu without loss of time."

"But what if she cannot give him her heart?"

"In that case he must be content with her hand. He can make sure of that, and no husband is ever certain of possessing the other."

"At all events I hope you will not hurry the affair."

"When we know a thing must be done, it is folly to hesitate."

"Not so; time may effect a change. The attentions of the young banker will, perhaps, in the end, prevail over recollections of a lover away."

"Delays are sometimes dangerous. The patient gets worse from the disease not being treated in time."

"But consider the advantages which a suitor present has over one that is away."

"With sensible females I grant you. As 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' so sometimes a rational young woman will feel that one admirer present is better than a hundred absent lovers."

Thus matters were left. The mother hoped for the best; the father thought it would be hard indeed if he might not do as he pleased with his own daughter.

That solemn period which had been looked forward to with mingled feelings of awe, curiosity, and mirth, at length opened. The *adventus redemptoris*---the four weeks before Christmas had commenced; and now or never the visitor from the unknown world was to quit his tomb, and "revisit upper air." Bantes remained as sceptical as ever. His dream was scarcely remembered, and the verses which, on awaking, he distinctly heard, were wholly forgotten.

The first Sunday in Advent dawned. Funereal gloom overspread the face of heaven; the thunder roared, and forked lightning, glancing in every direction, seemed almost to threaten destruction.

The boldest gazed on nature's wrath in solemn meditation; the superstitious thought such accompaniments might appropriately be associated with the coming of the Dead Guest. In all the churches that day the congregations were unusually attentive and devout. The morning service had concluded, the tempest still raged, when suddenly a rumour ran though the town with electric rapidity—it was in every one's mouth, that—"the Dead Guest had actually arrived in Herbesheim!"

Bantes had returned from church, and was sitting in his parlour, watching the impetuous beatings of the rain against the windows, which descended in torrents, when one of his workmen, who was occasionally employed about the house, unceremoniously burst in upon him with—

"He is come, sir—he is, indeed."

"Who; Herr Hahu?"

"No, sir."

"Who then?"

"The Dead Guest."

"The Dead Guest—the Devil," replied Bantes, with a sneer.

"No, sir," replied the man, "not the Devil yet that I know of, but I suppose he is not far off."

"Then you may go to him," said the manufacturer.

The workman withdrew, and Bantes felt not a little disposed to laugh at the credulity of the fellow who seemed to believe in the idle report. He was, however, not left at license to do so. A servant entered, with the air of a man just roused from his first sleep, and announced the same startling fact. Several of his journeymen appeared in succession to communicate this important news. At first, he was amused with the ignorant amazement and horror of his people, but at length, weary of the repetition, he became nettled at the intrusion.

"And why," said he, "do all you fools come to me? Where is this dreadful personage—hey? When did he arrive?"

The question thus peevishly put was answered with as much gravity as if there could be no doubt of the fact, in a tone as solemn as the midnight bell—

"Shortly after twelve."

"Really; and where, may I ask, does he put up?"

"At the Black Cross."

"And you believe this, do you? Who told you, pray?"

"No one, sir; I saw him myself, or else I would not have believed it."

"That's quite right, and till I see him I will not believe that he is in Herbesheim."

"Confound these noodles!" he exclaimed, when left alone, "they have sadly interrupted me with their rubbish. Here are matters which must be attended to forthwith, and a set of dolts have prevented me from giving my thoughts to them as I proposed to do. S'death! here is another, I suppose."

The person who now came towards him was not exactly of the same class as those who had preceded him, but Ernest Brandt, a sober-minded, hard-headed book-keeper. He came not to repeat the babble of the day, but to speak on business. When questioned, however, by his employer, he partly confirmed what had been reported, by stating that it was a matter beyond all question that a very remarkable stranger had arrived early that morning at the Black Cross."

"But why," said the master, "why, I should like to know, is this stranger so extraordinary? Have you seen him?"

"I have."

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"Then describe him. What is there about him that is very remarkable?"

"Why, sir, first he is certainly very tall."

"Well?"

"And very thin."

"That most tall people are. What else?"

"He is deadly pale."

"Remarkably so?"

"Pale as a shroud."

"And what is his general appearance?"

"His deportment is noble; and he is said to exhibit, and from the little I saw of him I can almost vouch for the truth of that, more than mortal dignity in his look and action."

"You express yourself strangely. I am satisfied, Brandt, that a sensible, reflecting man like you would not be carried away with the stream."

"I speak but of what I saw with my own eyes."

"And how was this person dressed?"

"In black—deep black."

"Pale as a shroud—dressed in deep black—puts up at the Black Cross," muttered Bantes; "the coincidence is certainly remarkable."

"Boundless wealth," Brandt resumed, "would seem to be at his command. He came in a splendid equipage, and his black dress sparkled with chains and diamonds, while rings, supposed to be of immense value, appeared on the fingers of each hand."

"And have you heard anything more?"

"Nothing, save that he arrived when the storm was at its height; while he stepped from his carriage blue lightniugs glared on every side, and a peal of thunder burst from the clouds that made the wondering crowd, assembled in front of the Black Cross, think heaven and earth were coming together."

Bantes thoughtfully reclined his head on his right hand. "Truly these things are out of the common way," he murmured. "No matter," he added, exalting his voice, and throwing off the nervous embarrassment which had momentarily come over him, "I have now, as you, Brandt, are aware, other matters to attend to. My wife and Frederica are engaged to Dr. Rudbart this afternoon; I have to fetch them home in the evening, so no more of the Dead Guest, for I have accounts to examine before I go, and have little time to lose."

Madame Bantes and Frederica left the manufacturer to arrange his books, which he had resumed to fill up his Sunday afternoon. Brandt having given such assistance as his employer required, also took his departure, and, fully occupied with the concerns to which he devoted his attention, the manufacturer perceived not how the hours flew. It was dusk before he had finished. He then closed his books, shut up his desk, and, taking up his hat, was about to seek his wife and daughter, when a shrill and agonising scream burst on his ear. The wind roared awfully hoarse. A sweeping gust rushed through the house, and the street-door was slammed too with violence, which shook the whole building. He started from his chair in consternation.

"What can that mean," he exclaimed; and, why, he knew not, at that moment all the horrid rumours of the day recurred to his mind more forcibly than ever. "But what folly," he soliloquised, "it is to associate the fiend, Dead Guest, or whatever he is, with anything that is passing in this house or out of it. Let me at least ascertain what has caused the present alarm."

The scream he knew was from the housemaid, and he felt bound to hasten to her assistance if it were needed, and to rebuke her timid folly, if nothing were the matter.

He had just come to this wise and manly resolution, when a glare of lightning, most vivid, and, as he thought, sulphurious, invaded the apartment. The next moment all was darkness.

The servant, whose cry he had heard, was in a fit. He found her attended by a fellow-servant, by a female friend, and by Brandt.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"There was a knock," said Brandt; "Catherine opened the door, and instantly fell back as you see, her eyes starting from her head. She could not have been more alarmed had she beheld old Nick."

"Old Nick!" exclaimed the female friend. "If that had been all she would not have been thus overpowered. It must have been something worse."

A loud knocking was heard, and the manufacturer withdrew. Scarcely had he regained the parlour, when the door flew open, and a figure stood before him. Another fearful flash illuminated the room, and with jaws expanded, and gasping for breath, he saw the countenance of Brandt, his bookkeeper.

"What—what—for heaven's sake! what is the matter!" exclaimed the employer.

"He is here," was all that the terrified Brandt could utter.

"Who?" demanded the manufacturer.

"The Dead Guest," was the faltering reply; and Brandt vanished as if he had been a ghost.

A third flood of elemental fire burst on his madly-staring eyes; a roar of thunder, which seemed as if all the ordnance in the world had been discharged at the same moment, was heard; and, attired in black, but glistening with gold and jewels, a tall figure, whose ashy white face more than realised whatever the much florid report had pictured, advanced and stood in awful majesty before him.

What the stranger first said the honest

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manufacturer never could recollect; but instead of attempting to answer—"Lights, lights!" was his only cry.

But the housemaid had fainted, Brandt had fled, and if his call was heard by any of his domestics, either they were so busily engaged in attending to the still trembling female servant, or so unwilling to approach the dreaded stranger, that his demand, though more than once reiterated, was not heard; at all events no answer was returned, and with no small trepidation he found himself alone, in darkness, and face to face with the Dead Guest.

(To be continued.)

ART-UNIONS.

The putting a stop to the distribution of works of art, by the Government declaring them to be illegal, has caused great dissatisfaction and much regret in many quarters. We always considered them calculated to do good, and the artists with whom we have conversed were almost all of the same opinion. There are, however, two views to be taken of every subject, and the following strictures from the "Polytechnic Magazine" furnish the best defence of the interdict we have yet seen:

"The success of these Art-Unions must, it is obvious, depend on the number of blanks, and not upon the number of prizes that may be drawn. We have, therefore, at once a premium offered to inferior artists for inferior works, in order to make up the full complement for the raffle. Hence, many young and meritorious artists are tempted to fritter away their time and talents in hastily executing pictures to order, instead of sitting down to study, or enter upon any self-improving great work. The Art-Union of London having squandered 36,000*l.* in this way, must have done a great deal more harm than good, for the distribution of so many inferior works must inevitably tend to vitiate public taste." Nor is this all: instead of creating a demand for works of art, these chance distributions have, we are persuaded, a directly contrary tendency. The possessor of a prize—good, bad, or indifferent—carries it home with him contented; he hangs it up in his hall, his parlour, or, it may be, in the bar of a public-house. His guinea chance has turned out so well, that he will in all probability not buy another picture all his life. What, then, has the Art-Union of London done, to claim any special protection from government? Our answer is, nothing. Look to the last presentation engravings of the London Art-Union. There is not one of them we should have any pleasure in accepting. The last, we believe, is 'Una.' We all know Hilton to have been one of the most accomplished, although least known, artists of our school; but he was very unequal, as Una evinces; and what could induce him to paint such a picture, and the Art-Union to engrave it, we cannot possibly conceive. The 'Tired Huntsman' is another crying absurdity, selected and engraved professedly to refine public taste in matters of art. Who, that has paid any attention to the arts, would confide in the taste and judgment of persons capable of making such selections for their subscribers?"

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

And was it thus, glad Sun, that thou
On Eden's earliest Sabbath rose,
To sink as calmly bright as now
Thou sinkest to repose?
Did our first father gaze on thee
With thoughts as rapt as throng on me?

Thou, and the stars and moon alone,
Of all that bless'd the primal earth,
Remain to shine, as ye first shone
At the creation's birth,
When man walked forth the lord of all,
Fresh from his Maker's plastic call.

Unchanged 'mid all mutations, still
Thou wear'st the joyous look of youth;
Unbann'd for sin with death or ill,
Thy smile still glows with truth;
And part of Eden lives in thee,
From gloom, and woe, and passion free.

And such a Sabbath, rife with bliss,
So sweetly mild, and soft, and lone,
And fraught with pensive happiness,
As thou now shinest on,
Be mine, when breaks within the sky
The day-spring of Eternity!

George Moir Bussey.

THE LATE WILLIAM BECKFORD.

From the newspapers we learn that the author of "Vathek" is no more. He died last week at Bath, where he had erected a singular edifice, in some respects a miniature of his former abode, the far-famed Fonthill Abbey.

Mr. Beckford was an extraordinary man. He was the son of Mr. Alderman Beckford, who gained great fame by his replying on the moment to George III., when the monarch gave an ungracious reception to an address from the city. The words which he used on that remarkable occasion were placed in Guildhall, with his statue, to testify the admiration which they had called forth from his fellow-citizens, and the gratitude

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which accompanied it. He was not, in all respects, so tenderly dealt with by others, as we find one satirical poet speaking of what he had addressed to royal ears as

"That senseless speech which Balaam's ass might own."

Mr. Beckford, the son, seemed well disposed to a public life, and became a member of the House of Commons. Rumours to his prejudice of the most fearful character got abroad. He was shunned by many, and in grief, disgust, or resentment, withdrew to his seat in Wiltshire. There he raised the vast fabric we have named, and which a quarter of a century ago was the theme of every tongue.

It was not the splendour of the edifice —though that was great—nor the value of its contents—though on these immense sums had been expended—that fixed public attention on Fonthill Abbey, so much as the habits of the proprietor, exaggerated, and, in all probability, misrepresented, by report. He was said to see no company, to allow no approach—yet to live in almost regal state. Though he had servants fitting his opulence, his favourite was understood to be a dwarf, called Pero. Mr. Beckford was described to be violent. He would speak harshly, or more than speak, to a servant or a villager that came in his way, but, soon relenting, it was his care nobly to recompense the party he had outraged. It was shrewdly suspected that some of those who experienced the throb of his impetuous anger had artfully put themselves in the way of it, for the sake of the healing donation which was likely to follow.

He certainly lived in seclusion for a number of years, and objected to the abbey being shown to the curious. It was even said, George IV., when Prince of Wales, had intimated a wish to visit it, which had been met by something like a refusal. Be this as it may, it got wind among the public that the residence of Mr. Beckford was "a sealed book;" and when, in 1822, the news burst on the town that the abbey and all its contents were about to be on public view, preparatory to a sale by auction, every one was anxious to see the Palace of Wonders. It was likened to throwing open the blue-room of Bluebeard.

Mr. Christie was the auctioneer to whom the important charge was confided. Catalogues were issued, and thousands repaired to Hindon, and thence to Fonthill. Great was the interest in the approaching sale, when, the day before it was commenced, a new surprise was prepared for the public mind, and it was announced that there would be no sale at all!

The whole property had been bought by the late Mr. H. Phillips for a Mr. Farquhar, a Scotsman, of very penurious habits, who had made a vast fortune in India, but who continued to dress and to live in the meanest style. He bought this palace and park, not because, like old *Scrooge*, a dream had induced him to rush from grinding parsimony to open-hearted benevolence, but because it appeared a good opportunity for increasing his store, aided by the experience and talent of the Bond-street auctioneer. It is true he took up his abode in it for a time, but he bought it not to inhabit, but to sell, and accordingly it was announced in the following year that the whole, as the phrase is, was to be brought to the hammer.

Mr. Phillips took possession of the abbey—and then, how changed was the scene! Where silence and solitude had long been witnessed, crowds assembled, and day after day, and week after week, a merry group was seen at his hospitable board, among whom the representatives of the press found a distinguished place. Those who partook of the entertainments given on that occasion, while extravagant dissipation was avoided, confess that nothing was wanting to render them perfect hours of enjoyment. It was in the cloisters, approached by the western avenue, that they usually took place. They broke up early, as the indefatigable Phillips had always occupation for the evening.

Mr. Beckford's library was very extensive, yet, among the countless ranges of books which he possessed, he had so extraordinary a memory, that he could at once indicate the shelf, and the part of the shelf, on which any particular volume might be found. This was proved, to the utter amazement of the new proprietor of Fonthill. In many of the works, notes had been made, in the handwriting of Mr. Beckford: the books which contained them were intended to be withdrawn, but, by accident, some escaped discovery; they were discovered by the prying gentlemen of the press, and the memoranda found in several of the books appeared in the newspapers.

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They were eagerly sought after at the sale, though frequently they presented but quotations from the books: occasionally, however, they expressed opinions, and some of them were of a most singular nature. High prices were given for these, and some, it was understood, were purchased for Mr. Beckford at twenty times the price which the holder had given for them at the sale. His thoughts were often expressed with great force. In one instance, speaking of human nature, he powerfully marked his sense of the humanising power of letters. He pointed to the mind of man as wretched in its native state — as "blood-raw, till cooked by education."

One of the works which he had most copiously illustrated, was Irving's "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan." The movements of the learned Muretus, as there recorded, attracted his observation, and more than one of his notes relate to that individual, the melancholy accusations to which he was subjected, and the strange effects they produced on his constitution. We have seen the work just mentioned, with the notes in Mr. Beckford's handwriting. As specimens of penmanship—or pencil-manship rather, for they are written with a black-lead pencil—they are curious; and as many would like to read the commentaries of so remarkable a man, we purpose obtaining a copy of them for the next number of *The Mirror*. These, with the passages in the book to which they have reference, may throw considerable light on the manner of the author of "Vathek."

NAPOLEON'S RE-VISIT TO MARENGO.

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NAPOLEON.

A cheap and revised edition of the history of the wonderful man who so long ruled the destinies of Europe, is being brought out in numbers by Willoughby. It is to be embellished with 20 portraits, and 500 engravings, by Horace Vernet and M. Jacques. Many of these have great merit, and would fitly adorn a much more expensive work. We give one by way of extract, to represent Napoleon re-visiting Marengo, the scene of a memorable triumph, where, in the moment when all seemed to be lost, unhoped-for victory exhibited to him a startling view of the chances of war—*then* to him most grateful, though subsequently he experienced them in all their bitterness—in humiliation, exile, and death.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF AYLESFORD.

Arms. Ar. a chev., between three griffins, passant, sa.
Crest. A griffin, passant, sa.
Supporters. Dexter, a griffin, sa., ducally gorged, or.; sinister, a lion, or, ducally gorged, az.
Motto. "*Aperto vivere voto.*" "To live without a wish concealed."

This family springs from the first Earl of Nottingham, through whom its pedigree may be traced back to the time of Henry I. The second son of Heneage, first Earl of Nottingham, who was also named Heneage Finch, having embraced the profession of the law, attained celebrity at the bar, and became solicitor-general, Jan. 13, 1678, and was subsequently the principal of those eminent advocates who defended the seven bishops. In the convention Parliament, he represented the university of Oxford, and in subsequent parliaments so long as he continued a commoner. In 1702, he was chosen on the part of the university to compliment queen Anne, on her majesty's visit after her accession, to the ancient city of Oxford, and on that occasion he was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Guernsey, March 15, 1702-3; and shortly after the accession of George I., October 19, 1714, he was created Earl of Aylesford. He was in the same year appointed chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and nominated a member of the Privy Council. He married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Brooks, Bart. of Aylesford, and had issue, Heneage, Lord Guernsey, two other sons, and three daughters. He died June 22, 1719, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Heneage, who married Mary, daughter and heir of Sir Clement Fisher, Bart., of Packington, in the county of Warwick. His lordship had issue, Henry, Lord Guernsey, and three daughters, and dying June 29, 1757, the title came to his son of the same name, Heneage, third earl of Aylesford, LL.D.; he was born Nov. 6, 1715, and married Oct. 6, 1750, Charlotte, daughter of Charles sixth Duke of Somerset, by his grace's second wife. This Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, by whom he had issue Heneage, Lord Guernsey, six other sons, and four daughters; he died May 9, 1777, and was succeeded by his eldest son Heneage above mentioned. This nobleman was born July 15, 1751, and married Nov. 18, 1781, Lady Louisa Thynne, daughter of Thomas first Marquis of Bath, and had issue, Heneage, the present Earl, three other sons, and seven daughters; his lordship was Steward of the Household, died October 21, 1812; on his decease the title came to Heneage Finch, F.S.A., the present Earl, who was born April 24, 1686; he married April 23, 1821, Lady Augusta Sophia Greville, daughter of George second Earl of Brooke and Warr—she has issue Heneage, Lord Guernsey, born December 24, 1824; Daniel, born April 26, 1827, besides two daughters, Margaret and Sarah.

ON METALS, CHROMES, AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. VII.

(*Continued from page 280*)

The most casual reader cannot have failed to notice the remarkable order which has prevailed in the liberation of elements from their compounds: for instance, he has always seen that the anode is the place were oxygen appears, and the cathada is the place where hydrogen and where copper appear. Now this order prevails throughout the whole list of electrolytes and their elements; so that the electro-chemist has been able to divide bodies into two great classes—

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anions, or such as appear at the anode; and cathions, or such as appear at the cathode. A few examples may be instructive:

ANIONS.

Oxygen; chlorine; iodine; bronine; nitric acid; sulphuric acid; carbonic acid; and the acids generally.

CATHIONS.

Hydrogen; the metals; ammonia; potassa; soda; lime; and the protoxides generally. Vegetable alkalies.

We are not permitted now to enter too minutely into the *secondary* actions, which often modify the primary result: the two cases which have already been before us are sufficient for illustration; the first, in which the oxygen, from decomposed water, enters into combination with the metal of the electrode; the second, in which the hydrogen combines, by electrine affinity, with the oxygen of an oxide, and releases the metal. The third case being, in fact, that which covers metallo-chromes and anion deposits, is when the oxygen combines with the compound in solution; and *the product of such combination is deposited.*

Sugar of lead, or, as it is chemically termed, acetate of lead, is well stirred in water until a saturated solution is obtained; this is then filtered for use. The composition of this solution is oxide of lead in diluted acetic acid. Some of it may be poured in a flat dish over a polished plate of platinum, or, which answers equally well, a polished steel-plate. This plate is touched with the battery wire so as to become an anode; if the point of the other wire is dipped into the solution, and held at a little distance from the surface of the steel plate, a succession of concentric rings, coloured with all the brilliant tints of the spectrum, make their appearance. They seem to grow out of the plate. They are caused by the presence of very thin films of peroxide of lead, deposited from the solution. Light is reflected through them from the polished surface of the plate, and is decomposed into one or other prismatic tint according to the thickness of the film. One word on the electro-chemistry of the matter, and we leave the science of the subject, to give a few instructions as to the modes of obtaining them. Water is decomposed in this case as in the preceding; but the oxygen, in place of combining with the anode, combines with the protoxide of lead held in solution, converts it into a peroxide, and the peroxide is deposited in these their films—the release of the metal; lead at the other electrode goes on as usual. Two cells of the battery, and sometimes three should be used for producing the best effects. The result is obtained in a few seconds. The colours make their appearance in due gradation. Immediately on immersing the point, a small circle of a silver blond colour, like very light hair, makes its appearance; this increases in size, and becomes darker at its centre until it reaches a decided fawn colour; it then passes on through various shades of violet, until it reaches the indigos and blues. The blue makes its appearance in about three seconds; the imagination cannot conceive of any thing more brilliant than its tint; it emerges from the centre, as it were from a cloud, and bursts on the eye with surpassing splendour. The tints pass on, through pale blue to yellow, and then through a range to lake, and through bluish lake to green, and greenish orange: next follow rose orange, which fades off to greenish violet and green: by various shades, this passes to reddish yellow, and onward to rose-lake. According to Nobili, who first devised these experiments, rose-lake is the forty-fourth colour of the series. This series of colours will constitute a ring of an inch or more in diameter, rose-lake occupying the centre; the width of each colour, and the distinctive characters, depend mainly on the strength of the voltaic action, and the distance at which the point is held from the plate. The whole operation, as I have said, only occupies a few seconds; and any action after the the appearance of the rose-lake, operates in undoing what has been done, by increasing the thickness of the films beyond the limit which gives colour.

This then is the first and simple form of metallo-chromes.

(To be continued.)

PARASELENÆ

SEEN AT HIGH-FIELD HOUSE, LENTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

SIR,—On Wednesday, May 1st, 1844, at 11h. 10m. P.M. a most remarkable and curious phenomenon made its appearance. The following are the remarks which I made at High-field House, situated about two and a half miles S.W. of Nottingham.

The day was very fine, and the max

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thermometer in shade, 69·30°; in sun, 91o; the barometer at 11 P.M. was rising, and had reached 30·722 inches; wind, a slight breeze from E. At 11 o'clock, I noticed the sky, and also five minutes afterwards, but nothing uncommon appeared, few cirri of a very electric nature converged towards S. a colourless lunar halo of about 28° in diameter, and a lunar burr were visible.

11h. 10m. The sky was cloudless, except a portion from S.E. to S.W. extending to the zenith, which was thickly scattered with cirri. On a lower level were a few cumulostrati clouds, all converging towards S. At this hour a most beautiful and rare phenomenon took place, a brilliant mock-moon, of a silvery colour, shone out of the lunar halo on the west side, a little below the horizontal level of the moon; also three arcs of inverted rainbows appeared; the first within the lunar halo, and nearly at the highest part of it cut off upwards of 17° from the halo. The second rested on the summit of the lunar halo, the circumference of which was about 28o. And the third at about 10° higher, whose circumference was 27°; all opened in a direction to the north.

11h. 13m. The points where the rainbow cut the halo, were two bright oval flames, and evidently paraselenæ, and about 10° higher than the inverted rainbow was a complete circle, whose diameter was nearly 80° (this extended to the zenith), having Cor Caroli nearly in the centre of the circle.

11h. 15m. The mock-moon and also inverted rainbow disappeared, and the circles and inverted rainbows still remained very bright.

11h. 20m. All had vanished except the lunar halo and burr, which disappeared at half-past eleven o'clock. This phenomenon did not reappear. No prismatic colours were exhibited during this very rare paraselenæ, which I think is equal with these extraordinary appearances. It may be as well to add, that the weather for the last fortnight, has been nearly cloudless, and for the last few evenings the distant prospect has been remarkably clear. The wind has been in the east for some time, and until it moves out of that quarter, it is probable that we shall have no rain.

Yours sincerely, E. J. LOWE.

Ash-field House, Lenton, May 3rd.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VII.—EXECUTIONS, AND PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS.

IT has been remarked that crimes of a serious and capital nature were by far more frequent in the last, than in the present century; and surely the punishment of crime was proportionately severer and commensurate with its extent. In addition to the crimes which the law now visits with the punishment of death, forgery, burglary, highway robbery, felony, and even what *we* should almost be inclined to designate petty larceny, were capital offences, and when we cast our eyes down the columns of an old newspaper, it is truly painful to notice the frequent recurrence of the words, "Verdict, guilty—Sentence, death."

Tyburn, at the western end of Oxford-street, was the principal place of execution, and, serious as are the associations with which that word is coupled, we can scarcely refrain from smiling when we reflect, that what is to us scarcely half an hour's ride in one of the thousand omnibuses which daily rattle over the paved and busy street between the city and Paddington, was, to our grandfathers, comparatively a weary pilgrimage along what was then "the road to Tyburn," between green hedges and stately trees, and in constant dread of highwaymen or footpads. I have said Tyburn was "*the principal*" place of execution, for this was not *the only* spot on which the instrument of death was raised. Execution Dock, at Wapping, was devoted to the punishment of such criminals as had been guilty of capital offences "on the high seas." It was no uncommon, and, from its frequency, scarcely considered a shocking, occurrence in the streets of London, to meet a waggon, or, rather, what is called a "Thames-street cart," moving at a slow pace along the street, and conveying some unhappy culprit to the place of execution. The cart contained also the offender's coffin placed before his eyes, and the chaplain, praying aloud, and exhorting him to repentance. The mournful procession, in which a silver oar, and other symbols of authority, were exhibited, surrounded by a crowd of idlers, arrived at Execution Dock, and in a few minutes the convict was seen struggling between life and death. The tide beneath the criminal was at nearly its lowest ebb, when the execu-

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tioner cast him off, and the body had to remain until the river touched his feet: sometimes it was allowed to reach his knees. It was then cut down, and placed in the same cart, with a piece of black cloth flung carelessly across it, paraded through the city, and deposited in Hicks' Hall. For the next week the body of the unhappy convict lay for the inspection of the curious and sight-seeing public, cut and mangled, dissected, and anatomised—a sickening spectacle to the multitude who crowded to see it, and linger in the gallery to cast down one more look upon the revolting scene. When every seeker of medical knowledge, from the experienced surgeon to the thoughtless student, had dabbled in the blood of the criminal, the body, mangled and hideous as it was to view, was loaded with chains, and suspended from one of the gibbets which lined the banks of the river in the olden time. "That is my old messmate, Tom Brown," or, "There hangs my fellow-apprentice, Jack Smith," the sailors would say, as they passed down the Thames. Every corpse, disfigured and mutilated though it was, was well known; and as the watermen rowed their boats along the river, they would occasionally pull a little out of their way, to drive off the birds that were greedily devouring the body of some old companion.

Such is an outline of the scenes which were frequently occurring at Execution Dock. Still more frightful outrages to the public feelings were perpetrated at Tyburn, where, on the Monday morning after his conviction, followed the execution, of the criminal. And the execution of a single offender was, unhappily, of rare occurrence: several, and in some instances, even as many as twenty, have suffered at once; and if only two or three convicts were brought to execution, the crowd which had assembled to witness the sad spectacle returned in disappointment home, complaining that "there were scarcely any people hanged at Tyburn this morning!"

But even the streets of London were occasionally converted into places of execution, and perambulating gallowses and temporary scaffolds erected for the punishment of offenders. Subsequently to the riots of 1780, this mode of execution was very frequent; and all who had, or were even suspected to have, been concerned in the outrages of that period, were indiscriminately hanged on the spots which had been the scene of their offences. Two cases, in particular, I have heard alluded to: one, of a Jew, who was executed opposite to Whitechapel Church, and whose shrieks rang through the neighbourhood; and the other, a youth, hanged at Smithfield, on a charge which afterwards proved to be erroneous.

We may, even now-a-days, occasionally encounter a man with bills on his hat and bills in his hand, bawling about the streets an account of "The Life, Trial, and Execution" of some miserable convict; but in the last century his was a busy occupation, for the last moments of some score of criminals had to be recorded every quarter. In many instances the execution was anticipated, and while the hangman was fixing the rope round his victim's neck, the vendor of ballads and "execution papers" would commence shouting, "Here's a full, true, and particular account of the Life, Trial, and Execution of the wretched malefactor who was hanged this morning at Tyburn," or "before the Debtors' Door, Newgate" (as the case might be), "together with his last dying speech and confession, and a moving copy of verses, together with a letter which he wrote the night before his execution." This was the most popular form of the dismal cry which was chaunted to a melancholy air, and duly delivered in a solemn and imposing tone. These "accounts" were wretchedly printed on flimsy paper, with a coarse representation of a general imaginary criminal (which had been a "correct portrait" of the last fifty "wretched malefactors") at the head, or the form of the gallows. The price was one penny; and, when newspapers were dear, and beyond the means of the many, these narratives, incorrect and imperfect as they were, were greedily purchased. It is almost needless to add, that the report of the execution, the confession of the criminal, and the copy of verses, were all the produce of some Grub-street penny-a-liner's fertile imagination. They were printed on the preceding evening; and the cheat was occasionally ludicrously exposed by a reprieve, or pardon, being sent down after the vendor had been supplied.

Two modes of punishment, now entirely obsolete, were frequently adopted in the last century: the one, "flogging at the cart's tail," when the convict was tied to the back of a cart and whipped

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through the principal thoroughfares; the other, exposure in the pillory, where he was elevated in public situations—such as Cornhill, Cheapside, or Aldgate—for certain offences, and subjected to the revilings and insults of the crowd; and those were the most harmless visitations which assailed him: showers of mud, rotten eggs, and stones, were generally directed towards him; and when, after the expiration of a few hours, he was taken down, he was frequently found entirely exhausted, in some instances seriously injured, and, in one instance, the sufferer was killed outright. Another description of pillory, which has now fallen greatly into disuse, especially in the neighbourhood of London, is "the stocks," with a pair of which each parish was usually furnished, and in which drunkards, beggars, vagrants, and impostors, convicted as "rogues and vagabonds," were locked by the feet, and thus exposed to the scorn of the passers-by.

The punishment of burning was not entirely abolished at the close of the last century; for I can remember hearing an inveterate sight-seer, who had punctually attended every execution at Tyburn and Newgate for upwards of fifty years, remark that "he had not seen an execution now for many years, for the fact was, that when he last visited Tyburn, a young woman was burnt, and he returned home so faint and sick after the sight, that he had not the courage to go there again."

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE EMPEROR & THE COMEDIAN.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

MANY monarchs have delighted in an extravagant and startling exhibition of power, but the Russian despots, perhaps, more frequently than others, have been in the habit of blending dramatic contrivances both with vengeance and playfulness.

The emperor Paul was a strange, half-mad personage; he honoured with his favour many humble persons, and among the number, one Frogère, a French player, who had the honour of occasionally dining at the imperial table, where sometimes his sallies were held to be brilliant. One day a compliment was paid to the emperor which went to exalt him above his ancestor Peter the Great. The emperor affected modesty, but at the same time attempted a witticism, remarking that so to flatter him was "robbing Peter to pay Paul;" and appealed to Frogère if that were fair. The player, for the sake of the joke, rather than the truth, instantly admitted that it was not, "as there was no probability that ever any one would be able to rob Paul to pay Peter." This did not please; there was too much sarcastic truth in it to pass current in that society. Every one looked blank; the party broke up before the gloom had passed away, and Frogère, much disconcerted, retreated to his bed, and tried to forget the mishap in sleep. That night his chamber was abruptly entered by an officer and four armed men, and the emperor's warrant for his arrest was produced. It was announced that he was banished to Siberia, and must forthwith commence his sad journey. He was merely allowed time to provide himself with a change of clothes, when he was forced into a carriage, which, strongly guarded, moved forward, two soldiers with pistols and a drawn sword being his companions in the vehicle. They advanced briskly during the night, and when day returned, the actor was blindfolded.

A stop was at length made; he was removed from the coach, and the bandage being taken from his eyes, he found himself in a wretched hovel. Some coarse food was set before him, while an officer, with whom he had formerly been on intimate terms, looked on in cold forbidding silence.

Frogère was too much afflicted to eat. "What have I done," he exclaimed, "to merit this severity?"

"Need you to be told?" inquired the officer; "have you forgotten the mad insult you ventured to offer the Emperor of all the Russias at his own table? So outrageous a sarcasm his imperial majesty could not forgive."

"Heaven is my witness," said Frogère, "I meant no offence. Can you not make this known? cannot you intercede for me?"

"Impossible! all I can do is to take care of your property at Moscow. Any other commission that you may give me I will faithfully execute."

"And am I to be banished for life?"

"No; the kindness of the emperor for you forbids him to go so far; you are only to remain in Siberia thirty years!"

"Thirty years!" Frogère exclaimed with horror. In that mournful hour the vast difference between banishment for life and "only for thirty years" was hardly appreciated.

The officer took his leave; Frogère was again blinded, and the carriage pursued its journey. At intervals it stopped, and a scanty meal was set before the prisoner. How long they had been travelling he could not tell, but he concluded they had reached the confines, when, blinded with more care than ever, he found the upper

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part of his dress loosened, his arms pinioned, and in this situation he was placed on a seat. He heard the jarring sound of muskets, and the military word of command, and recommended his soul to heaven. Another movement was made, which told him the fatal moment was at hand, when the bandage fell from his eyes, and he found himself in the same place which he had filled when he hazarded that jocular remark which had caused him to experience so much affliction. The emperor presided, and all present laughed delighted with the imperial prank, for such it was, which had driven the object of it half a dozen miles round the palace under the circumstances described, — some four-and-twenty hours. For poor Frogère the change was too violent; he fainted in the moment when his safety was announced, and did not immediately revive to receive the congratulations of those courtiers who could admire such a fearful experiment on the actor's feelings as had been made by the then potent despot, the miserable emperor Paul.

Another still more remarkable scene was shortly afterwards got up in the same place. The emperor joyously supped with the performer and a select company. When the entertainment ended, Frogère and those who remained to the last, withdrew to the chambers in the palace. An alarm was suddenly given; all rose, and sought the emperor's apartments. They entered them, and found the cause of their disturbance was more than a joke, as extended on the floor lay the corpse of the despot!

PANORAMA OF HONG KONG.

Mr. Burford's Panorama has been too long and too favourably known to the public to render it necessary to say more in praise of any new picture which he may exhibit, that it is not unworthy of the artist. This view of the island of "Chrystal Stream" recently added to the British Empire is an agreeable variety. It is boldly painted, and brings a multitude of interesting objects before us.

"The Panorama," it is well said in the description published by Mr. Burford, "is taken from a commanding situation in the harbour, and embraces a very considerable extent of view. On the south is the island, presenting the whole of the new town of Victoria, already rising into consequence. Streets of commodious houses, in every style of architecture, several churches and chapels of different denominations, wharfs, stores, and innumerable cottages and huts of the Chinese, stretch along the shore in an irregular manner, a distance of more than two miles; whilst various little eminences, rising at intervals, are crowned by buildings of considerable size, among which the Government House is conspicuous, from its flag-staff with the British ensign, as are several charitable institutions, from their size and situation; the whole is backed by a range of high, rugged, and barren hills, of every variety of character, and every diversity of colour, forming an imposing back-ground, and contrasting finely with the pleasing appearance of the town. To the north, the mainland of China presents a few buildings about the small town of Kow-loon, and a succession of lofty hills and mountains, as far as the eye can reach; some rising suddenly from the water's edge, and towering to an immense height, the rugged and stern character of which gives grandeur to the scene, and produces a sublime effect. The whole of the immense bay between these two points is entirely covered by ships and craft of every description; large heavy-built, and wretchedly-appointed war-junks, offering a strange contrast to the beautiful symmetry and correct proportions of the contiguous British men-of-war; finely-carved and painted Mandarin boats, fishing and fast boats, sampans, and every kind of Chinese boat, many of which are so close to the spectator as to afford an interesting insight into the manners, customs, and costume of this singular people."

Reviews.

Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister. [Smith, Elder & Co.

This little work we see from the title-page has reached a sixth edition. It is a very clever performance; some of the scenes are marked by the insinuating, sly humour which we admire in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The following description of the impertinence in which people indulge who undertake to patronise the "Poor Preacher," is very happy.

"Being a modest young man, I patiently bore being told of my faults, and frequently expressed my thankfulness for the information, wisely remarking that they were our best friends who gave us advice whereby we might profit. There was another excellent feature in the character of this young lady, and that is, that so great was her candour, that she not only told me very freely her own opinion of my ser-

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mons and prayers and general deportment, but she as liberally communicated to me the opinions of nearly all the rest of the congregation; for if any one wished me to know this, that, or the other, and felt any reluctance or shyness to tell me of it in so many words, they had nothing to do but to mention it to this daughter of the general shopkeeper, and she would inform me of it in the most delicate manner imaginable. Indeed, she used to boast that no one could speak so freely to me as she could; and she used always and very loudly to praise the good sense which I invariably displayed in not resenting the information, as some silly people would do. To give a specimen or two of the kind of animadversion to which I allude, I will mention a few matters which, though they may appear trifling to those who are not dissenting ministers, are yet matters of moment to those that are. There was an old lady who sat under the gallery on the right side of the pulpit, who was by no means deaf, but could not hear several sentences in the course of my sermons, because I occasionally dropped my voice, or turned too much to the left. There was a young lady who sat on the left side of the pulpit, who was highly accomplished and very nervous, who frequently had the headache in consequence of the loudness of some of my tones. There was an old gentleman who complained that I spoke a great deal too fast, so that it was impossible for any one to understand me; and then, presently afterwards, as ill luck would have it, there was a young gentleman who thought that my utterance was so slow, that the first part of a sentence was forgotten before the latter part was pronounced. There was a schoolmaster who said that he had several times detected me in the improper use of the aspirate, and once he went so far as to affirm that I said *vicked* instead of *wicked*. Some complained that I did not use scriptural language enough in my prayers; others wished that my sermons were not quite so metaphysical; and from others I heard the complaint that my style was too florid and ornamented. But still I was very much liked, and was decidedly a general favourite, only I wanted one or two little improvements in order to be quite perfect. All these things were told me quite in confidence, and with the purest intention of doing me a service. In like manner, as touching my general demeanour and deportment, I found that many eyes were upon me, and that my friends were as anxious for my perfection out of the pulpit. For instance, I was told by my monitress of the general shop, that I had been accused of reading novels; now I knew it was very wicked to read novels in general, but I thought that there was no harm in reading those of Walter Scott; but my friend observed that a novel was a novel, and I could not deny it. Some persons also, not of the congregation, used, I was told, to remark that I could have but little time for reading and composing sermons, for I might be always seen walking about the town; but it was very kindly said for me that while I was walking I was thinking. Once it was gently intimated to me, that it had been observed at a house where I had supped, that after supper I had mixed some gin and water for myself, in which the gin was as much in quantity as the water; but my informant kindly said that she did not believe the statement, and begged me not to make myself at all uneasy about the matter, and to take no notice of it whatever, only to be more on my guard for the future."

The Mysteries of London.

[Cunningham, Strand.

This little book, which will prove a useful companion to strangers visiting London, professes to unveil the frauds which are daily practised in the metropolis; and successfully and with much humour details the tricks resorted to by the proprietors of the meanest rag-shop up to the complaisant haberdasher in his gilded shop in Regent-street. There is a mixture of severity with truth in the remarks on some of our respectable tradesmen: nor does the learned profession escape the author's lash.

THE ATTORNEY.

"There is no villany of which the London pettifogger is not capable: and as law is, for the most part, anything but equity, he succeeds in his griping extortions four times out of five. These fellows, who are truly the scum of the earth, usually attach themselves to discounters and loan societies; and they also practise in the Insolvent Courts, making the "poor one poorer still;" or setting creditors at defiance in a case of rich rascality. The last is "nuts" to them. I never heard of any one who had seen a dead pettifogger. They seem to bear a charmed life. Alas, poor human nature! Let me advise you earnestly to have nothing whatever to do, save with the *most* respectable members of the profession. Their position renders it impossible for them to act dishonestly."

BEAUTY,

illustrative of the mode practiser by puffing *hair forcers*, is piquant.

"All the appliances for defeating ugliness and communicating personal attraction may be obtained from the west-end perfumers. However pimpled or

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muddy the skin, it becomes in their hands smooth and transparent; unsightly down and wrinkles disappear together; and the hair——but sad tricks are played with *that*. I knew a Scotch lassie whose elf-locks of red were changed into a delightful and silky brown; but one fine morning I was surprised to find her with swollen eyes, *green* hair, and an intolerable pain in the head. She blest the *Pomade de Venus*, of course, and sent for the doctor. He ordered her head to be shaved, declaring, and very properly, that after such dangerous folly she was fit only for a lunatic asylum."

BALDNESS.

"There are advertisements daily to the effect of 'restoring the hair on heads that have been bald for years.' A list of cures is given, particularly of one old gentleman at the Land's End. The bottle is ten shillings only; you take it home, and grease yourself like an Indian for a fortnight. No hairs! At the end of a month you begin to think it a capital joke, for which you have paid half a sovereign!"

ALMACK'S.

"In Venice there was a 'Council of Ten,' and in King-street, St. James's, there is a Council of *Four*, equally summary in its proceedings. The punishments inflicted by the latter are not quite so severe, though in either case you pass, when condemned, over the *Bridge of Sighs*. The council consists of a duchess, two countesses, and the beautiful Mrs. * * *. Their decrees are as unaccountable as inscrutable; but that which commonly carries the day over beauty, virtue, accomplishments, and even birth, is — wealth. Dancing and social enjoyment are of the least possible moment at these assemblies, the ballot for membership being only another word for patronage in Church and State. This Gyneocracy, or petticoat dominion of 'Four,' forms, in truth, an estate of the realm."

BEAU.

"A London beau, of a certain age, is an optical delusion—a fraud of the more inoffensive kind. Naturally *sans* teeth, hair, whiskers, moustache, eyebrows, with one eye, and as thin as a lamp-post—he comes forth *plus* all the above, perfumed, *debonnaire*, and twenty years younger than he really is."

Want of space prevents us from giving a few clever extracts. We will, however, in a future number, return to this interesting little work, feeling confident that the extracts that we shall give will be appreciated by our readers. Those of our country friends who are "uninitiated in London life," will relish the Mysteries of the Great Metropolis.

The Entherer.

THE LAST CITY CONUNDRUM.

(On the Dinner to be given in honour of Mr. Tite.)

"Why," cried Sir Claudius, "were it strange,
If, when complete the New Exchange,
We feast not with delight?"
"Why?" Laurie asks, with face demure.
"Because, Sir Clau. replies, we're sure
To have a *happy Tite*."

Ancient Notions respecting Geography.—"We," says Gervase of Tilbury, "declare the world to be a square placed in the middle of the seas." Vincent de Beauvais' work contains a tolerably exact picture of the state of geography in the middle ages. He gives a methodical list of the different countries of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Concerning Palestine, as his information was founded on the observation of pilgrims, his report is pretty accurate. When he comes to the north, then but very little known, he supposes that Europe is terminated by the ocean at the 60th degree of latitude: beyond which islands only occur.

Experimental Marking of Salmon Fry.—To ascertain the precise period occupied by the salmon in passing from the state of a smoult six or seven inches long to its mature size, and also the stages through which it has to pass in the interim, parties connected with the fisheries have commenced an experiment, by marking a considerable number of the fry; which now abound in the Tweed, with different coloured worsteds, according to the state they may be in when captured. They commenced on Friday last at Horncliff, and will continue their proceedings from time to time, as long as the smoults remain in the river.—*Berwick Warder*.

The "Wolf Fish."—A wolf fish, or *Anarr-hicas Lupus*, was caught by Mr. James Watson, fisherman, Greense, on Tuesday week. Its extreme length was 5ft., and its weight 3st. 3lb. In the Kelso museum there is one of similar dimensions, which was caught at Goswick, and presented by the late Robert Wilkie, Esq., of Ladythorne. It has earned the name of *wolf* among the fishermen by its savage rapacity when caught—snapping and biting at everything within its reach. The fish has been salted down for use: it was caught on a cod-line hook, with a haddock bait.

Life in Trees.—Ancients beheld nothing in nature as inanimate. The vegetables, which they saw increase, and covered with new leaves every year, had, they imagined, animal existence. The oak, apparently dead for a period, and yet reviving annually, must, they thought, conceal beneath its bark a supernatural being, who presided over these regular and admirable changes.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"K.'s" strictures are somewhat harsh. The writer alluded to will soon find his level, and will not fail to do for himself all that his enemies could wish to see done for him.

"G. S.'s" contribution is under consideration.

"F. G."—It is the intention of the proprietors of the "Mirror" to confine the columns of this periodical to original articles alone, with occasional translations from the works of talented continental writers.

"F.'s" suggestions will be attended to.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 20.] SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1844. [VOL. 1. 1844.

Original Communications.

DECORATIONS OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ALL parties being agreed that it is fit the new building in which the great council of the nation is to meet, should present to posterity a noble specimen of the perfection to which the fine arts had obtained at the period of its erection, it will gratify our readers to have some further pictorial sketches of the designs submitted to the commissioners,

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laid before them. A lively representation of the carving, by Mr. Nixon, is given in our cut, where Alfred is seen "dividing his only meal with the pilgrim." There is much beauty in the design, and great felicity in the execution. From the many scenes which he suggests relating to that monarch, Alfred seems to be almost "the god of Mr. Nixon's idolatry." All the leading incidents of his life—some of them in no slight degree apocryphal—are included in his sculptures.

Among the numerous exhibited designs for the stained-glass window of the House of Lords, No. 71, by Edward Corbould, has been said by critics to be the best, the subject of which is Edward I. entering Westminster, after having vanquished the Welch in 1282. A better subject might have been selected. A triumph over our brethren, is, at the best, but "a fearful joy;" and we do not know what peculiar greeting the victor king received at Westminster, that could so especially engage the artist's attention. Perhaps we underrate the achievements of Edward, because we know he was not faithful to his own glory. It ought, however, to be remembered that in those days the Welch were sufficiently turbulent to give their neighbours great cause for uneasiness. Their natural fortresses, their mountains, enabled them for a time to set the English at defiance. The prudent and determined measures adopted by Edward soon caused them to experience all the horrors of famine, and their prince, Lewellyn, was obliged to yield at discretion. The terms imposed upon him were these. He bound himself to pay £50,000—an enormous sum for such a chief to furnish—as reparation for damages sustained from the effects of his hostility: he engaged to render homage to the crown of England, which he had previously refused, and to permit all the barons of Wales, except four, near Snowden, to swear fealty to its king. He was obliged to relinquish the country between Cheshire and the river Conway, to settle on his brothers, Roderick and David, who had marched under the standard of Edward, incomes of 1,000 and 500 marks, and to give ten hostages for his future submission. The severity of the conditions probably caused a speedy rupture of the pact. His brother David became reconciled to Lewellyn, and a new contest was commenced. For a short time the unhappy Lewellyn was flattered by the chances of war, and hoped, by continued success, to establish his independence; but he soon experienced a melancholy reverse. He was defeated in battle, and slain, with two thousand of his followers. A still more afflicting visitation was reserved for David, who, on the death of Lewellyn, succeeded to his brother's rank. Too weak to face his enemies, he fled from place to place in disguise, and was at length made prisoner. The English king, in resentment of his defection, sent him in chains to Shrewsbury, and, says Hume, "bringing him to a formal trial before all the peers of England, ordered this sovereign prince to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a traitor, for defending by arms the liberties of his native country, together with his own hereditary authority."

Though Edward tarnished the lustre of his exploits by the unnecessary and unjustifiable shedding of blood, to have humbled the Welch was, at the time, regarded as a triumph of real importance. How formidable their national spirit was deemed—how important it was felt to guard effectually against its premature revival—is sufficiently indicated by the barbarous policy of the Conqueror, when, having gathered the bards together, he cruelly doomed them all to be put to death, that the fury of discontent might not be sustained by the inspiring aid of song.

The picture by Corbould is rich in noble animation. Selecting from it one group only, we render it very imperfect justice. It is almost showing a brick, as a sample of a house. In the little, however, there presented, we think enough will be seen to wake a desire to look on the whole. A visit to St. James-street is due to such a performance from every lover of the arts.

1620, 1720, AND 1820; OR, THE DEAD GUEST.

(Continued from page 276.)

In this situation of things, if he did not consider it would be unpolite to remain with so extraordinary a visitor in darkness, he felt that candles could not for a moment be dispensed with, and such being the case, he rushed from the apartment to seek them himself.

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Brandt had left the house, and his master had some thoughts of following the book-keeper's example. But, remembering his late scepticism, a sense of shame came over him, which forbade him to retreat. Besides, reflecting that such a being as he had encountered, if disposed to pursue, would not be long in overtaking him, he, therefore, judged that in point of fact, he would risk little in remaining where he was. In other words, he came to the sage conclusion of Sir Boyle Roche, "that the best way of avoiding danger was to meet it plump."

With a faltering step he returned to the parlour: two lighted candles he carried with him. The figure in black was there.

He placed the candles on the table. The visitor now approached with all the appalling dignity for which rumour had given him credit at the Black Cross; he respectfully bowed, and cautiously extended his hand.

His touch was icy cold. More collected than before, though still not a little shaken, Bantes looked stedfastly on his unwelcome visitor. But what a thrill ran through his whole frame while gazing on that pale, not to say ghastly visage, and on those lack lustre eyes! To behold them and not recognise them as the property of a tenant of the grave he felt was impossible. Nothing—nothing could to him be more clear than that he was confronted with the Dead Guest. In a low hollow tone, such as he could well imagine the tomb, and only the tomb likely to give forth, the unknown began—

"My name," said he, "I have told."

"Have you indeed!" Bantes mentally rejoined; "if you did, I have not heard it. I wonder what character the Dead Guest will now assume! Is it Count Graves?" But all this though imagined, was not even whispered.

"And you know my errand," the visitor proceeded.

"Yes, I do;" thought Bantes, "it is to make love to three young ladies, gain their hearts, and wring their necks."

This he muttered to himself, but his confusion and alarm were still so great, that he was unprepared with anything suitable to reply aloud.

The stranger paused, but as Bantes remained silent, he went on.

"I am the son of your old friend, Hahn, the banker."

"The cunning devil—knows all!" he was on the point of exclaiming; he, however, did not unclose his lips, but still out of breath, attempted a bow, and mechanically pointed to a chair. The other returned his greeting with dignity, and seated himself.

He proceeded. "It is the wish of my honoured father, and I understand it is yours, that I should become the husband of your daughter, the beautiful Frederica."

The manufacturer shuddered; real anguish oppressed him. To his "mind's eye" came the image of that beautiful daughter writhing in the merciless grasp of a spectre husband. The roseate glow of blooming health yielding to the pallid hue of death, her bright eyes starting from their orbits in expiring agony as they were screwed round to the back of her snow white neck. In that sad moment his senses did not wholly desert him. He reflected that it was his duty to save her from the fiend, and the readiest way of doing so, it appeared to him, was to turn the unwelcome suitor aside from his purpose—in fact to send him elsewhere.

"Why, yes—certainly," he answered, "my old and esteemed friend, as you say, designed me the honour—but—but," and for some seconds he was at a loss what to add, but, at length stammered out—"women are fickle—I say are fickle—liable to change.

"I know what women are," was the response of the *soi-disant* Hahn.

"Of course you do," said Bantes, and inwardly he added, "and so you did two centuries ago. But," he proceeded raising his voice, "as I cannot for a moment think of deceiving or trifling with the son of an old and much esteemed friend, it becomes my painful duty to tell you, within these few days it has transpired that her affections are fixed—irrevocably fixed upon another. If their union is not already completed, the business is so far advanced, that it cannot be prevented nor long deferred."

Nothing like the disappointment which an aspirant of flesh and blood would have indicated, was manifested by the Dead Guest at this revelation; on the contrary, from his sunken eyes, before so dead, a ray of light was instantly emitted, which astonished the parent, from its suddenness, though in the same moment he was enabled but too well to account for it. The bride, the young and lovely bride of another, was what the stranger sought. To marry her himself, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not so much his object, as to destroy.

A smile irradiated the pale ghost-like face on which the manufacturer continued to gaze with trembling alarm, and its wearer again spake, and with more animation than before.

"Young hearts are rebels, which the reason of parents labours in vain to subdue. Far be it from me to control the wishes of your beloved child. Let her be betrothed without delay to the man she loves. I satisfy my father by presenting myself before you, and after what you report I

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have only to say, that much as I should have rejoiced in an alliance with a family so respectable as yours, I now indulge no wish but to release you from my unwelcome presence."

The courteous, and indeed cordial bow of the father of Frederica, acknowledged this exceedingly generous, and most acceptable intimation, with something quite equivalent to "I am very much obliged to you for going."

"Notwithstanding," Hahn resumed, "before I leave Herbesheim, I shall claim the honour and the happiness of being introduced to the lovely being whom my kind father had flattered himself was destined to become my partner for life."

"Not if I can help it," thought Bantes, "wring somebody else's neck if you can, but my poor girl, while I have sense and recollection, you never shall approach."

"Why, as to that," he said, "since our plans are altogether altered, I do not see that any good can result from your meeting her."

"Excuse me, my good sir," said the mysterious visitor, "I cannot, must not return without paying my compliments to the young lady, that I may join to celebrate those charms which have given her fame."

"Enough, perhaps too much, has been said of them already; more needs not."

"At least allow me one interview, though but for a single half hour; if not now, tomorrow. To night, indeed, I am fatigued, and am not in very good health, and besides, have to call on two other friends."

"To make up the fatal number, three," thought the parent; "well, well," said he, "seeing you are engaged to night, I will not ask you to stay. We can think of these matters to-morrow."

"To-morrow then," replied the tall visitor, "I will not fail to wait on you, and then I shall calculate on the high honour of kissing your daughter's fair hand."

"You reckon without your host," Bantes murmured to himself, but added aloud, "In the morning, we will see about it."

The Dead Guest rose to take his leave. Bantes shrank from the chilling touch of his cold hand, as they parted for the night, and mentally thanked heaven, that he had at least gained a respite, and would now, at all events, have an opportunity of consulting his friends, on the steps which it would be prudent for him to take under circumstances so extraordinary, so truly awful.

It was time for Bantes to follow the ladies. The storm had abated, but the night was dark. He fancied the veil which nature had dropped over the face of creation was thicker than ordinary. The eye refused to penetrate it even to a moderate extent.

Such a night he thought well fitted for spirits of the lower world, who cannot rest in their graves, to return to this. Every object that met his eye, exhibited by the few lights he approached as he moved onward, shadowed forth something of strange and menacing aspect. He had not proceeded far when a doubt came over his mind, whether in the confusion of his ideas, he had not forgotten to close the door as he quitted his house. Bantes found that he had left it wide open. Reprehending his own negligence, he shut it; having done so, he perceived some one at a short distance apparently watching him. Through the deep gloom, he could not recognise the individual. Whoever he was, he stealthily withdrew. Bantes listened with awe, suspecting that it was the Dead Guest, but all he could hear was a softly receding step.

He looked almost with fear at the Black Cross as he passed. His eyes were fixed on the window of one of the apartments; it was illuminated, but the blind was down. A form rested on it; it was the Dead Guest, magnified so that his gigantic stature was nearly doubled, but most assuredly no other than Herr Hahn, as he had called himself. In the same moment that it was seen, it passed away.

Bantes had got a short distance from the Black Cross, when a sound of music arrested his attention. Is it a requiem—is it a wail for the dead? he could have asked, it was so thrilling and melancholy. He thought he had heard it before, and doubt was no more, when he caught the following words sadly poured forth in the same hollow voice which he well remembered to have heard on awaking from his terrifying dream of the Dead Guest.

"'Tis mine to roam in midnight gloom,
'Tis mine to act a fearful part."

ON METALLO-CHROMES, AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. VIII.

(Concluded from page 298.)

THE production of colours in circular rings has been shown in our last. We may now modify the cathode *ad infinitum*, and so obtain an almost endless variety of forms. For instance, the edge of a slip of metal will give the films an elliptical form of greater or less elongation; a flat disc will give a circular form, with a centre of a more or less distinctive character, according to the circumstances of the experiment. The cathode may be framed into a cross of wire, in which case the colours will grow out from each arm of the cross, and blend with each other, forming a definite figure; and by a little ingenuity, a great variety of

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arrangements may be given to this electrode, producing in each case a corresponding figure.

But figures of a more marked character are produced by cutting patterns in card. The following illustration will explain the principle:—

Draw a circle with any radius, and with the same radius draw six semi-circles, intersecting its centre; and cut out the double segments which are formed by the mutual intersection of the semi-circles. Then lay this cord upon the steel plate; in order to keep it in its position, place on it a wooden ring. Provide two discs of copper, one flat, the other convex; place one of these on the wooden ring, over the card, and complete the circuit by touching it with the cathode wire. Under these circumstances, the colours will only be produced on those parts of the steel plate which are left exposed by the card; their spread is, therefore, limited to a certain pattern. When the flat plate is used, there will be a tendency towards a uniform tint, the colour dispersing on the duration of the experiment; but when the convex disc is used, there will be a gradation of colour, the arrangement of which will vary according as the convex or concave side is downward.

There is a method of operating so as to obtain each tint by itself on a separate steel plate; it, however, requires no small amount of care and patience. By dint of much previous experience, and a day or two of close experiment, I have produced a tolerably accurate series of colours. Such a series has been termed "Nobili's Chromatic Scale." The plan was this:—A considerable number of polished steel plates, two inches square, were prepared; also a wooden ring, much exceeding them in diameter, and an equally large copper disc. A ball was suspended by a thread so as to swing seconds, and thus regulate the time of the experiment. The first plate was subjected to the action for one second, the second for two seconds, and so on; as they were removed from the solution, they were washed and blotted dry, and arrayed in series. They were examined, and such of them as gave the wrong tint were removed, and operated on again and again. This was a very tedious process, because the failures were so many; the slightest irregularity in the position of the plate, or the least variation in its thickness, or any incorrect estimate of the time, threw error into the results. The series, which was finally accepted, was by no means perfect; but still it presented a very harmonious succession of tints, and is an interesting illustration of these most fascinating experiments. I should mention that these experiments originated with Professor Nobili, and were successfully revived in this country by Mr. Gassiot. Nobili left two patterns, one with the Royal Society, the other with the Royal Institution; but declined communicating the process by which they were produced. Mr. Gassiot persevered until he produced a fac-simile, which he accomplished by the card pattern and convex disc already mentioned. Conjointly with him, most of the experiments which I have described were carried on.

M. Becquérel has lately been occupied in turning these films to practical account by placing them as protecting coatings over metals exposed to the atmosphere. Now, the great source of injury to exposed metal is its combining with oxygen, of which there are so many sources about. But this peroxide of lead will undergo no such change, as it has no further affinity for oxygen; the like is the condition of peroxide of iron. The plan he has pursued for depositing the films is the same in principle with the process now before us, but somewhat different in detail, inasmuch as he uses a different solution and an economical modification of apparatus; for we must remember that our solution is in the proverbial condition of "a candle burning at both ends;" we are taking from it oxide of lead at the anode, and metallic lead at the cathode.

His solution of lead is the protoxide, or the litharge of commerce, dissolved in caustic potash. He places his in a porous tube, and the tube he places in a vessel containing nitric acid diluted with twenty times its weight of water. A platinum cathode attached to the battery, is immersed in the acid solution, and the object to be enfilmed is immersed in the solution of lead.

The same arrangement is employed for depositing films of peroxide of iron; the solution, being protoxide of iron, dissolves in ammonia. The management of this solution is somewhat difficult, for the protoxide of iron has so great an affinity for oxygen that it is no easy task to prevent its being converted, by ordinary chemical action, into the peroxide. Indeed, the proto-sulphate of iron, from which it is prepared, and the solution of ammonia in which it is dissolved, must be both exhausted of air under the receiver of an air-pump.

M. Becquérel seems to be of opinion that these anion deposits may be of very extensive application in the arts, both as protecting films and ornaments. He thinks that a little electro-chemical knowledge, combined with careful manipulation and artistic skill, may ultimately lead to the art of drawing in colours on polished plates. Since the commencing article of this series was written, he has published a second memoir on the subject, in which he enters somewhat minutely into the several processes, and

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describes the appearances of the films on various metals. He gives his mode of producing uniform tints, which appears decidedly inferior to that we have described above, being attended with much tedious and very difficult manipulation. He seems to have been working in ignorance of what we have been doing here.

And this brings us to the end of our task. We set out with some of the elementary principles of voltaic electricity; we have stepped aside occasionally when matter came to our hand which might help to elucidate the subject; we glanced at the features which characterise several forms of voltaic pairs; we studied the rationale of voltaic action; and then came to the kindred phenomena of electrolysis; which led finally to the investigation of deposits generally, and to the description particularly of the processes whereby metallo-chromes and anion deposits are obtained. After all, we have given but a hasty sketch of the subject; but have endeavoured, as far as we have gone, to make each point clear.

C. F. W.

MAY.

INDEED such charms as yours, sweet May,
Might well excuse a slip or two:
But gossip flowers begin to say
Things one could scarcely think of you!

The lily, like some virgin pure,
Astonish'd, leans upon the sedge;
The pretty primrose sits demure;
Shock'd, at the bottom of the hedge.

Nor flowers alone report the tales,
Such gossips might be deem'd untrue;
But meads and groves, banks, streams, and gales,
Conspire to whisper shame on you.

"And what then?" Dare you ask it, May,
While all the vales declare it true?"
What! answer your own question, pray?—
What pass'd between young spring and you?

In vain you thought the dark would hide;
The morning peep'd across the night,
And caught you more than side by side,
And blush'd more crimson at the sight.

In vain you thought the grove conceal'd:—
The west wind crept among the trees,
And all the secret soon reveal'd,
In whispers to each passing breeze,

In vain you thought all nature slept;
A secret eye observ'd your bliss;
Awake on purpose Silence kept,
And softly counted every kiss.

The merry birds the whole affair
Had learnt before the sun rose long;
And through the carol-shaken air
They tun'd it in each amorous song.

In vain would you deny, fair May;
The ground itself a witness proves;
The grass is greener where you lay,
And new-blown flowers betray your loves.

Well may the zephyrs whisper sighs,
When things like this are brought to fame;
Well may the morning's colour rise,
And all the roses blush with shame.

Well may the flowers so gossip it,
Well be surpris'd the lily pure,
Well may the pretty primrose sit
So sweetly pensive and demure.

Nor is this all, O wayward May!
When such examples once you lend,
Who knows what hearts are led astray,
Or where love's mischief finds an end?

Our chastest maids the infection feel;
The fluttering glowing passion swells;
Nor can the downcast eye conceal
What the quick throbbing bosom tells.

R.

MERE DREAMS.

Part I.

DREAMS, like ghosts, seem in the opinion of the many, to have had their day—or rather their night. There are few now, who manifest any respect for their revelations; and if it is desired to express contempt for some very idle and trifling project, it is at once characterised as "a mere dream."

The abolition of state lotteries has been fatal to the dreaming interest. Those who are old enough to recollect when the wheel of fortune turned in Guildhall, and blue-coat boys with one hand confined in their belts behind them, were there the chosen high-priests of Fortune; had opportunities of seeing dreamers in scores assemble in front of that building, to recount to each other what had suggested itself to them in their hours of sleep, and compare the results, as the drawing of the lottery on which they were all made to bear, proceeded. The majority of these dream reciters were of the softer sex, and some of their relations were very extraordinary. In certain cases, the fortunate number occurred to them without accompaniment or disguise, but in others, the number was to be inferred from circumstances which it required the skill of a Joseph to detect. In one instance, a woman was so fortunate as to hit on the first drawn number, in consequence of dreaming that a man, not her husband, but a neighbour, had found his way to her bed-chamber. What this had to do with the drawing of the state lottery, it would probably have puzzled the Hebrew interpreter himself to declare. The modern dreamer, however, was not at a loss; she immediately went to the man, and enquired his age, ensured the number of years counted since his advent, and carried the prize.

Such cases were rather frequent. It was the practice of the poorer classes of adventurers, to purchase an interest in the number of *the thousand* which might

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first come up. Thus the speculator in No. 20, would be a winner if the ticket drawn were 20,000, or any number between that and 21,000. Every morning the dreams of these votaries of fortune, were duly reported at the end of King-street, and as it often happened, that some cunning sybil, when the event was known, could plausibly point out what the dreamer ought to have fastened on, and show that a certain feature of the vision might have been screwed into an image of a particular number; credulity was powerfully stimulated, and repeated misfortunes did not cure the mania. The distracted loser discovered, not that the dream was unworthy of attention, but that she had unhappily misunderstood the important message it was intended to convey.

Sometimes a lucky revelation was so well attested, that it could hardly be called in question by those most incredulous on such subjects. These dreams would have a run, but blank dreams to the one prize were quite as numerous as the blanks in the lottery itself, and still the disconsolate debaters in Guildhall-yard, gained daily evidence that no system on which reliance could be placed, had as yet been established for them. At best they could only say with Le Sage, that—

"Dreams were liars that sometimes told the truth."

Our dramatists have delighted to use them as important instruments to punish crime, to warn of peril, or to discover guilt. Nor have they as exhibitors of nature, been wrong in this. To say nothing of the facts recorded in scripture, which connect themselves with the time of miracles, now supposed to have passed away for ever, modern history will supply facts to bear out such representations.

In archbishop Laud's diary for 1639, we have the following singular entry:—

"January 25.* Friday at night, I dreamed that my father, who died forty-six years since, came to me, and to my thinking, he was as well and cheerful as ever I saw him. He asked me what I did there, and after some speech, I asked him "how long he would stay with me?" he answered "he would stay till he had me along with him." I am not moved with dreams, yet I thought fit to remember this."

Might this be considered an intimation of the coming fate of the prelate? he was impeached in the following year, and finally brought to the scaffold.

Four centuries ago a science, or what was deemed such, called oneiromancy was in some repute. Its professors undertook to tell what medicine a patient required from the images presented to him while asleep. Physicians now direct their enquiries in some degree to this subject, but the oneiromancers required minute details and treated them as symptoms. The harassed mind often generates dismal pictures, and these, in some instances, have proved prophetic. One of the most appalling on record is, that of M. Lavalette, condemned to die by the Bourbons, for having gone over to Buonaparte, on his return from Elba. Lavalette was greatly distressed at the prospect of his ignominious fate, and he was nightly tormented with horrid visions. The facts in his detailed description, as shewing what a vast train of thoughts can be compressed within an incredibly short space of time, are striking:—

"One night," says M. Lavalette, "I had sunk into a torpid slumber; the clock struck the hour of midnight, and the slow monotonous sound awoke me. I distinctly heard the iron gate opened, and the heavy tread of the sentry advancing to relieve his comrade from his post. I fell asleep a second time. In my sleep I had a dream. I thought myself in the rue St. Honoré, near the rue l'Echelle; the scene was enveloped in profound and dismal obscurity; all was still, save that from time to time a low inarticulate sound was heard. All at once, from the bottom of the street, a troop of fleshless men and horses approached me. The riders were armed with flambeaux, whose light glared redly over on their bleeding sinews, their sunken eyes rolling in their large orbits, their mouths opening from ear to ear, and helmets of flesh hanging from their hideous heads. The horses dragged their hides after them in the kennel, which overflowed with blood to the houses on each side, at the windows of which appeared for a moment, and then disappeared, a band of pale, dishevelled females, all silent as the grave. Low, inarticulate moanings were heard in the air. I was the only living being in the street, where I remained motionless with terror, and without even strength to seek safety in flight. The fleshless troop pushed on at full gallop, and as they passed other riders succeeded and petrified me with their appalling gaze. For upwards of five hours they filed passed. At last they disappeared, and were succeeded by a quantity

* Radworth, vol. iii. p. 886.

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of artillery wagons laden with mangled, palpitating corpses, an infectious odour poisoning the air. On a sudden the iron gate was shut with violence, and I awoke. I struck my repeating watch—it was no more than twelve! Consequently the horrid phantasmagoria scene had lasted only two or three minutes—the time necessary for relieving the sentries and closing the gate. The night was piercing cold: the sentinels were quick in passing the watchword; and, besides, the gaoler next morning confirmed my calculation. However, there is no one incident of my life the duration of which I can recollect with more certainty, or the details of which are more deeply engraved on my memory."

This awful vision heralded no dismal catastrophe in his case. By the devotion, courage, and address of his wife, he shortly after effected his escape, and lived to receive the royal pardon, and to be restored to his forfeited honours.

As a contrast to the above, though equally valueless as to consequences; the following, furnished by a gentleman, on whose veracity the most perfect reliance may be placed, will be read with interest.

"I remember," says the writer, "shortly after the death of a beloved parent, I was walking in a most thoughtful mood, and reflecting on the various religious persuasions which divided the world. My spirits were low, and I sighed for the startling doubts which came over me, and at length mentally exclaimed, 'O! that my mother, now an inhabitant of the 'world unknown,' might return to enlighten my mind, and impart to me that knowledge which, she in another state of being must have obtained!' Breathing this wish, I felt confident that I could have encountered her spectre without alarm, and listened to her voice with joyful reverence. 'Were this permitted,' I thought 'my lot would be most enviable. Might she even appear to me, but in a dream, her words would make an impression on my mind which no time could efface.' I was fully persuaded that could I again hear the voice of my early monitor, on matters of faith, though but in my sleep, it would have the most beneficial effect on my future life. My wish was realised: that night in a dream, I saw my mother, and heard her speak; but how did she speak? Honouring her memory as I am bound to do, I have hardly courage to write what suggested itself. The dream, were it judged to be other than a trivial accident, would seem to have been sent in scorn of the wish which I had breathed to gain instruction through such a medium. It was this;—I fancied myself on the scaffold in the Old Bailey, doomed to suffer as a criminal the severest penalty of the law. The preparations for my awful exit, and the immense crowd assembled to witness it, I contemplated with appropriate sorrow, but strange to relate, the party who was to act as executioner, was no other than my lately deceased parent. This did not in my dream give me surprise, but the burlesque mockery of my random thoughts was carried still further, when the spectre hangwoman proceeded to complete her sad duty. On her drawing the cap over my eyes, I felt much agitated, and requested that a few moments might be allowed before the drop fell, to collect my thoughts in prayer. She promptly answered, that 'my wish could not be attended to, as she felt anxious the business there should be terminated without delay, because she was engaged to go with a party to the theatre that evening.' Extravagant as this on the face it appears, it must strike the reader as being still more so, when the fact is added, that the lady thus represented to have expressed herself, never once in the course of her mortal existence, so far as her son was informed, had passed within the walls of a theatre. Could such a jumble of strange, dismal, and ridiculous images have grown on the solemn meditations in which I had indulged on the evening before."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RICHMOND.

Arms. Quarterly: first and fourth; France and England quarterly; second, Scotland; third, Ireland (being the arms of Charles II.): all within a bordure, compony, ar. and gu., charged with eight ruses of the second, barbed and seceded, p. pr.

Crest, on a chapeau gu., turned-up ermine, a Lion statant, guardant, or crowned with a ducal coronet gu., and gorged with a collar compony, as the bordure in the Arms.

Motto. En la rose Je fleurie. "I flourish in the rose."

This family springs from royalty. Charles Lennox, born July 29, 1672, was the illegitimate son of Charles II., by Louise Renée de Perrencourt, of Qeeroualle, in

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France, who was created by that monarch Duchess of Portsmouth, Countess of Farnham, and Baroness Peterfield; and by Louis XIV. Duchess of Aubigny. He was enrolled among the peers of England, Aug. 9, 1675, as Baron of Settington, Earl of March, and Duke of Richmond, in Yorkshire; and on the 9th Nov. following, among the peers of Scotland, by the titles of Baron Methuen of Torbolton, Earl of Darnley, and Duke of Lennox. A word of explanation may be necessary on the subject of the Scottish honours. On the death of Charles Stuart (fourth Earl of March, and third Duke of Richmond in England), sixth Duke of Lennox in Scotland, in 1672, King Charles was served his Grace's heir, and consequently thought he had the right of bestowing the Scotch dignities, as well as the English, when he pleased; and they were therefore conferred, as already stated, on his illegitimate son. The deceased Duke left an only sister, Catherine, the wife of Lord Ibricken, on whom the barony (in fee) of Clinton devolved on his Grace's death; and her descendant, John Bligh, late Earl of Darnley, claimed in 1829 the dukedom of Lennox, as heir of line of Charles, the said sixth duke. This male line of Charles II. having failed with Cardinal York, in 1807, Lord Darnley petitioned the king, and the petition was referred to the House of Lords. The Duke (Charles Lennox) was installed a Knight of the Garter, April 20, 1681. At that period, and previously, the Knights of the Garter wore the blue ribbon round the neck, with the George appendant on the breast; but the duke's mother having, some time after his instalment, introduced him to the king, with his ribbon over his left shoulder, and the George appendant on the right side, his Majesty was so much pleased with the alteration, that he commanded it in future to be adopted. The duke married in January, 1692-3, Ann, second daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenell, and relict of John, Lord Belayse, of Worlaby, by whom he had one son and two daughters. He died May 27, 1723, and was succeeded by his only son.

This peer, Charles, 2d Duke of Richmond, K.G. and K.B., was high constable of England at the coronation of George II., Oct. 11, 1727. At the decease of his grandmother, Nov. 14, 1734, he inherited the dukedom of Aubigny, in France. On the 8th day of January, 1734-5, he was appointed Master of the Horse, and sworn of the Privy Council. In 1740 the duke was nominated one of the Lords Justices for the administration of the government during the absence of the king; and again, in 1745, 1748, and 1750, his Grace was a Lieut.-General in the army, and attended his Sovereign at the battle of Dettingen, June 27, 1743. He was married Dec. 4, 1719, to Sarah, eldest daughter and coheir of William, Earl Cadogan, by whom he left two sons and four daughters. Of the former, Charles, the elder succeeded to the title on the death of his father, Aug. 8, 1750. He was born Feb. 22, 1734-5. At the coronation of George III., Sept. 22, 1761, his Grace carried the sceptre, with the dove. In 1765 he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, and became principal Secretary of State in 1766, and Master-General of the Ordnance in 1782. The duke married April 1, 1751, Mary, eldest daughter and coheir of Charles, 3d Earl of Aylesbury. He died without issue, Dec. 29, 1806, when his honours came to his nephew, Charles, only son of Lieut.-General Lord George Henry Lennox, by Louise, daughter of William Henry, 4th Marquis of Lothian, who was born in 1764, and married Sept. 9, 1789, Charlotte, daughter of Alexander IV., Duke of Gordon, by whom he had issue six sons and seven daughters. His Grace was a Knight of the Garter, a General Officer in the Army, Colonel of the 35th Foot, and Governor of Plymouth. He filled the high office of Lord Lieut. of Ireland for several years, and was governor of the Upper and Lower Canadas at the time of his death, at Montreal, Aug. 28, 1819. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Charles Gordon Lennox, born Aug. 3, 1791, and married April 10th, 1817, Catharine, eldest daughter of Henry William, first and present Marquis of Anglesea, by whom he has issue five sons and four daughters. The eldest of the former, Charles, Earl of March, was born Feb. 27, 1818. Of the present Duke, we copy a notice from the "Extraordinary Black Book," a work in which praise is not very profusely lavished on the nobility. We there read, "The office of post-master has been abolished in Ireland, one of the two formerly existing has been dropped in England, and the impression of the Duke of Richmond on his first appointment being, that the other was only a *sinecure*, he nobly declined receiving any salary. Experience proved this to be a mistake. Numerous and important duties are annexed to the postmaster-generalship, and really, economists as we are, we do not think £2,000 or so too much for the faithful discharge of them."

DR. WOLFF'S MISSION.

We are glad to learn the hope continues strong that Dr. Wolff will accomplish the object of his interesting mission to Bokkara. That Col. Stoddart and his companion

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were not to be executed, may surely now be assumed, for had such been the case, the traveller could hardly have advanced so far on his journey without obtaining decisive proofs of the butchery. The following paragraph from the *Agra Ukhbár* of the 3rd of March is most encouraging:—

"COL. STODDART AND CAPT. CONOLLY.—We have just, at a late hour, received a piece of intelligence which we lay before our readers without note or comment. Our Lahore correspondent mentions to us, as a fact on which every reliance can be placed, that Dost Mahomed had sent intelligence to Colonel Richmond, that both Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were alive. There can therefore be no doubt that the Rev. Mr. Wolff will be successful in attaining one object of his journey, viz., in finding them alive; what may be the result of his mission remains to be seen."

We learn from the *Athenæum* that, "on the 24th of January, Dr. Wolff arrived at a considerable market-town called Miana. He paid a visit to the Mullah of the place, and had a long conversation with him. On the 26th he reached the city called Sanjoon, and here he met Mirza Baker, the commander of the troops, with whom he had lodged for two months in the house of Mirza Baba at Meshed; they talked over the occurrences of former days. On the 28th he arrived at Khorantarah; here he had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Mr. Stocking, an American Congregationalist Missionary, stationed at Ooroomiah, with bishop Gabriel, metropolitan of the Chaldean christians at Ooroomiah. There is also another bishop at Ooroomiah, Mar Yoohannah, who some time since visited America. As Mr. Stocking and the bishop had arrived at Khorantarah before Dr. Wolff, they were already provided with lodgings, but at his request they became the doctor's guests, and removed to the house he occupied.

"'There cannot,' says Dr. Wolff, 'be entertained any reasonable doubt of the truth of the general tradition of the Chaldeans, that they are the descendants of the children of Israel: they call themselves Bnee Israel (children of Israel); their language is Hebrew; they have sacrifices called Doghran Shlama, in the feast of transfiguration, consisting of a lamb, sheep, or goat. They have in their church, Holy of Holies; they have a *vail* like the Jews; the bishops are of the tribe of Levi; the Yescede are of the tribe of Judah, but they have apostatized; they have a river called Gozan; the Jews of Chaldea call them their nephews; they have a horror of images, &c. They have seven sacraments, and these are their names, by which you will observe that they are entirely different —at least the greater part are, from the sacraments of the Roman Catholics:—

"1st, Blessing of the priest, or ordination.

"2nd, Consecration of the church.

"3rd, Baptism.

"4th, The Lord's supper.

"5th, The blessing of the old leaven.

"6th, Matrimony.

"7th, Service of the dead.

"'While they were living near Mosul, in Mesopotamia, in a place called Halah and Habor, St. Thomas the Apostle arrived in Mesopotamia, and preached the gospel to them. Their patriarchs resided first at Eelat Khokhi, then at Marava, three days' journey from Tabreez; then at Alkush, mentioned in Nahum i, 1; and after Tamerlane's invasion they retired to Colchanes in the mountains. Some years ago the bishop of London sent me a letter, produced by some pretended Chaldeans, who said that it had been written by the patriarch of the Chaldeans. I wrote at once to his lordship that they were impostors, and bishops Gabriel and Mar Yohanna are now sitting by my side while I am writing this letter to you, and they tell me that I was not mistaken in my suspicion, that the letter produced from the patriarch was a forgery.

"On the 29th the Rev. Mr. Stocking and the bishops continued their journey towards Oorootmiah, and I mine towards Tehran. On the 30th I halted at Suja-doen, where I had a comfortable well-furnished room in the house of the Ked-Khoda (chief of the village), named Baba Abbas....On the 31st I arrived at Kaween; here they furnished me with such wretched horses, that on reaching Sepha Khoja, fifty-six miles distant from Tehran, I was obliged to write to Col. Shiel, petitioning him to send five horses to my assistance. I however endeavoured to get on as well as we could; slow indeed was our progress, but on the 3rd of February, the horses, most kindly sent by Col. Sheil, arrived, and a kind letter from him inviting me to take a room at the British Embassy, and promising me every assistance in his power in order to reach Bokhara in safety.'

"The doctor thus describes his interview with the king of Persia: "On the 7th inst. his majesty Muhammed Shah, king of Persia, sent the nephew of his excellency, Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, minister of foreign affairs, to the British embassy, notifying to Col. Shiel that he was ready to receive me; Col. Shiel put on his colonel's uniform, and I my cassock, gown, scarf, and doctor's hood; we mounted our horses and rode towards the palace. The moment we were ushered into his presence, Khosrof Khan and several of the courtiers who knew me before, saluted me. Khosrof Khan is one of the king's chief eunuchs,

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and was formerly the favourite of Fatt-Ullah-Shah; he is, however, not quite so great a favorite of the present king.' The king received Dr. Wolff with the greatest kindness, and he relates at length the conversations he had with his majesty and with the ambasasdors from Bokhara and Khiva; this part, however, of the doctor's journal, it is not thought expedient to publish at present.

"Owing to the directions so kindly given by the earl of Aberdeen, Dr. Wolff has met with every assistance on his journey. The king of Persia has written a strong letter to the Ameer of Bokhara; this is a remarkable document, as our countrymen are therein for the first time claimed as *British officers*. Col. Stoddart was an ambassador, sent on a special mission, and our readers will recollect that the only claim made for him by the British government was in lord Ellenborough's extraordinary letter, in which these unfortunate men were described as "innocent travellers." In the sultan's letter, and in the letter of the Sheik-ul-Islam, they are also described as "Moussafirs," *i. e.* travellers. The moment Capt. Grover read the sultan's letter he wrote to Dr. Wolff, desiring him to deliberate well before he presented a letter which called a British ambassador a 'moussafir.'

"It is to be regretted that no letter of recall has been sent to Stoddart, as it is thought probable that he may refuse to leave Bokhara without an order from the British government. Dr. Wolff, however thinks if they are alive, he shall succeed in bringing them away. In his last letter he adds—'Col. Shiel, and every one here, say that I shall succeed.'"

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VIII.—DRESS.

Could a gentleman of the last century be permitted to visit Regent-street or Piccadilly, what a contrast would he present to the beaux of our day; and yet, methinks, he of the perriwig and pigtail would be a more imposing and a nobler figure than the heroes of the Chesterfield and wrapper.

I have now lying before me an old magazine, in which is a full-length portrait of one "William Thomson, Esquire," apparently a somewhat conspicuous member of the *haut ton;* and, as he was, no doubt, an exquisite of the first water, and followed the prevailing fashions to the very letter, the picture may be considered in a wider sense—as the portrait of the English gentleman of the eighteenth century. Mark the studied precision of his dress—mark the stiff bearing of every limb, as if each thread had given him notice of its intention to crack on the slightest movement. From his toes to the very extremities of his hair he is full-dressed, according to the notions of the time. In his hand he holds the cocked hat, which *was* intended to be worn, but which he cannot venture to put on, lest it disturb the gravity of his wig; his head is covered with white powder, and his face with "rouge et blanc;" his cravat, "white as the driven snow," is formally tied beneath his chin, and his tail hangs in solemn state behind; his embroidered coat, with its ample skirts, is thrown gracefully aside, to exhibit the gaudy waistcoat and its capacious pockets, which, in its turn, reaches just low enough to avoid concealing his glittering knee-buckles; his red plush inexpressibles, silk stockings, and highly-polished shoes (which even threatened to eclipse the brilliancy of their silver buckles)—their high, red heels, which tilt him forward till he describes an acute angle with the ground, the lace ruffles that flutter at his wrists, the court sword that dangles at his heels, and the stout cane that reaches almost to his head—complete his dress, and conspire to give to a form of no very exquisite proportions an air of grandeur and magnificence which the sparks of modern times severely lack.

On the next page is the very counterpart to himself—a stately dame, the rustling of whose satin dress I can almost fancy that I hear. And who is she? "Margaret Caroline Rudd," replies the inscription at the bottom of the portrait, "who was tried and acquitted at the Old Bailey, on a charge of forgery." "Is it possible! Has that fair form been confined in a dreary cell? have those white arms been rudely grasped by the gaoler and the constable? has that pleasing countenance formed the grand centre of attraction to the eyes of a crowded court?" I mentally exclaimed, while fancy revolted from the thought. Aye, and those taper fingers did a deed which might have encircled that slender neck with the hangman's rope, had not the jury, at the earnest recommendation of the judge, "leaned to the side of mercy," replied stern Truth. Her head-dress it

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is entirely beyond the power of any modern pen to essay a description of: suffice it to say that it was an immense pyramid of hair, raised perpendicularly from her head, and on the very extremity of which was nicely poised a small turban; her cheeks have the usual complement of paint, and her eyebrows are neither more nor less pencilled than those belonging to the generality of ladies of her time; her neck is bare to a depth considerably lower than would be consistent with our notions of propriety, and when we at length find an article of dress (which we had almost despaired of seeing), it is an elegantly-laced stomacher; the robing of the gown, and the flounces which skirt it, are not dissimilar to those of the present day: but there is one ornament, which I do not remember to have seen on any similar dress; from the elbows, where the sleeves terminate, depend a pair of long lace ruffles, elaborately fringed, worked, and ornamented. And this was the ladies' dress in fashion in the year of our salvation 1771. Let us now glance at a portrait of a somewhat later date.

Ho! ho! what buxom lady is this? or is it only the bust of a female, placed upon the top of a sugar-hogshead? Nay; now I have it—it is the hoop, to which I have heard my grandmother so frequently allude, that extends this costly petticoat, until it at last appears like a Montgolfier balloon of respectable dimensions. I remember reading a humorous letter in an old magazine, in which a husband complains that he had lately married a lady of apparently comely proportions, who, in her déshabille, became a dwarf of scarce four feet in height; and how, think you, gentle reader, did this deception arise? Her head-dress measured some eighteen inches, and the heels of her shoes elevated her to the extent of at least six more—so that, when divested of these ornaments, which gave her the appearance of six feet of flesh and bone, she became reduced to little more than half that height; but her circumference decreased to a still more alarming degree, on the removal of the hoop—the stately pyramid of silks and satins which had stalked along all day, dwindled down at night to an insignificant pigmy of half the artificial size which she had assumed.

Hey, presto, fly! the scene is again changed; and here we are, sitting in a theatre, at the early part of the eighteenth century. But what is to be seen? Not a single female countenance meets our eye—they are all concealed (not, as subsequently, by paint, but) by masks! Let us begone, since beauty hides her face. We are now in more civilised times; it is the year 1750. But, be cautious! tread carefully; or, perchance, you may step upon the train of the lady who is by some scores of yards in advance of you, and which is collecting and elevating the dust, greatly to the discomfort and inconvenience of the succeeding passengers' eyes. Once more a change has come o'er the spirit of the scene, and I am sitting at my desk, plying my pen as steadily as when I was first led in search of the peculiar fashions of the eighteenth century.

Travellers occasionally exercise their license of exaggeration to an extravagant degree, and why should not aged persons enjoy the same privilege? they have been travellers, also, in a region which time has rudely closed against our exploring; they have been pilgrims through years long since gone by, and, if they occasionally exaggerate the adventures which they have encountered in their pilgrimage, may they not be excused as readily as a voyager to a foreign clime? This digression I have deemed it necessary to make in order to obtain a pardon for my very respectable informant, who I fear, has been guilty of a little exaggeration, for when, in writing the present chapter, I made enquiries of her on the subject of ladies' dresses in the eighteenth century, and of the practice of painting, in particular, she solemnly assured me that she had seen ladies, sitting in the boxes of the theatre, deliberately as publicly, draw forth their painting cases, and lay a fresh coating on their cheeks when perspiration or any other cause, had removed the rouge. *O tempera! O fœminæ!*

CYNATUS.

Important Inventions.

No. I.

GOVER'S PATENT REMOVABLE WINDOW-SASH.

THE painful, and often fatal, accidents to which servants are daily exposed in cleaning the outside of windows, as at present constructed, have given rise to

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several attempts to discover an efficient and easy means of obviating such danger and exposure; but hitherto nothing has been devised short of removing the bead—a process which, we believe, most persons concerned consider too troublesome to counterbalance the risk of breaking their necks. Several months ago, the inventor of the plan we are now about to describe, while residing at Ramsgate, was just in time to rescue a female servant from falling from the upper window of his house, while engaged in cleaning the windows on the outside; and his attention being thus providentially directed to the subject, has resulted in a remedy as simple and beautiful as it is efficient.

By the principle of this patent, the sashes may be taken with facility into the room, by merely casting off certain metal stops, fitted to each sash; the width of the sash is only equal to the distance between the pulley-stile and the front of the opposite bead, which is five-eighths or three-fourths of an inch thick, the difference being made up by the four stops fixed into the side corners of the sash. The two upper stops of each sash are so constructed that the pulley-rope is fixed to the stop on each side, the stops being fixed in the sash by moveable pins. The sashes may thus be taken into the room at pleasure by merely withdrawing the pins and removing the stops, which (to prevent them from running to the top of the window-frame by the falling of the weight in the box) may, by means of a hole in the bottom or side, be hung on hooks at the side of the window, the weights being thus suspended till wanted again for the sashes. When the stops are replaced on the sides of the sash, the five-eighths are, of course, gained in the breadth, which again becomes equal to the entire width of the sash-frame.

We have ourselves inspected the invention, both in the model, and in the window-sash, at Mr. Gover's house (No. 8, Chester-square, Pimlico), and feel perfectly satisfied as to the extreme facility and perfection of the mode adopted. We have requested the inventor to allow the model to be left with us for a short while, and, in the course of the week, we shall be able to eke out our necessarily imperfect description, by showing the model to any of our readers, who will favour us with a call at *The Mirror* office.

No. II.

PAYNE'S PROCESS FOR METALLIZING WOOD.

In a late number of "The Illustrated London News" we perceive a very interesting account, with illustrative woodcuts, of the wooden viaduct lately constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Cubitt, between the Bricklayers' Arms and New Cross, being the termination of the Dover Railway. At the conclusion of the article it is stated that all the timber in this great work has been *paynised*, or rendered capable of resisting the ravages of insects or of dry rot, and, to a great extent, incombustible. The process, by means of which the commonest wood is endowed with the enduring properties of iron, is one of immense value to the engineering arts, and we feel pleasure in laying before the readers of *The Mirror* a more detailed account of its nature. Several ingenious persons—among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Kyan, Margary, Burnett, and Boucherie—have, at various times, propounded the means of preserving wood by metallic preparations, these solutions, generally of copper or mercury, being injected or infused into the timber by means of exhaustion and pressure. But the objection has been alleged against these—first, of the expensiveness of processes employing as their basis the more costly metals; and, secondly, of their partial efficacy, on account of the liability to disunion, in the course of time, of the component elements of the solution. The curious invention under notice obviates both of these objections; and, in the judgment of engineers and chemists, consulted by the British, and some of the foreign, governments, will be of incalculable value in the construction of railways, in ship-building, wood-paving, and other public works requiring large quantities of timber. The basis employed is the cheapest of all the metals—iron; and, from calculations which have been made, it appears that the process is accordingly so inexpensive, that the sleepers, generally 2,000 in number, on a mile of railway, may be metallised for less than £80, the impregnation of a load of timber, or 50 cubic feet, costing only 10s. or 11s. But the cheapness is of comparatively trivial moment in such works, when the question of efficiency is concerned. This is secured by what forms the peculiar merit of the invention—

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namely, that by means of *chemical decomposition*, the wood is actually made a new substance, or, so to speak, fossilised; and thus, all risk of a future disunion of the component parts of the solution is effectually precluded. The process is thus described. The wood, which may be impregnated after being made up into furniture, sleepers for railways, or parts of any mechanical structure, is first placed in a vacuum in a large iron cylinder, in a solution of sulphate of iron, which is made to permeate the cells from which the air is extracted. Thereafter, the wood is withdrawn, and similarly placed in the vacuum, in a solution of muriate of lime, which, on coming into combination with the iron, chemically decomposes it, forming an insoluble sulphate of lime within the wood.

On a wooden tramway, constructed for experimental observation, at Vauxhall, a traffic equal to 9,000 miles of a great line made no perceptible impression on the saw-marks of the timber, and in consequence of this successful trial, the whole of the Guildford Junction Railway, the bill for which has just passed through Parliament, is to be constructed (the rails, as well as the sleepers) of wood thus prepared. This line will extend to eight or nine miles in length. Mr. George Stephenson, Mr. Cubitt, Mr. Giles, and other eminent engineers, accord their highest praise to the importance of the results to be anticipated from the general employment of the process; and the "Woods and Forests" largely employ it in several of the government works. The only disadvantage to be apprehended from the use of wood, as a substitute for iron, on rails, is the liability of the edge of the rail to abrasion, from the flange of the locomotive wheels now in use; but an invention to meet this objection has lately been made of a bevel wheel, now exhibited in action, at the Adelaide Gallery, which renders the use of the flange unnecessary. Our space prevents our dilating further on the details and merits of an invention which promises, especially on the continent, abounding with timber, and comparatively deficient in iron, to effect a revolution in several important branches of industry. But it appears hardly necessary to expatiate upon the value of a process which makes the softest and the most porous woods harder than British oak. There can be now no doubt that in process of time the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committees on employing steam-carriages on common roads, will be largely adopted, especially in the constructing of subsidiary junction lines for railways, involving the extensive use of metallised timber, and to the manifest benefit both of railway and turnpike interests. To all the interests of "ships, colonies, and commerce," the process is fraught with momentous consequences.

Reviews.

English Prose, being extracts from the works of English Prose Writers, with Notes of their Lives. [Moore.

WHOEVER he may be, the writer or compiler of this volume has performed a most Herculean task, and a valuable book has been produced. Such a one, as we conceive, only the father of a family would undertake, in the hope that the improvement of his children would requite him for that labour, which, if his time were of moderate value, would not be paid for in the course of his natural life, either by a high-minded bookseller, or a liberal and discerning public.

The book opens with a list of authors, specifying the periods at which they lived and the extent of their writings. It is arranged on a plan equally original and perspicuous, and admirably calculated to exhibit, at one view, the names and comparative labours of contemporary genius. Of these, the three first periods are subjoined as a specimen :—

"Born from 1480 to 1580.
(The Age of the Reformation.)

	BORN.	DIED.
More, Sir T.	1480	July 6, 1535
Ascham, Roger	About 1515	Dec. 30, 1568
Holinshed, R.	About 1526	About 1580
Knolles, Richard.	About 1544	1610
Raleigh, Sir W.	1552	Oct. 29, 1618
Spenser, E.	About 1553	Jan. 16, 1559
Hakluyt, Richard.	About 1553.	Nov. 23, 1616
Sidney, Sir P.	Nov. 29, 1554	Oct. 16, 1586
Hooker, Richard.	March, 1554	Nov. 2, 1600
Bacon, Lord	Jan. 22, 1561	April 9, 1626
Shakespeare, W.	April 23, 1564	April 23, 1616
Jonson, Ben.	June 11, 1574	Aug. 6, 1637
Hall, Joseph	July 1, 1574	Sept. 8, 1656
Purchas, Samuel	1577	1628

Born from 1580 to 1630.

(The Age of the Commonwealth.)

	BORN.	DIED.
Hales, John.	April 19, 1584	May 19, 1665
Pym, John	1584	Dec. 8, 1643

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	BORN.	DIED.
Selden, John	Dec. 16, 1584	Nov. 30, 1654
Strafford, Lord	April 13, 1593	May 12, 1641
Walton, Isaak	Aug. 9, 1593	Dec. 15, 1683
Chillingworth	Oct., 1602	Jan. 30, 1644
Browne, Sir T	Oct. 19, 1605	Oct. 19, 1682
Fuller, T.	1608	Aug. 16, 1661
Clarendon, Lord	Feb. 18, 1608	Dec. 9, 1674
Milton, John	Dec. 9, 1608	Nov. 8, 1674
Taylor, Jeremy	Aug., 1613	Aug. 13, 1667
Cudworth, R.	1617	June 26, 1668
Cowley, A.	1618	July 28, 1667
Patrick, S.	Sept. 8, 1626	May 31, 1707
Temple, Sir W.	1628	January 1699
Bunyan, John	1628	Aug. 12, 1688
Barrow, Isaac	October 1630	May 4, 1677"

It may not, however, be supposed that this volume will wholly escape censure. From the nature of the plan it must be imperfect: one life would scarcely suffice to read all the prose authors of England, and without reading all, how can the compiler be sure that he makes extracts from the best? This author (so it will be seen he may be called) must do, therefore, what cannot be other than repugnant to the feelings of a man of his diligence, taste, and mental independence, take a good deal on trust. He must be directed, in not a few instances, to the authors most worthy to be consulted by common literary report, leaving "Full many gems of purest ray serene," remain in undeserved gloom. This, however, was one of the conditions of his enterprise, from which he could not escape; and he must, therefore, only aspire to have said of him what Dr. Johnson remarked on Dr. Watts, "he has performed better than many—a task which no man ever performed well."

But the main object of the book—that of forming youthful minds in a superior mould, by placing before them in their early days, unexceptionable specimens of the most powerful writers—is never lost sight of for a moment, and the important duty which the writer has imposed upon himself is faithfully performed. His style is clear, and fine writing as it is called, he is careful to avoid. Sometimes, however, he gets neglectful, and his vigorous business style is momentarily abandoned for childish repetition. Thus we are told of Lamb that, "he flings out his thoughts *and* feelings, *and* affections, *and* wild fancies, *and* quaint phrases," a reiteration of the *conjunctive*, which we think unnecessary, and being unnecessary, not in *good* keeping, with the general manly straight-forward character of "English Prose." At other times he begins half a dozen sentences in succession with the same word, which is hardly setting before young readers the perfect example on which he is anxious their attention should be fixed.

It has already been hinted that he cannot satisfy all readers. Many who have their favourites will think they are not duly attended to, and others even from the specimens given, it will be urged are not here sufficiently brought forward, but the passages which have been selected are good. Few of them can be pointed out which are not calculated to make the reader wiser and better; and the whole assemblage will give him a just idea of the power, variety, and general affluence of the English language. That reading must have been very extensive which enabled the author to select so much, and select so well. From this praise we must except a brief passage from Cobbett, which seems to be part of a longer article, and to have been inserted by accident.

To enumerate the subjects on which this work brings before us the thoughts of distinguished men, would fatigue the reader. Suffice it to say, they embrace almost every topic in which men can take an interest. They are calculated to stimulate the mind to energetic, honourable exertion. Such a book must be useful at home and abroad; to the tyro and the veteran scholar. These 500 compact pages should be packed up with the sandwich-box on a journey. The work will be equally in its place when required to furnish the traveller with a literary luncheon, or to the student at home who has leisure to dine, as it will present him not only with a bill of fare, but with a sample of the principal dishes before they are placed on the table.

The lives of Lord Bacon and one or two more authors, are written with great care. Some notice of these will be taken next week. For the present we shall only say they exhibit an enlarged mind, honestly resolute to think for itself, and to speak what it thinks.

The Gatherer.

Reason in the Wasp.—Dr. Darwin relates an incident, to which he was an eye-witness, of a wasp having caught a fly almost of her own size; she cut off its head and tail, and tried to fly away with the body; but finding that, owing to a breeze

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then blowing, the fly's wings were an impediment to her own flight, and turned her round in the air, she came to the ground and cut off the fly's wings one after the other with her mouth. She then flew away with the body, unmolested by the wind.

Consistency of the Popes.—To this day the Court of Rome remains immoveable and faithful to the ancient traditions which lighted the funeral pyres of Savonarola and Giordano Bruno: it condemns without reservation all books which dare to speak of liberty, or to unveil any of the disgraceful histories of the successors of St. Peter.

Literary Union.—M. Mazzini conceives the march of events will combine all the great names of literature, till individuality is forgotten. "As in the Greek federations," says the writer, "a temple shall be the soul of this union—a temple where all literatures shall burn incense to the common thought, to the IDEA; and since all literatures live by a ray of that idea—since each has manifested a line, a word, a syllable of that thought, and all have glorious, great, and solemn records—that temple collects all, and arranges all in order. From Genius, the minister born from that Pantheon, the numerous spirits that constitute and feed the various literatures, will ask the conception of the era; then they will replace themselves in the way to demand the forms and expressions of that conception from the sky, the climate, the earth, the past, the present, the traditions, the national songs, and the people of their country.

English Patriotism.—A French traveller gravely tells his readers that a "patriot Englishman" bought for five guineas the tree under which the Duke of Wellington sat at Waterloo, and transported it, "à grands frais en Angleterre, où il est maintenant l'objet des hommages et des délices des badauds de la Tamise." It is a pity he did not specify the exact locality in which this tree may be seen.

Modern Comedy of Error.—Some odd instances of one person being mistaken for another, have sometimes occurred. An Englishman so strongly resembled a French player, named Davide, that Frogere, another performer, who had been established in Russia, under the auspices of the Emperor Paul, accosted him, on meeting him at Paris, as Davide, and could hardly be persuaded that he was in error.

Ancient Posting. — Sardis, the ancient capital of the Lydian kings, stood in an extensive plain at the foot of Tmolus, on one of the tributary streams of the Hermus. Under the Persians it became the headquarters of the king when he visited Western Asia, and the chief residence of the Satrap of Lydia. It continued to be, as it was in the time of Crœsus, one of the great commercial emporiums of Asia, the resort of Greeks from the coast, and of the nations of the interior. Here the luxurious Persian found in the slave-market the male and female captive suited to his taste, who were qualified to guard the harem. From Sardis there was a royal road to Susa, beyond the Tigris, where the king generally resided. This route is minutely described by Herodotus, who gives us the number of royal stations or posts. To have a ready communication with western Asia, and the Greek towns on the coast of Ionia, was essential for preserving the integrity of the monarchy, and the dependency of one of its fairest portions. On this route, at certain intervals, about a day's journey distant, horses and men were always kept in readiness. When the royal commands were issued, the messenger from the first station carried them to the second with all possible speed; from the second they were as speedily transmitted to the third, and thus forwarded to their destination. "There is no human thing," says Herodotus, "that can be compared in speed with this system of posts—neither snow, nor rain, nor the burning sun, nor the darkness of night, prevents the postmen from accomplishing their prescribed distance with all possible speed." Some critics have converted this royal posting establishment into a regular posting system for the benefit of all the people, which opinion is at variance with what we learn from Herodotus, and entirely inconsistent with Asiatic notions. In their political systems the king is everything.

Comets.—Of the actual number of comets which obey the attraction of the sun, it is impossible to form any idea. Almost all those which are visible to us come within the orbit of the earth; and if we supposed them to be equally distributed in space, the number which has been actually observed would lead to the inference that not less than 250,000 comets approach nearer to the sun than the planet Uranus.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. B.'s" gave us great satisfaction. In future, we promise, our little periodical will meet his approbation.

"X.'s" contribution is not to our wish; and, therefore, cannot be inserted.

"H.'s" work will be noticed in our next, as well as several other works sent for review.

"D.'s" poetry, if not second-rate, cannot be inserted.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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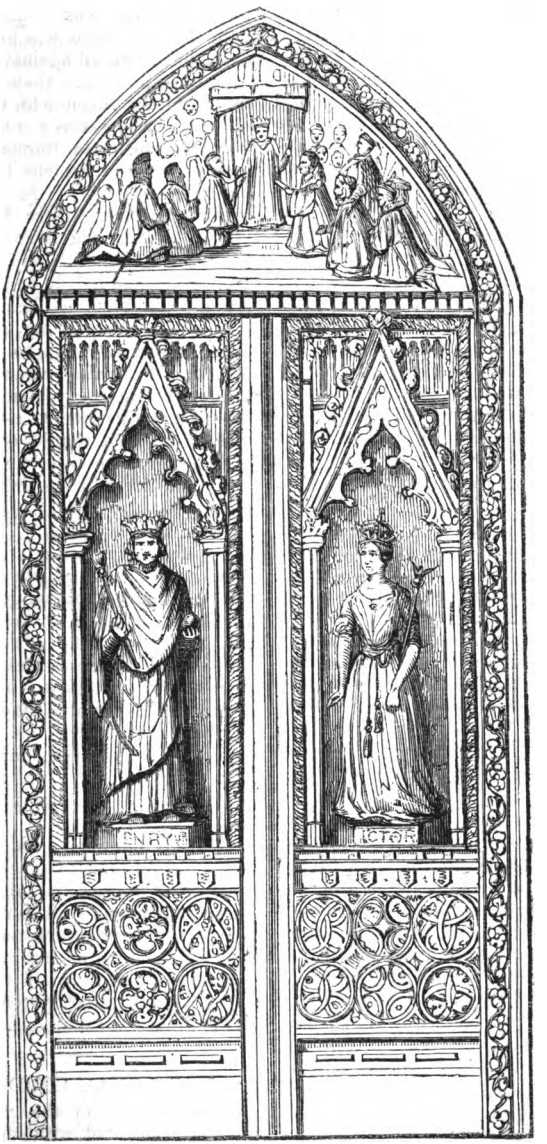

PRINCIPAL DOOR FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

No. 1217.] [VOL. XLIV.

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Original Communications.

MR. NASH'S DESIGN.—GRAND HISTORICAL SCENE.

We this week submit a correct representation of Mr. Nash's much admired design for the principal door of the new House of Lords. On one side a portrait statue of Henry III., taken from his effigy in Westminster Abbey, appears; and, on the other, the image of the reigning queen. Natural emblems encompass the figures, with an ornamental border of oak leaf, the whole being inclosed by ornaments formed of the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock. Why Henry III. should be associated with her present majesty may require some explanation. "It was under him," says the catalogue, that "the first traces of the present constitution of a parliament appeared;" and, it is added, the sculpture proposed for the head of the arch is the memorable event in Westminster Hall, May 3, 1253. A few remarks on the subject of the scene to which Mr. Nash refers, will not here be out of place,

The struggle commenced in the reign of John with the barons, which led to the signing of the Magna Charta, at Runnymede, did not terminate there. John died in the following year, and his son Henry III., then a boy, became king. There were not wanting those, as he grew up, who made it their care to whisper in the young monarch's ear that his father had been traitorously assailed, and that he himself was disloyally controlled, and the royal power, in fact, usurped by a turbulent faction, who were no friends to the monarchy. He was advised to burst his bonds by the emissaries of the Pope. They contrived to gain his good graces, so that to almost all the valuable benefices, and many offices of trust and emolument, Italians were preferred. For more reasons than one this was well calculated to rekindle all the former patriotism of the barons, while the nation generally, saw with indignation, that few born within its limits were deemed worthy to administer its affairs. Henry wanted money, and to obtain it, gave out that he required a supply to enable him to go to the Holy Land. The barons knew this to be a mere pretext, but did not consider it prudent flatly to oppose such a demand, and they required as their condition that he should bind himself to observe the charters granted by his father, which they complained he had frequently violated. To the clergy, who joined with the barons in this requisition, he sarcastically hinted that, as he had stretched the royal prerogative a little too far in their favour, they had better set him a good example by resigning their bishoprics, and abbeys, and he would take care to see them filled with pious and learned men. The prelates to whom this was addressed, replied, "the business then was not to undo the past, but to guard against abuse for the time to come;" and they granted him a tenth of their revenue for three years, as did the barons three marks of every knight's fee, held immediately of the crown. To complete this important business, the king convened a great meeting at Westminster Hall, at which all the lords, spiritual and temporal, attended with lighted tapers in their hands. Henry declined to hold one, that he might lay his hand on his heart during the whole of the ceremony, to prove how sincerely he assented to what they required. This being arranged, the archbishop of Canterbury, standing up before the people, denounced a terrible curse against all that should oppose, directly or indirectly, the observance of the charters, and likewise against those who should violate, put aside, or alter the laws of the kingdom. The anathema being delivered, the charters were read aloud, and confirmed by the king, who kept his hand all the while on his breast. He then exclaimed, "So may God help me, as I inviolably observe all these things, as I am a man, as I am a Christian, as I am a knight, and as I am a crowned and anointed king." Then each of the barons threw his taper on the ground, expressing the awful wish that, as they smoked there, the souls of those who broke the charter might smoke in hell,

All this mummery did not make the king faithful to his engagements. New dissentions arose, and this caused the barons to demand further reforms, and led to the appointment of four knights for each county to inquire into existing grievances, and thus laid the foundation of the representative system,—in a word, of the House of Commons.

THE LOYAL LORD CAPEL.

Every reader of the "State Trials," must be acquainted with the story of the Loyal Lord Capel. The fortitude with

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which he met his fate a few months after the fall of Charles the First, and from the hands of the same men who had hurried his royal master from existence, has been affectingly pourtrayed in Bishop Morley's account of the manner of his death, as well as the striking incident of his heart being presented to King Charles the Second, whose restoration Lord Capel had most confidently predicted. An account is extant, published a few years after the event, which is not preserved in the State Trials. It is not so full as that which was given to the world under the bishop's name, but from the facts stated, it is clearly written by the same hand. The concluding paragraph of the former, which mentions that the writer saw "as soon as the King came home, Sir Thomas Corbet give the silver box with that generous and loyal heart, to the King's own hands," clearly shows that the statement as then published, was prepared in or about the year 1660. Possibly the shorter one, in some respects more guardedly worded, was intended to appear immediately after Lord Capel's execution. Be that as it may, relating as it does to a person of such high rank, and yet more of such high merit, it is too valuable to be lost. It was put forth by the right reverend prelate in the following shape:

"A Letter to Mr. C. S., from a Reverend and Grave Divine.

"Sir,—I hope this paper will find you upon your *recovery*; you have my daily and hearty prayers for it: not so much for your *own sake*, (for I doubt not but it will be much better for you in regard of your-*self*, to be *dissolved*, and *be with Christ*) but in the behalf of the *Church*, your *friends* and poor family: to *which* notwithstanding be assured, God will be merciful, howsoever he disposeth of *you* either for this life, or for a *better*. But if you live (as I pray and hope you will) you shall do very well to write the life and death of that noble *Lord* and blessed *Martyr* who professed at his death, *that he died for the Fifth Command-ment*. And to die in the defence and for the testimony of any *divine truth*, is truly and properly to be a *martyr*. That which I can contribute towards this work is, to communicate some few observations I made of him, and from him, before and after his *condemnation*. I was several times with him, and always found him in a very *cheerful* and *well-composed* temper of mind; proceeding from true christian grounds, and not from a *Roman resolution only* (as his *enemies* are pleased to speak of him); he told me often it was the good God he served and the *Good Cause* he had served for, that made him not to *fear death*: adding, he had never had the temptation of so much as a *thought*, to *check* him for his engagement in *this quarrel*: for he took it for his *crown and glory*, and wished he had a greater *ability* and better *fortune* to engage in it.

"After his *condemnation*, and the afternoon before his *suffering*, we were a great while together: when, *bewailing* with that sense which became a *true* (and not *despairing*) penitent, the sins of his *life* past, the *great-est* he could remember was his voting my Lord of Strafford's death; which though (as he said) he did without any *malice* at all, yet he confessed it to be a very *great sin*: and that he had done it out of a base fear (they were his own words) of a *pre-vailing party*, adding, that he had very often, and very heartily *repented* of it: and was confident of God's pardon for it.

"Then he told me, he had a great desire to receive the *blessed sacrament* (so he called it) before he died the next morning: asking, what *divine* of the *King's party* I would recommend to him? I replied that (though many were more worthy, yet) none would be more *willing* to do him that service than *myself*. Which he accepting very kindly, told me, he durst not *desire* it, for *fear* it might be some *danger to me*. After this and some conference in order to his *preparation*, both for his *viaticum* and his *voyage*, the sacrament and his death: he desired me to pray with him. Which, after I had performed, and promised to be with him by seven the next morning, I left him for that time to his *own devotions*.

"The next day I was there at the time assigned: and after some short conference in order to the present occasion, he desired me to hear *him pray*; which he did for half an hour in an *excellent method*, very apt expressions and most *strong*, hearty, and *passionate affections*; first, *confessing and bewailing his sins* with strong cries and tears; then humbly and most earnestly *desiring God's mercy*, through *the merits of Christ* only. *Secondly*, for his dear *wife and children*, with some passion: but for her *especially*, with most *ardent* affection; recommending them to the *divine provi-dence* with great confidence and assurance: and desiring for them rather *the blessings of a better life*, than of *this*. *Thirdly*, for the *King*, *Church*, and *State*. And lastly, for his *enemies*, with almost the same ardour and affection.

"After this, sending for my *Lord of Nor-wich*, and Sir John Owen, I read the whole *office* of the *church* for *Good* Friday, and *homily* I used for the present occasion, we received the *sacrament*. In which action he behaved himself with great *humility*, *zeal*, and *devotion*. And being demanded after we had done, how he found himself: he replied, very much *better*, *stronger*, and *cheerfuller* for that *heavenly repast*: and that he doubted not to walk like a *christian*

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through the vale of death, in the strength of it. But he was to have an *agony* before his *passion*; and that was the parting with his *wife, eldest son, son-in-law, two of his uncles*, and Sir T. C., especially the parting with his most *dear lady*; which indeed was the *saddest spectacle* that ever I beheld, on which occasion he could not choose but confess a little of *humane frailty*: yet even then he did not forget both to comfort and *counsel* her and the rest of his friends, particularly, in blessing the *young lord*, he commanded him never to *revenge* his death, though it should be in his power; the like he said unto his *lady*. He told his *son* he would leave him a *legacy* out of *David's Psalms*, and that was this, '*Lord, lead me in a plain path.*' For, boy, (said he) I would have you a *plain honest* man, and hate *dissimulation*.

"After this, with much ado, I persuaded his wife and the rest to be gone; and then being alone with me, he said, *Doctor, the hardest part of my work in this world is now past*: meaning the *parting* with his *wife*.

"Then he desired me to pray *preparatively* to his death, that in the last action he might so behave himself, as might be most for *God's glory* for the endeavouring of his *dead master's memory, his present master's service*: and that he might avoid the *doing or saying* of anything, which might savour either of vainty or sullenness.

"This being done, they were all carried to *Sir Robert Cotton's house*, where I was with him till he was called unto the *scaffold*, and would have gone up with him: but the guard of *souldiers* would not suffer me."

The common accounts of this nobleman's conduct after condemnation, do not make it clear what is particularly alluded to, where the writer of the above speaks of his "dying for the fifth commandment." The following letter written the day before his execution to his wife, not uninteresting in itself, gives explanation on that point.

"My greatest care in relation to the *world*, is for thy *dear self*. But I beseech thee, that as thou hast never *refused* my *advice* hitherto, do thou now consummate all this in one. And indeed it is so important both for *thee, me*, and all our children, that I presume *passion* shall not over-rule thy *reason*, nor my *request*. I beseech thee again and again *moderate* thy apprehension and *sorrow* for me, and *preserve thyself* to the benefit of our *dear children*, whom *God* out of his love to us in *Christ Jesus*, hath given us: and our dear Mall (in the case she is in) and our comforts in that *family* depend entirely upon *thy preservation*. I pray remember that the *occasion* of my *death* will give thee more cause to celebrate my *memory* with *praise*, rather than to consider it with *sadness*. *God* hath commanded my *obedience* to the *fifth commandment*, and for acting that *duty*, I am *condemned*. *God* multiply all *comfort* to thee. I shall leave thee my *dear children*. In them I live with thee: and leave thee to the *protection* of a most gracious *God*. And I rest

"Thy, &c."

On the fatal morning, he thus wrote to Lady Capel his last farewell.

"*My Dearest Life*,—My *eternal life* is in *Christ Jesus*. My *worldly* consideration in the highest degree *thou* hast deserved. Let me *live* long here in thy dear *memory* to the comfort of my *family*, our *dear children* whom *God* out of mercy in *Christ* hath bestowed upon us. I beseech thee take care of thy *health*. *Sorrow* not *unsoberly* not *unusually*. God be unto *thee* better than a *husband*, and to my *children* better than a father. I am sure He is *able* to be so: I am confident He is graciously pleased to *be* so: *God* be with thee, my most *virtuous wife*: *God* multiply many comforts to *thee* and my poor *children*, is the fervent *prayer* of

"Thy, &c."

1620, 1720, AND 1820;

OR,

THE DEAD GUEST.

(*Continued from page* 308.)

He quickened his movements, and was somewhat cheered when he joined his wife and daughter. They were in better spirits than they had been for some time. Though he was not displeased at that, he felt shocked at the general mirth, or rather at the foolish levity, with which the one all-absorbing topic of conversation—the reported arrival of the Dead Guest—was treated, by people of sense, who, as he thought, ought to have known better. To encounter the torrent of ridicule which would have overwhelmed any one who really believed that such a personage was actually in Herbesheim, could have done no good. The sort of comfort which bantering jesters were likely to administer, was but indifferently calculated to relieve his mind. He, therefore, listened, anything but approvingly, or with pleasure, to what others said; and returned home with his lady and Frederica, at an early hour.

"What is this?" demanded Madame, as they entered the apartment in which Bantes had received the Dead Guest, and stooping, she picked up what appeared to be a letter, edged with black.

He looked confounded.

The finding of a letter supposed to be addressed to her husband is always a mighty incident to a wife. She opened it, and read—

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"'Tis mine to roam in midnight gloom,
'Tis mine to act a fearful part."

She started at encountering these words again, but, perceiving they were merely part of a song, deemed them of no importance.

"And why," said she, when they had seated themselves, "were you so silent this evening? you scarcely opened your lips."

"I know it," he gravely replied.

"But why were you mute?"

"Where nonsense, not to say impiety, outrageous mockery of solemn things is the order of the day, I deem it wisdom to be still. To jest on the horrors of the grave, to laugh at the supposed situation and habits of the departed, is not exactly the way in which a sabbath evening should be spent by sensible people, who, while engaged in the struggles and anxieties of this life, ought to look forward with christian hope, but still with religious awe, to a better."

Both mother and daughter felt this was rather a severe reflection, coming, as it did, from a pious husband and father, who had been arranging his accounts all the Sunday afternoon.

"You are very thoughtful," remarked his wife.

"I have good reason to be so," he answered, with severity.

"Hardly, I think," said his partner, somewhat nettled, "what if a laugh were raised at the extravagant reports circulated respecting the Dead Guest; this was not directed against anything sacred, that christians ought to revere, but simply against the preposterous and wicked falsehoods which had been invented, and circulated through the town, to the annoyance of many poor addle-pates, and possibly to the serious distress and alarm of some well-meaning, imbecile driveller."

The manufacturer fixed a scrutinising eye on Madame Bantes, and looked as if he would have asked, "Do you mean me? am I a poor addle-pate? am I a well-meaning imbecile driveller?" this, we say, he looked; what he said, and he spoke very magisterially, ran thus—

"It is commonly the resource of unreasoning ignorance to affect superior knowledge, and to treat with contempt the superior lights and actual experience of others. Such matters are not to be regarded mere trifles."

"Hey day," cried the wife, with a laugh, "you are getting quite solemn. To what does this lecture tend? What superior lights do you mean?"

Had Madame guessed that her husband had in his "mind's eye" the vivid flashes of blue lightning which burst on his visual organ when the Dead Guest entered his room, she would probably have spoken in a different tone.

Under any circumstances, Bantes was of opinion that his superior lights or sound understanding ought not to have been called in question.

"If," said he, "I were proved as self-sufficient as some men, and even as some of your own sex, a rational doubt might be entertained on the subject, but, I believe, I am not a man to run blindly with the crowd, and say as they say."

"On this occasion I think you do, when you appear to attach serious importance to the nonsensical prattle about the Dead Guest."

"Nonsensical, Madame, as you may deem it, you will find there is more in it than you suspect, much more than I ever suspected."

"What do you mean?"

"That the reports which we have all heard are true."

"True!"

"To the letter—to the letter—" pointing with his fore-finger to give greater effect to his speech, which he wished to be deeply impressive.

"But how," asked the lady, "how came you to change your opinion; a day or two back, and you never spoke of the expected visitor, but with contempt and laughter."

"I can do so no longer."

"Why, what has chanced?"

"He has actually arrived. The visitor from the other world is positively in Herbesheim. These eyes have seen him."

"Seen whom—the Dead Guest?"

"I have, indeed. He has been here."

"Father!" exclaimed Frederica, in a tone which seemed to reprove such weakness, not to say such a monstrous disregard of truth.

"I am in earnest. The dreadful visitor has been here,—in this room. I have seen him, in all respects, such as he has been described; but, in this instance, as in 1720, he has adopted the fashionable dress of the day."

"You dream," said Madame Bantes. "That he should come at all to this or to any other place, is what I cannot easily bring myself to credit, but, that he should pay you a visit, in particular, passes all belief."

"Yet it is most true; not on my assertion alone does it rest; ask your maid, Catherine—ask her if she is sufficiently recovered from the fainting fit into which she fell on beholding the dreadful apparition, to give you an answer. Speak to Brandt—is he a hair-brained, gabbling fool—he will tell you that the Dead Guest came here, I might almost say, in a blaze of hellish fire, while the thunder roared as if the offended majesty of the sky proposed

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to resent the outrage offered to nature's law, by hurling destruction on a guilty world."

"You must be deceived. Why should he come to you."

"That is but too well explained. We have a daughter. The fiend would fain make her one of his three victims."

"You cannot be serious."

"Is this a moment for jesting? Madame—madame," he went on, in a tone which he meant, from its earnestness and solemnity to remove every doubt, "this is his object; he hardly veils it. When he entered, the imposter told me his name was Hahn."

"And are you sure it was not?"

"Would the son of a banker come, think you, as Count Graves. Would he make his appearance surrounded by blue lightning."

"He might chance to arrive while a storm was raging."

"I see," said he, "with your wonted obstinacy, you resist conviction. You will not listen to reason. Your husband is a fool, and is not to be believed even when he speaks of what he has seen with his own eyes."

"My dear father," interposed Frederica, "do not be angry. What you tell us is so strange, that we can scarcely, even now, be persuaded that you are serious. Why should you think the person who has been with you, and who calls himself the son of your friend, is an impostor."

"Why should I think so," he scornfully repeated. "Would I could think otherwise? but you will not long remain in doubt. He asked for you, and is anxious to see you in the morning."

"Well, papa, I shall have no objection to encounter him him."

"What! you are prepared to entertain the Dead Guest — a vampire, a ghost, who comes to strangle you?"

"This, if the tradition be true, he only does when he has gained the affections of a female; as yet, he has not won mine, nor do I think, young and able as he calls himself, he will easily win them."

"Nay, the Dead Guest may possess, and indeed such I have heard is the case, powers from hell, which enable him in a very short time to conquer the hearts of those he selects to murder."

"He may be insidious to the last degree, but so he come in broad day, I am not afraid to meet him."

"Well, if you are so rash, you must take the consequences. I see how it is. When a husband is in question, a spinster is not afraid of risking her neck, or running to the devil."

The inquiries made by Madame Bantes and Frederica, though they proved that there had been an alarm, and that a visitor in black had been with the manufacturer, did not establish to their satisfaction the fact that the individual who had called was the Dead Guest. The incredulous mirth of those with whom they had spent their evening had steeled them against conviction, and the parties sought their beds without coming to any very remarkable union of feeling on this all-engrossing subject.

Bantes was stirring in good time on the following morning; he sought the mayor of the town, and advised with him as to the best method of getting rid of the stranger. The magistrate was puzzled how to act. First, nothing was distinctly proved against the gentleman in mourning, who had put up at the Black Cross; and, in the second place, he knew of no law applicable to the case of a Dead Guest.

The minister of the church, to whom he next applied, was much better informed, and spoke very learnedly on the subject. He considered the case one of difficulty, and as physicians generally discover that they ought to have been sooner called in, he remarked that the evil was rendered much greater by having been suffered to run on so long. Hence, he considered, a great difficulty arose; the Dead Guest had gained, so to speak, a *locus standi*, from which, even by the church, he could not easily be removed. In other times, the corpse of an offending vampire had been taken from the grave and disemboweled, and this, with the subtraction of the heart, and the committing it to the flames, had been found very effectual. But, unhappily, he was obliged to add, a remedy so simple, and in all respects excellent, could not very promptly be applied where neither bowels nor heart was likely to be found.

"You suppose them," said the manufacturer, "to have mouldered into dust again."

"That is not certain: they may remain —it has often happened with vampires—in as perfect a state as if they had recently been interred; but with this important circumstance in our favour, as we do not know the former name of the offender, nor his present grave, we cannot make it of any avail. Among the Greeks, in such a case, it was common to boil the remains of a suspected party in wine. That could be tried on any house or remnant that you may guess to have belonged to this Hahn or Graves. While you are seeking for the corpse, a portion of the wine can, if you think proper, be sent to my residence, the most convenient place for trying the experiment, that it may be ready to perform the imposing ceremony at any moment you may deem it necessary."

(*To be continued.*)

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ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IX.—PRESS GANGS.

Fly! fly! thou jolly tar; run! run! for the press gang is at thy heels, and in another minute thou wilt be an unwilling servitor of King George. Rush! rush! in here, out there, down this court, up that lane—ha! now you have escaped!—no, here come the blue jackets again, tearing, swearing, splashing, and dashing along the streets, upsetting children, alarming old women, treading upon toes, and sending wounded dogs yelling in every direction. Now they have him! —no; he has ducked from their hands, and, with one desperate race for life and liberty, rushes through an open doorway, bolts up stairs, and barricades the door. Ha! ha! my men-of-war's men, you have missed your game, and there is honest Tom Bowsprit grinning at you from the window.

"Which way did he go?" "Show me the staircase!" and in another second, the press gang are thundering at the garret door; but honest Tom is again alert—he is running along the parapet of the house, with a desperate disregard of the safety of his neck, and when the foremost of his pursuers at length pokes his hand forth from the window, it receives a very respectable kick from the heel of the victim's shoe; and he, jolly soul! having accomplished this feat, nods and grins at the crowd below, politely "hopes" the broken-pated "liked it," and, clambering into the next house, comfortably disposes himself before the fire, and forthwith sets about heating the poker to give his pursuers a warm reception. And, faith, here they come! the poker is red hot—Tom is valiant—several faces are damaged, and heads cracked, but the press gang are determined—Tom is knocked down, disarmed, pinioned, and conveyed to the tender off the Tower, where we must leave him, swearing desperately at press gangs, kings, wars, navies, rats, and tenders.

The war with France, which concluded the last century, afforded ample occupation for our sailors, and the consequence was that large wages were offered to seamen in merchant vessels, while the navy would have been left comparatively unmanned, had the scheme of impressment not been suggested. Bodies of men-of-war's men, headed by some inferior officer, were accordingly dispatched from ships in want of hands, for the purpose of impressing seamen, and even (if the demand were very "brisk") landsmen, into his Majesty's service.

Captains, mates, and apprentices were the only persons who could claim exemption from impressment, and even they were compelled to produce the requisite certificates, their ship's papers, indentures, or other documents. Homeward-bound vesssels were frequently stripped of almost all their hands by some cruiser off the coast, who boarded them and left them just sufficient of their crew to bring the vessel into port. A great-uncle of my own, in opposition to his interest and his friends' wishes, had, when young, persisted in becoming a sailor, was returning from a long voyage, and had already neared the English coast, when a man-of-war was descried bearing towards them. As, from their long absence, they were ignorant of the state of affairs at home, they hailed her, and inquired whether "all was safe in England?" "All's well!" was the reply; and, the next minute, the frigate hove to, a boat ran alongside of the ship, the greater portion of the hands were impressed, only a sufficient number being left to navigate the vessel, and my great-uncle and his messmates, who had been calculating on seeing their friends in a couple of days, and had already given them notice of their approach, were wafted into the Mediterranean on a twelvemonth's cruise, unwilling servants of the king.

This arbitrary system of kidnapping (for it almost deserves the name) was a cruel hardship on merchant seamen, but it was one of those necessary evils which are attendant upon, and indispensable for, the success of a foreign war.

It cannot be denied that connected with the practice many heart-rending scenes of misery occurred. The sailor who had been honourably and successfully braving the dangers of stormy seas and pestilential climates, when triumphantly returning to enjoy with his expectant family, the fruits of his labours, learned the startling news that warrants were out, and a "hot press going on at all the outports," and in the next hour seized, he was forced on board a man-of-war.

> ....." He heaved a sigh,
> And said, though cruel was his lot,
> Ere flinch from duty he would die."

One sad case was brought under the

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notice of parliament. A poor woman, condemned for one of those comparatively trifling thefts which, in the last age were punished capitally, had been brought to distress through the absence of her husband; and the crime for which her life was forfeited, had been committed to get food for the child of him who was then fighting the battles of his country. In pathetic terms the poor sufferer lamented the hardship of her situation. Her husband, she said, had been stolen away from her, and the theft no one attempted to punish. But for that she had never taken the property of another. She had been drawn to it because she could not gain a livelihood for herself and her infant. This moving appeal was of no avail; for her there was no mercy. On the morning of her execution she was duly summoned. Before leaving the prison, in the presence of the officers, she suckled her unconscious offspring for the last time, and was then conducted to Tyburn, where the dreadful punishment awarded by law was sternly inflicted.

It may be added in some cases the pressing of seamen proved of immense benefit to the country. However reluctant to go, when once opposed to the enemy the sailor would fight; and great dangers, and even meditated invasions, have been averted by the power thus obtained to meet a sudden emergency.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

MERE DREAMS.

Part II.

Some twenty years ago I remember seeing a little boy's memoranda, and among them one headed, "Dreams of William Johnson," struck me not a little. Had an individual regularly put on paper his dreams as he passed from infancy to manhood, a view of these, together with the circumstances immediately preceding or following them might possibly have thrown more light on their true character than all the speculations yet hazarded by ingenuity and learning.

Dr. Franklin held that, considering how large a portion of human life is necessarily passed in sleep, it was most desirable, if possible, to secure a succession of pleasant dreams. He tells us that—

"Health, moderate exercise, and avoiding excesses in eating and drinking, are favourable to pleasant dreams."

But, principally, he dwells upon the importance of a cool bed. That cool air is in many cases good, few would doubt, if Dr. Franklin had not found out that Methuselah owed his lengthened career to sleeping in one; but however valuable his directions as to cooling an overheated couch, though he adds the scenes in consequence presented are of the most pleasant kind, many have the affliction to know that cheerful dreams are not always so to be procured or even refreshing sleep.

The celebrated painter Fuseli, and Mrs. Radcliffe, the romance writer, are said to have indulged in suppers which produced indigestion, and by this means succeeded in gaining what they coveted—horrible visions; it is not recorded within the limited range of my reading that they or anybody else ever attained the enviable power of producing their opposites.

How delightful would it be if this were accomplished! What vast enjoyment might then be procured at a cheap rate! The humble would hardly have cause to mourn the unkindness of fortune by day, if the full enjoyment of all they could covet on earth awaited them at night. The garret-stewed artisan might enjoy his mansion and his park, his gun and his dogs; nay, the houseless, naked beggar might inhabit the palace, partake of the costly viands, and wear the richest robes of a king, and all without prejudice to the public treasury, offence to the foreigner, or annoyance to the courtiers.

Taking a hint from the little boy's memoranda, a gentleman made notes a few years back of his dreams and as many circumstances connected with them as seemed likely to have any bearing on their characters. A specimen is subjoined:—

"Dec. 5, 1836.—Mild weather. In moderate spirits. Dined at 6 o'clock on cold beef; drank nothing, but took tea shortly afterwards. Went to bed about midnight.

"I dreamed that I was in a house where a *table d'hôte* was established, or something like it. At first, from a wish to be economical, I resolved not to eat, but changed my mind on seeing a dish which I thought I should like, which, by the way, while I hesitated, was nearly disposed of.

"I then found myself in company with some gay ladies, and with a friend, a medical gentleman. The latter has always been a singularly correct young man, yet his conduct on this occasion, as well as my own, and also that of the ladies, was disorderly in the extreme."

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Could the frugal fare of the writer by day have prompted such extravagancies at night?

"March 10, 1837.—Weather cold, sharp winds, and some rain. In moderate spirits. Dined at half-past four on soles and roast pork. Took some Bronte, and afterwards red port, but not much. Drank tea at half-past seven, smoked cigars, took a light supper, and drank a little malt liquor before going to bed.

"I dreamt that I had been elected a member of Parliament, and that none of my friends were aware of it. I had declined going to the House, and had kept my good fortune secret, as I was not prepared immediately to encounter the expense of taking my seat, which I understood would be something considerable, and I feared that my general style of living must be materially altered. I was comforted by the thought that the power of franking letters would be a great benefit, and I also calculated on getting the parliamentary papers for nothing! I went to a sort of lobby of the House of Commons, which, however, was neither like the former nor the present lobby, and there I saw a member of parliament trying on slippers. I met a gentleman connected with the commissioners of poor-laws, and told him the hesitation I had about taking my seat. This person, whom I had not seen for years, told me the expenses of which I stood in dread would not exceed twenty shillings. I then heard a cry of "The House up," and saw the members coming out. One of them shook hands with me, and called me by my name. I had seen him before, but could not recollect where. I took hold of his arm, and determined to question him about the expenses to be incurred, when I awoke."

Had the better cheer in which the writer indulged on this day any influence on the occasional thoughts which came to his sleeping hours?

"After awaking," the writer proceeds, "I drank some cold water, and went to sleep again, and was still fidgetty about money matters. I dreamt that I had charged a friend, an eminent member of the faculty, with taking money from my desk. He denied it. I shewed him that violence had been used, and persisted in my accusation. With tears in his eyes he at length promised to send me a thousand pounds. I then somewhat relented, saw him down stairs, and kindly told him that seven hundred would be sufficient."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF AILESBURY.

Arms.—For Bruce quarterly, first and fourth, or a saltier and chief gu ,on a canton or, a lion rampant az. For Brudenell, second and third, or., a chev., gu., between three morions or steel caps, az.
Crest, a sea-horse naiant, p. pr.
Supporters. Two savages, p. pr., wreathed round the loins and temples, vert.
Motto. Think and thank. For Elgin, *Fuimus* "We have been."

THE barony of Bruce of Whorlton, in the county of York, we find was conferred by Charles I., August 1, 1641, upon Thomas Bruce, third lord Bruce, of Kinloss, who had previously, July 18, 1633, been elevated to the Scottish earldom of Elgin. His lordship married, first, Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Chichester, knight, of Raleigh, in the county of Devon. She died in 1627, leaving by him an only son, Robert, who succeeded him. He afterwards married Anne, daughter and co-heir of William, lord Burghley, and widow of Henry De Vere, earl of Oxford, but had no other issue. He died December, 1663, and was succeeded by his son, Robert, second earl of Elgin, baron Bruce of Kinloss, and baron Bruce of Whorlton, who, for great services rendered to Charles I., and his lordship's exertions to promote the Restoration, was created in the English peerage, March 18, 1663, baron Bruce of Skelton, in the county of York, viscount Bruce of Ampthill, in the county of Bedford, and earl of Ailesbury, in the county of Bucks. He married Diana, daughter of Henry Grey, first earl of Stamford, by whom he had issue eight sons and nine daughters. At the coronation of James II., April 23, 1685, the earl of Ailesbury was one of the lords who bore St. Edward's staff, and he was appointed, on the 30th of July following, lord chamberlain of the household. He died October 20, in the same year, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Thomas, third earl of Elgin, and second earl of Ailesbury, who married, August 13, 1676, Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of Henry, lord Beauchamp, son of William, marquis of Hertford (afterwards second duke of Somerset), and at the death of her

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brother, the third duke of Somerset, September 26, 1671, sole heir to Tottenham Park, and Savernake Forest, in Wiltshire, besides divers estates in that and other counties. By this great heiress his lordship had issue, Charles, his successor, who was summoned to parliament during the life of his father as lord Bruce; and Elizabeth, who married George Bradness, second earl of Cardigan, by whom she had four sons, the youngest of whom succeeded his uncle, the earl of Ailesbury, in the barony of Bruce and Tottenham.

The earl of Ailesbury was among the first to invite the prince of Orange to England, in 1688, as a mediator between the crown and the people; but he peremptorily refused to sanction the advance of William to the throne, and would never swear allegiance to the government of the Revolution. In 1690-1, during the absence of William in Ireland, queen Mary issued a proclamation for the apprehension of his lordship, with other suspicious persons, but he was not then taken. Some years afterwards, however, being accused of attending meetings at the Old King's Head tavern in Leadenhall-street, the object of which was to effect the restoration of King James, he was committed to the Tower, which so affected the countess that she died in childbed, January 12, 1696-7. The earl was admitted to bail on the 12th of February following. Subsequently, he obtained leave from the king to reside at Brussels, where he married Charlotte, countess of Samil, of the ancient and noble house of Argentan, in the duchy of Brabant, and by her he had a daughter, Charlotte Maria, who in 1722 was married to the prince of Horne. His lordship died in November, 1741, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Charles, who married, first, Lady Anne Saville, eldest daughter and co-heir of William, marquis of Halifax. By her he had a son, who died during the life of his father; and two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. The former afterwards became duchess of Chandos; the latter was married to the Hon. Bragge Bathurst. The earl took for his second consort Lady Juliana Boyle, second daughter of Charles, earl of Burlington. By that lady he had no issue, and on her decease, he entered the matrimonial state for the third time, uniting himself, in 1739, to Caroline, only daughter of general John Campbell, of Manore, who was afterwards duke of Argyle. By her he had a daughter Mary, who was married, in 1755, to Charles, duke of Richmond. In consequence of the failure of male issue, his lordship obtained, April 17, 1746, by patent, the barony of Bruce of Tottenham, in the county of Wilts, with remainder to his nephew, the Hon. Thomas Brudenell. On his lordship's death, February 10, 1747, the earldom of Ailesbury, &c., became extinct, the Scottish titles devolving upon Charles, ninth earl of Kincardine, and the barony of Bruce, created as above, descended to his nephew, the Hon. Thomas Brudenell, second baron, who thereupon assumed the name and arms of Bruce in addition to those of his own family. He married first, February 17, 1761, Susannah, daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq., of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, and relict of viscount Dungannon, by whom he had one son and two daughters. He afterwards married, in February, 1788, Anne, the eldest daughter of John, first earl of Moira. Lord Bruce, on the 8th of June, became earl of Ailesbury. He died April 19, 1814, and was succeeded by the present peer, Charles Bruce Brudenell Bruce, K. T., who married, first, April 10, 1793, Henrietta Maria, daughter of Noel, first Lord Berwick, by whom he had issue two sons and four daughters. He again married, in 1833, Maria, youngest daughter of the Honorable Charles Tollemache, by whom he has issue Charles William, born June 18, 1834. His lordship succeeded to the earldom and barony, as second earl, on the death of his father, April 19, 1814, and was created, on the 17th of July, 1821, viscount Savernake, earl Bruce, and marquis of Ailesbury.

LORD BACON'S WEAKNESSES.

In noticing the work called "English Prose" last week, our tribute of praise was offered, because the author appeared to think for himself, and speak what he thought. This will be seen in an extract from his life of Lord Bacon. The facts mentioned are not a little striking, and some of them have escaped many of his lordship's biographers. They show that he was as mean as he was great, and the writer, doing justice to all that nobly distinguished him from the sons of men, disdains to varnish over the defects which force themselves on our notice:—

"In notes seemingly made for a speech or a memorial which he meant to deliver to the king at the kissing of hands, promised in Buckingham's letter of the 13th of November, 1622, lord Bacon writes, 'Of my offences far be it from me to say *dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas*: but I will say that I have good warrant for, they were not the greatest offenders in Israel upon whom the wall of Shiloh fell;' 'I would live to study, and not study to live; yet I am prepared for *date obolum Belisario*, and I that have borne a bag, can bear a wallet;' and after setting down certain flatteries to Buckingham, he notes for the prince, among other compliments, 'The work of the Father is creation; of the Son, redemption.'

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"As it has been argued by one advocate that because lord Bacon wrote most wisely and virtuously on duty to man, he could not have been guilty of the offences towards man that are imputed to him, so another proves, by his prayers and confessions of faith, that a more pious mind never existed. Such allusions as the above are scarcely the offspring of a pious mind, and Bacon was not sparing of them. In May, 1612, he thus addressed the king: 'I will make two prayers unto your majesty as I used to do to God Almighty, when I commend to him his own glory and cause; so I will pray to your majesty for yourself.' Again, on the 2nd of October, 1620: 'I hear that your majesty hath done as God Almighty useth to do, which is to turn evil into good.' In his letter to James, at the beginning of his troubles, on the 20th of April, 1621, he wrote, 'I think myself infinitely bounden to your majesty for vouchsafing me access to your royal person, and to touch the hem of your garment. I see your majesty imitateth Him that would not break the broken reed, nor quench the smoking flax, and as your majesty imitateth Christ, so I hope assuredly my lords of the Upper House will imitate you.' On the following 5th of September, he used words which, considering the nature of his services to the king, are remarkable: 'Cardinal Wolsey said that if he had served God as he served the king, he had not been ruined. My conscience saith no such thing, for I know not but in serving you, I have served God in one.' On the 16th July, 1621, he says, 'This same *nova creatura* is the work of God's pardon and the king's, and since I have the inward seal of the one, I hope well of the other.' About September, 1622, he again addresses his majesty: 'As towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are against the king;' and after speaking of the prince, Buckingham, and the lords, as willing that the king should assist him, he proceeds, 'but if it may please your majesty, for saints I shall give them reverence but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of all goodness.'

"On the 7th of February, 1623, the prince of Wales and Buckingham went off secretly to Spain, whence they returned on the 5th of October. On the following 25th of November, lord Bacon sent by a Mr. Parker to Buckingham, who was at Newmarket, a letter suing for a full pardon to enable him to sit in parliament and be capable of holding office. On the 28th of January, 1624, Buckingham wrote to him that the king was inclined to grant his request; and a full pardon was granted, but he never again sat in parliament, for although after the death of James, at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, on the 27th of March, 1625, he was summoned to the first parliament of Charles I., which assembled on the 18th of June, ill health prevented him from taking his seat.

"From the time of his fall down to the year 1625, he addressed himself in the most piteous letters to Buckingham, writing as if he had been in sore destitution; yet, beside the shameful advantage that his fine gave him, he had a yearly income of more than £2,500, consisting of a pension of £1,200, which had been granted when he was made chancellor, £600, the profit of farming writs on alienation, and more than £700 from his estate at Gorhambury. As far as worldly goods are concerned he did not deserve much pity; he was, as he had always been, in debt and in difficulty, but continued to live in splendour, and meant to be buried in splendour; by his will, made a few months before his death, he directed that not more than £300 should be expended on his funeral: by the same will he proposed to give to his wife, among other things, his four coach geldings and his best caroache, and also her own coach mares and caroache.

He had no public employment after his trial. On the 25th of March, 1623, the provostship of Eton was likely to be vacant by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray, who died on the following 1st of April, and Bacon applied for it to the king, thinking that it would cost nothing, would be a pretty cell for his fortune, and that he could make the college and school flourish; but the place had been promised to another. In his retirement he wrote among other works, *A History of Henry VII.*, *A History of the Winds*, *The New Atlantis*, an unfinished philosophical romance, *Sylva Sylvarum or Natural History*, and published an enlarged edition of his *Essays*, and a treatise *De Augmentis Scientarium*, which is a Latin translation of the *Advancement of Learning*, with some alteration and an addition in quantity of about one-third of the whole book.

"On the 2nd of April, 1626, he went from his chambers at Gray's Inn into the country. Snow was lying on the ground, and as he came near Highgate, he bethought him that perhaps flesh might be preserved in snow as well as in salt. He alighted from his coach, and went into a poor woman's house at the bottom of Highgate Hill, bought a hen, and helped to stuff it with snow. In the last letter which he dictated, he says that the experiment succeeded excellently well; but it was fatal to him: he was seized with a chill, and obliged to rest at the earl of Arundel's house at

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Highgate, where he was put into a bed that had not been slept in for a year. He died there, of a gentle fever accompanied with a great cold, on the 9th of April, 1626, and, according to his will, was buried in St. Michael's church, in the town of St. Alban's, where his mother lay; the body of his faithful servant, Thomas Meautys, lies at his feet.

"Of the domestic history of lord Bacon not much is known. His chief country seat was at Gorhambury, near St. Alban's. York Place was his town-house while he held the seals, and he built chambers in Gray's Inn, where he dwelt by turns the most part of his life (some few years excepted) to his dying day, and planted Gray's Inn gardens with elm-trees. An editor of his works, to whom frequent allusion will be made, tells us that the chambers were at No. 1, Gray's Inn-square, on the north side, up one pair of stairs, and that he made a pilgrimage thither in June, 1832 — perhaps paying homage at the wrong shrine, for Bacon in his will describes his chambers in Gray's Inn as being on the ground floor, and the third and fourth floors.

"He had no child, and his wife, who survived, seems to have given him some affront while he was writing his will; after making a large provision for her beyond that to which she was legally entitled, by an after sentence, 'for just and great causes,' he takes it all away again.

"To judge from his *Essay on Love* he was not of a gallant temper, and only two instances of 'caps or courtesies' paid by him to the fair sex can be found. In the evidence given on his impeachment, it appears that the lady Wharton, having a cause depending in chancery, went to York House with a hundred pounds in a purse. My lord asked her what she had in her hand? She replied, 'A purse of my own making,' and presented it to him; he took it, saying, 'What lord could refuse a purse of so fair a lady's working?' and afterward he made a decree for her. In the other instance, it seems that, having borrowed a pair of stockings at the house of Sir Michael Hickes, of Austin Friars, who was lord Burleigh's secretary, and Bacon's agent in his distresses about money, from 1593 down to 1612, he was doubtful whether he lay under an obligation to Lady Hickes or to Miss Hickes. Therefore, on the 8th of January, 1612, he sent carnation-coloured stockings, with the following letter:—'Sir Michael, I do use, as you know, to pay my debts with time, but indeed if you will have a good and perfect colour in a carnation stocking, it must be long in the dying. I have some scruple of conscience whether it was my lady's stockings or her daughter's, and I would have the restitution to be to the right person, else I shall not have absolution. Therefore, I have sent to them both, desiring them to wear them for my sake, as I did wear their's for mine own sake.'

"Since it was not beneath the dignity of ancient biography to record that Epaminondas danced gracefully, it may well be allowed, in a modern essay of this kind, to point out—what has escaped the notice of lord Bacon's biographers—that he had a pretty little foot and a slender ankle, otherwise he would surely have borrowed stockings from Sir Michael, and not from the ladies. Assuming that the stockings were of silk, we may learn, too, from this letter, with what giant strides, luxury, in carnation-coloured silk stockings, was stalking over the land, seeing that early in the reign of James I., Lady Hickes and Miss Hickes, of Austin Friars, were each gifted with an indefinite number of pairs of silk stockings of so gorgeous a colour, dyed, as one may guess, by the hands of lord Bacon himself; whereas Queen Elizabeth, in the early part of her reign, had but one single pair of silk stockings, and they were black."

Reviews.

Practical Observations on the Prevention, Causes, and Treatment of Curvitures of the Spine. By Samuel Hare.

We have read this work with marked attention, and with no mean degree of gratification; for, in this book-writing age, few works there are that have such a claim to our attention, few that are capable of affording such beneficial results. Mr. Hare, a medical gentleman, a man of sound intellect, and a philanthropist, has produced a work founded on practical experience, in which he directs our attention to that which must be considered all-important and worthy of the attention and consideration of every thinking being—the melioration of the condition of man, and the promotion of his happiness. Man, to a certain degree, is a creature of circumstance. His temper, his disposition, his entire character, receive a tinge from those by whom he is surrounded, and therefore swayed and governed by the customs and opinions that prevail around him. By this means noxious practices are adopted detrimental to his constitution, which, were their evil effects fully made known, they would, in many cases, be avoided. Mr. Hare, urges the importance of using every endeavour to secure that which is essential to enjoyment

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—health; and cites numerous cases where people have been rendered decrepid, suffering throughout their lives, by the negligence, or rather ignorance of their parents, in rearing them in childhood. Throughout the whole range of animated existence, the young of no species is so helpless, or continues so long to require assistance as that of man, and among no other animals is there so great a mortality during the early period of life; therefore, the proper discharge of the office of nursing is imperative on all mothers. To render parents capable of doing so, is the result of this work, for the author begins with the management of infants, shows the improper modes adopted in lifting children,—the causes of malformation resulting from impropriety of dress, and finishes the first chapter with a few general considerations respecting health.

Chapter II. traces the origin of spinal distortion so prevalent amongst females, and important observations are offered, which, if attended to, may save many from that fearful affliction.

Mr. Hare introduces several cases of spinal distortion, which, it was our intention to treat at length, but want of space forces us to close our remarks. We strongly urge all parents to have this work in their possession, as it is highly useful, and written in a style suited to the comprehension of the general reader.

Letters of Sir Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Concluding Series: Parts III., IV. [Bentley.

"More last words." When the former portion of his "concluding series" came before the public, every one supposed that at length we had got to the end of Walpole's letters. It was almost time. For more than half a century "Letters of Horace Walpole" have been incessantly before the public, in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and in every possible shape that ingenuity can devise, or typography body forth. It may, we suppose, be taken for granted that the whole stock is now worked off. Of this, indeed, "laud we the gods!" there can hardly be a doubt. The *spirit* of Walpole is at length effectually laid; for many of this set of epistles are feeble in comparison with their predecessors, and some of them are very elderly acquaintances, who have waited upon us so often, that their welcome is completely worn out, and few will feel disposed to invite them to come again. Walpole's satirical picture of the mad expedition of Lord George Gordon, in 1780, when that hair-brained person led a mob to threaten the Parliament, may afford some amusement:

"Lord George Gordon's Expedition.—Early on Friday morning the conservators of the Church of England assembled in *St. George's* Fields to encounter the dragon, the old serpent, and marched in lines of six and six—about thirteen thousand only, as they were computed—with a petition as long as the procession, which the apostle himself presented; but, though he had given out most Christian injunctions for peaceable behaviour, he did everything in his power to promote a massacre. He demanded immediate repeal of toleration, told Lord North he could have him torn to pieces, and, running every minute to the door or windows, bawled to the populace that Lord North would give them no redress, and that now this member, now that, was speaking against them. In the meantime, the peers, going to their own chamber, and as yet not concerned in the petition, were assaulted; many of their glasses were broken, and many of their persons torn out of the carriages. Lord Boston was thrown down and almost trampled to death; and the two secretaries of state, the master of the ordnance, and lord Willoughby, were stripped of their bags or wigs, and the three first came into the House with their hair all dishevelled. The chariots of Sir George Savile and Charles Turner, two leading advocates for the late toleration, though in opposition, were demolished; the Duke of Richmond and Burke were denounced to the mob as proper objects for sacrifice. Lord Mahon laboured to pacify the tempest, and, towards eight and nine, prevailed on so many to disperse, that the Lords rose and departed in quiet! but every avenue to the other House was besieged and blockaded, and for hours they kept their doors locked, though some of the warmest members proposed to sally out, sword in hand, and cut their way. Lord North and that House behaved with great firmness, and would not submit to give any other satisfaction to the rioters, than to consent to take the Popish laws into consideration on the following Tuesday; and, calling the justices of the peace, empowered them to call out the whole force of the county to quell the riot. The magistrates soon brought the horse and foot guards, and the pious ragamuffins soon fled, so little enthusiasm fortunately had inspired them: at least, all their religion consisted in

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outrage and plunder; for the Duke of Northumberland, General Grant, Mr. Mackinsy, and others, had their pockets picked of their watches and snuff-boxes. Happily, not a single life was lost. This tumult, which was over between nine and ten at night, had scarce ceased, before it broke out in two other quarters. Old Haslang's chapel was broken open and plundered; and, as he is a prince of smugglers as well as Bavarian minister, great quantities of rum, tea, and contraband goods were found in his house. This one cannot lament; and still less, as the old wretch has for these forty years usurped a hired house, and, though the proprietor for many years has offered to remit his arrears of rent, he will neither quit the house nor pay for it. Monsieur Cordon, the Sardinian minister, suffered still more. The mob forced his chapel, stole two silver lamps, demolished everything else, threw the benches into the street, set them on fire, carried the brands into the chapel, and set fire to that; and, when the engines came, would not suffer them to play till the guards arrived, and saved the house, and probably all that part of the town. Poor Madame Cordon was confined by illness. My cousin, Thomas Walpole, who lives in Lincoln's Inn-fields, went to her rescue, and dragged her, for she could scarce stand with terror and weakness, to his own house."

Studies of Sensation and Event; Poems by Ebenezer Jones. [Fox.

The reader most disposed to cheer the daring scribe who in these times comes before the world with a volume of poems, will meet with something to chill his ardour in these pages. There are sins against harmony, that even those who are not prone to complain of trifles, will find it difficult to pass over in a wooer of the tuneful nine; some of the lines are most inelegantly eked out with "creeping monosyllables," and the dulness so induced is at times relieved with extravagances still more alarming.

But with faults like these, and they are not small ones, there is a lively, aspiring spirit from time to time "bursts on the eye like the morning, and seems a young giant rejoicing in his strength," which greatly redeems the offences proved against the writer. It partakes a good deal of the genuine spirit of poetry, which spurning the rules art has laid down, thinks and speaks without regard to precedent or law, and sometimes it rises from wild confusion, to elegance and beauty. Mr. Jones probably feels that the critics of former days, are as Voltaire has told us, "*Tyrans qui ont voulu asservoir a leurs lois une nation libre,*" and has, therefore, set at nought their precepts; he may, however, do well in his future efforts not to trust too largely to his fancy, genius, inspiration, or whatever he may term his motive power, but rather apply himself more carefully "to please by method," and avoid those discordant words and sentences which, without aiding the sense, interrupt the song.

Some of these poems have a sportive originality about them, which is very agreeable, with occasional touches of feeling, which many approved poets attempt in vain. "The Gem of Coquettes," is a singularly lively ditty, and the song which follows will shew that "there is some roast beef in Mr. Jones," as Tate Wilkinson used to say of a promising young actor.

KINGS OF GOLD.

Ours all are marble halls,
Amid untrodden groves,
Where music ever calls,
Where faintest perfumes roves;
And thousands, toiling moan,
That gorgeous robes may fold,
The haughty forms alone
Of us—the Kings of Gold.

(Chorus.) We cannot count our slaves,
Nothing bounds our sway,
Our will destroys and saves,
We let, we create, we slay,
Ha! ha! who are Gods?

Purple, and crimson, and blue,
Jewels, and silks, and pearl,
All splendours of form and hue,
Our charmed existence furl;
When dared shadow dim
The glow in our winecups rolled!
When dropped the banquet-hymn
Raised for the King of Gold!

The earth, the earth, is ours!
Its corn, its fruits, its wine,
Its sun, its rain, its flowers,
Ours, all, all!—cannot shine
One sunlight ray, but where
Our mighty titles hold;
Wherever life is, there
Possess the Kings of Gold.

And all on earth that lives,
Woman, and man, and child,
Us trembling homage gives;
Aye trampled, sport-defiled,
None dareth raise one frown,
Or slightest questioning hold;
Our scorn but strikes them down
To adore the Kings of Gold.

On beds of azure down,
In halls of torturing light,
Our poisoned harlots moan,
And burning, toss to sight:
They are ours—for us they burn;
They are ours, to reject, to hold;
We taste,—we exult—we spurn—
For we are the Kings of Gold.

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The serf writhes in toil
As we seize his red-lipped girl,
His white-loined wife; aye, while
Pierce millions burn, to hurl
Rocks on our regal brows
Knives in our hearts to hold—
They pale, prepare them bows
At the step of the Kings of Gold.

In a glorious sea of hate,
Eternal rocks we stand;
Our joy is our lonely state;
And our trust, our own right hand;
We frown, and nations shrink;
They curse, but our swords are old;
And the wine of their rage, deep drink
The dauntless Kings of Gold.

Miscellaneous.

Warm Bath of Ojo Caliente.—In Kendall's narrative of the Texan Santa Fé expedition, we find a remarkable account of the scene witnessed at a noted warm well which is found in Ojo Caliente. "The water," he says, "boils up in great quantities, and forms a large, deep basin from the very fountain head. Several of the prisoners immediately divested themselves of their clothing, and dashed into the refreshing element, diving and swimming about in water just warm enough to be comfortable. Before they left the large natural bathing-tub, the party was increased by the arrival of several Mexican girls, who, not in the least daunted by the presence of the Texians, immediately joined them in their aquatic spots. With merry and joyous laughter they commenced splashing the water about them; now diving to the bottom, and then rising to the surface, shaking the water from their long hair, and paddling about like Newfoundland dogs. It may not have been generally remarked, and may not be always the case, but nearly all the females I have seen swim—Mexicans, Indians, and all—paddle along after the manner of water-dogs, and one of them makes more noise than a dozen of the other sex. In San Antonio, where the women are excellent swimmers, and visit the river regularly once or twice a day, the noise a party of them make might be mistaken for that of so many porpoises or sea-horses. That the females living upon many of the rivers and lakes of Mexico take to the water so naturally, and appear upon its surface divested of those loose garments with which our American ladies are wont to array themselves upon such occasions, may be looked upon as betraying a want of modesty by some of my fair readers; but with the girls of Mexico there is an absence of all thought that they are doing wrong, which should fully exculpate them from blame. The customs of the country sanction the occurrence of scenes such as I have just mentioned, and many others which would be deemed highly indelicate in other lands; and however much the foreigner may at first be tempted to doubt their strict correctness, he soon learns that no conventional rules forbid them. True modesty consists in the thought which governs every action; and viewed in this light, there was certainly no immodesty in the girls of Ojo Caliente indulging in a bath, even if they did appear 'right before folks,' as the philosophic Sam Slick would say."

The Cuckoo.—"To no bird is the gift of prophecy more commonly attributed than to the cuckoo, whose loud measured voice resounds in the woods just clad with fresh verdure. The old German saying, 'Wann der *gauch guket*,' denotes the beginning of spring, just as, according to Hesiod, the song of the cuckoo announces the time of the spring rains. Two old poems describe the contention of spring and winter about the cuckoo, and the lament of the herdsmen for him; the spring praises, slow winter—*tarda hiems*—reproaches the bird. The popular belief still exists that whoever hears the cry of the cuckoo for the first time in the spring, may ask him how many more years he has to live. In Switzerland the children cry, '*Gugger*, wie lang lebi no?' In Lower Saxony,

'Kukuk vam havem
Wo lange sall ilk leven?'

and then they listen and count; as many times as the bird cries after it is questioned, so many years has he who asks the question to live. The bird is said to be a bewitched baker or miller-boy, and thus has pale or meal-coloured feathers. In a dear season he robbed poor folks of their dough, and when God blessed the dough in the oven, drew it out, plucked some off, and every time cried out as he did so, 'Gukuk!' (Look, look!) God therefore punished him, and turned him into a thievish bird, who continually repeats this cry. This legend, which is of great antiquity, and resembles that of the woodpecker, may at an earlier period have been otherwise told; and connected with it may have been the notion that the cry of the cuckoo, if heard after St. John's day, betokens scarcity. In Sweden he prophecies to unmarried lasses how many years they shall remain single. If he cries oftener than ten times they say that he sits upon a silly bough, and give no heed to his prophecies. Much depends upon the direction in which the cuckoo is first heard; if from the north (that is the unlucky side) you will have mourning during the year: from the east or west his cry portends good fortune. In Gœthe's 'Fruhlingsorakel,' the prophetic bird announces to a pair of lovers their approaching marriage, and the number of children. We have a story related by the abbot Theobald of a certain novice, who, assuring himself of living twenty-two years longer,

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from having heard the cuckoo repeat its cry just so many times, concluded that it was needless for him to pass so long a period in mortification, and resolved to return and lead a jolly life for twenty years, thinking the remaining two quite enough for penitence. From the regularity of the time of his appearance, the cuckoo is probably the bird designated *zitvogel* in an old proverb, in accordance with the passage of Pliny, 'Cantus alitis *temporarii* quem cuculum vocant.' It is said that he never cries before the 3rd of April, and never after the festival of St. John. But he cannot cry before he has devoured a bird's egg. If you have money in your purse when he first cries, all will go well during the year; and if you were fasting, you will be hungry the whole year. The Slavonians do not attribute anything bad or devilish to this bird, which they always represent as a female. Zezhulice, sitting on an oak, bewails the transitoriness of spring. The Servian kukavitza was a maiden who long bewailed her brother's death, until she was changed into the bird, 'Sinja kukavitza' (the gray): so also in Russian songs it is a bird of mourning and melancholy; and Russian traditions speak of her as a young maiden changed by an enchantress."—*Annals and Magazine of Natural History.*

The Gatherer.

Birth-place of Erasmus.—A house in Rotterdam claims to be that in which Erasmus was born, and exhibits the following inscription in Latin: "This is the small house in which the great Erasmus was born.

Railway Reform.—A reform in the railway system is loudly called for. It must, however, be admitted, that we hear of but few fatal accidents on them now, in comparison with the number forced on our attention twe or three years ago. Mr. Galt read, on this subject, last week, at the Society of Arts, in which we find it estimated that the total value of all the railwap property in the United Kingdom is £93,000,000; and the price at which it could be purchased would pay £4 7*s.* per cent. Government could borrow money at little more than £3 per cent., and it is, therefore, contended there would be a clear profit of £1,150,000, per annum, to meet the loss by the reduction of charges. The following are among the advantages to be derived from Mr. Galt's plan:—1. A reduction of charges on transit by railways of £80 per cent.; 2. A reduction in the prices of the necessaries of life; 3. A saving to the public of £5,000,000 sterling in direct taxation; 4. That of enabling the government to carry out Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of Post Office reform to its fullest extent; 5. The advantage to the poorest class of people of being enabled to travel by railway —owing to the reduced fares (as in Belgium).

Strange Opiates.—The power of habit has been seldom more strikingly illustrated than by Mr. Kendall, in the following sentences:—"From the 15th of September to the 21st of April," he says, "I had been a prisoner—I had performed a toilsome and painful march exceeding two thousand miles—I had seen my comrades inhumanly butchered around me, had seen them die from exposure, from hardship, and from sickness—I had passed through an endless variety of scenes the most exciting; yet, all this time I had slept well, except when illness or severe inclemency of weather prevented it. Now I had liberty and every comfort at my command, but sleep would not visit my eyelids. The very quiet around me, instead of being a provocative of slumber, seemed to keep me awake. I missed the hard stone or earthern floors, the knowledge that comrades were strewn close around me, the clanking of chains—the very groans of the unfortunate *lazarinos* were wanting. I missed, too, the eternal cries of our guard—the '*ventinela alerta!*' the '*quien vive?*' and '*que gente!*' which had rung in our ears until the grating sounds had fairly become so many lullabies."

Genuine Port Wine.—Port wine is adulterated at Oporto to an extent scarcely credible—that what is called "rich wine" receives from twenty to twenty-five gallons per pipe of brandy! and from six to eighteen gallons of Jernpiga, a compound of elderberry juice, brown sugar, and unfermented grape juice.—*A word or two on Port Wine.*

March of Language.—Villain meant, originally, a country fellow; and knave, harlot, and varlet, were simply designations of serving-men.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"B." Mr. Page's Embankment of the Thames will be without doubt a work of national importance. The article shall appear in our next, with an explanatory illustration and a sketch of the New Palace at Westminster.

"Y. Z.'s" wish, we are sorry to say, cannot be complied with.

"Alpha's" communications never reached us. All communications should be sent to the Mirror Office, 2, Tavistock street, Covent-garden.

"D." It is our intention to give an account of the ancient buildings and public resorts in and near London. Information respecting them will be received with thanks.

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The Mirror

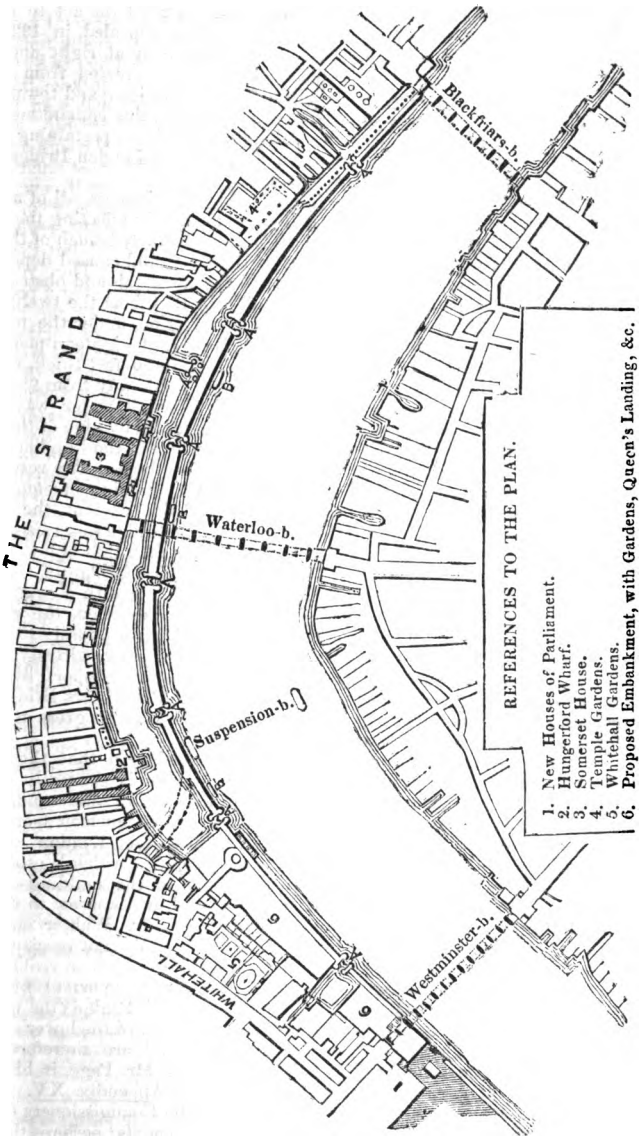
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 22.] SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1844. [VOL. 1. 1844.

PLAN OF PROPOSED EMBANKMENT, AND PUBLIC TERRACE, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE THAMES, BETWEEN BLACKFRIARS AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGES.



A A A, &c., Flood Gates for retaining the water within the side channel if required and for cleaning the shores, and over these Gates, Lever Bridges to be provided for the passage of sailing barges at certain hours.

All the sewers to be continued to the outside of the Terrace, and there discharged at low water mark.

B B B, &c., Floating Landing Piers for Steamers.

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Original Communications.

THE EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.

THE English are so very practical that they rarely go out of their way to prevent, but only to cure. For centuries the good people of London have been complaining of certain nuisances and dangerous encroachments on the banks and in the bed of the Thames, and report after report of various public bodies has urged that "something should be done." It now appears that if "something" be longer delayed, Westminster Bridge, and perhaps Somerset House, may some fine morning find themselves slipping from their foundations into the river; and so we must at length do that which, if effected in due time, would have saved much money, and not a little inconvenience. The great ancient embankments of the Thames, and other large rivers of England, which have stood the brunt of wind and wave for hundreds of years, were the work of the Romans and the ancient Britons, whose engineers were appointed to attend to that department which modern legislation has delegated to the respectable fishmongers and other members of the London Corporation. For it must always be remembered that, unlike the soldiers of these days, the warriors of Rome "never laid down the javelin and the sword, but to take up the spade and the pickaxe." They made war upon all obstacles which nature cast in the way of art and physical improvement.

In the year 1842, Mr. James Walker, one of the most accomplished of modern civil engineers, furnished a report to the Navigation and Port of London Committee, in which the importance and absolute necessity of a more efficient conservancy of the Thames was ably set forth. It is there affirmed that the subject is full of momentous interest, "whether considered in reference to the commerce and shipping of London, with its extensive docks, and the country around and above it, or as the great drain of a very extensive district, calculated at about 6,000 square miles, including the first city in the world; and therefore affecting the health, wealth, and comfort of millions of human beings."

The modern embankments, or rather encroachments, on the Thames, have been constructed on the "voluntary principle;" that is, to suit the interests and convenience of sundry individuals who happen to make soap, or to deal in salt fish, or coals, or potatoes, at various localities on the banks. The consequence has been almost unmitigated evil to the general interests of the millions of London's citizens who unhappily have been supposed to possess no vested claim to fresh air, to the means of health, or to pleasant recreation. The great fire of 1666 mercifully destroyed many of the abounding nuisances and eyesores of old London, and afforded an opportunity for a recast; and as respects the subject under review, Sir Christopher Wren actually submitted a plan for a continuous quay or "forty-foot way," to form which an act of parliament was passed. But spite of all acts, encroachment succeeded encroachment, until the act to *prevent* encroachment was repealed in 1821. In 1767, an embankment at right angles to London Bridge was erected from Paul's Wharf to Temple Gardens; and towards the end of that century, the embankments at the Adelphi, and those pertaining to the various docks below London Bridge, were constructed.

These solid embankments, all of unequal breadth, and unequally affecting the width of the Thames, abstracted much of the tidal waters of the river, and caused depositions of mud, and various shoals and obstructions. Add to all this, that from the twelfth century a clumsy erection, under the name of the London Bridge, of eighteen piers, with starlings, each 30 to 50 feet thick, reduced the width of the water way from 920 down to 300 feet, this small water way being still further interrupted by nine of the openings having the whole of the London Bridge water-works before them. The result was not surprising, viz. that, in consequence of the diminution of tidal current, the bed of the river above the bridge was raised from 8 to 10 feet higher than that below it. In 1831, the new London Bridge of Sir John Rennie was substituted, with a water way of 690 feet, and since then the channel above bridge has been gradually lowering. Hence, says Mr. Walker, already has it been found requisite to support, by piling round, the piers of Blackfriars Bridge, and the like operation is in progress at Westminster Bridge.

When it is considered that the bed of the river at London is generally gravel, with a large mixture of fine sand, for a depth of from ten to fourteen feet under low water, where the London clay is reached; the danger in which Westminster Bridge and some of the buildings on the Thames are placed, will appear to be very imminent: but, as Mr. Walker observes, this point will probably not receive much attention till its effects become visible upon some public or other important building. The piers of Vauxhall Bridge (the work of Mr. Walker) are fixed in the lower stratum of London clay, and are therefore safe; but the evidence of Mr. Page, in his letter to Lord Lincoln (Appendix XV. to the First Report of the Commissioners of Metropolitan Improvements; perhaps the best practical treatise on estuaries in the lan-

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guage) states that the operation of gradually deepening the river will add to the insecurity of Westminster Bridge, and long before the river can attain the depth that has been assigned to it, namely, the depth corresponding with that below bridge, it is evident that Westminster Bridge cannot be maintained.

Enough has been said to show that, independently of the desirableness of a terrace embankment in a sanatory and commercial point of view, some means for improving the navigation of the Thames is absolutely requisite. But it is, at the same time, to be noted that a solid embankment even of a regular and systematic construction, must injuriously affect the navigation, by abstracting from the volume of tidal waters an amount equal to the cubic contents of such embankment; and this objection applies to all the plans, except one, submitted by modern engineers and other public men, among whom Sir Frederick Trench, Mr. Martin, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Barry deserve honourable mention. The plan which we have reason to regard in the light of an exception to this one objection, besides possessing many intrinsic and peculiar advantages, is that originated and submitted to the Improvement Commission by Mr. Thomas Page, the acting engineer of the Thames Tunnel. A sketch of this plan is presented in the wood-cut which illustrates the present number of the *Mirror*, and the following particulars which we glean and abridge from the detailed descriptions and evidence in the report will sufficiently familiarise our readers with the peculiar nature and merits of the design.

The plan embraces the formation of terraces and side channels, and has special reference in its construction to the requirements of the navigation, to the vested interests on the banks, and to the health and convenience of the public.

Mr. Page, as above incidentally mentioned, proceeds on the assumption that any abstraction of the tidal waters from a navigable river by embanking or otherwise, must injure that river to a certain extent below the site of the embankment, and deprive the river of its scour. Thus, the effect of the ugly embankments at Hungerford and Millbank is shown by the accumulation of mud banks below them.

Again, with regard to vested interests, Mr. Page's plan is devised to protect those interests by leaving all wharfs and warehouses in their present state, at the same time that the public are to be provided with increased facilities of inter-communication, and with extensive and agreeable promenades by the river side.

With these views, it is proposed to construct terraces on both sides from Millbank to Queenhithe, the width between the terraces varying from 650 to 750 feet, and leaving side channels between the terraces and the wharfs varying from 150 to 300 feet in width: the entrance to the side channels to be by openings as conveniently situated for the admission of barges as circumstances will admit: and it appears, indeed, that by openings of forty feet in width, capable of admitting two barges abreast, and of a proper height, the craft would have even increased facilities of lading and unlading, as by means of the quantity of water which must be retained in the openings by flood gates after high water, it appears they would be less dependent on the tides than heretofore. The height of the terrace will probably be ten feet above Trinity high-water mark, and it is intended that communications for the public should be opened from various points in the Strand, and reservation will also be made for pleasure grounds in front of Whitehall Gardens and the Temple.

And the cost of such a national work is truly beneath regard. Three hundred thousand pounds, or little more, would cover all, and Mr. Cubitt even suggests that more economical processes than brick and mortar, and not less efficient, might be devised. Perhaps the adoption of that process we have described at some length in our last, we refer to the payneisation or ironisation of wood, would effectually meet this desideratum, and take away the last excuse from our grumbling fellow-citizens, who are so frightened with an additional penny on their coal tax.

There are several incidental considerations connected with this great work, and ulterior objects to be served by its adoption. One of these regards the supply of pure water by means of a continuous reservoir within the terrace, and we may therefore state generally that, instead of filling up the contents of the terrace with solid matter, it is under consideration to form such a reservoir, equal to a circle of twenty-eight feet in diameter, into which the pure water of the Wandle may be conveyed to supply the various water companies, which now provide their respective districts with the anything but pure water of the Thames.

Another important point is the conversion of the sewerage to valuable agricultural purposes. When it is remembered that in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and other cities where the sewerage has been made use of as a fertiliser, the value of land has increased many hundred-fold, it appears to us a fearful waste of the very means of national wealth, to allow the sewerage of this immense metropolis, to the public detriment, to find its way through the channel of the Thames to the ocean. The valuable suggestions of Mr. Martin, the eminent artist, on this

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score, in his evidence before the commission, are well worthy the serious attention of Mr. Page. We shall return to this subject. We do not exaggerate when we say that the systematic fertilisation of the soil by such means as these is a matter fraught with deeper and more immediate consequences to the interests of the millions of England than the question of the Corn Laws, or a Ten Hours' Factory Bill.

LAISSEZ FAIRE AND YOUNG ENGLAND.

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

Reduce the time—we must reduce the wages—
Then what becomes of all you Ashley sages?
Must our machinery stand still because
The child's light task, forsooth, must have a pause?

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Reduce the wages—then shall come the hour
When you shall see reduced your cruel power:
Steam was bestowed to give the poor man rest,
But you have made machinery his pest.

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

Give us free trade—and let us buy our grain
From Polish serfs, who'll buy our goods again;
Then shall our cottons clothe all foreign backs,
And willing, then we'll bear your two hours tax.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Free trade, if it should give you all you ask,
Would but afford new power to overtask;
France, Belgium, will not slacken in their pace,
And the white slave must perish in the race.

LAISSEZ FAIRE.

But England is too narrow—south to north,
Sufficient food for all it ne'er brings forth;—
Let us again we ask, new markets make,
And then your, bitter ten hours pill we'll take.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

England's resources must be better prized,
And Ireland waits to be recolonised;
Two blades may grow where'er one grew before,
England's sure markets are at her own door.

1620, 1720, AND 1820;

OR,

THE DEAD GUEST.

(*Continued from page* 308.)

Bantes thought it but prudent to take time to consider of this very friendly and very sensible hint. He determined on returning home without delay, and on some pretext to postpone, at least for the present, (till he had heard from his friend the banker, at all events), the interview which the Dead Guest had so earnestly craved with his daughter. A brief delay, if it did no good, could do no harm.

While these thoughts were revolving in his mind, he drew near his own house. He quickened his steps to reach the door, where, glancing at the window of his drawing-room, he beheld, to his unspeakable horror and confusion, the tall stranger in black, in conversation with his daughter! This was alarming, but this was not the worst. The unhappy manufacturer perceived the parties were on excellent terms, and while unseen by them he eagerly watched their every movement, awful to relate, he saw (and the spectacle made him almost sink into the earth) the Dead Guest kneel and press the fair hand of his daughter to his lips!

"What," cried he furiously to his wife, who came to meet him as the door opened, "what could be your motive for permitting that fiend to be alone with Frederica? is nature dead in your bosom? have you no feeling—no pity for your own child?"

"It is all right," she cheerfully exclaimed; give yourself no trouble about him; it is young Hahn."

"So he says."

"Nay, but he has brought letters which prove the fact, and offers numerous references, all of the highest respectability."

"As did the Count de Graves. Does it not stand to reason, that the Dead Guest, to act his part, must always have been plausible and specious, and duly provided with every proof and reference that under ordinary circumstances could not be doubted."

"But he *is* what he describes himself to be. A letter received this morning from the senior Hahn proves it."

While thus speaking, Madam Bantes put a paper into his hand, which she thought would at once remove all doubt.

"This," said he, looking at it, "is not Hahn's writing."

"He says he has the gout in his hand."

"No bad excuse that."

"But the signature?"

"That is his, or a very good imitation, but it may be a forgery. The body of this letter being written by some other person is a very suspicious circumstance. Besides, the writer only says his son has set out for Herbesheim. Does that prove this devil, or whoever he is, to be that son? I see nothing to alter the conviction forced on me by so many startling facts, that we are really entertaining the Dead Guest."

He had delivered himself of this soberly formed and zealously maintained opinion, when Frederica entered, laughing.

"I have seen him, sir," she said, "and a most affable, worthy, kind-hearted creature he seems. Really at first sight I am half in love with him: sorry I am he could not stay, but I have made him promise to return to dinner."

"To dinner! what, the Dead Guest?"

"No, young Hahn, the son of your old friend; he is a truly amiable man."

"'Tis all too plain," sighed the manufacturer; "already he has got hold of her affections. I see my wretched fate. The rest must follow. There's another knock; he is come back already."

He turned to the door, which now opened

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to admit, not the Dead Guest, but George Waldrich.

"Ah! my dear boy," cried Bantes, "you are welcome, and you come most opportunely. Would you believe it, Frederica has just been asking the Dead Guest to dine with us!"

"Listen to me, papa," cried Frederica.

"No, no, I have heard too much; beware, beware, my child, or you are lost for ever."

"It is only Mr. Hahn," said Madam; "and your guardian will insist upon it that all the extravagant story of the Dead Guest is true, and that the young banker is—I cannot help laughing when I think of it—no other than the former Count Graves.

"In former ages, Madam," Waldrich quietly replied, "if tradition tell the truth, people laughed at the whimsical extravagance of that fable which they found in the end a sad reality. It becomes a parent to be circumspect, and my worthy guardian is exercising a sound judgment, so I must think, when he hesitates to receive an individual who presents himself under circumstances so suspicious, to say the least."

"Waldrich," cried the manufacturer, "this shows your sense. Many things out of the common way have occurred to perplex the mind."

"Man, sir," Waldrich replied, "is a wonderful enigma, even to himself. Who shall say that the Power which originally gave him existence, may not, after the usual career be run, renew that existence on earth?"

"Exactly so."

"Or even that some evil antagonist power may not so far prevail against the peace of mankind as to revive temporarily the tenant of the grave? This is now the general belief in Herbesheim. One might be imposed upon, but surely not a whole community."

"That is what I contend," said Bantes. "But when did you return?"

"Yesterday. The day was, however, so bad, and I was so much fatigued, that I could not call till the evening, when you were out. My business is now transacted, and I have only come to bid you adieu. Be on your guard against imposture, but most especially against the Dead Guest. Those who in former times despised caution, lived—such of them as *did live*—bitterly to lament it. But I must away."

"Say not so; you must not leave us."

"I am sorry, but—"

"Nay, at such a moment you cannot be spared. Do not leave Frederica; she once loved you."

"That was before young Hahn came in the way."

"You loved her, George; the sentiments you have expressed to-day have won my heart. Stay with me; do not leave me now, lest the Dead Guest should gain her. Will you marry her?"

"Sir!"

"Will you take Frederica for your wife?"

"Are you serious? would you bestow your daughter on a poor scamp of a soldier, with only his pay to subsist upon?"

"I can supply the deficiency."

"But this young Hahn—"

"Name him not. Will you, will you save my daughter?"

"Marriage, dear guardian, is a serious—very serious thing; but rather than my old old playfellow should fall into bad hands—"

"And get her face screwed round to her back," Frederica laughingly interposed.

"Rather than that should happen, I make up my mind to the awful step, and, spare my blushes, yield consent."

"My consent," said the daughter, "I suppose is not to be asked. Since my father wishes it, of course I have no voice in the matter. He has pledged his word, and so you engage to remain constantly by my side that the Dead Guest may not find me alone, it must be as you have arranged."

A mountain was in that moment moved from the bosom of the manufacturer; and though it was soon explained to him young Hahn was no cheat, though it was even proved that George Waldrich was something of the kind, as taking advantage of the banker being in mourning, and pale from ill-health, and reaching Herbesheim in a storm, had not scrupled to set afloat the story that the Dead Guest had arrived at the Black Cross; and following his steps, had in various ways heightened the effect produced by his startling appearance; the old gentleman, exulting in his daughter's happiness, had no cause to regret her union with the gay scape-grace Waldrich. The rival he supplanted was not more disposed to complain. An attachment previously formed, had caused him to visit Horbesheim with reluctance; hence the languor of his countenance, which, added to his stature and sable dress, had been the source of such wild alarm to the confounded manufacturer. Married shortly afterwards to the mistress of his choice, he subsequently partook of many a joyous festival with Bantes, Waldrich, their ladies, and the grandchildren of the former, and often, with the merry recklessness of friendship, was a bumper of Johannisberg quaffed to "the immortal memory of the Dead Guest."

NOTES ON BUCHANAN'S MEMOIRS,

BY THE LATE MR. BECKFORD.

Mr. David Irving's book seems in a more than common degree to have arrested the attention of Mr. Beckford. Other books offer ten or fifteen notes; this contains thirty. He commences with the twenty-

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seventh page of the preface, and his last note is on page 310 of the book, which contains but 313 pages. They run thus:

27. Mr. George Chambers, a critic unacquainted with the works of Buchanan, and even the language in which they are chiefly composed. This pompous and abstruse writer's clumsy abuse of B. bitterly complains of his grim fatuity.

2. B. has a thousand times been upbraided with horrible ingratitude for favours which he never received.

5. B. did not profess to be one of those bright geniuses who can acquire a new language every six weeks.

10. Smart epigram:—"Nec sit in immenso pagina sana libro."

23. B. pretended that some of the Scottish ecclesiastics were so deplorably ignorant as to suppose Martin Luther to be the author of a dangerous book called the New Testament.

35. Alarming examples of impropriety in some of Buchanan's tragedies. In his "Jephtha," the chorus in very familiar terms mentions the wealth of Crœsus, who was not born till about six hundred years after Jephtha.

46. B. makes a pedestrian excursion, in the depth of winter, from Bourdeaux, to visit Julius Scaliger at Agen. It was sad bad walking.

> "Pedesque glacie vel vacillant lubrica,
> Vel in profundo hærent luto."

48. Two little stiff, pedantic poems, by J. Scaliger, in celebration of Buchanan; not remarkable, our author most justly observes, for felicity of expression. Show me a verse of Scaliger's that is.

52. Very equivocal pretensions of the Scaligers to high descent. Several writers have accused them under the influence of this mania of palpable falsehoods. The paltry distinction, says one author, of being regarded as the spawn of a royal house, presented charms sufficient to decoy them from that manly integrity which is a higher ornament than royalty can bestow.

55. Erasmus having exposed the laborious trifling of the professed Ciceroneous in a very ingenious dialogue, Scaliger published what he terms an oration, in defence of Cicero against Erasmus; but if Erasmus had called Cicero a blockhead, a rascal, and had himself been entitled to those appellations, Scaliger could hardly have attacked him with more ferocity.

63. Carolus Stephanus, among other works of his own composition, published the Thesaurus M. T. Ciceronis, 1556 fol. This book is now sold *insano pretio*.

70. The learned M. A. Muretus had a narrow escape from the flames at Thoulouse, having been accused of too classical inclinations. He was classically warned off by a friend in the following quotation: "Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum;" like Mons. Assouri (in the Voy. de Bachanmont's Chapelle), he made a precipitate retreat to papal regions, and got safe to Italy; but such was his consternation that, among other effects, it produced a mobility in his ears.

According to a celebrated author, he was not the only person upon record in possession of this faculty. Procopius, who represents Justinian as a mere ass, has averred that the resemblance also obtained in the article of moving ears.

At Padua, Muretus settled himself very snugly, and took in pupils, whose imitations of the ancients he was again suspected of having too ardently encouraged. After remaining several years at this place, he was invited to Rome, took orders, got preferment, pronounced an elaborate eulogium on the St. Bartholomew, and made a very pious end.

88. Alphonso I. of Portugal is commemorated by Ossonius, the author of a Latin book, written with tolerable propriety.

100. Lord Bacon has characterised Ossonius's vein of composition by the epithet—watery.

116. Caustic observations of Muretus upon learned ladies.

140. Beautiful elegy on the 1st of May.

152. The "Epithetorum Opus" of J. Ravisius Textot exhibits the most obscene words in the Latin language, studiously illustrated by accurate quotations from the ancient and modern poets.

160. King James's glances and rubblings of knowledge forced upon him by Buchanan.

188. "St. Edelean of Beza," printed by Conradus Badius, 1548.

190. Horrible intolerances of Beza and Caloni; both join in condemning Servetus to the flames, and are approved by the mild Melancthon. [Here a reference is made which is illegible.]

216. Curious letter from Languet to Buchanan, dated Delft, July 20, 1581, in which he writes, "During the winter I have lived in these puddles of the Dutch, which nature seems rather to have intended for the habitation of frogs and of eels than of men."

218. This Languet was the son of Germain Languet, Governor of Viteaux, in Burgundy.

225. Morbofius pronounces Roger Ascham to be the only Englishman who had caught any considerable portion of the genuine diction of antiquity. See his work, Pura Dictione Latina, p. 41. Hanover, 1724, 8vo.

239. Some exercises from Buchanan, impudent dedications of his Baptistes to to James I., in which the rod triumphs over the sceptre.

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256. Bolder and bolder still: in the dedication of his treatise, "De jure regni apud sconon," Buchanan has the effrontery to address James as follows: "I have sent you this treatise, not only as a monitor, but as an importunate and somewhat impudent dun," &c.

257. In the year 1584, the Parliament condemned this treatise, and also Buchanan's history, "as not meet to remain for records of truth to posterity." In 1683, the loyal and orthodox university of Oxford doomed to the flames the political works of Buchanan, Languet, and several other heretics.

279. Warm commendation of David, king of Scots.

332. An obelisk, 19 feet square at the base, and extending to the height of 103 feet, was lately erected to the memory of Buchanan at the village of Killean.

307. Of the truth of the Christian religion, and consequently of its eternal moment, Buchanan's conviction seems to have been complete and uniform.

310. He imitates the ancients, as the ancients imitated each other.

To follow the course of Mr. Beckford's reading through Irving's interesting volume would require considerable space. It would however bring much that is curious before the lover of literature. The note on page 116 for instance, shews that he had carefully studied the accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots. We find that she was accustomed to read every afternoon Livy with Buchanan. Randolph, the English ambassador writing to Cecil in a letter dated Jan. 30th., 1561—2, says, "Ther is with the quene one called George Bowhanan, a Scottishe man, verie well lerned that was schollemaster unto Monsieur de Brisack's sons, verye godelye and honest." On the 7th of April he further wrote, "The quene readeth daily after her dinner, instructed by a learned man, Mr. George Bowhanan somewhat of Lyvie." Julius Cæsar Bullengar in his *Hist. sui Temporis*, describes her as everything that was exalted and admirable. Her knowledge of the Latin tongue was deemed extraordinary. At the age of fourteen, she pronounced before a splendid auditory at the French court, a declamation against the opinion of those who would debar females from the liberal pursuits of science and literature. The oration which was her own composition, is lost. The "caustic observation" of Muretus which Mr. Beckford has noted, refers to this. Muretus appears to have said, "Mulieres eruditas plerumque libidinosas esse." The reason he gives for concluding that learned women have not been the most circumspect in their conduct, is, that many histories which the classical languages open to them, tell of crime. In this, a more extravagant admirer of the fair sex than Muretus appears to have been, must acknowledge there is some plausibility; but the same argument will apply with almost equal force to the works of many writers in the modern languages.

The unfortunate Mary, in her subsequent career, certainly did not afford very shining proofs that her morals had not suffered from her acquirements.

On the matters to which the other notes refer, we cannot enlarge at this moment. Under different heads they may be dealt with hereafter.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

An Historical Sketch of the Priory and Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, illustrated by W. A. Delamotte. [Cunningham.

It is well observed by Mr. Delamotte, in his historical sketch, that "the priories, churches, an d hospitals may be regarded as land-marks in our history." The origin of many of these is connected with facts worthy to be remembered, and frequently, in no slight degree curious. Saint Bartholomew's Hospital was founded by Rahere, a minstrel or jester, in the time of King Henry II., as mentioned in a former number. From ancient MS. in the British Museum, it appears that this person having, though of low birth, found his way to court, deemed it necessary to make a pilgrimage to Rome. There he was attacked by sickness, and made a vow that if his health were restored, he would, on his return, "make an hospital in recreation of poor men, and to them; so there gathered necessaries minister after his power.. His health returned, and on his way home, on a certain night he seemed to be carried to a high place by a beast having four feet and two wings! There appeared to him a man 'with the majesty of a king,' who introduced himself as St. Bartholomew, and politely informed him that he, 'by the will and commandment of the High Trinity, and the common favour of the Celestial Court and Council, had chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield,' when he (Rahere) was to found a church, which should be the 'Tabernacle of the Lord—the Temple of the Holy Ghost.' This arranged, Rahere pursued his former labours, and a church in honour of the Saint was founded in March, 1123.

We have not at present room for the various miracles which the monkish biographers of the jester have recorded, and which Mr. Delamotte has collected. If they added to the funds by which so noble a charity was established, preserved, and extended, they were not useless, however

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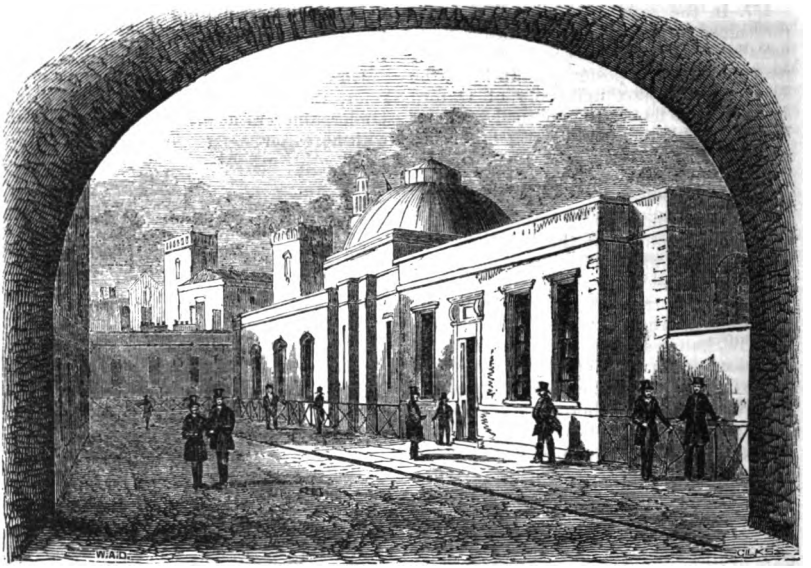
apocryphal they may appear. The establishment is now kept up in a most efficient state. Care and cleanliness gratify the eye in every direction, and the ablest instructors communicate their knowledge of the healing art to the students who attend. The library, we are told, "is considered superior to that of any other hospital as a medical library, having nearly five thousand of medical and surgical books." They are deposited in a building, simple in its structure, but appropriate and commodious, as



may be seen from the accompanying engraving, which will in a slight degree, give an idea of the artistic manner in which this interesting volume is illustrated.

St. Bartholomew the Less and St. Bartholomew the Great—lithographic illustrations, are executed with great taste, and are at once striking and effective, while the Hall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the minor engravings—such as the seals of the Priory, the churches, the respective priories, and other interesting localities in St. Bartholomew's Hospital—bear out the good name which Delamotte has achieved as an artist.

Before concluding our brief notice, we are desirous of drawing, not only the attention of antiquarians but of thinking men to this volume. The whole of it is full of pleasing reminiscences of the past compared with the present; and the uses made of the respective structures may tend to start up simple yet pleasing recollections.

The roof of the crypt—of which we also give an illustration—is curious from the immense beams that run across from wall to wall, and which project considerably above the floor. The author, in speaking of it, says, "Many a scene of splendour," it is added, "this hall has no doubt witnessed; many an exhibition of ecclesiastical state and profusion, such as Giraldus Cambrensis satirically described in his Visit to the Prior of Canterbury, when he noticed at dinner sixteen dishes, a superfluous use of signs, much sending of dinners from the prior to the attending monks, and from them to the lower tables," etc,

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MERE DREAMS.

Part III.

Another dream which the same gentleman has preserved is curious. It preceded the foregoing, its date being—

"Dec. 6, 1836. The weather was mild for the season, he dined at three o'clock on ox-tail soup and a joint: took tea early; had a fish supper. That night he saw several females laid out on a large table or board, from which certain gentlemen were to select a partner for life. A Mr. and Mrs. Williams were present superintending. There were persons whom the dreamer had seen in his childhood, thirty or forty years before; and their daughter slightly known to him as a little girl, was one of the females to be disposed of. For more than twenty years he had not seen nor heard anything of the parties, nor perhaps ever so much as recollected their names."

What could so distinctly recall in sleep those who never had any serious hold of the writer's waking thoughts, it would puzzle a sphynx to declare.

These miserably incoherent wanderings cannot be supposed to have any special mission. They detect no crime which justice requires should come to light, and point to no danger which prudence thus warned could avoid. Yet from materials apparently as worthless as these, many have believed the most important results might be obtained.

Reason would scout the idea, but frequently some well authenticated history of a most important revelation made in a dream comes before the public; and the experience of almost every man having furnished instances of coming events which in particular cases had their shadows thrown before them, the attention is again roused, and doubt and wonder are moved as in former times.

On the third of January, 1838, the *Bury Post* contained a remarkable statement of a robbery in course of perpetration having been discovered by a dream.

"It occurred on the 19th of the preceding December at midnight, when a young man of the name of Lewins, residing with his father, a farmer, of Leverington, near Wisbeach, was awakened by a dream that somebody was stealing his father's wool, and setting his father's granary on fire; he instantly dressed himself, and went into the yard, when he perceived a light in the granary, and through a crevice in the partition of the stable adjoining, he observed two men putting fleeces into sacks.

"These men were watched, and two others joined them. The Lewins were afraid to attack so many, but observed their motions till they departed, and afterwards followed them to their retreat, and eventually caused them to be apprehended. On searching their house a large quantity of wool was found like that which they had been seen purloining, and the robbery seemed to have been the effect of an extensive combination."

A gentleman of veracity, the Rev. H. Alexander, lecturing at Lancaster, stated a remarkable fact which had occurred some years before. An amiable young man, named Horrocks, had been robbed and murdered. He was found with his head beaten in, apparently by bludgeons. For many months vigilant search was made for the perpetrators, but all in vain. One night an individual, who had been on very friendly terms with Horrocks, awoke much disturbed, and told his wife his conviction was, that God had revealed to him in a vision, that Samuel Longwith, of Bolton, was the murderer of his poor friend. Longwith was a person with whom the dreamer had no acquaintance, and whom he had scarcely ever seen, and lived twenty miles off. His wife told him to think no more about it, but to go to sleep. He did so, but again awoke from the effects of the same dream. He resolved to set out for Bolton instantly, and apply for a warrant against Longwith. He acted upon this determination, but the magistrate to whom he applied refused to grant one on such evidence. Passing through the market-place, he met Longwith, whom he immediately desired to go to a public-house with him, to hear something he had to communicate. There, locking the door, he charged Longwith with the murder. The man was seized, and faintly denied the accusation. In his confusion he said he was innocent, for he did not strike the blow. "Then you know who did," replied the friend of the murdered man; and Longwith was taken up and examined. He prevaricated in his statement, and was remanded for three days, at the end of which, after many hours' prayer, he confessed that he had been induced to join three men in a robbing expedition, when meeting Horrocks, who made some resistance, his companions murdered him. This confession came out before the grand jury, and Longwith was brought to trial. The dream was, of course, not offered in evidence: the jury felt satisfied and

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Longwith was cast. He was doggedly silent after being found guilty, but again confessed his crime just before his execution.

This is sufficiently well authenticated, and sufficiently striking to prove that, in some cases, dreams are not merely unmeaning extravagances, the offspring of over-excitement or indigestion.

One other very striking case deserves to be mentioned.

"In the month of May, 1827, a young female, named Maria Marden, disappeared from Polsted, in Suffolk. The daughter of a poor farmer, she was acquainted with a man named William Corder, to whom she had borne one or more children. He had been pressed to marry her and had consented to do so. On the day when she was last seen he called at her father's, as he pretended to arrange for their wedding; and, subsequently, induced the poor girl to put on male attire, and to leave the house by one door, while he withdrew by another, to meet him at a building called the Red Barn, then to start for Ipswich, there to be married. She met him there, but did not leave the barn alive. When her friends inquired after her, Corder stated her to be living with him in the Isle of Wight, from which place he pretended on such occasions that he had just come. It excited suspicions that she never wrote to her relations, but nothing particular occurred till April in the following year, when the mother of the girl dreamed on two successive nights that her daughter had been murdered and buried in the Red Barn. The impression made on her by these dreams was so great that she insisted on the floor of the barn being taken up to search for the remains. This was done, and the corpse of Maria was found. Though in a state of decomposition it was most satisfactorily recognised by her relatives. Corder was charged with the murder, convicted on the clearest evidence, and suffered the last penalty of the law."

These and similar statements, which could be quoted, puzzle the thinking and the idle: and preposterous as dreams for the most part are found, it is hard to dismiss them altogether as

> —"The children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain phantasy."

HISTORY OF NAWORTH CASTLE.

This venerable fabric, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, has just been the scene of a dreadful conflagration. It was built by the Dacres, one of whom was sheriff of Cumberland in the time of Henry III., and another, Ranulph de Dacre, constable of the town in the time of Edward I. the eighteenth year of Edward II.'s reign, Naworth Castle was [illegible] by William de Dacre, son and heir of Hugh de Dacre, the brother of Ranulph, just mentioned: who held it with the manor of Irchington, to which it belonged: as also the manors of Buny, Lasingby, Foulham, and other lands, by the service of one entire baronie, and doing homage and fealty to the king, and yielding to him for coinage at his exchequer at Carlisle yearly, at the feast of the Assumption of St. Mary, 51s. 8d.

The castle remained in the possession of the Dacres till the time of Elizabeth, when, on the 17th of May, 1569, says Stowe, "George Lord Dacre, sonne and heir of Thomas Lord Dacre, being a child in yeeres, and then ward to Thomas Lord Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was by a great mischance slain at Thetford in the house of Sir Richard Palmenstone, knt., by means of a vauting horse of wood standing within the same house; upon which horse as he meant to have vaulted, and the pinnes at the feet not having been made sure, the horse fell upon him and bruised the brains out of his head."

In the following January, Leonard Dacre, Esq., of Housely, in the county of York, second son to Lord William Dacre, of Gisland, being dissatisfied with a legal decision, by which his nieces were adjudged to succeed to the estate of their brother, whose death has been mentioned, entered into a conspiracy to carry off the Queen of Scots. She was, however, removed to Coventry, which defeated the scheme. He then, having three thousand men under his command, seized on several castles, Naworth being one of them, but being attacked and worsted by Lord Hunsdon at the head of the garrison of Berwick, he fled to Flanders, where he died, The castle, subsequently, came into the possession of Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George, the last Lord Dacre.

Pennant describes it as "a large pile square, and built about a court. In the south side is a gateway with the arms of the Dacres; over the door the arms of the Howards. On the north it impends over the river Ithing, at a great height, the banks shagged with wood. The whole house is a true specimen of ancient inconvenience; of magnificence and littleness; the rooms numerous, accessible by sixteen staircases, with most frequent and sudden ascents and descents into the bargain.

"The great hall is twenty-five paces long by nine and a half broad; of a good height; has a gallery at one end adorned with four vast crests carved in wood, viz.—

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a griffin and dolphin with the scollops; an unicorn, and an ox with a coronet round his neck. In front is a figure in wood of an armed man; two others, perhaps vassals, in short jackets and caps, a pouch pendant behind, one has wooden shoes. These seem the *ludubrium aulæ* in those gross days.

"The top and upper room is painted in squares to the number of 107, representing the Saxon kings and heroes. The chimney bore is five yards and a half broad. Within this is another apartment hung with old tapestry, a head of Anne of Cleves; on one side of her a small picture of a lady at full length, &c. and many others."

One of the most striking features of this ancient pile was the library of Lord William Howard. The writer already quoted describes it as "a small room in a very secret place, high up in one of the towers, well secured by doors and narrow staircases; not a book has been added since his days, *i. e.* those of Queen Elizabeth. In it is a vast case, three feet high, which opens into three leaves, having six great pages pasted in, being an account of St. Joseph of Arimathea and his twelve disciples, who founded Glastonbury; and at this end a long history of saints, with the number of years or days for which each could grant indulgences.

"The roof is coarsely carved; the windows are high, and are to be ascended by three stone steps; such was the caution of the times."

It is said Lord William was very studious and wrote much; that once when he was thus employed a servant came to tell him that a prisoner was then just brought in, and desired to know what should be done with him; Lord William, vexed at being disturbed, answered peevishly "hang him." When he finished his study he called and ordered the man to be brought before him for examination, but found his orders had been literally obeyed. He was a very severe but a most useful man at that time in this lawless place. His dungeon instils horror; it consists of four dark apartments—three below and one above, up a long staircase, all well secured; in the uppermost is one ring to which criminals were chained, and the marks where many more have been.

"Close by the library," Pennant adds, "is an ancient oratory, most richly ornamented on the sides of the ceiling with coats of arms and carvings in wood, painted and guilt. On one side is a good painting on wood, in the style of Luens Van Leyden: it represents the flagellation of our Saviour, his crucifiction, and resurrection. Here are also various sculptors in white marble—an abbess with a sword in her hand waiting on a king, who was stabbing himself; a monk with a king's head in his hand, and several others. This place is well secured, for here Lord William enjoyed his religion in privacy.

"The chapel is below stairs; the top and part of the sides are painted in pannels like the hall, and on one side are the crests of arms and pedigree of the Howards, from Fulcho to 1623 and 1644. Under a great sprawling figure of an old man with a branch rising from him on the ceiling, is written Pictor MDXII. On the great window in glass are represented a knight and lady kneeling; on their mantles pictured these arms—three escollops and chequers."

KATHERINE OF BERAIN—THE MOTHER OF WALES.

Katherine Tudor, or as she was more commonly called Katherine of Berain, was a celebrated beauty who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Her story is somewhat remarkable, and not very generally known. She was daughter and sole heiress of Tudor ap Robert Fycham, Esq., of Berain, by the grand daughter of King Henry VII; and besides this maternal descent from royalty, her ancestors traced their pedigree back to Owen Tudor, the grandfather of the monarch just mentioned. Her charms and goodness were said to be great, and she seems to have been partial to the gentlemen, for she was four times married! When it was the pleasure of Providence that one of her lords should die, she felt how necessary and fitting it was to submit to the deprivation with fortitude, and how sinful it would be to mourn "like those without hope."

We have all read the old Joe Miller story of the lady who, attending her husband's funeral, on being solicited again to become a wife, replied, that the applicant was "too late in making known his wishes, as she was pre-engaged." This is mentioned as a fact in the history of Katherine of Berain. Her first husband was John Salusbury, heir of Llewein. Her next was Richard Clough, the apprentice, servant, and friend of Sir Thomas Gresham. When Salusbury was committed to the earth, the widow was accompanied to the church by Clough. It would seem to have been customary in those good old times for one friend to lead the mourner to church on the occasion of a husband's funeral, and for another to attend her when she returned. A young gentleman, named Morris Wynn, rendered the latter service, and on the road home offered himself to supply the loss of the departed. Katherine received the proposal not ungraciously. She however was constrained to give him a refusal. This she did in the most civil terms, stating

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"that it was out of her power to meet his wishes, as on her way to church she had been induced to promise her hand to Master Clough." She added the consoling assurance that "if it were her fortune again to become a widow, he, should his affections turn to her, might depend upon proving a thriving wooer;" and this promise we are assured by Pennant, when the proper time came, she faithfully kept.

"However improbable," says Mr. Burgon, in his careful and elaborate history of the life and times of Sir Thomas Gresham, "the details of this may appear, it is not difficult to show that in the main it must be correct: for in a picture preserved at Llewein of Sir John Salusbury the Strong (Katherine's son by her first husband), it is stated that he was twenty-four years of age in 1591. His birth must therefore have occurred in 1567, and since in the space of three short weeks in that year his mother had given her hand to Richard Clough (who had been residing at Antwerp in the middle of April in that year, and had returned from Wales, having concluded his marriage with her in the short space of three weeks), "it seems not a little probable that the time which that lady allowed herself for mourning was brief as that which her lover had allowed himself for courtship."

Clough died in 1570, abroad, and was interred at Hamburg. By his desire his heart, and, it is said, his right hand, were sent over for interment in the parish church of Denbigh. William Cynwal took upon himself to celebrate the fall of that eminent agent, aud in the course of his poem the distress of Katherain was touched upon in words to this effect:

"Oh! then what sorrow must abide with her—
Tudor's fair daughter! What must be her pangs,
Whose time is all consumed in tears and sighs
For her so cherished lord!"

The tears and sighs of the fair Katherine did not however prevent her from keeping her word like a woman, to young Wynn, and for the third time she was led to the altar "a blushing bride by that gentleman. Clough had given her a very high character in his will—he had found her so good, honest, and friendly, that he thought fit to declare, "I will and desire all my friends to love and honour her after my death; for she is no less worthy, and is such a one as is ill to be found, both of honesty and lovingness, and worthy to marry a king." She, however, as already said, hastened to become Mrs. Wynn, not exactly in conformity with the presumed wishes of her late lord, as Clough in a will prepared in the preceding year had made it a condition that she should remain a widow seven years. That restriction at a subsequent period she had probably induced him to waive, and Morris Wynn became her third husband. Her charms, it may be supposed, retained much of their original lustre, for in a second poem commemorating the death of Clough, she is thus apostrophised on her return.

"At Berain next,
Oh beautifully fair! thou didst arrive."

and subsequently in the same strain,

"We pray thee lady of the golden frontlet,
Thou beautifully fair bedeck'd with gold,
We pray thee never more to quit Berain.

She survived Wynn, and he was succeeded, whether by virtue of a new promise does not appear, by Mr. Edward Thelwall of Plas-y-wadd in Denbighshire, who became her fourth husband. Clough's body some writers state to have been burnt, and that a portion of his ashes in a little gold box was worn by Katherine till the day of her death. It is hardly credible that a lady who twice became a wife after he was no more, would have made so continental a display for him in particular. Thelwall survived her. She died August 27th, 1591, and was buried on the 1st September following at Llangfydd, in Denbighshire. No monument was raised to her memory, though from her numerous descendants and connections she has been called Mam Cymru—"The Mother of Wales."

MR. CHARLES KEMBLE'S READINGS.

At the age of nearly three-score and ten Mr Charles Kemble is delighting the public with his readings of Shakespeare. Few men alive can have had such excellent opportunities for studying, in his wonderful varieties, our national dramatist. He has seen all the ablest expositors of his character during the last half century, and had the advantage not only of hearing the readings of his own iucomparable brother and sister, but also of listening to the arguments by which many of them, when controverted, were defended. He is capable of vividly recalling the beauties of distinguished ornaments of the stage now no more; and to those who had no opportunity of seeing them who once shed lustre on the histrionic art, have now presented to them the best substitute that could be offered or imagined. His reading of King John has been particularly admired, but all who remember his admirable personification of Faulconbridge must feel that there were parts of the picture in which the gallant bearing and energetic action of the character, such as he formerly presented them, were so exquisite that, admirably as he performs his present task, it is impossible for any reading to do justice to them. This is a wrong done to himself, which the most unfeeling will forgive; and those who re-

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member him in his day will be disposed to exclaim—

"Give all thou canst, and let us dream (or remember) the rest."

If Mr. Kemble were to turn his thoughts that way, what admirable illustrative lectures he might give! How interesting would it be to recall some of the peculiarities of departed actors. There was a time when the public were much divided on the merits of his brother John's mode of pronouncing certain words. Aches he persisted in calling *aitches*, instead of *akes*, Rome, *Room*, and in many other cases he thought it right to depart from the usual course. He was a man, however, who, in his devotion to the drama, would not idly go against custom, and probably some of his reasons for taking the course which he pursued are known to Mr. Kemble, which have never reached the public. On these and on many interesting points, much curious information might be gained from a gentleman who on all stage matters cannot be other than a living cyclopœdia.

Reviews.

The Manchester Keepsake; a Spring Gift for 1844. [Wheeler, Manchester.

We have here a Keepsake of real value. It is intended to be an annual, and rarely have we seen an annual so perfectly free from all that would offend good taste—so rich in true poetry. From looking at this little volume, we should almost suppose that the best poets, like the greatest manufacturers, find it necessary to withdraw from London to establish themselves in the provinces. "The Primrose and Forget-me-not," by Mrs. C. Weller, is a charming production. "Success to the Loom," by Mr. R. J. Lawes, is a specimen of brilliant vivacity, written in a most kindly spirit. "Death," by Mrs. Thomas, is a very powerful poem. We might, indeed, go through this spring gift in the same strain. To have kept such a publication so select that it is really an honour to be among its contributors, required no ordinary resolution as well as judgment on the part of the Editor. One little poem we extract. It will be found rich in sentiment, and written with elegance and power seldom so conspicuously displayed within such narrow limits.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's Voice! my Mother's Voice!
Oh! that I could hear it now—
How would my loveless heart rejoice,
And shadows vanish from my brow.
Long years of struggling and of care
Have left their worldly-wearing trace,
Since, blessing me, she breathed a prayer
That I might win Almighty grace.

Strange tones I hear, where kindness blends,
But mute in all that sanctifies
The accents of Life's early friends,
And Childhood's old familiar ties.
Roam where we will, no music yet
Affection ever deemed so choice
As that soft strain we ne'er forget—
That angel-note—a Mother's Voice.

My Mother's Voice! Remembrance dwells
On words of love breathed long ago,
And Mercy's herald, Hope foretells
That still for me its tones shall flow.
Oblivious of past days of pain,
How would my weary heart rejoice
To hear that melody again—
My Mother's Voice! my Mother's Voice!

Miscellaneous.

Excursions—" are delightful things; and by the way of diverging from the theme of fraud, let us say a word or two about them, and see what we can do in this way for a mere trifle. Richmond and its vicinity will immediately present themselves as the Eden of metropolitan *voyageurs*; and, on a fine day, what can be more grateful to the feelings, or more physically invigorating, than a walk of eleven miles through a beautiful country? Of course I do not expect that you will come back on foot—that would spoil your pleasure; and it is, moreover, unnecessary, for you may return to town as independently as a lord, per omnibus, for two shillings. In going to Gravesend, you will of course calculate to remain a day or two; the country is very pretty around it, and the living much more reasonable than in London. You may go there by the packets of more than one company, for half the sum we have named. Greenwich and Woolwich may be visited for sixpence; and the environs generally may be reached for a similar cost. The railways which have their termini in London have opened numerous charming localities to the gaze of the holiday traveller. A second-class carriage will take you from Paddington to Willesden or Harrow for a shilling; or to Watford (18 miles in a third class) for twice that sum. This last I merely hint at, as an occasional trip. If you are desirous of reaching Hampton Court in half an hour (distance 14 miles), you have only to walk as far as Nine Elms, Vauxhall, and place yourself (if you be not a Xerxes in luxury) in a third-class carriage, and you will be conveyed thither for a shilling. You may proceed to Kingston in a "slow train" for eightpence—the odd fourpence, if you are not in a hurry, will be so much added to defray the demands of an excellent appetite on your arrival. Although Croydon is not a place much resorted to by pleasure-hunters, yet, as you may have a friend resident in the neighbourhood, it is as well to be aware

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that for sixpence, in addition to the sum so frequently quoted (a shilling), you may proceed there—109 miles—in about thirty minutes. Brighton itself, from the same terminus at London Bridge, and above fifty miles distant, may be arrived at in two hours and a half for five shillings. By the Northern and Eastern Railway (terminus, Shoreditch) you may visit Waltham, distant 15 miles, in twenty minutes, for the smaller amount; and if, for the same, you be desirous—as you ought to be—of paying your respects to the Queen, you may start from Paddington, in twenty-five minutes become domiciled at West Drayton, and have thence a pleasant walk of five miles to Windsor Castle. Those who have shillings to spare pay sixpence more, and go straight to Slough, and, by virtue of another sixpence (in all two shillings), are taken by omnibus within the verge of the royal demesne. As to taste and intellect you may feed to surfeit on the pictures and gorgeous decorations of the "Castle." The very mention of Blackwall brings to mind the *délices* of a white-bait dinner, to which a friend, or—better still—a public company, may have invited you. Fare per second-class, from Fenchurch-street or the Minories, fourpence; and thence you may go to Woolwich, if you like, for another fourpence. Greenwich we have already named, but not the transit by "rail," which may be accomplished in a second-class carriage for sixpence—in a third-class for fourpence—from London Bridge. A run or roll in the park will form an excellent *sauce-piquante* for your dinner at the "Ship Torbay" Hotel—a rendezvous fit for an Amphitryon—and at which the charges are very moderate." — *The Mysteries of London.*

What London is.—"It is the point of inter-communication between colonies which stretch almost from the North Pole —from Canada to the Cape of Good Hope—and which bring the indigo of India, and the wood of Australia from the antipodes, to enrich the manufactures of Leeds. It is the seat of a commerce that would seem fabulous to the merchants of Venice, Tyre, and Carthage in the olden times! You have a population which has doubled since 1801; it was then 888,000 souls—it is now, by the census of 1841, 1,832,000. You have a town which is five miles and a half long, take it where you will, but if you measure it from Blackwall to Chelsea, it is seven and a half miles. It reaches, from north to south, three and a half miles; it is a perfect German principality—a Coburg if you please, or a Hesse Homburg in brick. You have spent five millions sterling, on your bridges alone. You have docks to hold all the ships of the world. The London Docks, alone, cover 100 acres of ground, and the vaults hold 65,000 pipes of wine. The West India Docks cover 290 acres, and can hold 500 large merchantmen with ease. The Commercial Dock covers 49 acres, and is, I believe, exclusively confined to the Baltic trade. There are 2,950 ships of the port of London alone, of 581,000 tons total burden, and manned by 32,000 seamen. The vessels engaged in the colonial, Irish, and coasting trades, including the colliers, and also 360 British vessels, were 2,385. The tonnage of the foreign vessels which entered this port in 1840 from Russia, Sweden, Germany, France, the Mediterranean, China, and the United States, amounted to 4,167,164 tons. Upon an average of the last ten years, London alone has paid £11,000,000 in custom duties, out of the £23,500,000 which the whole revenue of that department amounts to. There are 2,000 merchants and brokers within half a mile of the Exchange. You have 100,000 houses of business, probably half of which have shops attached to them. All the details connected with London are upon the same gigantic scale. The water companies supply 237,000,000 hogsheads every year; and the gas companies furnish 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours. In Smithfield Market there were 180,780 head of cattle, and 1,500,000 of sheep, in round numbers, sold in the year 1839. Your very paving and sewer rates amount to £630,000 a year. The London newspapers consume 10,000,000 of stamps annually. The steam boats carry 10,000 passengers every day. There are 1,000 miles of railway stretching from London into every part of the kingdom, and bringing its population into contact with all the great cities of the country, completed at an expense of nearly £50,000,000 sterling. There are 59 canals, which cost £45,000,000. The monthly business conducted by the London bankers alone averages £75,000,000, and has amounted to £87,000,000 in one month."—*G. H. Ward, M.P.*

Dry Rot in the Potato.—The taint or dry rot owes its origin entirely to an injudicious method of planting the seed. The chief cause of this disease is placing the seed in a quantity of dung laid in the middle of the drill; if in a very impoverished state, may by speedily digesting and drying up the dung prevent to a great extent a failure of the crop, although the seed were planted in the midst of the dung; for in such ground the rot is not so destructive as in rich deep soils. The great point, therefore, in setting the potato, is to have the manure properly mingled with the soil before introducing the seed. In preparing a parcel of ground for the reception of the potato seed, spread the manure regularly over the surface, and even-

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ly dug in. Then drill the ground, after the manner of gardeners in sowing peas, and plant the potatos in the drill, or plant them with a dibble, without drilling, about two or three inches beneath the surface, the dibble being formed with a broad point, so as to insure the potato having no open space left beneath it, when dropped into the hole. For large fields, which cannot well be dug or planted in this manner, the ground should be prepared exactly as for oats or barley. Then have the ground drilled, and in planting place the seed potato in the clean soil, on the back of the half drill, formed the return of the plough, which half drill should be made larger than ordinary, to bring the seed as near to the centre of the drill as possible, so as to afford it every advantage of the fresh soil to vegetate in. In this way the fructifying earth, in which the seed is embedded, will secure its healthful vegetation; and as it progresses in its growth, and so soon as it throws out roots, it will reap the full benefit of the manure contained in the surrounding soil. It is of the utmost importance to have the seed planted, so as it may have the earth both below and above it when put in; for in keeping the seed free from the dung, lies the whole secret, which should be particularly attended to.—*J. Smith.*

The Gatherer.

The President Harlay.—This celebrated person, as he had no regard for the feelings of others, rarely suffered his own to be ruffled. On one occasion, the Duc de Rohan leaving him in great dudgeon at the manner in which he had been treated, as he was descending the stairs indulged in all sorts of abuse of the first president, to his intendant, who accompanied him, when suddenly turning round, they found Harlay close behind, bowing them out in the most reverential style possible. The Duke, quite confused, was quite shocked that he should give himself the trouble to see him out. "Oh, sir," said Harlay, "it is impossible to quit you, you say such charming things.

Contemporary Monarchs.—At the time of the discovery of America the sovereigns of the principal European states were more potent and magnificent than, perhaps, at any previous or subsequent era; the office of Pope was held by Leo X.; Charles V. was monarch of Spain, and at the death of Maximilian made Emperor of Germany; Francis I. was king of France; Henry VIII., of England; and the Turkish Empire was under the sway of Solyman the Magnificent.

Misconception Prevented.—In some of their dramas the Chinese have a very simple way of making the audience acquainted with the quality of the characters exhibited, by making the actor on his first entrance say, "I am a Mariner," "I am a Pirate," "I am a Hero," &c.

The Penny Post.—Mr. M'Culloch's 'Commercial Dictionary' speaks of the "miserable quackery of a uniform penny-rate," and, generally, in hostile terms of the plan. It may be as well, in order to qualify the opinion of Mr. M'Culloch, to remind the reader that that gentleman, before his accession to office, actually signed the first petition for the adoption of "the miserable quackery."

Hydropathy at Graäfenburg.—A letter from the establishment of Vincent Priessnitz at Graäfenburg has appeared in the newspaper, signed by a number of English persons staying there, which speaks most highly of the system. It states there were 1050 patients at Graäfenburg in the year 1843, and only four deaths occurred. Of these, two cases on the arrival of the parties were pronounced by Priessnitz to be incurable.

Drinking Spirits in the Army unnecessary.—Sir Robert Sale, writing from Jellalabad upon the hardships to which the soldiers under his command were subjected, added—"I will not mention as a privation the European troops having been without spirits, because I believe that to be a circumstance tending to keep them in the highest health, and in the most admirable state of discipline; crime has been almost unknown, and a murmur is never heard, though they are deprived of their usual quantity of animal food."

Strange Reverses.—We hear that a person of the name of Brown, residing in the island of Jersey, and acting as a common porter, has lately succeeded to comparative wealth. It seems that thirty years ago he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and was dismissed the service, without being heard in his defence, for striking his superior officer. At length, however, his complaints having been taken into consideration, the Admiralty having decided that, as he had otherwise always faithfully, diligently, and bravely fulfilled his duties, his commission should be honorably restored to him, accompanied by all arrears of pay and prize-money, amounting, it is asserted, to nearly six thousand pounds.—*Berwick Warder.* [Who is to pay the money? The public or the official people, who have kept a worthy man in unmerited poverty, by delaying justice for thirty years?]

Admiral Byng.—The administration of that day were accused of having basely sacrificed a gallant officer to popular cla-

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mour, in order to cover their own misconduct. Lord Mahon, in his History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht, says of the Duke of Newcastle, "He was most willing to sacrifice any of his admirals, any of his generals, or even any of his cabinet colleagues, as a scapegoat for himself. One day, when a deputation from the city waited upon him with some representations against Byng, he blurted out, with an unfeeling precipitation which his folly ought not to excuse, 'Oh, indeed, he shall be tried immediately—he shall be hanged directly!'

Comfortable Travelling.—Mr. Waterton, a gentleman of fortune, perambulated the thorny forests of South America without either shoes or stockings, a mode of travelling which he found so agreeable or beneficial that he earnestly recommends it to future adventurers.

Turkish Women.—The blue eye is unknown among the Turkish ladies, and a few of their jet-black locks are suffered to fall beneath the turban. Their hands are beautifully small and white, and adorned with rings and bracelets. No support to the bosom is ever used. The dress altogether, though it hides much of the symmetry of the figure, gives it a grand and imposing air, particularly the elegant cashmere turban, of which European ladies, if they possess it, spoil the effect by not knowing how to put it on.

Kingly Taste.—Louis XIV. found delight in singing the most fulsome passages of songs written in his own praise. Even at the public suppers, when the band played the airs to which they were set, the monarch delighted his courtiers by humming the same passages.

Post Office Money-orders.—From late returns it appears the money-order service has multiplied twenty-five times in comparison with its amount of duty before the reduction of the rate of poundage.

Superscriptions of Letters.—"Formerly, a direction was an academy of compliments: 'To the most noble and my singularly respected friend,' &c., &c.—and then, 'Haste! haste for your life, haste!'—Now we have banished even the monosyllable *To!* Henry Conway, Lord Hertford's son, who is very indolent, and has much humour, introduced that abridgement. Writing to a Mr. Tighe at the Temple, he directed his letter only thus: 'T. Ti. Temple,'—and it was delivered! Dr. Bentley was mightily flattered on receiving a letter superscribed 'To Dr. Bentley, in England.'"—*Horace Walpole.*

Inscription placed by Curran on the tomb of his mother.—"Here lies the body of Sarah Curran; she was marked by many years, many virtues, few failings, no crimes. This frail memorial was placed here by a son whom she loved."

An Alderman enlightened.—One of the duke of Marlborough's generals, dining with a lord mayor of former days, an alderman who sat next to him said, "Sir, yours must be a very laborious profession." "No," replied the general, "we fight about four hours in the morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves."

A Poet's Taste.—Dryden, in 1699, writing to a lady who had invited him to a supper, after declining certain promised rarities, adds, "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Parliamentary Privilege. — Throughout the reign of George the Second, the privileges of the House of Commons flourished in the rankest luxuriance. On one occasion it was voted a breach of privilege to have 'killed a great number of rabbits' from the warren of Lord Galway, a member. Another time, the fish of Mr. Joliffe were honoured with a like august protection. The same never-failing shield of privilege was thrown before the trees of Mr. Hungerford, the coals of Mr. Ward, and the lead of Sir Robert Grosvenor. The persons of one member's porter and of another member's footman were held to be as sacred and inviolable as the persons of the members themselves.—*Lord Mahon.*

Providence for the Fall of Sparrows.—The *Berwick Warder* states a recent novel attempt to destroy the feathered depredators who do such mischief in the country, to have been completely successful. A mixture of meal and malt thrown in their way rendered the sparrows so thirsty that, drinking to assuage it, killed great numbers of them.

POSTSCRIPT.

Thames Embankment.—Since the article on this subject was put in type, a Return of the sums of money expended in the alterations and repairs of Westminster Bridge, has been printed by order of the House of Commons. The amount expended exceeds 165,000*l.*; to be expended, 52,000*l.*! This is as good as the story of the Town Council of Edinburgh of yore, which had two public dinners to discuss the question whether it would be wiser economy to repair the bell-rope of St. Giles, or go to the expense of a new one!

The Noble House of Bedford.—An accident at the moment of going to press, which it is impossible to repair in time, has compelled the postponement of "The Noble House of Bedford," intended for the present number, till next week.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"Angels" will appear.

An epigram, which merely gives the second meaning of a word, but has not whim enough to move a smile, we deem hardly worth writing. "A Friend" will take the hint.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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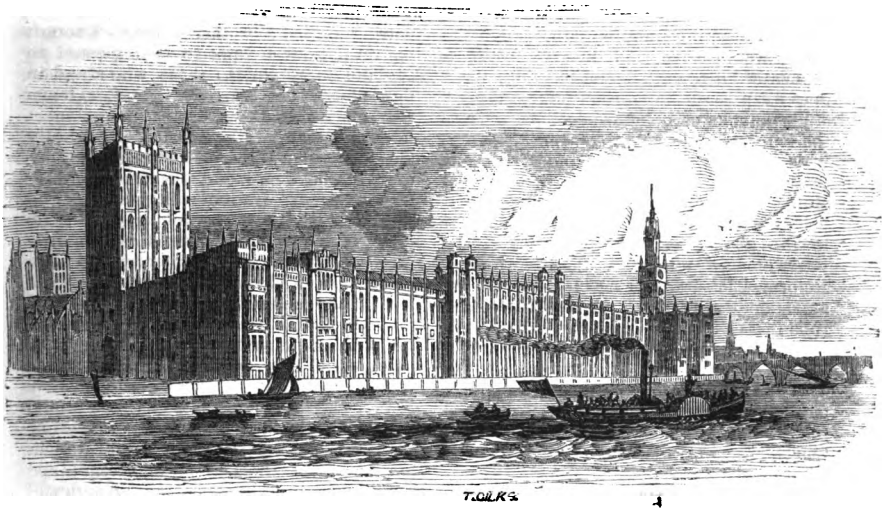

Original Communications.

THE NEW PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

What a variety of associations will attach themselves to the opening of the New Palace at Westminster, an event, and no trivial one, in parliamentary history! Well do we remember an analogous epoch in schoolboy annals, the procession of our fellow M.P.'s (members of the playground), from the ancient High School of Edinburgh, to the classical edifice on the Carlton Hill, the chef-d'œuvre of Thomas Hamilton. That day of white wands and white trousers, is it not marked with a white stone in our memory's almanack? So shall the children of larger growth, but not perhaps with such "emotions, beautiful and new," who now fret and strut their languid hour upon the floor of St. Stephens, look back, as they now look forward, to the first opening of Parliament in the New Palace at Westminster.

It is hardly worth while to enter now upon a description of the architectural peculiarities of Mr. Barry's structure, Gothic in all details, and yet essentially Italian in its gracefulness and lightness of effect. The theme has occupied an hour by Shrewsbury clock with every scribe, from the *Cornwall Gazette* to *John o' Groat's Journal*. Be it for us, at this period, when the works rapidly approach completion, to offer a suggestion or two which such a prospect may well excuse.

The *Times*, of a recent date, after blowing a gentle but cooling blast against the sage ventilator of the house, for his futile efforts to adapt the internal atmosphere to the lungs of honorable members affected with asthma, coughs, colds, or shortness of breath, or subject to rheumatic and other similar affections, and delicately touching upon the architect's offence in altering, without due sanction, the internal construction, for the purpose of preserving Her Gracious Majesty's self and horses from imminent peril on state occasions, passes to a consideration of the architectural *idea*, or what Mr. Bernard, the clever concoctor of Anglo-French after-pieces, would call the *sentiment* of the building: and argues "excellently well" that a *one idea'd* character is as unsuitable to a palace as to a mansion, although in these modern days, it has unfortunately happened that all architects have fallen into this error, and given unity instead of harmony to their houses as to their churches. A cathedral,

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Gothic or Norman, embodies one grand and beautiful idea; a modern chapel or meeting-house, likewise, would embody one idea; the former the poetry of religion, the latter religion stripped of all poetry as extraneous and impertinent. A mansion, on the other hand, a palace, or a castle, was wont to typify a variety of purposes, and a variety of qualities—power, hospitality, charity, splendour, conviviality: now-a-days, all these qualities are merged in COMFORT, "upon whose inventor, in truth," as Sancho Panza would have said, had comfort been known in his time, "be all blessing, for it does wrap Englishmen round like a cloak."

The monks of old gave one character to the external appearance of the refectory, which modern bishops would call the *restorateur* department of sentimental architecture—another character to the chapelry—a third to the dormitory—another to the abbot's *sanctum sanctorum*. But your modern monk of the Carlton or Reform Club, according to the *Times*, amalgamates all these various ideas, and rolls them, like little globules of quicksilver, into one gigantic bubble of *comfort*.

So with the New Palace at Westminster. Where is the distinctive tone of a royal entrance? what exterior mark of Bellamy's? what classical hint of the Library Quarter? what of the Debating Hall? what of the Committee? We do not pretend to suggest how a variety in harmony might have been attained. Perhaps the *Times*, which is, however, quicker at picking holes than filling them up, will enlighten Mr. Barry and ourselves on the subject, when we may incontinently endeavour from this our *Mirror*, to *reflect* a notion or two further.

In the meantime, we shall be well content if Right Honourable Peers, and Right Honourable Members, will endeavour to realise one *idea* within themselves, and to reflect it to the world—this, to wit, that the paltry and selfish interests which have hitherto governed English legislation, must be entombed within the Old Palace at Westminster: and if an inscription be wanted to note the inhumation, we humbly offer for the occasion, one we hope not altogether impertinent:

Here *lied* "Party."

"CONINGSBY, OR THE NEW GENERATION."

While men continue to act from mixed motives—that is to say, while human nature remains such as it has ever been from the location of our first ancestors in Eden up to the year of grace, 1844—there must always be something to conceal; and where there is constantly something to conceal, startling disclosures will occasionally be made. A very slight glance at society will satisfy the simplest observer, that even in the present day there is much to come out. In former time, and in a foreign land, the mysterious veil which concealed the truth, lifted by the hand of Time, showed one wretched female rising to greatness by becoming the mistress of her own father, a king making himself the hired-paid-salaried agent of a brother monarch, and a prince plotting to shed a brother's blood. Though like revelations are not to be expected in England in regard to those who stand in high places, yet we may hereafter learn with amazement, why some things meet the eye which at the moment are wholly unaccountable; why, for instance, a fellow known to have no talent but for gambling in the funds, frantic vituperation, and general swindling, who could pretend to no public service which it would not be disgraceful to name, should be dignified with a title; why a ruffianly and notorious thief should have been entrusted with magisterial power; and why a mean wretch, who drove by his inhuman avarice those who ought to have been most dear to him to utter despair, should be found spouting at every dinner, playing first fiddle in most public charities. Such things may "move our especial wonder" now; the circumstances connected with them, when fully explained hereafter, will perhaps be more wonderful still.

The keen satirist who has the fortune to be unsuspectingly admitted to the "*vitæ post scenia*" of politics, has a vast field, a rich harvest open to him. If he exercise his talent with courage and determination he may do much good, but assuredly much evil will be reported of him. The delineations which some term admirable pictures, others will denounce as venomous libels; the statements many hold to be valuable revelations, some will proclaim villainous falsehoods; and what all who think with the author must commend as intrepid exposures, their opponents will condemn as instances of the meanest treachery. Such book, however, will be served by his enemies as much as by friends, and while some assail as fiercely as others lovingly applaud, all will desire to read.

Such is the new novel of Cnoingsby. It is not a trashy attempt to ape the common-places of fashionable life, with exact descriptions of the Turkey carpet and the silver fork, but it aspires to

"Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star,"

and to show the labours of politicians of eminence with a view to place, profit, and distinction; and doing this it presents to our eyes, or rather images to our minds, an ocean of crime, which men remote from power would hardly expect could in any

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age or clime have degraded the human family.

Mr. D'Israeli in many instances uses the lash with no sparing hand. He has had access to the scenes he pourtrays, and the parties it is his object to show up; and imaginary characters are exhibited mixed up with proceedings in which real names are as familiarly dealt with as in the boldest newspaper published. Where he uses a fictitious name, he frequently connects with it facts or descriptions that render any fuller or more distinct designations unnecessary. Here is his picture of a man who from low beginnings had worked himself into the confidence of the great man, so called, of his day as well as into fortune, by means of his parliamentary talent:—

"Mr. Rigby was a member for one of Lord Monmouth's boroughs. He was the manager of Lord Monmouth's parliamentary influence, and the auditor of his vast estates. He was more; he was Lord Monmouth's companion when in England, his correspondent when abroad—hardly his counsellor, for Lord Monmouth never required advice; but Mr. Rigby could instruct him in matters of detail, which Mr. Rigby made amusing. Rigby was not a professional man; indeed, his origin, education, early pursuits, and studies, were equally obscure; but he had contrived in good time to squeeze himself into parliament, by means which no one could ever comprehend, and then set up to be a perfect man of business. The world took him at his word, for he was bold, acute, and voluble; with no thought, but a good deal of desultory information; and though destitute of all imagination and noble sentiment, was blessed with a vigorous mendacious fancy, fruitful in small expedients, and never happier than when devising shifts for great men's scrapes. They say that all of us have one chance in this life, and so it was with Rigby. After a struggle of many years, after a long series of the usual alternatives of small successes and small failures, after a few cleverish speeches and a good many cleverish pamphlets, with a considerable reputation indeed for pasquinades, most of which he never wrote, and articles in reviews to which it was whispered he had contributed, Rigby, who had already intrigued himself into a subordinate office, met with Lord Monmouth. He was just the animal that Lord Monmouth wanted, for Lord Monmouth always looked upon human nature with the callous eye of a jockey. He surveyed Rigby, and he determined to buy him. He bought him; with his clear head, his indefatigable industry, his audacious tongue, and his ready and unscrupulous pen; with all his dates, all his lampoons; all his private memoirs, and all his political intrigues. It was a good purchase. Rigby became a great personage, and Lord Monmouth's man."

Of this gifted individual we are further told "that on the credit of some clever lampoons he had written during the Queen's trial, which were in fact the effusions of Lucian Gay, he wriggled himself into a sort of occasional unworthy favour at the palace, where he was half butt and half buffoon. Here, during the interregnum occasioned by the death, or rather inevitable retirement, of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Rigby contrived to scrape up a conviction that the Duke was the winning horse; and, in consequence, there appeared a series of leading articles in a notorious evening newspaper, in which it was, as Tadpole and Taper declared, most 'slashingly' shown, that the son of an actress could never be tolerated as the prime minister of England. Not content with this, and never doubting for a moment the authentic basis of his persuasion, Mr. Rigby poured forth his coarse volubility on the subject at several of the new clubs which he was getting up in order to revenge himself for having been blackballed at Whites.'"

Who is meant by Mr. Rigby, and who by Lord Monmouth, it would be sheer impertinence to declare. As if this were not sufficient, however, it is added—

"Mr. Rigby had a classical retreat, not distant from this establishment, which he esteemed a Tusculum. There, surrounded by his busts and books, he wrote his lampoons and articles; massacred a she liberal (it was thought that no one could lash a woman like Rigby), cut up a rising genius whose politics were different from his own, or scarified some unhappy wretch who had brought his claims before parliament, proving by garbled extracts from official correspondence that no one could refer to, that the malcontent, instead of being a victim, was on the contrary a defaulter. Tadpole and Taper would back Rigby for a "slashing reply" against the field. Here, too, at the end of a busy week, he found it occasionally convenient to entertain a clever friend or two of equivocal reputation, with whom he had become acquainted in former days of equal brotherhood. No one was more faithful to his early friends than Mr. Rigby, particularly if they could write a squib."

We cannot look at this without feeling that, without being too lenient, the charge preferred against Mr. Rigby, as he is called, for lashing a woman, in the cases to which Mr. D'Israeli points, or at least in those to which public attention was more particularly divested, one of the objects of attack was a most vicious and malevolent wanton, though, as was shrewdly remarked by a former prime minister, "the House of

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Commons seemed to forget her infamy in her wit," and the other was not a singularly defenceless woman. She did not fail to give a picture of her adversary sufficiently repulsive. His mind and his person she treated with equal severity,—his pen she likened to a stiletto.

But even what has been already quoted and remarked upon was not sufficient, Mr. D'Israeli proceeds to show the noble and humane occupations of the character he has thus unsparingly visited:—

"Mr. Rigby had been shut up much at his villa of late. He was concocting, you could not term it composing, "a very slashing article," which was to prove that the penny postage must be the destruction of the aristocracy. It was a grand subject treated in his highest style. His parallel portraits of Rowland Hill, the conqueror of Almarez, and Rowland Hill, the deviser of the cheap postage, was enormously fine. It was full of passages in italics; little words in great capitals; and almost drew tears. The statistical details also were highly interesting and novel. Several of the old postmen, both twopenny and general, who had been in office with himself, and who were inspired with an equal zeal against that spirit of reform of which they had alike been victims, supplied him with information which nothing but a breach of ministerial duty could have furnished. The prophetic peroration as to the irresistible progress of democracy was almost as powerful as one of Rigby's speeches on Aldborough or Amersham. There never was a fellow for giving a good hearty kick to the people like Rigby. Himself sprung from the dregs of the populace, this was disinterested. What could be more patriotic and magnanimous than his Jeremiads over the fall of the Montmorencis and the Crillons, or the possible catastrophe of the Percys and the Manners. The truth of all this hullaballoo was that Rigby had a sly pension, which by an inevitable association of ideas he always connected with a maintenance of an aristocracy. All his rigmarole dissertations on the French Revolution were impelled by this secret influence: and when he wailed over 'la guerre aux châteaux,' and moaned like a mandrake over Nottingham Castle in flames, the rogue had an eye all the while to quarter-day."

The importance of "Coningsby" mainly consists in its powerful advocacy and promulgation of a new political creed. It treats with like scorn the Whigs, who assailed the ancient constitution of England, and the old Tories who failed successfully to defend it. The exclusive constitution, "for which our forefathers fought and bled," was no more. After the changes made between 1827 and 1832, the Whigs resolved to destroy what remained of the old system. It is then represented that their opponents endeavoured to adopt as much liberalism as would serve for the moment to patch it up; or rather the waning influence of a body assuming to be a party, without being governed by anything like due regard to principle. Young England abjures both. Denouncing revolution, it holds that changes are to be constantly made; and "true wisdom," it is inculcated, "lies in the policy that would effect its ends by the influence of opinion, and yet by means of existing forms." Jews and Catholics will be conciliated by the pious but benevolent policy of Young England. The old Tories are to be left behind. Mr. Rigby, omnipotent as a parliamentary tactician at the opening of the work, is ousted from his seat by the youthful Coningsby before its close. All the varieties of opinion which agitate the political world are shown in a strong light. Many portraits of interest (some as has been shown) sufficiently aggravating, together with an agreeable love fiction, promise to render this work attractive to every class of readers.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

We have heard a great deal about New Zealand, and South Australia, and Sydney, but there is a colony in their immediate vicinity of which we have been long in the dark. Some fifteen years ago, and in the early days of Australian colonisation, a spot on the western coast of the great continent of New Holland, called Swan River, was the favoured resort of emigrants, and for two or three years continued so. Then we were suddenly told it was a complete failure, and from that time until very recently we have heard nothing more of the place, and been left uninformed whether the settlers who had proceeded thither had returned in disappointment and disgust, remained in bankruptcy and ruin, or died by starvation or the spears of the natives. After this long interval of uncertainty, it has afforded us much pleasure to perceive of late in several of the papers, accounts of the progress of the colony (which has extended itself, and is now known as Western Australia) very different to what we had been led to expect—to find, in short, that instead of being a miserable failure, it is the most prosperous and solvent of the Australian colonies: and its settlers, instead of having returned or been ruined, or starved, or eaten by cannibals, are pushing on, with industry and perseverance, to wealth and prosperity. The question then arises, what has been the cause of this long silence? Perhaps "Deeds, not Words," have been their motto; and while their neighbours at New Zealand and

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South Australia were calling upon the public to see how rapidly *they* were getting on, the enterprising settlers in the west were quietly outstripping them; or, at least, silently, and without empty boasting, were laying that sure foundation for national prosperity which others, intent only on making *present* appearance, overlooked. Be it as it may, Western Australia has, it cannot be denied, been a *silent* colony: and although her silence did not invite any great influx of emigrants, and consequently, in that respect, retarded her progress, it is now beginning to become apparent that the settlers have spent their time in a more useful course than inviting others to assist them, by doing their work—and doing it well—themselves. Wool, oil, and whalebone—the staple products of all Australia—are also, at present, the principal exports of her Western colony; but, besides these, wine, olive oil, timber, and dried fruits are talked of. The former seems likely to be exported without much delay, as the vine is already under very systematic and increasing cultivation, and is particularly favoured by the soil and climate. The supply of native mahogany, possessing the rare recommendations for ship-building purposes, of not corroding, and of rejecting barnacles, is declared to be inexhaustible, and the colonists are making preparations to ship an experimental cargo. The Zante currant is also under preparation to a considerable extent, and some valuable varieties which are found in only one or two of the Greek islands flourish luxuriantly in this colony. Of the branches of agriculture, grain and green crops are very prolific, and the climate is favourable to the breed of horses and of cattle. Of the former, an export is shortly expected to take place for the supply of the Indian cavalry; of the latter an export has already been commenced to the Mauritius. China clay, lime-stone, and iron ore are all found in large quantities in the soil, but at present have not been exported.

This is a very satisfactory and pleasing prospect; the colony appears to possess intrinsically the means of wealth: and when we glance upon the mass, we can readily appreciate the facilities which its geographical situation affords for the full development of those means. In close proximity to the other Australian colonies—within about three weeks' sail of India, China, and the Mauritius, and a month's of the Cape of Good Hope—the nearest to England of all the sister settlements—Western Australia certainly enjoys a most eligible situation; the centre port of our Indian and Australasian possessions, and an excellent half-way depôt of the projected line of steamers between Anglo-India and Australasia. But perhaps its greatest recommendation is its genial climate. Epidemics are declared by Drs. Crichton, the colonial surgeon, and Johnson, of Her Majesty's ship "Sulphur," to be unknown; and Drs. Milligen of the 6th Dragoons, and Ferguson, of Australind, and Messrs W. H. Sholl and W. P. Dineley—all surgeons of varied experience—concur in stating that "the climate is unequalled for salubrity." In Western Australia soil and climate appear to have combined to give facilities for the cultivation by Europeans of the vine, currant, and olive, the manufacture of wool, the pursuits of agriculture, and the breeding of stock; and in no other part of our foreign possessions, we believe, does such a combination exist. Where the climate is favourable to Englishmen, the soil rejects cultivation, and where the soil is productive, the climate is found injurious to the cultivator, The emigrants who plant the cane in our West India colonies, and add to our national wealth by the manufacture of sugar, constantly fall victims to the terrible climate, and our countrymen in the East engaged in the Indian, indigo, and other trades, are subject to the same destroyer of their constitutions. New Zealand is capable of yielding flax and other products, but its raw atmosphere is most distressing to Europeans. South Australia and Sydney could be made to export wool in great quantities were not the droughts with which those colonies are so often visited, most destructive and fatal to the sheep. British North America would be a most valuable and productive dependency, but the rigours of its climate prevent Europeans from turning its resources to account. On the other hand, the climates of Guernsey and Jersey are said to be favourable to Englishmen, but what do these islands produce? Nothing! the soil is miserably barren. In fact, we are not aware even of any foreign country, distinguished alike for a prolific soil and a genial climate, but, if there be, Englishmen generally prefer emigrating to a dependency of their own government, where they are subject to English law, where the English language is spoken, and where they are surrounded by English faces; and, therefore, it is a happy combination which Western Australia so exclusively enjoys, and one which cannot fail, ere long, to consummate her prosperity, that soil and climate should contribute to her colonisation, and favour both the cultivators and the cultivation.

We hope to hear a continuation of the favourable accounts which have been received from this colony, and we shall not fail to communicate to our readers their principal points of interest; at all events, what we have already stated will, no doubt,

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disabuse a large portion of the public mind, as the general impression appears long to have been that Swan River or Western Australia was a total failure.

HENRY DE LORRAINE, THE LAST DUKE OF GUISE.

"If the history of the Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more, and performed not less, than Almaneo is feigned to have done in Grenada."

Dryden.

"The Duke's life needs few additions from invention to make it resemble a romance."—*Bayle.*

To separate the history of the Duke of Guise from the politics of his day is impossible. It will be attempted, however, to give more of his personal adventures in his political enterprises, than has appeared in most of the notices of that extraordinary man.

Tyranny had goaded the people of Naples to madness, and in their delirium they rose against their oppressors, but, unhappily, chose for their leader Massaniello, a fisherman, who appeared to have been as mad as themselves. The aristocracy were assailed, and many lives were lost. Don Caraffa, the brother of the Duke de Matalone, made an attempt at the head of a lawless band, to put down the insurrection and shoot its chief. It failed, and Don Joseph being seized, was being dragged before Massaniello when a butcher named Michael de Santis struck off his head with a cleaver, Thirty of his companions had been slain, and a scaffold being erected in the market place, and the heads of the dead bandits elevated on pikes were made to encircle it. On this scaffold, dressed as a sailor, Massaniello appeared. He ordered the head of the unfortunate Caraffa to be brought to him, and accosted it in the language of brutal mockery, whilst the infuriated crowd applauded the performance from below.

This is but a faint sample of the horrors witnessed in Naples during the brief day of Massaniello's authority. He was at best but a poor ignorant wretch, and, beyond all doubt, he was insane. "I feel," said this miserable being, "a weight like boiling lead in my head, but the Virgin and saints appear to me every night, and promise me their protection. I have assured the people that I will give them freedom, and they shall be free." On the tenth day of his strange exaltation he was killed in the cloisters of the Church del Cannine. All his ill-chosen ruffianly officers proved faithless to him. Looking at the extravagances he committed, it could hardly have been otherwise, and he was shot like a mad dog.

The death of this maniac did but restore momentarily tranquillity to the excited Neapolitans. Four days after his exit from the stage, a new insurrection broke out, and a leader still more contemptible than the illiterate fisherman was found in Germano Aunese, the gunsmith. The populace felt that their cause could not triumph without foreign aid, and envoys were sent to Rome, and France, and other countries, craving immediate aid. In this state of things Henry de Lorraine, Duke of Guise, thought the troubles of Naples opened a field for him, in which he might act a splendid part, and probably raise himself to a throne. He was the representative of a daring race, who had often been found most formidable to the peace of France. Young, handsome, and brave—renowned as a favourite with the ladies, he had, besides, the gift of eloquence and a noble bearing, which seemed to fit him for the highest flights to which measureless ambition urge a daring mind. In early life he was destined for the church, and at the age of fifteen promoted to the archbishopric of Rheims; but on the death of his brother, the Prince de Joinville, in 1639, he hastened to throw off his ecclesiastical character, to pursue a course better suited to an ardent and daring mind, and when his father died in the following year, he succeeded to the peerage. His joy at having escaped from a monastery would seem to have more than outweighed his grief for the death of such near relatives, and few have attained high rank and large possessions with a keener relish for the enjoyments which these offer than Henry de Lorraine.

He was not long before he deemed it essential to the dignity of his character to become a lover. The Duke saw Anne de Gonzogne, daughter to the Duke of Nevers and Mantua, and became deeply enamoured of her beauty. He gained the affection of the lady.

"She drank delicious poison from his eye;"

poison to her happiness, at least for a time, for the ever active intriguing spirit of Henry having led him to join a conspiracy formed against Richelieu by the Count de Soissons, the Duke de Bouillon, and others, which was supported and fomented by agents from Spain; on a discovery taking place in 1641, he was forced to seek safety in flight. Then was the generous devotion of Anne made conspicuous, but only to meet with a most unworthy reward. She gave up her friends and country to share the wanderings and perils of her lover. She followed him in male attire. Arriving in Flanders, Anne hastened to seek him, affectionately eager to console him under the disgrace and sorrow which had come over him, for he had been doomed to death for treason, and his property was confiscated. Mighty love regarded not these matters. To her he was all the world, and she believed herself

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preferred by him to every breathing mortal. What was the grief and mortification of Anne at the close of her toilsome journey, to find not merely that he was wooing but that he was actually married to another. Shocked and disgusted at his falsehood, indignation enabled her to act with becoming resolution. She immediately withdrew from the ingrate, and returned to France.

(To be continued.)

CULTIVATION OF THE TEA-PLANT BY THE ENGLISH.

It is well for the celestial empire that the trade carried on with England is of such trifling importance to China as not to weigh in the estimation of the emperor and his sage advisers "the down of a feather," as we deem it more than probable that ere long we shall be able to treat the people of the flowery empire with as good a cup of tea as they can grow for themselves. This will no doubt surprise the mandarins of all sorts of *buttons*, though in the matter of war they have no longer to learn that English barbarians can "give them as good as they can send."

Dr. Royle has recently laid before the Royal Asiatic Society an important exposition of what may be expected from an attempt to raise tea in England. He has shown that "in ascending from the forest-clad bases of the Himalaya, to their summits covered with eternal snows, we meet with almost every variety of climate that is encountered in proceeding from the equator to the poles, so there would appear to be no difficulty in finding congenial climates for the tea-plant, especially as in these mountains are found genera such as camellia, eurya, and cleyera, allied to the teas, as well as other Chinese genera, such as Deutzia, Houttuynia, Stauntonia, Kadsura, Hovenia."

On these grounds Dr. Royle in 1827, and again in 1831, recommended to the East India Company the cultivation of the tea plant; and in the latter year, "the India Government, with the sanction of the Court of Directors, determined upon attempting the cultivation of tea in India. A committee was formed, and reports called for. Dr. Falconer, in reply, recommended the same tract of country as Dr. Royle had done, in a report which is remarkable for coincidence in argument and opinion with that at the same time published by Dr. Royle, though the two must have crossed each other in their passage to and from India. Mr. Gordon was sent with Mr. Gutzlaff to obtain seeds, and as much information as possible from the tea districts of China, together with some tea manufacturers. They visited the Ankoy Tea Hills, obtained a considerable quantity of seeds, and made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the Bohea Tea Hills, when they were recalled in consequence of the discovery of the tea-plant of Assam.

"The seeds obtained by Mr. Gordon having been sent to Calcutta, and sown in the Botanic Garden, numbers vegetated, though many failed. Nurseries having been established both in Assam and in Kemaon and Sirmore, at elevations of from 2000 to 7500 feet, seedlings were sent, but of 12,000 sent to Assam, only 500 arrived alive, and of 10,000 sent to N. W. India, only 1326 reached the hills in the beginning of the year 1836. In December, 1838, Dr. Falconer wrote to Dr. R. that the tea-plant was thriving vigorously in two, and had flowered in three, of the above nurseries. On the 21st April, 1841, Dr. Falconer reported that from the 500 plants originally introduced into the Kemaon nurseries, 5000 had been produced from layers, and from the seeds ripened. Many of them had grown to the size of bushy shrubs, about five feet high.

"In 1842, nine Chinese tea-manufacturers who had been in Assam, were sent to the tea-nurseries of Kemaon and Gurhwal. They united in declaring that the tea-plants of the Kemaon plantations were the genuine cultivated Chinese plant, and far superior to that grown in Assam, but that they required cutting down before they would be in the best state for yielding good tea-leaves. On the 12th Oct., Dr. Jameson, who succeeded to the charge on Dr. Falconer having been obliged to leave from ill health, wrote, 'The tea-plantations in the Deyrah Doon and in Kemaon are thriving admirably.'

"In the early part of last year some tea was prepared from the above plants by the Chinamen. On 20th Jan., a portion was sent to Calcutta, and a small canister to Dr. Royle at the India House. The former was reported on, on the 11th of May, by members of the Chamber of Commerce, and stated to be a very good marketable article, and valued in London at about 2s. 6d. per lb.; and the specimen sent to London, was, on the 23rd May, 1843, reported on by Messrs. Thompson, and pronounced to be of the Oolong Souchong kind, fine flavoured and strong, equal to the superior black teas generally sent as presents, and better, for the most part, than the China teas imported for mercantile purposes.

"Dr. Falconer having brought a specimen of tea from Kemaon, submitted it to Messrs. Ewart, Maccaughey, and Co., of Copthall-court, who report, 8th Sept., 1843, that it resembles most nearly the description occasionally imported from China under the name of Oolong; it is not so high flavoured as the fine Oolong tea; it has been

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too highly burnt in the preparation, but it is of a delicate, fine flavour, and would command a ready sale here. Dr. Royle considers that nothing could be more satisfactory than these reports by experienced tea-brokers, as the first attempts to make tea in the Himalayan nurseries, called attention to the curious fact, that all the brokers coincided in comparing this tea with the Oolong and Tetsong teas of China, which, he was informed by Mr. Ball, were obtained from the Ankoy tea-district, that is, the very locality where Mr. Gordon obtained the tea-seeds.

"The latest letters from Dr Jameson continue to give the most favourable accounts of the tea-nurseries, while others from Captain Cautley speak in the same style of the tea-nurseries in the Deyrah Doon, where, he says, the plants are looking splendidly, and are growing vigorously. Dr. Jameson states, that though he will be able to send only a few hundred pounds of teas this year, several thousand pounds will be sent next season. There are about 100,000 plants in all the above nurseries, and they may be rapidly increased. The Court of Directors have ordered that the experiment be continued."

The above important facts, for which we are indebted to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, it will be seen fully justify the opinion we have expressed that England will shortly derive a large portion of her supplies of tea from India. When we see how the culture of sugar has progressed, what may we not expect when like attention is paid to growing and preparing for use the tea-plant?

SCENES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.—VALENCIA.

VALENCIA.

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NO. I.—VALENCIA.

This beautiful and highly picturesque country, the independence of which was destroyed by the Carthaginians, is one of the smallest provinces of Spain. In the frequent revolutions of the Moorish empire, the kingdom of Valencia very often changed masters, but after the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella of Castile, it has since become part of the Spanish monarchy.

This country, though mountainous, contains beautiful plains and fertile villages, and from the mildness of the climate, the flowers are intermixed with the fruits of autumn—the orange tree and the cedar. Manufactures, commerce, fishing, and shipping, bring into operation the activity which characterises its male inhabitants; while the suavity of manners of the softer sex render them, notwithstanding their *embonpoint*, agreeable and sociable.

In our travels through Valencia, we could not but admire the industry and perseverance with which the Valencians reap advantage from their most sterile land—from the most ungrateful soil. They cut the sides of the mountains, convert them into terraces, which they prop with piles of stones heaped one upon another, and make them into fields, which they plough and sow, and by their produce repay themselves for their labour.

One of the plains, which is watered by the river Jucar, struck us forcibly. On entering it, one imagines that he sees before him a succession of beautiful gardens; the eye runs eagerly from object to object, delight seizes our senses, and a fairy-land—an abode which poets alone could create, appears before us. Here vineyards and gardens follow in rapid succession; there, numerous carpets of green sward blend their tints of verdure with those of the ripening corn. In this place, poplars, alders, mulberry, olive, carol, pomegranate, orange, and citron trees; while the monotony of the adjacent fields is relieved by labourers singing in cheerfulness at their daily toil. Here nature seems to have chosen for herself a spot in which she shows her handiwork, while man, who comes from God, lives in this spot in conjunction with nature—enjoying the labour allotted to him, and living in happiness by the "sweat of his brow."

The traveller, on approaching Valencia for the first time, will be agreeably surprised at the majestic masses of noble houses and elegantly decorated shops which strike his view. There is no town in Spain that can boast of so many monuments of the fine arts; none has more beauties collected within the limits of a *coup d'œil* than Valencia. The public edifices are remarkable, either for the richness of their decoration or for the numerous paintings executed by artists born in Valencia. In this brief sketch we can do little more than enumerate a few of the most striking:—El Real, the ancient palace of the kings, is delightfully situated in a large open square, having the bridge of Real before it, a terrace on the right, and a delightful promenade of the Almeda on the left. This edifice was built about the beginning of the fifteenth century. One of the halls contains the portraits of all the viceroys and captains-general of the kingdoms of Valencia. The college of St. Pio Quinto, a house for the minor clergy, is a magnificent building. It has two stories of architecture; the first is composed of four fluted Doric pilasters, which support large square urns; while the second has four smaller Ionic pilasters, with a representation in bas-relief of the Resurrection above them. The church of St. Nicolas Escuelas Pias, the College of the Patriarchs, the Convent del Remedio, the Convent of St. Domingo, and other important edifices. Each has its beauties, each its reminiscences of the days of the monks and friars.

A taste for pleasure is everywhere manifested in Valencia; there is scarcely a day that does not bring its *fêtes* and feasts—not one without its gaieties. The Valencians are described a light, inconstant, fickle race, and only sociable for the sake of pleasure. Gracian speaks of the town thus—"*Agradable mucho la alegre, florida y noble cindad de Valencia, llena de tode le que no es substancia.*" The agreeable town of Valencia, noble, handsome, and gay—replete with all that is unsubstantial; and Murillo has painted them as "light both in body and mind, while the Spaniards say, in speaking of Valencia:—

"La carne es yerva, la yerva agua,
Los hombres mugeres, les mugeres nuda."*

They have been too harshly judged; and the gravity and reserve which characterise the Spaniard, may, when contrasted with the lively disposition, ever ready for pleasure, of the Valencian, easily account for the opinion formed by the former. For our part, in our short abode in Valencia, we were delighted with the inhabitants, and neither the urbanity of Gracian, nor the splenetic disposition of the Spaniard, could deprive us of the good estimation in which we held the Valencians.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND HIS EMPIRE.

Russian emperors have been somewhat partial to visiting England. Peter the Great, our readers know, came here one hundred and fifty years ago, and worked as

* "The meat is grass, the grass water,
The men are women, and the women nothing."

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a shipwright at Deptford. Alexander visited this country in 1814, at the conclusion of that awful conflict which laid low the power of Buonaparte, and the present emperor, then grand duke, came with him. Since that period the politics of Russia have not been in perfect accord with those of this country. The course pursued against the Poles was not approved by England: and in the east it has been affirmed, British interests were treacherously opposed by the servants of the emperor Nicholas. The visit now paid by his imperial majesty may be regarded as evidence that more amicable relations are likely to connect the two empires than for a very considerable period have been supposed to exist.

Great harshness as a sovereign and as a man have been imputed to Nicholas. His war against the Circassians, and his treatment of British subjects, have been the themes of bitter complaint. It must, however, be borne in mind that complaints most earnestly urged are not always well founded. It is but fair to say that the emperor has been zealously defended in this country. The quotations which follow are from a pamphlet published eleven years ago, under the title of "Russia as it is, and not as it has been Represented." In this the writer replying to those who had attempted to sully the fair fame of the autocrat, says,

"His imperial majesty, the emperor Nicholas the First, if we only consider him in his private character, is an excellent husband, an affectionate father, a good man, and a sincere friend. His conduct in everything that regards those sacred duties, so dear to religion and virtue, is not only irreproachable, but it is *exemplary!* The magnificence of his court, the pageantry of his courtiers, the splendour of his entertainments, are not *what constitute* the felicity of his palace. No! Those are baubles for the world at large. His enjoyments are real and solid, such as every sensible, moral, good, and just man endeavours to collect about himself. A man, whose principles are so pure and noble, whose affections are so truly domestic and paternal, whose conduct has never been tarnished by the *slightest* blot of irreligion or immorality, surely can never be a bad monarch. Will any one, after reading these truths, imagine for an instant, that the emperor of Russia, who is so sensibly alive to all the tender endearments of wedded love, fatherly affection and humanity, can ever become indifferent to the fate of fifty millions of subjects, brave, good, and loyal, who look up to him, not only as a sovereign, but a father? Can it be supposed that a person, endowed with all the noble qualities I have enumerated, can possibly be induced to lay aside, as an emperor, the feelings and sentiments which are intimately amalgamated with his existence as a man?"

His conduct to the Poles, the same writer insists, was marked not by heartless ferocity, but by justice and clemency. A French faction he accuses of stirring up discontent, and he adds,

"The mildness, the patience, the long and unexampled forbearance of the Emperor of Russia was carried to the utmost extent. It showed the calmness of his mind, and the excellence of his heart. No measures were left untried to bring the misled and rebellious Poles to a proper sense of their duty—but in vain. Yet, notwithstanding, his imperial majesty remained inactive until he saw the standard of impiety and rebellion reared at his very threshold, and threatening his empire with invasion. Then it was, that like an affectionate father, feeling what he owed to his faithful people, his beloved children, he opposed the tide of sedition and democracy, calling upon them to crush the serpent of faction, to defend their altars from profanation, and their happiness and prosperity from destruction. He had no private animosity, no selfish hatred, no personal revenge to gratify. The dearest interests of his country and his loyal subjects were at stake. It was the duty of the monarch, the protector and father of his people, to crush foul rebellion, and give the death-blow to the hopes of those who audaciously strive to upturn from their foundations, all the most sacred, solid, and valuable of human institutions which religion and virtue, wisdom and experience, have marked out for the government of mankind.

"In vain did the creatures of the propaganda endeavour to foment sedition amongst the Russian soldiers. Their infamous and unhallowed offers were spurned with disdain. Making the sign of the cross upon their breasts, they might have exclaimed with one of the most ancient defenders of the Christian faith, '*in hoc signo vinces*,' and rushing into battle with that valorons courage by which they are distinguished, they stormed the citadel of the rebels, and blasted for ever the wide extended schemes of the disturbers of social harmony in the north."

An instance of his liberality to the clergy, we next quote.

"The clergy who serve in the remote parts of Siberia, receive pay and rations of flour from the government; indeed, I ought to say, from the emperor's private purse. His imperial majesty having heard that the clergy of Kamchatka were extremely poor and unable to buy bread, immediately ordered them to be furnished with flour, and their salaries increased from his own

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funds—one of the strongest proofs of his paternal care; for in some of those distant places, the number of Russians are so few, it would be a sufficient pretext, for a government less protective, to refuse them a church establishment. But to the honour and eternal glory of the emperor, be it said, that throughout his empire, wherever there are a handful of christians collected together, there will you find a church, a clergyman, and all the consolatary associations of religion. In this, his imperial majesty has strictly fulfilled the words of the gospel, and has 'laid up for himself treasures in Heaven, where moth and rust cannot corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through and steal.'"

The state of the people in Russia is shown to be very different from what we are accustomed to suppose must be the lot of any country not blessed with a free constitution. The word *slave*, which has by many been identified with slave, or slavery, he informs us really means "glory," and silavous, or slavous, "sons of glory." The poorer classes he describes to be very comfortably circumstanced, as will be seen from the subjoined extract.

"The meanest labourer can always find work, at from one and a half to two roubles a day—we shall put it at the lowest rate. He can breakfast, dine, and sup at an *Kharchevnæ* (an eating house for the lower classes), or at the stalls in the market-places, for twenty kopeks a meal, where he is furnished with plenty of black bread, cabbage soup, with beef in it, and casha (boiled groats of barley or oats, with oil or butter); but if he be content to make a dinner of liver, tripe, heart, &c., and take his bread with him, he may dine at a stall much cheaper. We will suppose, however, that he has dined at an eating house, and that he chooses to indulge in a glass of rye brandy or a bottle of beer, and in the evening takes a cup of izbitin (tea made from herbs and leaves of the country)—the whole will not cost him more than sixty kopeks—so that he has ninety kopeks left. Ninety kopeks a day, for twenty-four working days, is twenty-one roubles and sixty kopeks gained in the month—deduct from this his washing and lodging, generally three roubles per month—but we will say five roubles—there remain sixteen roubles, and sixty kopeks per month, which for twelve months, produces the sum of one hundred and nine-nine roubles, and twenty kopeks. Out of this he must pay his *obrok*, say twenty-five roubles; he has then, at the end of the year, one hundred and seventy-four roubles and twenty kopeks. He can clothe himself *well* for seventy roubles a year, consequently, there remains a clear profit of one hundred and four roubles and twenty kopeks, to accumulate or spend in any way he pleases. This calculation has been made at the *lowest* rate of wages, and the *highest* prices of food and raiment."

These facts, if true, are very interesting at this moment, when the English character might suffer from any manifestation of want of respect for an illustrious stranger.

A PRAYER BY THE LATE WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

(From Rivington's Annual Register.)

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountains, on the verdant sod,
When the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with GOD.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart,
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame
I turn to thee, that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name.

Oh! all pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal power!
Grant me thro' obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of Thy bright essence in my dying hour!

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BEDFORD.

Arms.—Ar. a lion rampant, gu. on a chief sa, three escallops of the first.
Crest.—A goat passant, ar., armed, or.
Supporters.—DEXTER, a lion; SINISTER, an antelope; both gu.; the latter gorged and lined, or., armed and hoofed, gold.
Motto.—*Che sara sara*, "What will be, will be."

Hugh, son of Robert de Bellomont, was the first earl of Bedford in the time of King Stephen. He obtained that title on marrying the daughter of Milo de Beauchamp, but being a negligent person, he became embarrassed in his affairs, and fell from the dignity of an earl to be a simple knight. The next earl was Ingelram de Courcy, who was so highly estimated by King Edward III, that he bestowed upon him his daughter Isabella in marriage, and created him earl of Bedford, at the same time making him a knight of the Garter. He died in 1397, leaving only daughters, and consequently the title became extinct. The third wearer of the title was John Plantag,

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John of Lancaster, duke of Bedford, the celebrated regent of France, in the time of Henry VI. He was eminent as a statesman and a soldier, but disgraced himself as the bigotted and inhuman persecutor of the ill-fated Joan, the maid of Orleans. He died without issue, in 1435, and the dukedom expired with him. George Nevil, eldest son of the marquis of Montague, was created duke of Bedford in 1469, the king intending that he should be married to his eldest daughter, the lady Elizabeth Plantagenet; but the marquis falling and *forfeiting* at the battle of Barnet in 1471, his son the duke lost his inheritance, had no other means of sustaining the ducal rank, and was deprived of all his honours and dignities by parliament in 1477. Eight years afterwards, Jasper Tudor, earl of Pembroke, the son of Owen Tudor, by Katherine, queen dowager of King Henry V, was created, on the accession of Henry VII, duke of Bedford, but he, like his predecessors, died without legitimate issue, and the title again became extinct. For a century and a half after that period, the county of Bedford gave its name to no member of the nobility, but in the subsequent reign it came into the family which now retains it.

The present Russells are descended from the Du Rozels of Normandy. One of the former, Sir Ralph Russell, knight, son and heir of John Russell, constable of Corfe Castle in 1221, married Isabel, one of the daughters and co-heirs of James Newmarsh, feudal baron of Newmarsh and Durham, in the county of Dorset, and left, with other issue, Sir William Russell, of Kingston Russell, Dorsetshire, M. P. for the county of Southampton in the first year of King Edward II. He married Eleanor, only daughter and heiress of Thomas de Aula, lord of Yaverland; and second, Jane, daughter and co-heir of Robert Peverel. He died in 1311, and was succeeded by his son by his second wife. This gentleman, whose name was Theobald, married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Ralph de Gorges, Baron Gorges, and secondly, Eleanor, daughter of John de la Tour, of Berwick, in the county of Dorset. He had a son named William, whose great-grandson, John Russell, of Kingston Russell, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of John Hering. His son, Sir John Russell, knight, was speaker of the House of Commons, in the second and tenth year of Henry VI. He married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Frogmere, and was succeeded by his eldest son. This was James Russell, who married Alice, daughter and heiress of John Wyse. Esq. He died in the first year of Henry VIII, leaving two sons, the eldest of whom, John Russell, said to be one of the most accomplished men of his day, resided at Berwick, in the county of Dorset, and obtained a favorable introduction at court through a fortunate accident. In 1506, the archduke Philip of Austria, only son of the emperor Maximilian I, and husband of Johanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Arragon, having encountered a violent hurricane on his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, who apprised the court of what had happened; and while waiting for instructions how to act by his guest, invited his first cousin, Mr. Russell, then recently returned from his travels, to attend the prince. The latter, pleased with the society of Mr. Russell, requested him to accompany him to Windsor, whither his highness was invited by Henry VII. The recommendations of the archduke caused him to be appointed one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber; and in the next reign he became a favorite with the king, attended Henry VIII in his expeditions to France. Having filled several important offices, he was elevated to the peerage March 9, 1538-9, by the title of Lord Russell, Baron Russell of Cheyneys, in the county of Buckingham. In 1540, when the great monasteries were dissolved, he obtained a grant of the site of the abbey of Tavistock, and the extensive possessions thereto belonging. The monastery of Woburn was granted to him by Edward VI, and he was created earl of Bedford January 9, 1550. In Mary's reign he obtained a new patent, dated November 3, 1553, for the office of Lord Privy Seal, and was appointed ambassador to Spain to conduct her majesty's royal consort, Philip II, to England. He married Ann, daughter and heiress of Guy Sapcote, Esq., and widow of Sir John Broughton, knight. The earl was made a knight of the Garter. He died March 14, 1554-5, and was succeeded by his only son, born in 1528. In the first of Elizabeth he was sworn into the privy council, and obtained great distinction. He married, Margaret, daughter of Sir John St. John, and sister of Oliver Lord St. John, of Bletshoe, by whom he had four sons, Edward, John, Francis, and William. He married a second time, when his choice fell on Bridget, daughter of John, Lord Hussey, and widow of Sir Richard Morison, by whom he had no issue. His lordship died at Bedford House, in the Strand, June 28, 1585, and was succeeded by his grandson Edward, third earl, son of Francis above mentioned, the fourth son of the former peer. Edward married Lucy, daughter of John, Lord Harrington, and sister and heir of John, second Lord Harrington. He died without issue, May 3, 1627, and was succeeded by his cousin Francis, son of William, fourth of the second earl, who had previously succeeded his father as se-

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cond Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, and married Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Giles Bridges, third Lord Chandos. Her name is perpetuated in Catherine and Bridges Streets, leading from the Strand to Great Russell-street. By her he had four sons and four daughters. The earl died of the small-pox, May 9, 1641, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, the fifth earl, who, at the coronation of King Charles II, carried Saint Edward's sceptre, was elected a knight of the Garter in 1672, and created, May 11, 1694, marquis of Tavistock and duke of Bedford. His grace married Anne, daughter and sole heiress of Robert Carr, earl of Somerset, by his too celebrated countess, Frances Howard, the divorced wife of Essex. "Francis, earl of Bedford," says Pennant, "was so averse to the alliance, that he gave his son leave to choose a wife out of any family but that. Opposition usually stimulates desire; the young couple's affections were only increased. At length the king interfered, and sent the duke of Lennox to urge the earl to consent, and the marriage was brought about. Somerset, now reduced to poverty, acted a generous part, selling his house at Chiswick, plate, jewels, and furniture, to raise a fortune for his daughter of £12,000, which the earl of Bedford demanded, saying, that since her affections were settled, he chose rather to undo himself than make her unhappy." The lady proved worthy of the alliance. It is said that she was ignorant of her mother's dishonour till informed of it by a pamphlet which she accidentally found; and it is added that her grace was so struck with this detection of her parent, that she went off in a fit, and was found senseless with the book before her. The duke had issue by her seven sons and three daughters, of whom the eldest surviving son was the famous William, Lord Russell. This patriot, after greatly distinguishing himself by his courage and magnanimity, was condemned and beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21, 1683. The duke died September 9, 1700, and was succeeded by his grandson Wriotheseley. He married, in 1695, Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of John Howland, Esq., of Streatham, by whom he acquired a very considerable fortune, and in consequence of his marriage he was created Baron Howland of Streatham, in the county of Surrey. His grace had issue two surviving sons, two successors, and two daughters. On his death, in May, 1711, he was succeeded by his son of the same name, who in 1725 married the Lady Ann Egerton, only daughter of Scroop, first duke of Bridgewater, by Elizabeth, third daughter and co-heir of John, duke of Marlborough; but dying without issue, October 23, 1732, the title came to his brother John. This nobleman was in 1756 appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1762 minister plenipotentiary to the court of France, in which character he signed at Fontainbleau the preliminaries of peace between England, France, and Spain. He married, October 11, 1731, Diana, youngest daughter of Charles, earl of Sunderland, and granddaughter maternally of John, duke of Marlborough, who died September 27, 1735, leaving one son, who died in his infancy. The duke, on the 2d of April, 1737, married Gertrude, eldest daughter of John, first earl Gower, and had besides a daughter married to George, third duke of Marlborough; another son, Francis, marquis of Tavistock, who married lady Elizabeth Keppel, daughter of William, second earl of Albany. He was killed by a fall from his horse, March 22, 1767, leaving three sons. The earl died January 15, 1771, and was succeeded by Francis, his grandson. This nobleman, who was a great agriculturist, and very popular, died much lamented at the age of thirty-seven, March, 1802. He was the friend of Charles James Fox. Dying unmarried, the honours passed to his brother John, who was born July 6, 1766, and married March 21, 1786, to Georgiana Elizabeth, second daughter of George, fourth viscount Torrington, by whom he had three sons, Francis, George William, and John. The last has served the country in very high offices, and introduced the great ministerial Reform Bill in 1831. The duke, after the death of his first duchess, October 11, 1801, married June 23, 1803, Georgiana, daughter of Alexander, fourth duke of Gordon. Seven sons and three daughters were the issue of that marriage. His grace died October 30, 1839, and was succeeded by his eldest son Francis, the present peer, who was born May 13, 1788, and married August 8, 1808, to Anna Maria, daughter of Charles, earl of Harrington, by whom he has a son, William, marquis of Tavistock, born June 30, 1809.

Reviews.

Excursions in the Vicinity of London. [Cradock and Co.

We must find one fault with this publication—it is too short. More might have been made of the environs of our vast metropolis, and the writer, in what he has done, has proved himself so admirably fitted for the not useless task, that we must regret he did not go a little further. Within very circumscribed limits, however, he has given a great variety of useful intelligence, conveyed in a pleasing animated style, and enlivened with anecdotes and quotations, not lugged in head and shoulders, but gracefully supplied in illustration of the

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subject, that cannot fail to render it valuable to all who visit London, and wish to know its neighbourhood. It shows a cultivated mind, rich in literary history, and awake to every fair opportunity of rendering it available for the gratification of his readers. One brief extract will afford sufficient evidence of this, and probably send many a votary of the muses to the tomb of Gray.

"Arriving at the Slough station, eighteen miles from London, in less than three quarters of an hour, we shall alight from the train, and step into an omnibus, which, for sixpence a-piece, will promptly convey us to Windsor, the grand point of this day's destination. We must pause for a moment, however, to remark, that rather more than a mile north-west of Slough is an object which, from its historical and poetical associations, possesses considerable interest: we mean the village of Stoke Poges; a name which it derives from the circumstance of its manor having been carried, in marriage, by Amicia de Stoke to Robert Poges, one of the knights of the shire in the twelfth century. It subsequently passed through the families of Molyns, Huntingdon, and Hastings. Edward Lord Loughborough founded an hospital here, with a chapel in which he was himself interred. Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon, is supposed to have erected the mansion in Stoke Park, which afterwards became the seat of the Lord Chancellor Hatton. Sir Edward Coke next resided here, and, in 1601, was honoured with a visit from Queen Elizabeth, whom he entertained sumptuously, and presented with jewels, &c., to the value of £1000. The estate afterwards belonged to Anne Viscountess Cobham, on whose death it was purchased by Mr. Penn, one of the proprietors and founders of Pennsylvania. John Penn, Esq., his successor, took down the ancient mansion, and erected a noble residence on a more elevated site. About 300 yards from the north front of the house stands a handsome fluted column, sixty-eight feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke, by Rosa. He also rebuilt Lord Loughborough's Hospital. In Lady Cobham's time, Gray, the poet, whose aunt resided in the village, frequently visited Stoke Park, and, in 1747, he made it the scene of his 'Long Story,' in which the Elizabethan style of architecture is admirably described, and the fantastic manners of its time delineated with equal truth and humour.—The churchyard will ever be deemed interesting as the scene of Gray's immortal elegy. His remains were interred at its eastern end."

The following notices will entertain. Speaking of Hanwell we are told:

"Jonas Hanway, to whose benevolent exertions the country is indebted for the institution of the Marine Society, and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey, was buried in Hanwell church. Hanway, who had travelled in the East, first introduced the use of the umbrella in this country. So strong was the prejudice against this protective companion in a rainy day, that he carried one for two or three years before any persons were found to follow his example."

Of Osterly Park we read:

"The park was first inclosed by Sir Thomas Gresham, who also erected a noble edifice, in which he had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth in a truly magnificent style. Of the royal visit, Nichols, in his 'Progresses' of that sovereign, relates the subjoined amusing anecdote:—

"'Her Majesty found fault with the court of this house, affirming it would appear more handsome if divided by a wall in the middle. What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night-time sends for workmen to London, who so speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered the court double, which the night had left single before. It is questionable whether the Queen, next day, was more contented with the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof. Her courtiers disported themselves with their several expressions: some avowing it was no wonder he could so soon *change a building* who could *build a 'change*.'"

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Wolff's Progress.—Hope, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly are still living, increases as the doctor advances. In a letter dated Mesched, March 24th, 1844, the Doctor states that he had there met with Saleh Mahommed, whose circumstantial statement of the execution of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly was published in all the papers, and on the faith of which the name of Lieut.-Colonel Stoddart was, by her Majesty's government, erased from the list of the army, and that of Brevet Captain Conolly from the list of the East India Company's officers. The Doctor thus writes—"Saleh Mahommed told me that the two persons who were put to death, and of whom he gave a circumstantial account to Colonel Shiel, *may have been two other persons*, and that the executioner may have belied him. Besides this, I must confess that two things are suspicious to me in the extreme; he first told me that the executioner who told him the story, had been the executioner of Stod-

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dart; on another day, I asked him which of the two executioners had put Stoddart to death, he replied he did not know! He, moreovor, makes a claim upon Colonel Shiel for 120 tomans, which, I have learned from different quarters, he has already received from Major Todd." Dr. Wolff takes presents to the King of Bokhara of the value of between five hundred and six hundred gold tomans. He says—"I have written a most respectful letter to the Ameer of Bokhara, which I deliver myself. In this letter I remind His Majesty of the hospitable reception he granted to me when at Bokhara twelve years ago, and of my having boldly defended him in England and throughout Europe, when I heard him accused of being the murderer of guests. I also petition His Majesty most humbly to allow me to take back my friends to their native country; or, should they have died on account of any crime committed, to inform me of the nature of their crime, and to permit me to carry their corpses to England to be buried by their relatives. I gave this letter into the hands of the Sheik el Islam, of Mesched, who read it in the Mosque of Gower Shah, in the presence of five thousand people there assembled." The chief of the caravan of Bokhara, Mullah Kareem by name, who leaves that city every two months, and has a wife there, told me two days ago, that if any one asserts that he has seen the execution of the two Eelchies (ambassadors), he is a liar!"

Idiot Worshippers.—Strange as it may seem, in some countries idiots are regarded as the sacred depositories of eternal goodness and wisdom. A strange picture of this melancholy infatuation is presented to us by Mr. Hay in his "Western Barbary." He says, "We were met by a disgusting but not unfrequent spectacle in Morocco; it was a sainted maniac, naked as on the day of his birth, except a party-coloured sackcloth, which covered his shoulders and back; his hair was long and matted, and his beard extended to the middle of his breast; in his hand he carried a short spear, ornamented with plates of brass, and bits of red cloth. On approaching him our attendants dismounted, and bowing their heads, seized his hand and kissed it. My turn came next; and as I did not like to come to such close quarters, I threw him a small piece of money; upon which the poor creature jabbered some few words of thanks, and then stalking up to me with all the dignity of a bashaw, and an air of condescending patronage, seized the collar of my coat, and spat upon my eyes. I knew enough of the habits of the people to be aware that this was a high compliment, but I could not restrain myself from making a wry face upon the occasion; and I was pulling out my handkerchief to wipe off the filth, when the Mallem cried out, 'O blessed Nazarene, what God has given, let no man efface. Thou shalt be happy. Seedy Momoh, the inspired, has spat upon thee. Thou shalt be happy!' There is no use running in the teeth of superstition, so the holy spittle dried on my face. The madman or idiot is universally looked upon in West Barbary as a person to be held in reverence. The Moor tells you that God has retained their reason in heaven, whilst their body is on earth; and that when madmen or idiots speak, their reason is for the time permitted to return to them, and that their words should be treasured up as those of inspired persons. These wretched people are allowed to parade the streets in a state of nudity, and the maniacs sometimes prove most dangerous to unwary Europeans. A French consul-general some years ago was nearly killed by a sainted madman, and in 1830 I had a very narrow escape for my life from another. I happened to be walking on the sea-shore with my sister, immediately below the walls of the town of Tangier, when I espied above us a wild-looking fellow about seventy or eighty yards off, with a clotted head of hair that bespoke a sainted madman, aiming at me with his long gun, which he had rested on the wall. We were near a rock at the time, behind which we took refuge, and waited there a good while in the hope that the madman's patience would be worn out; but he did not stir, and the passers-by, whom I appealed to for their interference, shook their heads, muttered something about Seedy Tayeb, which proved to be the name of the saint, and went their way. In the meantime the tide was rising rapidly, and we had the unpleasant choice of being drowned or shot. We agreed it was better to risk the latter; so telling my sister to run off in another direction, I stepped forward, and gave him the preference of a standing shot. The maniac took aim and fired; and I heard the ball whiz into the water behind me. I was proceeding to run up to him by a path which led to that part of the town wall where he was standing, when I observed that he was coolly reloading his gun; and as the next shot at close quarters might have proved more effective, I thought the best thing I could do was to follow my sister; so I fairly took to my heels."

The Gatherer.

The Vow of the Peacock.—The Peacock was in the days of chivalry placed by our ancestors in strange company. On the occasion of a public festival, and between the

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courses of the repast, a troop of ladies brought in a peacock, *roasted in its feathers*, in a golden or silver dish. The hall was adorned with scenes, and wooden or other semblances of men, animals, or nature, all being expressive of the object for which the vow of the peacock was to be taken. Some knights then advanced, to the sound of solemn minstrelsy, to the *lord of the castle*, and presented two ladies, who bore between them the noble bird, in its splendid dish. In a brief speech, the ladies recommended themselves to his protection. The *lord* promised to make war upon the infidels, and sanctioned his resolution by appealing to God and the Virgin Mary, the Ladies, and the *Peacock.—Mills.*

Mr. Sequier's Engravings.—The produce of Mr. Sequier's engravings, recently offered for sale, was £2,800.

Rousseau the Painter.—The Duchess of Orleans, who on her marriage with the brother of Louis XIV, was compelled to be converted to the Catholic religion, used occasionally when alone to solace herself by singing Lutheran hymns. One day she writes, 'I did not know that M. Rousseau, was painting the orangery, but supposed I was quite alone in the gallery; so I sang quite aloud the sixth psalm, 'In thy great wrath, rebuke me not!' I had hardly sung the first verse, when M. Rousseau (who was one of the Reformed) came down in great haste from his scaffold, and fell at my feet. I thought the man must be crazy, and said to him, "Good heavens! M. Rousseau what is the matter with you?' 'Madame,' he replied, 'is it possible that you still remember our psalms and hymns? God bless you, and keep you in these good sentiments!' He had tears in his eyes."

Might and Main.—Lord Charles Somerset was telling a long story about his walking in the woods at the Cape one day, when he came suddenly upon a huge shaggy lion. "Thinking to frighten him," said the noble Lord, "I ran at him with all my might." "Whereupon," said another, interrupting, "he ran away with all his *mane*." "Just so," said his lordship.

Singular Custom in North Africa.—When the young corn has sprung up in February, the women of the villages make up the figure of a female, the size of a very large doll, which they dress in the gaudiest fashion with ornaments, to which all in the village contribute, and they give it a tall peaked head-dress. This image they carry in procession round their fields, screaming and singing. The doll is borne by the foremost woman, who must yield it to any one who is quick enough to take the lead of her, which is the cause of much racing and squabbling. The men also have a similar custom, which they perform on horseback. They call the image *Mata.—Hay.*

A young gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed testily, that they wanted to make a *butt* of him. "No, my good sir," said Mr. Colman, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

Purity of Election.—It was in the early part of the reign of George III, according to Lord Mahon, that the sale of boroughs to any wide extent, commenced. One borough went so far as to advertise publicly for a buyer; this was Sudbury, which seems in modern times to have in no degree declined from its ancient reputation. An abominable practice likewise arose of evading the penalties of bribery by a simulated sale of trifling articles at exorbitant prices. "When I first took up my freedom," says the elector, in Foote, "I could get but thirty guineas for a new pair of jack-boots, whilst my neighbour over the way had a fifty pound note for a pair of wash-leather breeches!"

The Ladies of Sikh.—"Two or three ponds," writes Lieut. Barr, in his "Journal," "lie close to Harikè, and in one immediately fronting us was a party of grown-up women bathing themselves without a single article of covering on; nor did our presence seem at all to disconcert them, for they went on with their ablutions as if quite unconscious of the indelicacy of the act. Such, however, is a common occurrence in the Punjâb."

Leipsic Fair.—The Leipsic Catalogue of its Easter book-fair exceeds, in the number of its works, all previous publications. German translations are very numerous; and it may be significant of modern German taste in imaginative literature, that there are no less than *ten* versions of M. Eugène Sue's *Mystères de Paris.*

Angels.

Sweet is the thought that angels are on earth!
Reason and the unerring word confirm
The truth that they unceasing watch the germ.
Of immortality—of untold worth.
How great to imitate their office here!
To raise the drooping head with anguish bowed,
While pointing to hope's rainbow in the cloud,
Which covenanted mercy bade appear.
Such did each bright intelligence, when he,
The "man of sorrows," sunk upon the ground;
When tears of blood trac'd in Gethsemene
The record of strict judgment's poignant wound.
And we, tho' trammell'd in these bonds of clay,
Can soothing minister till we are blest as they.

L. M. S.

On seeing the History of Ireland by Dr. Smiles,

Disturbed too long by Treason's voice,
By Tyrant's or by Tempter's wiles,
How must humanity rejoice
Since Ireland's known at last by *Smiles.*

LONDON: Printed and Published by AIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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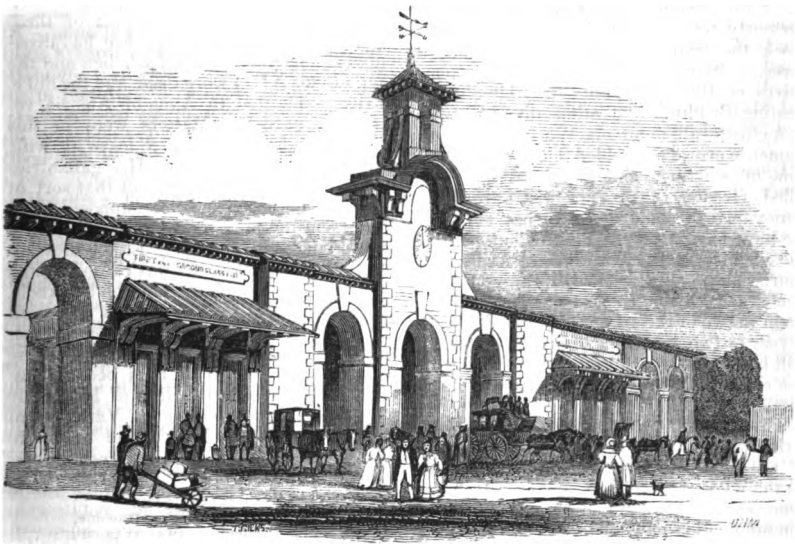
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 24.] SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1844. [VOL. 1. 1844.



Original Communications.

THE BRICKLAYER'S ARMS TERMINUS OF THE SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

Whatever railways may ultimately prove to the country, or to the companies through whom they "move and have their being," their onward course cannot now be stayed. In the county of Kent alone several important lines have lately been planned, and some of them are actually in progress. Though it was the first metropolitan county to present one complete, it has since been left behind by Surrey, Middlesex, and Essex, in this iron race. It now promises to make up for lost time. From the Eastern Counties a road is proposed to Tilbury Fort. Passengers are then to be ferried over to Gravesend, where another new railroad is to carry them on to Dover. From East Greenwich to Blackwall, a *chemin de fer* is contemplated, which is to pass near Woolwich, and through Plumstead to Dartford and Gravesend, while several others propose to go from the Greenwich Railroad, by Woolwich, and yet others are announced to extend from Gravesend to Stroud, Rochester, and Chatham.

Till lately the stations at New Cross and London Bridge, were the nearest points to which parties going from the east or west of London to the Dover Railroad could repair. The terminus, which is the subject of our cut, will be found extremely convenient to an immense body of persons resident in Walworth, St. George's Fields, and their neighbourhoods. Passing through the turnpike in the Dover Road, in front of the Bricklayer's Arms, it lies about half-way between that and the turnpike by the Green Man. It is on the left-hand side of the road, going from London, and the approach to it is most commodious. Some idea of the structure may be formed from a glance at the engraving.

It is not so gorgeous as the entrance or terminus to the London and Birmingham Railway, and it would not perhaps be easy

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to give a reason why gates and offices constructed to regulate the transit of passengers, for the most part not claiming to belong to the highest classes of society, should rival a palace in magnificence. There appears to be everything the officers of the company, or those on whom it will be their duty to attend, can in reason expect. On the western side, a noble shed or covered way for private vehicles to stand in, has been prepared, which is 370 feet in extent from back to front.

On more than one occasion the sufficiency of the arrangements have already been seriously tested. During the Whitsun-week the trains ran at greatly reduced fares. Immense numbers availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered for visiting Brighton and other distant places at a cheap rate; and on Whit-Monday an immense crowd assembled long before the time of starting, and every carriage was filled. Great as the pressure was, beyond the annoyance of some delay before starting, we have have heard of no accident. From the vicinity of the Bricklayers' Arms, the tourist may now start for Brighton, Folkestone, and Dover, certain of approaching them in two or three hours, and no doubt, in a year or two, by means of branch-roads, he will be able to reach any populous part of the country at present comparatively inaccessible with equal facility.

This is not the time and place for speculating on what may be the ultimate effect of the vast change now made by railroads on the whole face of the country. It, however, cannot be doubted that "the rapid communication now effected between places remote from each other, is working a mighty change in different parts of the empire." The advocates of the new system anticipate extraordinary benefits from that change. Among them they calculate on vast tracts of land hitherto left fallow being brought into cultivation, and the strong case of Chat Moss, over which the Manchester and Liverpool Railway passes, is adduced in support of this opinion. Thousands of acres there, were formerly let to turf-cutters at 1s. per acre. They are now, in consequence of the small expense of conveying manure to the spot, rendered fertile, and produce as good crops of wheat as any to be found in the surrounding country. Property, in most cases, is greatly improved in value, wherever a railroad passes. That circumstance has caused many, formerly adverse to them, to become their warmest friends. The land generally, lying contiguous to the Manchester and Liverpool railway, advanced from 30 to 50 per cent. after the completion of this undertaking.

HENRY DE LORRAINE, THE LAST DUKE OF GUISE.

(Continued from page 359.)

It was Honoria de Glimes, the widow of the count de Bossu, that had captivated his heart, and made him, as she fondly believed, her own for ever. The marriage ceremony was performed by a bishop, one of the lady's relations, who thought by this union much was done for the exaltation of the family. The grounds on which it was afterwards attempted to annul the marriage are variously reported. In the course of three years, the duke's extravagance had dissipated the lady's fortune. Richelieu and the king (Louis XIII) were dead, and the duke, having submitted to Anne of Austria, received a pardon. Matters were in this state, when he thought fit to leave his wife, and reappear in Paris. His gallantries had gained him notoriety; not that sort of fame, it might have been supposed, that would entitle him to the suffrages of the ladies, but such it proved. Either they believed that his fickleness was caused by the failings of those before whom he had knelt, or the fair ones to whom his suit was next preferred thought their brighter charms would achieve for them the glory of fixing for ever one who had till then been inconstant. He entered the lists of love again with all his former vivacity. Variety was the goddess he worshipped, and he might have taken for his motto the aspirations of a modern libertine:—

> "'Tis not that I expect to find
> A more devoted friend or true one,
> With rosier cheek or sweeter mind,
> It is enough that she's a *new one*."

His heart, or at least his attentions, were now drawn to the beautiful Madame de Montbazon, which involved him in a singular, and to a man of just feeling, a very unhappy affair.

The duchess de Longueville, sister to the great Condé, was then in her bloom, and engaged in that career of dissipation which she long pursued in contempt of decorum; at last to astonish as much by her sanctity, as she had previously shocked the virtuous portion of her sex by her depravity: Madame de Montbazon was jealous of her charms. By her contrivance, some amatory letters were put forward as from the pen of the duchess, which the latter denied having written. The courtly admirers of the rival beauties took up the quarrel in their name. A duel was the consequence. the count de Coligni was the duchess's knight, the duke of Guise drew his sword in the cause of Madame de Montbazon; and it has been well remarked, "the lineal representatives of the great Guise, and the equally great admiral de Coligni, who fought with the fate of a kingdom and its religion,

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on their swords, now waged as deadly a war about a lady's love-letters." Fortune favoured de Lorraine—Coligni was wounded and disarmed; he died a few months after of the wounds he received, or of the excessive grief which overwhelmed him for having failed in a cause so momentous. Madame de Montbazon was, however, soon exiled from the court. The *liaison* was in consequence broken off, and the duke, with all his wonted eagerness, was ready to seek new adventures.

Mademoiselle de Pons next caught his eye; she was a member of the highly descended family of D'Albret. To his passion she lent a deaf ear whilst he accosted her in the ordinary tone of a man of pleasure. It was only as his future wife that she would give the least encouragement to his suit; marriage was her *sine quâ non*. He would have complied with her terms, but his Flemish wife, who would not consent to be put aside, stood in the way. It was resolved that he should apply to the pope for a divorce; and while this was pending, he made two campaigns in Flanders with those mirthful volunteers who entered the trenches attended by violins and all the elegant frivolities of the ball room. In the war he greatly distinguished himself; but though said to be crowned with glory, on his return he did not find, what has been called the "warrior's best reward," the smiles of beauty, awaiting him. Mademoiselle de Pons gave him a cold reception; she deemed him more enamoured of fame than of her, and complained of the manner in which the divorce first lingered, as if he could have been expected to control "the law's delay." Her murmurings, or information he had obtained, made him of opinion that his agents neglected his interest, and he announced it to be his determination to set out for Rome in person, to persuade the pope to hasten his decision. This gave the lady some satisfaction, which was, however, in a considerable degree alloyed when he insisted that she should take up her abode in a convent during his absence. With reluctance she consented to withdraw for a season from the gay world.

To Rome the duke went in the autumn of 1646, and craftily set to work to get the pope to act as his puppet. He found Innocent X in a state of great excitement, in consequence of some disrespect shown to him by the French ambassador, which made him exceedingly anxious to thwart all the views of Cardinal Mazarin. That minister wished, at this juncture, to see his brother, the archbishop of Aix, made a cardinal, an honour seldom conferred on two members of one family. The pope shed tears of rage while speaking on this subject; Guise saw his weakness, and undertook to ruin those who were his enemies at the French court. Innocent, the head of the christian church, panting for revenge, embraced his visitor, and at his suggestion, consented to bestow the cardinal's hat on the archbishop. So much being accomplished, Guise flattered himself that the pope and the French ministers were equally in his favour.

Then it was, that the news which daily arrived from Naples caused him to give way to ambition, or as he persuaded himself, the former became a spur to the latter. To place Mademoiselle de Pons on a throne, which her charms were so well fitted to grace, would be a triumph indeed! He questioned the sailors and merchants—the principal source from which foreign intelligence could be derived—as to the real state of things, and was told that 170,000 men in arms impatiently waited for him to put himself at their head.

In every thing, "madness ruled the hour," in what concerned Naples. He believed the story told to him, and at the same time, a crazy person, named Luigi del Ferro, thought fit to appoint himself ambassador from France, and actually got himself recognised in that character by the poor creature who had succeeded Massaniello in the leadership of the discontented, Gennaro Annese. Del Ferro promised, in the French king's name, that a million of gold, fifty ships of war, thirty gallies, ten vessels laden with corn, fifty pieces of cannon, twelve thousand foot, with a vast supply of ammunition, should be immediately forthcoming for the use of Naples, under the direction of the duke of Guise. These reports got round to the duke; he knew they were not all correct, but he believed there was something in them, and thought it would be advisable for him to appear in Naples before the French armament should arrive, lest the duke of Anjou or the prince of Conti should be preferred to him. Mazarin consented to the duke's proceeding to Naples for the purpose of turning the Spaniards out; he called upon his brother and mother to plunder all they could lay their hands on, to assist him on this great occasion. His mother sent him her jewels, valued at 10,000 crowns; and various persons, favourable to his adventure, and hoping when he came into his kingdom to be remembered, helped him to considerable supplies. Accompanied by all the French in Rome, who attended him on horseback to the point from which he was to embark, he caused the trumpets to sound a blast of defiance as he passed the hotel in which the Spanish ambassador resided. "Guise," said the duke, "must not go to war in silence." But he did not carry with him exactly the imposing force which had been announced by the pretended ambassador. Instead of fifty ships of war and 16,000 men, his re-

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tinue consisted of twenty-two men, including the Neapolitan envoys, and a fleet of three brigantines and eight feluccas. He ran great risk of being captured on the way by the Spaniards, but happily reached the land, and was received with transports of joy.

What was the surprise of the proud Henry de Lorraine when he was introduced to the pitiful ragamuffin Annese, a little, ill-made, very black man, wearing a buff coat with red velvet sleeves, and scarlet inexpressibles! The duke presented him with a letter from some high persons favourable to his cause; it was received, turned over and over, and then returned with an acknowledgement that he could not read, and begging to be informed what it was about.

If this seemed strange, not less was he amazed when the ambassador from France was announced, and Luigo del Ferro, without a hat, two great chaplets about his neck, on one of which, he hastened to explain, "he prayed for the king, and on the other for the people." This eccentric approached with a drawn sword in his hand, which he threw away, and fell sprawling all along at the duke's feet, and proceeded to embrace his legs and to kiss his feet. The duke raised the pretended ambassador, but knew not how to deal with him. There was so much burlesque in the whole scene, that he suspected, and with ample reason, that Del Ferro was mad. To him, all that he saw was an inexplicable mystery, and not the least remarkable feature in the scene was the deplorable Annese, wearing three pistols in his girdle, carrying a blunderbuss in his hand, yet, at the slightest movement without, trembling from fear.

(To be continued.)

THE PREDECESSORS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

An article in the first number of the *North British Review* has recently appeared, ascribed to Dr. Pye Smith. It brings before us some striking facts and solemn reasonings on the various creations which philosophers suppose to have preceded the formation of man. The doctor refers to the memoir read by Cuvier in 1796, at the first sitting of the National Institute, "On the Species of Fossil Elephants, compared with Living Species," in which he demonstrates that the fossil elephant differs from all living species, and that it is an extinct species, now lost. He undertook to prove the [illegible] respect to other animals. "May to be[illegible]id he, "why we find so many land ge[illegible]known animals, whilst we can Mancheste[illegible]h we can rank among the vanced from know? We may see how completion of they have all belonged [illegible]orld anterior to ours—to beings destroyed by revolutions of the earth, and to beings which have been replaced by existing species."

Surrounded by the *exuviæ* of former creations, the task assigned to Cuvier, the article goes on to state, was to restore the fragments to their former positions. By great labour he succeeded in tracing their connection, and re-established 168 vertebrated animals, which form fifty distinct genera, of which fifteen are entirely new; and, reckoning the additions which have since been made, there is reason to believe that the species of extinct animals are more numerous than the living ones.

But Cuvier found that the differences of structure between fossil and recent animals increase with the age of the deposit in which the former are found, and that these differences mark the age of the deposits themselves. As the primitive rocks exhibit no traces of plants or animals, he concluded that there was a time when no living beings existed upon the earth; and that, before the creation of man, the world was inhabited by at least *three* different generations of animals, which had been successively created and destroyed.

It is supposed with reason, if the subject be not too grand for our feeble reason, that the creation of vegetable bodies preceded the creation of the animals that were to devour them. The stately pine, the gigantic equisetaceæ, and the lofty palm, waved in the primeval forests, and the sea and the land were inhabited only by a small number of the marine mammalia, and scarcely any of the terrestrial mammalia.

We then arrive at this startling conclusion, that among the earliest inhabitants of the globe were reptiles of enormous magnitude, the *Megalosaurus*, being upwards of seventy feet long; the *Ichthyosaurus*, above thirty feet in length; the *Plesiosaurus*, an animal combining the trunk of an ordinary quadruped, with a neck like the body of a serpent, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, and the paddles of a whale; and the *Pterodactyle*, the most extraordinary of extinct animals, uniting the characters of a bird, a bat, a reptile, and a quadruped!

In the *second* period the terrestrial mammalia increase in number, and we have along with them numerous *Pachydermata* or animals with thick skins, such as the Paleotherium and Anopletherium, and other genera of aquatic animals, which dwelt on the margin of lakes and rivers. In the first of these extinct genera the species vary in size, from the rhinoceros to the hog. These and other species, nearly fifty in number, were discovered by Cuvier in the fresh water formations of Montmartre near Paris.

In the *third* period lived the *Mammoth*, the *Mastodon*, the *Hippopotamus*, and those

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huge *Sloths*, the Megatherium and the Megalonyx, the giants of the natural world, the grandest and the last specimens of that extraordinary population over which man never swayed the sceptre.

The lion and the tiger are supposed to be the successors of the creatures last mentioned. Up to this stage, no traces of man or of his labours can be detected, and this gives the remarkable result that the three periods have been succeeded by a *fourth*, in which the Almighty planted man upon the earth, and created, as his subjects and his servants, those races of living beings which occupy the surface of our globe, and inhabit the depths of its oceans.

Referring to the Mosaic record of the creation, the article to which we have referred comes to this conclusion: "The records of faith now stand on the same level with the records of reason. Truth, brought down from on high, harmonises with truth excavated from below; and the humble Christian who refused to surrender his cherished volume to the taunts of reason, now holds it with a firmer grasp, and scans the series of creations which science has revealed, but as the harbinger of that latest exercise of divine power which gave birth to man, and placed him over a new animal world.

"But the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the creation is not the only, or even the chief result of geological discovery. The commencement of organic life in plants and animals of the first period, and its higher and progressive developement in different orders of beings, leads us back to that beginning which was so long veiled from human reason; while the successive destruction of successive creations carries us forward to the terminus of our own period—to that "day of the Lord, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works which are therein, shall be burned up."

The Omnipotent may have designs to work out, of which we and all we behold are but the preliminary instruments. To us, it is possible, commanding beings will succeed, as different from us as the lion is from the megalosaurus, more superior to us than we are to the monkey.

We need say nothing to fix the reader's mind on the reflections which follow:

"Should this, apparently last period of animal life, be one in which man is to exercise his faculties in the investigation of his Maker's works, the fossil geology of the world we now inhabit will exhibit deposits not less interesting than those which embosom the gigantic framework of mammoths and mastodons. How interesting will be the excavations in which the buried cities of modern Europe will re-appear in their ruined grandeur; how strange the discovery of submerged navies embalmed in their ocean beds; or the foundered ship with its imprisoned skeletons; or the battle-field, with its prostrate warriors; or the hallowed cemetery, crowded with the relics of youth and age, and crushed beneath their tablets of marble, and their monuments of bronze!

ELEGY ON PALACE YARD.

(For the Mirror.)

A few short years, St. Stephen's stage no more
Shall boast its party combats, fell and fierce;
No more the midnight Williams there shall bore,
Or the vexed ear the cry of "Question!" pierce.

No more the cock shall crow, or donkey bray,*
Within those sacred, venerable halls,
But dreary silence in their stead bear sway,
Or startled echoes boom along the walls.

No more George Canning from yon rails shall see
The patient belted groom in Palace Yard,
Holding the horse, until the sage M.P.
Has passed a law, or a wise law has marr'd.

Young England's waistcoat in that house no more
Shall greet the startled eye of Premier Peel;
Nor D'Israeli his "curt phrases" pour,
Which in one sentence all the truth reveal.†

Tom Duncombe there no more shall urge "the points,"
And aid the charter with a friendly jog;
No more O'Connell there, of many joints,
Shall load the air with a despairing brogue.

There never more shall Whig and Tory play
The ancient game into each other's hands,
While old John Bull or young Jack Calf, to pay,
With gaping mouth, all unresisting stands.

Westminster's old Debating Club must "flit,"
The ancient house a modern taste condemns.
The Commons now must pour its sense and wit,
Close to the common sewer of the Thames.

A graceful structure, too, and chaste withal,
What Dilettante well names "magnifique,"
Will be the new supra palatial hall,
Which rises rapidly from week to week.

Will a new phase, henceforth, of English story,
With this new palace, its fair form unfold,
And shall peace, now, not slaughter, be the glory
Of England—England young or England old?

Shall a new spirit, now, and a new hope,
Preside o'er motives, and direct all motions?
And shall the people be "well off for soap?"
Or will M.P's still scout such vulgar notions

Will they still blink the spirit of the times,
And worship still the thousand vested wrongs,
And dignify the warriors' bloody crimes,
With honour which to peaceful art belongs.

There is a text (we mean it not unkind)
Might give them pause, though back'd with arms and navies,
Grant that "Young England" bear it well in mind:
"*Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves.*"

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* The *tedium* of a long debate, the reader may not be aware, has sometimes been enlivened by a senatorial imitation of shrill chanticleer, or of the melody of the respectable quadruped mentioned in the stanza.

† Vide Coningsby, *passim*.

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SLAVERY FOR EVER, IN THE UNITED STATES.

The declaration of American independence—that boast of the United States—opens with the solemn declaration, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it." Who, after this, would imagine, that in this free and happy republic, slavery could exist at all? Yet there it is found, and in all its disgusting forms. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his recent "Excursion through the United States of America," gives a startling picture of its horrors. One scene he thus describes:—

"It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start; they had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night *in chains* in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchec, upon the Mississippi river, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine waggons and single-horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people, and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were, some of them, sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood, in double files, about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other*. I had never seen so revolting a sight before. Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on, *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars."

This is hideous: and many and many monstrous instances of cruelty to the negroes are given by the traveller. How humiliating are such scenes to a civilized nation! how brutalizing are such advertisements as the following, copied from the "Vicksburg Daily Whig"!

"A very likely negro man, aged 26.—200,000 feet of seasoned lumber.—50 acclimated slaves, consisting of men, women, boys, girls, and a few children.—5,000lb. of hogsheads and jowls.—A likely negro girl, 13 years old.—10 half barrels of mackarels.—A likely woman and her two children.—150 cwt. of mess pork.—Several likely negroes.

"A reward of £5 is offered for the recovery of a 'dark brown mare,' and a 'negro boy,' captured on suspicion of being 'a runaway,' is advertised as being 'committed to gaol,' until the owner comes forward, pays charges, and takes him away; failing which, the boy will be dealt with as the law directs."

The subject has been forced on the attention of the British public at the present moment by the absurd conduct of a certain United States judge. This foolish person, Judge O'Neill, stung by the well-merited contempt, elicited by a display of his eloquence from the justice-seat, appears in the somewhat original character of an American judge defending, as a correspondent to a Scotch newspaper, the language he had used in sentencing a poor man to death. The imputed crime was, that the prisoner had assisted a female negro, of whom he was enamoured, to escape from slavery! For this, the laws of the United States, which it is but fair to add were framed in England, condemned the offender to death. The judge was not blamed for the law, but for the solemn foolery and disgraceful alacrity with which he brought religious admonition to assist the atrocious decree he had to pronounce. He called on the trembling wretch to reflect on the magnitude of the crime he had committed, and to prepare to meet that God he had so fearfully offended (in snatching a fellow-creature from bondage), by sincere repentance of an act which he knew to have originated in love. This outrageous trash the learned judge vindicates on the ground that it was not only to prepare the man to die, but it was addressed to him that he might be restored to freedom a better man! Which was the true object, it was hardly worth while to enquire? In either case, it is clear that Judge O'Neill is an ass.

But what most forcibly arrests attention is the gay convivial declaration of an American judge in 1844, that slavery is that which the virtuous republicans do not regard as a necessary evil, but cherish as any unqualified good. It is that "which they

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do not wish to get rid of," according to Judge O'Neill.

This is really surprising. Such language is strangely at variance with the sentiment which formerly prevailed. Mr. Jefferson for instance, viewed it in a different light. These were his meditations on the subject:

"The existence of slavery in its most hideous form, in a country of absolute freedom in most respects, is one of those extraordinary anomalies for which it is impossible to account. No man was more sensible of this than Jefferson, nor more anxious that so foul a stain on the otherwise free constitutions of the United States should be wiped away. His sentiments on this subject, and on the peculiar situation of his countrymen in maintaining slavery, are thus given in a communication to one of his friends: 'What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must await with patience the workings of an overruling providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full,—when their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness,—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality.'"—Vol. ii., p. 144.

But the apologists for the system, say slavery is but a name. Is it? Let the following facts, including a specimen of another judge's religion, from Stuart's "Three Years' in North America," speak for the fact.

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman at Charleston, to a friend of his at New York, published in the New York newspapers while I was there, contains a more shocking account of the public sales of slaves:—"Curiosity sometimes leads me to the auction sales of the negroes. A few days since, I attended one which exhibited the beauties of slavery in all their sickening deformity. The bodies of these wretched beings were placed upright on a table, their physical proportions examined, their defects and beauties noted. 'A prime lot, here they go!' There I saw the father looking sullen contempt upon the crowd, and expressing an indignation in his countenance that he dare not speak; and the mother, pressing her infants closer to her bosom with an involuntary grasp, and exclaiming in wild and simple earnestness, while the tears chased down her cheeks in quick succession, 'I can't leff my children! I won't leff my children!' but on the hammer went, reckless alike whether it united or sundered for ever. On another stand, I saw a man apparently as white as myself exposed for sale.

"But the most horrible butchery of slaves which has ever taken place in America, was the execution of thirty-five of them on the lines near Charleston, in the month of July, 1822, on account of an alleged conspiracy against their masters. The whole proceedings are monstrous. Sixty-seven persons were convicted before a court, consisting of a justice of the peace, and freeholders, without a jury. The evidence of slaves not upon oath was admitted against them, and, after all, the proof was extremely scanty. Perrault, a slave, who had himself been brought from Africa, was the chief witness. He had been torn from his father, who was very wealthy, and a considerable trader in tobacco and salt on the coast of Africa. He was taken prisoner, and was sold, and his purchaser would not give him up, although three slaves were offered in his stead. The judge's address, on pronouncing sentence of death on this occasion, on persons sold to slavery and servitude, and who, if they were guilty, were only endeavouring to get of it in the only way in their power, seems monstrous. He told them that the servant who would be false to his master would be false to his God, that the precept of St. Paul was to obey their masters in all things, and of St. Peter, to be subject to their masters with all fear, and that, had they listened to such doctrines, they would not now have been arrested by an ignominious death.

"The proceedings of this trial made some noise at the time. An official account of it was published, in which the execution of so great a number of persons was justified by the precedent of George the Second, who executed fifty-four of the first men in Britain for the rebellion of 1745."

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER X.—DUELLING.

The almost universal vice of gaming, the habit of constantly wearing dress swords, the political enthusiasm which prevailed, and the fashionable practice of what was called "intriguing," were the principal causes to which the majority of the duels which disgraced the eighteenth century traced their origin. Add to this that there were then no policemen to intrude upon the privacy of the combatants, plenty of

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green fields in the neighbourhood of London, and, finally, none but miserable oil lamps to light the streets, and under all these favourable circumstances, a duel became an event of every-day life. Each paltry squabble was decided by a duel—every dispute was followed by a combat—and the persons who had been discussing some political question in the coffee-room, staking their property at the gaming-table, or toasting their respective mistresses at the banquet, scarcely considered their discussion or their game, or their evening's amusement concluded, until they had retired to some of the neighbouring meadows, and, perchance, run each other through the body.

I remember reading in a magazine of the year 1770, a paragraph—not as it would be now-a-days, emblazoned forth in extra type, and garnished with notes of admiration—but simply narrating, as if merely an ordinary occurrence, that "as Mr. C——— was, yesterday, passing the Adelphi Coffee House, he was met by Mr. A———, with whom he had had a slight dispute. Mr. A——— dragged him into the coffee-room, and, locking the door, presented him with a loaded pistol, and levelling one himself, desired him to fire. The pistols being discharged without effect, Mr. A——— drew his sword, and called on Mr. C——— to defend himself, but the report of the pistols and the clashing of the weapons attracting the notice of a club which was assembled in the adjoining room, the door was broken open, and the combatants separated without farther injury. "We understand," adds the chronicler, "that the quarrel arose in the heat of a discussion at the 'Political Debating Society's' meeting."

A duel then was a very economic sort of thing—there was no outlay required in the purchase of pistols—no expensive excursion to Wimbledon Common or Wormwood Scrubbs. A sword and a pistol were always near at hand; and an angry partisan or a ruined gamester was converted into a mutilated corpse in infinitely less time than is now occupied in selecting a place of rendezvous. Did the stranger who sat opposite to you in your box at Button's, differ in opinion from you? did the blackleg with whom you had just completed a game at loo cozen you out of your estate? did your friend refuse to acknowledge the superiority in beauty of your mistress over his? there was no other remedy than a duel, and a duel was accordingly arranged and fought—frequently, even in the room in which the dispute arose. A half-pay officer, or a retired captain, who "had a taste that way," although frequently an entire stranger to both the parties concerned, was always ready to act as second to either of them, and while the drowsy watchman was slumbering in his box, a mortal wound was often given and received in the very streets of London. The laws which professed to punish murder just as they now profess to punish drunkenness, were seldom or never put in force against the crime of duelling; and it soon became an offence connived at and tolerated, and even often practised, by the authorities themselves. And this was *honour*—and it was the same blood-thirsty "honour" for which highwaymen and footpads, and murderers of every description, except duellists, justly forfeited their lives at Tyburn; yet those who killed a fellow-creature for "honour's sake," only established their reputation as *heroes*, while he who could plead a still poor, but yet far stronger, palliation of his crime—poverty and starvation—paid the penalty of his offence with life.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ABINGER.

Arms. Chequy or. and gu., a lion rampant, erm. on a canton az., a castle triple towered, arg.
Crest. A Tuscan column chequy, or. and gu., supported on either side by a lion's joint, erm. erased, gu.
Supporters. Two angels vested, arg.; tunics, az.; wings, or; in the exterior hand of each, a sword in bend, p. p. r.; pommel and hilt, gold.
Motto. Suis stat viribus.—"He rests on his own strength."

The motto of the family seems not inappropriate to the late owner of the title. He certainly depended on his own talents and energy, and not on the glories of a long line of by-gone ancestors. He was the grandson of Robert Scarlett, Esq., of the island of Jamaica, where the family appear to have settled shortly after the conquest of the colony. That gentleman married Elizabeth Anglin, by whom he left a son, Philip Anglin, who became the father of the late lord Abinger; as also of a son, named Robert, whose son, Sir William Anglin, was chief justice of Jamaica.

Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Sir James, and finally lord Abinger, married, August 22, 1792, Louisa Henrietta, third daughter of Peter Campbell, Esq., of Kilmory, in Argyleshire, by whom he had three sons,

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Robert Campbell, James Youke, and Peter Campbell, and two daughters. He went to the bar early in life, rose to eminence in his profession, was attorney-general under the duke of Wellington's administration, and became chief baron of the exchequer in December, 1834. In the following year he was elevated to the peerage. He died at Bury St. Edmund's, April 7, 1844.

Robert Campbell Scarlett, the second lord Abinger, succeeded to the title on the death of the late lord. He, like his father, was a barrister-at-law. He was born September 5, 1794, and married, July 19, 1824, Sarah, second daughter of George Smith, Esq., formerly chief justice of the Mauritius. By that lady he has issue, William Frederick, born August, 30, 1826; and James Henry Laurence, born January 19, 1830; besides daughters.

USELESS LEARNING.

BY JOHN BYRNE,

Late Professor of Mathematics in the Columbian College, Washington, United States.

"The history of men's follies," says the inimitable Fontenelle, "makes no small part of our learning; and, unhappily for us, much of our knowledge terminates there." But if there be one folly greater than another, it is the having the mind stored with a large amount of useless learning. Yet this is the reason why men who have spent a long apprenticeship at college very often become useless members of society.

The superfluities of life should follow only after the necessaries—so it is with knowledge. Society calls forth from the mind what she calls forth from the soil—useful products. Reason should be cultivated more than memory; nor is the bare acquisition of new ideas of any real advantage, unless they be such as are adapted to the circumstances of our wants and occasions, or be capable of becoming so. We have very few instances of men who advanced the interests of society, whether by machinery, manufacture, politics, or morality, that have not been drawn out into a sphere of active life, to perform a more or less conspicuous part. The chief object of an education is to prepare us for some useful and important vocation of active life. This is the essence of true merit—aside from this, learning is not worthy of its name. It is all the same to the present generation, whether the ecliptic will coincide with the equator in two or three millions of years—whether the Medea of Sophocles or Ovid's Metamorphoses best illustrates the doctrine of space and infinity—if the mind of man be placed in the brain or the spinal marrow, or whether it be a spirit or an assemblage of monadical particles—if the mountains were formed at the creation, or produced by a deluge—whether the falls of Niagara will take 16,000 or 20,000 years to work their way into Lake Erie, or if what is called matter has sensation, in the same manner as it has gravitation; with a multitude of other *ifs* and *whethers*. Everything now-a-days is a *science*; but science is useless knowledge, unless it become subservient to human purposes, and under the direction of human reason. We would not give a straw for all the senseless prattle about the claims of one of the heathen gods over another; nor do we care whether Jupiter was born upon Mount Ida, or upon the hill of Lycotus. It makes no difference to the present inhabitants of the globe, though Venus was lovely, and Minerva wise; though Janus was worshipped as the ruler of the year and all human fortunes; though Leda brought forth an egg only to Jupiter, or one to both Jupiter and Pyndarus; and though Psyche, the pure, devoted Pysche, was the daughter of a king, or of Sol and Constancy, it makes no matter: all this sort of pretended knowledge has never advanced commerce or agriculture, nor can it improve manufacture. Will it aggrandise art, or enlarge science? Will it lessen the fuel or friction of our steam-engines? Can it harmonise society, or prevent men from deceiving and calumniating each other? No—it is all useless learning. We are formed to count, measure, and weigh, without engaging in a labyrinth of philosophical absurdities of first causes, which has been so long honoured by the name of science. In short, let us hold in contempt all those kinds of philosophy which do not tend to make mankind happy; which give us false notions of our duty to ourselves and our neighbour; which do not teach us to regulate our conduct; which fill our minds with uncouth terms, incomprehensible theories, or ill-founded conjectures; which do not give us a clearer idea of the author of nature than what we may acquire from his works, and the wonders that are every day passing before our sight. But if there be one thing to be more dreaded than another, it is an inveterate love for reading works of fiction, and especially for roaming in the boundless literary deserts of some of our trashy periodicals, with their effeminate tales and butterfly poetry.

It is all useless learning; and the time absorbed in weakening the mind with the paltry, effeminate stuff, is a blot on our lives, diminishing instead of lengthening. All those tender, charming love-tales, that suit ladies and gentlemen of independent

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fortunes, who only seek an agreeable amusement in reading, have their day, but then vanish into utter oblivion, like many of our metaphysical phantoms, or the dreams of a sick man; while the fruits of useful knowledge and industry are permanent, and remain to eternity. Again, what solid benefit does a student receive from the majority of the public lectures at college? Though rather opposed to the popular doctrine, we have very little faith in the knowledge derived from this mode of instruction. It certainly will not make scholars: and those who just get a smattering of science, are proverbially the worst kind of bores. Those we encounter every day,—they know that water will find its level; that the atmosphere presses with the force of fifteen pounds on the square inch; that all that is gained in power is lost in time; and the angle of 45° is an angle of *all-work* with those *scientific* gentry. Although not knowing the difference between discount and interest, they will suggest several plans of paying the national debt; without understanding the adjustment of a sextant or theodolite, they have many schemes to effect perpetual motion; and *squaring the circle* is a favourite hobby, yet not being able to distinguish between the circumscribed, inscribed, and escribed circles of a triangle. Knowledge and learning cannot be acquired without exertion. Those who aspire to possess these distinctions must prove, by industry and perseverance, that they deserve them. There are books to be studied and experiments to be gone through with. There are certainly great evils in the prevalence of this college-going spirit, and, in short, in all our lecture-mania; it begets in the minds of its disciples a superficial, trashy kind of accomplishments, or rather the reputation for accomplishments; for mankind generally are fonder of appearing to know something, than of seeking after knowledge.

The system must be faulty that dubs a man A.B., or A.M., merely from his sitting still and listening to a routine of discourses, which are generally unconnected, or trivial, and often senseless. These are facts, of course, that almost every one knows; but "nothing," says Montaigne, "is so firmly believed as that which we least know;" for which reason Plato said, "that it is more easy to satisfy my hearers with a discourse about the nature of the gods than of men."

We speak to the intelligent. If you wish to benefit yourself, or the community in which you live, measure in your mind only that knowledge upon which the grand pillars of society rest for its peace and happiness. Fame sought in this channel is lasting. Knowledge of this kind is always in demand. It is from this acquirement that we daily see instances of men, who never were crowned with the lowest collegiate honour, soar into the high heavens of intellectual greatness, and win the esteem and admiration of the world. Let it not be understood that we undervalue the consideration of speculative philosophy; no, but we must distinguish between chimerical speculations and demonstrable theories; the former can never produce any thing which is not imaginary, and which does not vanish like the dreams of alchymy, or the idle reveries of judicial astrology; while the latter stands immutable amidst all the ravages of time, and ultimately must have a practical application. For instance, the conical pendulum of *Huygens* remained useless for ages, until Watt converted it into a most efficient regulator of the steam-engine. And, again, the accurate observations of the longitude, which preserve navigators from shipwreck, spring indeed from a theory, which, by a chain of truths, goes as far back as the discoveries made in the school of Plato, though they were afterwards buried twenty-one centuries in perfect inutility.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS RESPECTING FLORA MACDONALD.

Mr. Robert Cole, of Upper Norton Street, announces in the columns of the "Athenæum," a singular and interesting discovery made within the last few months, among letters *which had been previously sold as waste paper*. They were addressed to a merchant, Mr. Thomas Clerk, and they throw some light on a subscription formerly set on foot to requite the fidelity and devotion of Flora Macdonald:—

The first in order of date is a holograph letter of our heroine:

"Sir,—Few days agoe yours of the 26th March came to hand, by which I understand my Lady Primrose hath lodged in your hands for my behoof 627*l.* sterling, and that her Ladyship had in veiw to add more, of which you would aquent me, so as to send a proper discharge to my Lady, which I am ready doe, how soon you are pleas'd to advise me, and as I am to have security to my friends satisfaction on Sir James M'Donalds estate,* its design'd the whole should be payed next May to John M'Kinzie, of Delvin, writter att Edn^r, of which my father-in-law spock to Kenneth M'Kinzie, attorney, who will give you proper derections, at the same time shall be glad to hear from you as oft as you pleas, in order I may observe such directions as

* Sir James M'Donald was son of Lady Margaret M'Donald; he died at Rome, 1766, having succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father Sir Alexander, in 1746.

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my Lady will be pleas'd to give you concerning me; I was uneasie befor the recipt of your letter that my Lady was not well, having wrott frequently to her ladyship, but has had no return. Please be so good as to offer my humble duty to my Lady and Mrs. Drelincourt.

"An I am, Sir, your most humble servt,
"FLORA M'DONALD."

"Kingsborrow, April 23rd, 1751."

The following letter from John Mackenzie, the party mentioned by Flora, shews that the writer was evidently aware that the 627*l.* was only a portion of his client's money, for he says he has powers from her to draw "for 627*l.* *of* her money:"

"Sir,—I have powers from Mrs. Flora M'Donald to draw on you for 627*l.* of her money, impress't in your hands by Lady Primrose; but tho' the money is wanted, I incline not to draw till again advised by you, that ther's no obstacle to remove. You propose in your letter to her a receipt or discharge to Lady Primrose, which may be had, if I were sure what form may please, and therefore I wish you would concert that with Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie in St. Martin's Lane, and I undertake to return it. I subjoin to this a copy of all that appears to me to be necessary. You will advise me when I am at freedome to draw. And I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"JO. MACKENZIE.
"Writer to the Signet.

"Edinburgh, 11th May, 1751."

"I, Mrs. Flora M'Donald, wife of Allan M'Donald, younger, of Kingsburrow, hereby confess that the Right Honble. the Lady Primrose has fairly and fully paid and delivered to me, or to my order, all money of mine intrusted to, or imprest in her hands, which I gratefully acknowledge and discharge her Ladyship accordingly. I take such a writing as this to be all that my Lady will think requisite."

"It does not appear from the correspondence how the sum of 627*l.* was paid; but I think it may be assumed that it was distinct from the 800*l.* the subject of the next letter, for the latter sum is stated (in effect) to be a portion of Flora's money lodged by Lady Primrose," says Mr. Cole:

"Sir,—Agreeable to yours of the 18th of May, I have valued on you of this date, to the order of Messrs. Thomas & Adam Fairholms, for the eight hundred pounds sterling, *of* Mrs. Flora M'Donald's money, which Lady Primrose lodged in your hands. The discharge my lady proposed, and whereof I sent you a copy in my last, shall be transmitted as soon as in course of post it can return from the Isle of Sky. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"JO. MACKENZIE.

"Edinburgh, 4th June, 1751."

Accompanying this letter is one of the same date from Messrs. Fairholme, of Edinburgh, transmitting the bill for 800*l.* This bill I also possess; it bears no impress, however, of its being at all connected with Flora M'Donald, except by an indorsement in the handwriting of Mr. Clerk, thus,—

"Lady Primrose. Jo. Mackenzie's drat for Mrs. M'Donald, 10th June, 1751, 800*l.*"

The discharge alluded to by John Mackenzie appears not to have been sent until some time afterwards, for the letter transmitting it is dated in the November or the same year.

"Sir,—The inclosed discharge, tho' of an old date, came but lately to my hands, and being out of town for a fortnight past is the reason you did not receive it so much sooner. Mrs. M'Donald's obligations to good Lady Primrose's generosity are such, that both she and her friends would be to blame if dilatory in anything that may give my Lady the least satisfaction, and if the inclosed is not sufficiently ample, it will be renewed in any other form desired. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"JO. MACKENZIE.

"Edinburgh, Nov. 2, 1751."

Unfortunately the discharge was not found with the foregoing letters, but we may reasonably infer from the correspondence, that the amount in the aggregate which Flora received from Lady Primrose's agent was very nearly the sum stated by Lord Mahon in his "History of England," 1,500*l.* I am, &c., ROBERT COLE.

57, Upper Norton Street,
Portland Place.

DIORAMA.—NOTRE DAME.

We ought sooner to have mentioned the singularly fine exhibition which the Diorama offers us this season. Great as its triumphs have been in former days, we do not know that it ever put forth such strong claims to admiration as in the present year.

The interior of the abbey church of St. Ouen, in Rouen, is a masterly painting. It is impossible for the spectator to look at the massy pillars which enclose the nave, without feeling thoroughly persuaded that it would be perfectly easy to walk between them. That they are painted on a flat surface is almost incredible. The illumination of the cathedral by night is skilfully managed, and the effect is appropriately magnificent.

But what shall we say of the exterior of Notre Dame! First, the subject is one of surpassing interest. It was built on the ruins of a pagan temple, in which, as a stone, found beneath it in 1711, an altar had been erected to Jupiter Optimus Maxi-

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mus by the watermen of Paris (*Nautæ Parisiac*), under Tiberius Cæsar Augustus. If we allow ourselves a hasty glance at the memorable events of which it has been the scene, the site alone is worthy of being brought before English eyes. The venerable building is a noble object. Here many offerings of piety have been witnessed, some of grotesque absurdity, and others of a most horrible character. In 1548, one Jacques le Blond, a dealer in old iron, was burnt alive in the Parvis of Notre Dame for having irreverently thrown down the image of the Virgin near the door of the choir; and two years afterwards, an unfortunate man, having madly attempted to knock down the same image with a sword, had his tongue cut out, and was then burned before the great door of the church. The awful judgments here given against the Templars, and a crowd of startling incidents, might be mentioned to increase the historical importance of the view. Nothing of the kind, however, is wanted. It is difficult to conceive a finer, nobler representation of some of the most striking features of the French capital. Of the present fabric of Notre Dame, Pope Alexander III, then a refugee in France, laid the first stone in 1163. The construction of this church occupied two centuries; but divine worship was celebrated in it within twenty-three years after its commencement. The nave and the principal entrance date from the thirteenth century; but the red door, near the choir, was not terminated till 1420. The length of the edifice as it now stands is 415 feet, by 150 in breadth, and nearly the same number in height.

As if it were not enough to give the cathedral, and all the adjacent streets, bridges, and other erections, copied so exactly that they seem to have been lifted from Paris to the Regent's Park, the Parisian sky, that all might be complete, is brought with it. The moonlight and starlight representations are matchless. Never have we seen an undertaking so vast, accomplished with such astonishing success; never have we seen the glorious gorgeousness of the heavens in a cloudless night so exquisitely pictured. Really, looking at it, the eye is startled, and can hardly prevail upon itself to recognise a work so exquisite as the effort of a mortal hand.

Reviews.

Deformity Corrected.

If diseases were subject to a classification based on the divisions of society, that of lateral curvature of the spine would be ranged almost entirely in the upper and middle classes. It must be allowed to be an important disease, not only from the facts above-mentioned, but because it is in one degree or other an exceedingly common malady, including in its range probably not less than one or more members of one family in every ten. Our attention has been directed to an interesting *brochure* on this subject by Mr. Skey, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whose profound knowledge of the anatomy of the spine, its muscles, tendons, ligaments, especially qualify him for its treatment under disease. Indeed, it is not often that the attention of our leading surgeons is engaged in illustrating maladies whose very frequency has rendered them the peculiar field of the empiric, and by whom the treatment of this malady has been sedulously and at the same time most unprofitably cultivated. Without dwelling on the subject of causes and liabilities, the insidious nature of which Mr. Skey has ably adverted to and described, we come to the important subject of treatment, on the principle of which the author's views appear as original as they are just. Mr. S. says (p. 42):

"There is no error more fatal nor unfortunately one more general in practice, than that which relies on exercise as the sole curative agent in distortion; as though exercise of any particular muscle could untwist the vertebral column distorted by the super-incumbent weight of years; as though exercise on planes, climbing poles, and other gymnastic pastimes, could enlarge a contracted chest, or contract a morbidly dilated one; could drive the vertebræ from their relations of a dozen years' growth and conformation, and drag the spinal column upright! These are not curative but preventive measures."

Mr. Skey has based his treatment on his thorough acquaintance with the muscles and ligaments deranged, and he divides it into two distinct stages, the first being remedial, the second preventive.

The first (as he says), acts on the skeleton, the object of his first and most assiduous care. Here the agents are mechanical, viz.—pressure and extension; the former applied by means of soft-padded cushions to the sides of the trunk, opposite to the distortion, with the requisite counter-pressure, the latter, by weight, to the extremities of the spine, adapted to the age and strength of the affected person. Many months devoted to this first and most important object, in the endeavour to regain by gentle and continuous pressure the symmetry of the body, is steadily pursued. The distorted form of the chest, by which the relative capacity and functions of the lungs have been long deranged, undergoes by pressure, applied on true scientific and

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physiological principles to the surface, a gradual resumption of its healthy form. The lungs play freely and healthy, and in the same proportion does the subject of the treatment regain her former condition of health and strength. The second part of the treatment consists in the developement of such muscles as have been paralysed by disease, and the suspension of the use of those enlarged by excess of activity. This is effected by a series of muscular exercises, by which the action of each individual muscle is studied and brought into play, till the functions as well as the forms of the two sides are as near as possible equalized.

These are Mr. Skey's views, and this his practice. We strongly recommend this work to the parents or friends of the unfortunate subjects of this frequent malady, conscious that the principles on which it is founded are just and practical, and satisfied that the high repute of the author in the walks of surgery is a guarantee of its superior efficiency to the various systems of the tribe of empirics who, foreign to British, have vaunted their success in the treatment of lateral curvature of the spine.

Pasiglot System: an entirely new, practical, and theoretical introduction to the French Language. Part I. By GEORGE CRANE and GUERARD NÉGREL.

The motive, as the authors set out in their preface, for publishing the present work, is of a double nature. The first, "that, from the gradual manner in which the construction of the language is unfolded amid the impossibility of anticipation, they are certain that its capabilities may be fairly and fully tested, by working methodically the machinery with which they would accomplish the end proposed, instead of skimming over the work, picking out here and there a salient point, and thus obtaining that superficial acquaintance with the subject, so frequently seen in persons who fancy "that they can speak a language, of which, in truth, they know just enough to enable them to expose their ignorance of its principles. The second motive is the hope, that the nothingness of the price may induce many who take an interest in the elegant and now almost universal language of which it treats, to inspect the first portion of the work; an inspection that will show at a glance both the originality and the strictly philosophical character of the system, and thus promote the adoption of a method of teaching, which, while it tends greatly to shorten the philological studies of youth, and relieves them from much of their tediousness, augments, in a triple ratio, both the amount and the quality of the knowledge obtained."

The five preliminary lessons which are embraced in the first *livraison*, now before us, give fair token of the author's acquaintance with the theory of grammatical construction, and the *modes* of language. The examples seem to be well chosen, with the view of presenting an adequate variety of vocables and simple phrases, and appear to us likely to be more useful than the theoretical introductions to each section, which are too abstract and technical to have much beneficial effect on the mind of a child. This objection, at the same time, will not detract from the merit or utility of the work to the practical teacher, who, while he is engaged in teaching the young idea how to shoot, or, at least, to shoot *at*, the difficult idioms and niceties of the French tongue, will find that he is unconsciously indoctrinating himself in the philosophy of French grammar.

Steill's Pictorial Geography.

Mr. Steill, in this elementary work, is as explicit and as effective as he is in his noted "Pictorial Spelling Book," and "Reading Assistant." Besides the advantage of wood-cuts illustrative of important features, there is another of equally great importance—a clear and unaffected style, suited to the capacities of those whom he addresses—the young. The illustrations are fair, and the subjects illustrated bespeak Mr. Steill's tact in leaving impressions on the mind of the scholar. The historical remarks interspersed throughout this little volume are valuable to the tyro, and will tend to lead his mind to works in which each respective subject is more elaborately treated.

As a specimen both of the style of composition, and of the character of the engravings, we extract

"LUDLOW,—on the Teme, 142 miles N W., is the great thoroughfare into Wales. It is

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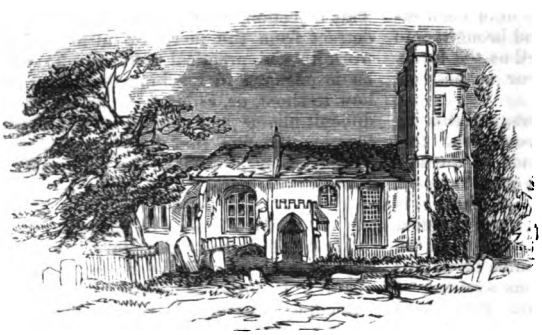
an ancient town, which has occasionally been the residence of royalty; it has the remains of a castle, where all business relating to the principality of Wales was usually transacted. This castle was evidently one of great strength and grandeur; it stands on a wooded rock, overlooking the river, which defends it on that side, while on the other it is partly surrounded by a moat cut out of the rocks: it was also defended by towers at proper distances. Though now in a ruined condition, it adorns the town, and around it there are a number of favourite public walks. Population 5,064. It returns two members of Parliament."

"BARNES,—a village W. S. W. on the banks of the Thames. St. Mary's Church is a very ancient structure; and as its demolition is likely to take place, a representation of it is here given. On the south wall is a stone tablet, dedicated to the memory of Edward Rose, a retired citizen of London, who left £20 to the poor of Barnes, for the purchase of an acre of land, on condition that this tablet should be kept up, with rose trees planted round it.—Population, 1461."



Adults may peruse this interesting little work as well as the young, and be greatly benefited by the perusal.

Miscellaneous.

The Model of Venice.—A few months ago we called the attention of our readers to this beautiful and interesting specimen of artistic excellence. It is now with regret that we record the fate of that lovely model, and the harassing condition in which the enterprising proprietor has been plunged. It is about nine months since Mr. Illius first exhibited his model to the London public, which unfortunately is the close of the sight-going season, and, therefore, involved him in serious difficulties. An appeal appeared in the *Times*, and one in the *Herald*, soliciting the public to support Mr. Illius; that the model was *starving* for want of means to make it known; and that it was well entitled to a visit from all. This appeal would have had its desired effect, but the executors of the late proprietor of the hall distrained the model, have placed it in a damp cellar, and thus deprived Mr. Illius of the only means he had of paying them; and thereby likely to tend to the utter ruin of two respectable foreign families. Mr. Illius is still at the Egyptian Hall. It has been hinted to us that a subscription is about to be set on foot for the benefit of these unfortunate families.

"*Revolt of the Harem.*"—*The Nazarene and the Moorish ladies.*—"Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," little dream of the overhauling and pulling about to which the traveller may be subjected by the fair sex—the black as well as white beauties of Africa. Mr. Hay gives an odd account of his treatment. He had found his way into a Moorish palace, and was prying about to see what he could pick up for his meditated book, unobserved, as he thought, when in a moment he found himself in a very extraordinary situation—Gulliver was not more closely examined in Lilliput or Brobdignag. We give his own words:—"I turned to rejoin the master of the house, when a door, through the chinks of which all my movements must have been watched, was thrown open, and out rushed the Houris, black, white, half-caste, fat, thin, old, and young! It was impossible for me to escape, and had I made a precipitate movement, I should have become liable to the worst of imputations; so I stood stock still, and was quickly arrested by the powerful paws of a jet-black dame dame, and then commenced a general scrutiny of my person. 'Look,' said one, 'I told you the Nazarenes had a mouth, and a nose, and ears, just like Mohamedans!' 'See,' said another, taking up my hand; 'one, two, three, four, five;—exactly the same number!' 'But what are these?' screamed a third, who had laid hold of the skirts of my coat; "does he hide his tails here?' 'And he laughs, too!' they exclaimed. From this, indeed, I could no longer refrain, although I was becoming seriously uneasy, lest my absence should be discovered by the great man; for I was now in the midst of the most forbidden

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fruit, although it proved far inferior to what my fertile fancy had previously imagined. Indeed a less attractive posse of womankind I never beheld; for almost all these ladies were at a time of life when the fineness of the Moorish features had disappeared; and the only redeeming grace that remained to them, which is common, indeed, to all the white women of West Barbary, was the large gazelle eye. As to the admired *en bon point* of youth, it had been replaced by a gross fatness, which covered forms that were once perhaps of perfect symmetry. According to the taste of the Moor, a lady is in perfection when her charms are a load for a camel. One, however, of this motley circle deserved all my admiration as a Mauritanian Venus. This was a delicate-looking girl; her age, I thought, was sweet fifteen—the prime of womanhood in this precocious country; for their beauty seems to fade with their *teens*. Her complexion was very fair, her eyes dark hazel, to which the black border of 'Kohol' gave a languid expression. She had a coral-lipped mouth, round as a ring, as the Moorish ode describes the feature. Her black hair, braided with silver cords, waived in profusion over her shoulders. Her sylph-like figure was clothed in a pale green caftan, embroidered on the bosom and skirt in silver thread. This garment reached a little below her knees, and over it she wore an outer robe of light gauze, confined around the waist by a red zone of Fez silk. The sleeves of her caftan were wide and open near the wrist: showing at every turn an arm like alabaster, which was encircled by a plain but massive bracelet of Soodan gold; and her uncovered legs were seen from below the caftan clasped with chased silver; her feet were also bare, for in her sally with the rest she had forgotten her slippers; her feet, as well as her hands, were dyed with henna of a bright orange colour. Over her head she had thrown a light muslin kerchief—but in this sudden tumult her curiosity got the better of her national caution, and she stood before me quite unveiled. During the uproar occasioned by my intrusion, the youthful damsel was the only one silent; but now taking alarm from the noise of the rest, she half hid her pretty features, and cried in an anxious whisper, 'Hush! hush! hush! My father will hear; and then, oh! what will become of this young christian?' 'What do we care?' said a barrel of a woman, with eyes that rolled like gooseberries in a saucer, and whom I took to be the most favoured dame of this party-coloured assemblage, for her dress far surpassed that of all the rest in costliness. 'It was the Christian's fault for daring to——.' She could not finish her speech, for the gruff voice of their lord was heard, 'What is that noise? Where's the other Nazarene?' And then his heavy step came tramping nearer and nearer. Off scampered all the surrounding spirits, black, white, and grey, The little damsel was the last to move, and evidently with less apprehension than the rest. Veiling closely all her features except one dear eye, she said to me, in a quick whisper, 'Don,t be afraid, Nazarene. Tell my father it was all our fault; he is very good-natured, and you are so young.' I had by luck a rosebud at my breast. I answered by giving it to her with a thanking smile."

The Gatherer.

Tea and Coffee.—Our favourite beverages, tea and coffee, had great opposition to encounter in their progress to greatness—of consumption. Tea was long denounced as "slow poison," and coffee was accused of producing dreadful diseases, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans, a hundred and twenty years ago, writes to one of her royal correspondents, "I am very sorry, dear Louisa, to hear that you have begun to take coffee, for nothing in the world can be more prejudicial to health. Every day I see people who have been compelled to discontinue its use by the serious complaints which it has brought on. The princess of Hainault has died of it, and, after her death, they found the coffee collected in her stomach, where it had produced a hundred little ulcers.

Rabbit Catching.—Rabbits may easily be taken alive, by soaking their favourite food, parsley, in strong rum or brandy. A similar method is employed in catching small birds with steeped seed. They, like the rabbits, are so intoxicated by the spirit, that there is no difficulty in obtaining as many as you wish.—

Return of Shipwrecks.—By Lloyd's returns, it appears that the annual loss to this country by shipwreck is 610 ships, £2,500,000 of property, and 1,500 lives.

Choice of an Executioner.—M. D'Arnhenbohr mentions a custom to have formerly existed in England which we have not read of elsewhere. In cases of high treason he states the executioner to have been commonly chosen by the family of the culprit who usually made him a present of an axe with a *silver handle.*

Patriotic Impudence.—Jack Wilkes, to insult Lord Bute, wrote and published a new dedication, which he wrote and published to an old play, "The Fall of Mortimer," in which Lord Bute was compared to that minion, and the Princess Dowager to the mother of Edward the Third. With characteristic effrontery, Wilkes one day accosted Mr. Jeremiah Dyson, the secre-

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tary to the Treasury, and asked him if he was going towards Downing Street; "because," added he, "a friend of mine has dedicated a play to Lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something; I wish you would put his Lordship in mind of it."

Severity of the Season.—Every year we hear that the climate of England is very different from what it was in former days. It may, however, be more than suspected that it was always variable, capricious, and uncertain. Horace Walpole, writing on this subject a century ago, reported on the current year what might do for 1844: "The spring has gone out of town for the season, and the summer has set in with its *usual severity.*"

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.—That fine play in which Kemble used to be so inimitably great, and which has long been regarded as one of the noblest efforts of our great poet, was not always appreciated. Lee says, in the dedication of his "Lucius Junius Brutus," what seems to assert that it was ill-received, when first performed. "Shakespeare's 'Brutus,'" he says, "with much adoe beat himself into the heads of a blockish age, so knotty were the oaks he had to deal with."

Last notices of the dramatist Wycherley.—A publication called "Weekly remarks on the most Material News, Foreign and Domestic," 1716, contained the following intelligence:—"December 31, 1714.—Mr. Wycherly, who has wrote several plays and poems, and, among others, the comedy called 'The Country Wife,' has lately taken one of twenty-four to himself, thinking it time to look toward heaven. "January 7, 1715.—On Sunday morning, the first instant, about three of the clock, died Mr. Wycherley (whom we lately mentioned to be married), aged 75."

England and France.—The Prince de Joinville's ridiculous *brochure* seems founded on the old notion that England and France can never be real friends. Strange as this may sound, Mr. Fox speaking of the commercial treaty concluded with France in 1787, went so far as to declare "that France and England were natural and unalterable enemies; that it was essential to the safety and independence of England to regard France with jealousy and distrust; and that to endeavour to maintain friendly intercourse with that kingdom, was equally vain and contrary to sound policy." (*Tomline. vol. ii. p. 5.*)

An Editor's Heroics.—Amaury Duval, in editing a history of the monuments of art collected by Denon, indulges in the following rapturous strain describing a morsel of papyrus:—"We do not pretend to put this MS., however curious, in comparison with the never-dying glories of the youngest of the marshals of France, but we may safely affirm, that it is very valuable; it was found in Egypt, in the hand of a mummy, whilst the French valour was spreading its renown quite round the globe, or rather was making fast, after having taken two whole turns round our planet; it was brought to France in the same vessel that had the honour to convey home the invincible 38th Regiment of Infantry, a band of heroes of whom the smallest fifer, perhaps even the doctor of the regiment, by a single frown, could have routed Cæsar and all his legions; and it was finally framed and glazed, and safely hung on the wall in M. Denon's study in Paris, the unconquered and unconquerable, the city of glory and of triumph." The city, it may be necessary to remark, thus spoken of was Paris; and this sublime tribute to its *unconquerable* fame was rendered in 1829, the preceding fifteen years having been twice occupied by victorious foreign armies!

On a piece of plate, got up by Messrs. Catchpole and Co., being presented to Mr. Bunn.

A piece of plate the lessee cheers,
Who well may of success be vain,
But still a *Catchpole*, it appears,
Must be employed for Drury Lane.

Penny-wise and Pound-foolish.—Frederick of Prussia, according to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, expended £40,000 on the Opera House and its engagements, yet, says he, the same king when an opera is to be performed, will not allow £10 a night for wax candles, and the smoke that rises from the bad oil, and the horrid stench from the tallow make many of the audience sick.

A little Mother and a full grown Daughter.—The New Zealand Company's Report consists of 38 pages—the appendix to it of 1140!

Postscript.—BRICKLAYER'S ARMS TERMINUS.

We should mention that all the timber, amounting to many thousand tons, employed in the construction of the viaduct from the Bricklayers' Arms Station to New Cross, has undergone the process of paynizing described in No. 20 of THE MIRROR, whereby it is rendered thoroughly proof against the ravages of insects or of fire, and as durable as iron. Paynized Wood is actually to be used instead of iron for the *rails* of the Guildford Junction Railway.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"W." No. 2 of "Scenes on the Mediterranean" will appear in our next.

"F." Contributions relative to the ancient buildings of London will be received with thanks.

"Edinburgh and its Localities," with illustrations by Delamotte, will shortly appear.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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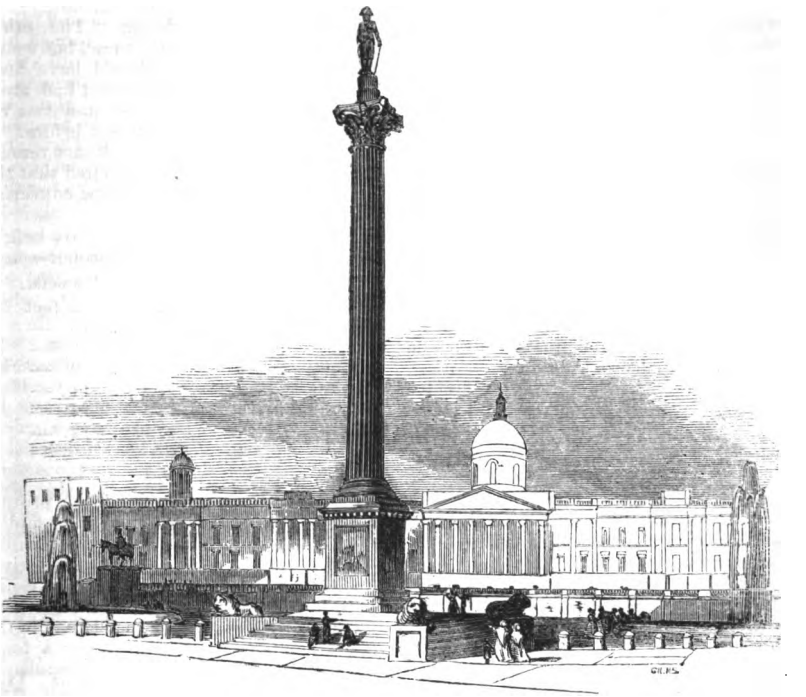

Original Communications.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

It does not often happen that promise exceeds performance. Those however who look at the representations made when the plan of Trafalgar Square was first announced, will see that much more has been done than the public had any reason to expect.

Every one, however, regrets that exultation must stop short of the principal object in this noble area. The Nelson Pillar, of which we give a new view, is curtailed of its fair proportions, and like Richard, "deformed, unfinished," stands a melancholy picture in the midst of a scene of extraordinary magnificence. Everything connected with its completion has gone wrong. The statue is a mean, unsightly object; the poor old pensioners, who fought with our great naval hero, after being tantalized with the promise of a feast, seem to have little chance of getting it, the lions which were to ornament the base are wanting, and the column seems altogether but to tell of "poorness of spirit, and poorness of purse."

In this distressing situation of things, as we assisted one Russian autocrat to rebuild his ancient capital, another comes to help us to ornament London. We read in a contemporary print—

"The emperor Nicholas, while driving by, saw the boarding, and asked the cause, one of his suite explained how it was, and the emperor at once put down his name for the amount requisite. Individual amiability goes far to make one forget the arbitrary acts of a sovereign; and the emperor, by this act, went further to gain popular opinion to his side in this country than if he had

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signed a hundred treaties of commerce with our minister at St. Petersburgh."

There has been a singular backwardness on the part of the inhabitants of the metropolis in this case. It has been well remarked, "At Great Yarmouth arose a classic column, 'by the joint contributions of his fellow-countrymen of Norfolk.' Liverpool produced its colossal statue of lasting bronze. Dublin raised its huge column and gigantic statue, and Edinburgh its castellated memorial of Britain's illustrious admiral," while London remains without any corresponding perfect effort to perpetuate a name so illustrious.

The project of creating the opening now made, and naming it "Trafalgar," after our greatest triumph on the ocean, originated with William the Fourth. To carry out the plan, a subscription was opened, and a committee organised, the Duke of Buccleuch lending his efficient aid as chairman. Unfortunately, the sovereign did not live to witness the progress of his favourite project. On a considerable sum being raised, the committee advertised for designs for a monument of architecture and sculpture; the rewards of £250, £150, and £100 respectively, being promised to the author of the design which the committee should deem first, second, and third, in order of merit: and the highest premium was awarded to Mr. William Railton.

Mr. Railton had the advantage of amending his first design. The other candidates perhaps had the same, but we do not know the fact. We should have been glad to have seen something that had more of novelty in the conception and less resemblance to what we possessed before. It is, however, to be hoped it will not remain incomplete. Many have regretted that the figure over the capital cannot be converted into lions to ornament the base.

The following is the comparative height of the principal columns in Europe:—

Date.			Order.	Height to top of Capital.	Diameter.
118	Trajan's Column	Rome .	Doric .	115 feet . .	12 feet
162	Antonine's Column	Rome .	Doric .	123 — . .	13 —
1671	The Monument	London	Doric .	172 — . .	15 —
1806	Napoleon's Column	Paris	Doric .	115 — . .	12 —
1832	Duke of York's	London	Doric .	109 — . .	11 —
1839	Nelson's Monument	1st Design	Corinthian	156 — . .	12 —
	Ditto	2nd Design	Corinthian	162 — . .	12 —

CAMPBELL, THE POET.

The justly admired poet Thomas Campbell is no more. He closed his earthly career on Saturday last, at Boulogne.

Mr. Campbell was a native of Scotland. He was born at Glasgow in 1777. So early as when but nine years of age, he attempted to write poetry. In 1789, he left school to go to the University of Glasgow, where he was considered an excellent Latin scholar, and gained great distinction in a contest with a candidate twice as old as himself. He gained many prizes, and in Greek he took the lead of all his fellow-students.

Quitting Glasgow, he became a tutor in a high family in Argyleshire. Then among the mountains of his native land he gave himself up to poetry, and proved one of its most successful votaries. After some time he removed to Edinburgh, where he became intimate with Dugald Stuart, and the leading Professors of the University. It was there that he produced his "Pleasures of Hope," being then but twenty-one years of age. This fine performance at once gave him fame, and for twenty years afterwards gave to the publishers between two and three hundred pounds annually. They had originally given £10 for the poem. Afterwards he received some further remuneration, and was allowed the profit accruing from a quarto edition of his works. "Many a true word is spoken in jest," the proverb teaches; and an anecdote told of Campbell may be thought to indicate a feeling within not very favourable to those who had given his poem to the world. Being in a festive party at a period when the actions of Bonaparte were most severely condemned in this country, on being called upon for a toast, Campbell gave "The health of Napoleon." This caused great surprise to all the company, and an explanation was called for. "The only reason I have for proposing to honour Bonaparte," said he, "is that he has had the *virtue to shoot a bookseller*." Palm, a bookseller, had recently been executed in Germany by order of the French chief.

After remaining three years in Edinburgh he resolved to visit the continent. He sailed for Hamburgh, and travelled through a great part of Germany and Prussia, visiting the universities, and acquiring a knowledge of German literature. From the walls of a convent he beheld a part of the field of Hohenlinden during that sanguinary contest, and proceeded afterwards in the track of Moreau's army over the scene of combat. This impressive sight produced the celebrated "Battle of Hohenlinden;" an ode which is as original as it is spirited, and stands by itself in British literature. The poet tells a story of the

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phlegm of a German postilion at this time, who was driving him post by a place where a skirmish of cavalry had happened, and who alighted and disappeared, leaving the carriage and the traveller alone in the cold (for the ground was covered with snow) for a considerable space of time. At length he came back, and it was found that he had been employing himself in cutting off the long tails of the slain horses, which he coolly placed on the vehicle, and drove on his route. Campbell was also in Ratisbon when the French and Austrian treaty saved it from bombardment—a most anxious moment.

In Germany, Campbell made the friendship of the two Schlegels, of many of the most noted literary and political characters, and was fortunate enough to pass an entire day with the venerable Klopstock, who died just two years afterwards. The proficiency of Campbell in the German language was rendered very considerable by this visit, and his own indefatigable perseverance in study. He eagerly read all the works he met with, some of them upon very abstruse topics, and suffered no obstacle to intervene between himself and his studies, wherever he might chance to be. Though of a cheerful and lively temper and disposition, and by no means averse from the pleasures which are so attractive in the morning of existence, they were rendered subservient to the higher views of the mind, and were pursued for recreation only, nor suffered to distract his attention a moment from the great business of his life."

After remaining in Germany thirteen months, he came to England, and then for the first time visited London. There he produced his "Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," and his "Hohenlinden." In 1793, he married Miss Sinclair, a lady of Scottish descent, and of great personal beauty. He established himself in the pleasant village of Sydenham, and it was in a house looking on the reservoir that his "Gertrude of Wyoming" was written. He soon afterwards removed to London, and subsequently re-visited Germany, and spent some time in Vienna. On his return, he undertook the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine, which under him rose to great importance.

"In 1824 Campbell published his 'Theodric, a Domestic Tale,' the least popular of his works. Many pieces of great merit came out in the same volume, among which are the 'Lines to J. P. Kemble,' and those entitled the "Last Man.' The fame of Campbell, however, must rest on his previous publications, which, though not numerous, are so correct, and were so fastidiously revised that, while they remain as standards of purity in the English tongue they sufficiently explain why their author's compositions are so limited in number, 'since he who wrote so correctly could not be expected to write much.' 'By his marriage Campbell had two sons. One of them died before attaining his twentieth year; the other while at Bonn, where, as already observed, he was placed for his education, exhibited symptoms of an erring mind, which, on his return to England soon afterwards, ripened into mental derangement of the milder species. This disease, it is probable, he inherited on his mother's side, as on his father's no symptoms of it had ever been shown. After several years passed in this way, during which the mental disease considerably relaxed, so that young Campbell became wholly inoffensive, his father received him into his house. The effects of such a sight upon a mind of the most exquisite sensibility, like the poet's, may be readily imagined; it was, at times, a source of the keenest suffering."

To Mr. Campbell we owe the origin of the London University. He had thrice the honour of being elected lord rector of Glasgow in the university where he had formerly studied. His life, for the most part, was a prosperous, peaceable, and joyous career. He was associated with the ablest poets and most celebrated wits of the age. Though irritable, and sometimes not sufficiently cautious at the convivial board, every one gave him credit for kindly feeling, and regarded him as a most estimable character. Those who knew his virtues will fondly linger near his tomb. But while they mourn that he is withdrawn from this scene, they will perhaps be consoled, repeating his thoughts, so beautifully expressed in his "Last Man," and exclaim—

> "This spirit shall return to Him
> That gave its heavenly spark;
> Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
> When thou thyself art dark!
> No! it shall live again, and shine
> In bliss unknown to beams of thine!
> By him recall'd to breath,
> Who captive lead captivity,
> Who robb'd the grave of victory,
> And took the sting from death.

SELF-CONCEIT.

Amongst those follies which are nourished by mankind, few are more conspicuous than *self-conceit*. The learned in science, the renowned in literature, the ignorant, and the savage, are all blemished by its pleasing yet baneful influence. The false position in which individuals are placed by this feeling is not perceivable to themselves, but apparent to those with whom they associate. Without the unction of flattery, which panders to their weakness, it would not exist, excepting in a dormant state. There are very few persons who can reject adulation, and if we happen

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to possess one quality on which we secretly plume ourselves, how gratifying it is to be applauded; and the flatterer at once possesses our regard. Should we possess the powers necessary to unite disquisitions on science, literature, the fine arts, politics, or religion, we are soon flattered into a belief of a fancied superiority, and while we have merely attained a decent mediocrity, yet we imagine we excel, and elevate ourselves above the common herd of mankind; for—

"Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works."

An affected love for mankind will frequently induce individuals to dedicate their energies for the benefit of society; will impel them on to impair their worldly circumstances by wasting the "midnight oil" in attempts which, from their imperfect talent, are abortive; and, should they fail, they are astonished at the want of comprehension of mankind; yet if they truly analysed the *cause*, they would discover that they had been flattered into the conceit of being able to effect all they desired. An attachment to literary pursuits will often operate so as to mislead such persons, imaginations, until they conceive the most stupendous projects, in order to attain wealth and fame. If affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*, they luxuriate in poetic fiction, exhibiting bright thoughts, and well turned periods; and they suppose their jingling the *acme* of excellence in composition, whereas, for all practical purposes they are totally unsuitable. "Science, the partizan of no country, but the beneficent patroness of all, has liberally opened a temple where all may meet;" and self-conceit but too often enters this edifice with an idea that it can enlighten and instruct, and leave all competitors at an immeasurable distance. Conceit may flash like a meteor for a short time, but it is soon compelled to yield to real genius, and feed on its solid materials, which it frequently claims as its own. Socrates has said that "the surest way to the temple of wisdom is through the portals of doubt; and that he only knew one thing—his own ignorance." This is a beautifully expressed opinion of one of the greatest of ancient philosophers; conceit did not blind him; for he well understood his own powers; and it would be better for science and literature if there were more followers of this illustrious man, whose doctrine was, "that the more mortals know, the greater consciousness they have that they *know nothing*;" whereas the conceited modern philosopher pretends to universal knowledge.

A man may possess wealth, and he is soon flattered into a belief that the essence of all human virtue consists in opulence; and that all who do not possess dross are contemptible, powerless, and mean. Another may conceive he has the power to compose sentences on particular subjects, and no music is so exhilirating as indirect or direct praise, and should he possess the power to make his dogmas known, he is astonished if people do not acknowledge his superiority.

Imperfect knowledge generally induces conceit, and no circumstance sooner cures this disease than enlightenment. The ingenious mind, that carefully examines the comparative amount of information it possesses will be modest in company, desirous of giving and receiving that "which never dies," and after this sublunary scene his researches are left as a beautiful legacy to mankind; while the hollow and superficial will generally be the noisiest declaimers, endeavouring to hide their ignorance by an attempt at ridicule, or insufferable tinsel; in fine, they are dressed in a "*suit of tawdry qualifications which nature never intended them to wear*;" and instead of attempting to increase their own knowledge or add to the information of others, they are, by the intelligent community, considered as pests to society, and permitted to pursue their vagaries amidst silent contempt; but, unfortunately, such persons are not sensitive, but impervious to those finer feelings of humanity which real knowledge inspires, cherishes, and refines.

IRELAND.*

"The necessity calls for the assistance of public measures and of a paternal government. It calls for the cordial co-operation of all classes; it is a question between illimitable taxation for pauperism and the punishment of crime, or the proper guidance and employment of the essentially agricultural population of Ireland."—SIMPSON'S *Defence of the Landlords of Ireland.*

DRAINAGE.

A very remarkable *non sequitur*, remarkable yet not uncommon, occurs in a work just published, from the pen of Dr. Rolph, "On the Systematic Colonisation of British Canada:—"The canals, the railroads, the public roads, the aqueducts, the viaducts, the bridges, the harbours, the villages, the towns and cities in America, are principally the result of Irish industry; and a moment's reflection must convince any one, that they would subjugate the forest fully as well as the French *habitan*; and I am quite persuaded, would cultivate the land with far more diligence, neatness, and success. It is, then a matter of great moment"—what? that these 'faithful, devoted, loyal, improving, and valuable subjects of the Queen,' as

* Second Annual Report. Drainage, Ireland. (Act 5 and 6 Vict. cap. 89. Royal Assent, 5 Aug., 1842.) Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, April 20, 1844.

On the Construction of Wooden Railways for General Purposes of Communication, and more particularly as feeders to the great lines of railway already established. London, J. King, 1843.

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our author describes them, should forthwith be employed in the construction of canals, railroads, public roads, aqueducts, viaducts, bridges, harbours, villages and cities on the glorious *tabula rasa* of their native Ireland? No such thing—"that they should take the first occupation offered on their arrival in *Quebec*, and have no difficulty in settling in *Upper Canada*."

There are few old women who have not at one period or other of their lives needlessly distressed themselves with a search for the spectacles which were already on the unconscious nose. Great Britain, in her search for new markets and new fields of enterprise, has been not less blind to the market at her very door. While the League on the one side, and Agricultural Protection Societies on the other, have been fighting out the question of extending our foreign relations at the risk of depreciating the property of the English landowner, while the Charles Buller party have endeavoured to compromise the matter by directing attention to the systematic colonisation of our distant, even antipodal, possessions; and Mr. Coningsby and the *Times* have discovered that Conservatism without maypoles will not conserve—all parties have entirely forgotten that Ireland is but partially cultivated; that in reclaimable acres, as well as civilizable savages, she possesses equal attractions with some of the backwoods of America, with the inestimable advantage of proximity. But instead of reclaiming the soil, or that moral wilderness which has been no less fruitful in weeds, one party has grown fat and ambitious upon the very evils of Ireland, while English politicians of all parties have endeavoured to promote its civilisation and happiness by appropriation clauses, and registration bills, and mere legislation. The present government, more especially the practical Premier, appear at length to have become awake to the immense importance of Ireland as a field for commercial investment and agricultural enterprise; the only drawback, now, is the inertness of the Irish landlords, and even here also there are, now, some encouraging symptoms. The commissioners for the drainage of Ireland have officially stated, that nearly 50,000 acres, to begin with, might be at once protected from liability to flood, and be made to return from 9 to 19 per cent. on judicious investment. Since the passing of the Drainage Act in 1842, they have received several applications from land-owners, with deposits amounting in the aggregate to about £1500, out of an estimated expenditure of £150,000, the districts embracing, in Leinster, the Blackwater river, the Ballytigue Lough, Ardee, Athboy river, Kilmannock, the Loughans, the Glyde and Lagan rivers, Brusna river, Camlin, Cahore, and Dodder; in Munster, the south slob of Cork, Templemore and Burrisokane in Tipperary; and in Connaught, Islandmore and Oranhill in Galway, and the Strokestown and river Lung districts of Roscommon. Of all these, surveys have been made, and a preliminary report printed and distributed, while Lough Corrib, one of the most important districts of colonial Ireland, and upon which a very important correspondence lately appeared between Sir Robert Peel and the marquis of Clanricarde, will be surveyed and reported on forthwith.

From the summary, then, it appears, that nearly 50,000 acres have been surveyed, and measures devised for their improvement, including works extending along near 300 miles of river drains; the remaining districts from whose owners applications for survey have also been received, amount to 25,000 acres. It is to be observed, however, that perfect unanimity on the part of all the landowners has not yet been arrived at; and it is possible that objections and dissents may thwart the great national work, unless, which is hardly to be hoped, a vigorous government will disregard individual opposition for the sake of national benefit.

The objects provided for by the provisions of the Drainage Act, embrace the drainage of flooded and injured lands along rivers, and lakes, and wastes, in the interior of the country; embankment of lands from the sea; the conservancy of river navigation, and the improvement of mill-power.

The greatest difficulty in the way of analysing or thoroughly apprehending the purpose and utility of the proceedings of this commission is its relation with various other Irish improvement commissions, the number of which perhaps unjustly attaches to each new one the suspicion of a job. There is an Irish bog commission, as well as this Irish drainage commission; a Shannon navigation commission an Irish public work commission; a landlord and tenant commission, and others; besides, all necessarily intruding into each other's province. However, we can readily give credence to the statement of the commission under review that "the information already obtained, coupled with that contained in the Bog Commissioners' reports, indicates an almost unparalleled state of neglect of these districts, which will be found to form no inconsiderable proportion of the lands available for agricultural purposes, particularly throughout the central or interior parts of Ireland:" and yet these very lands, adds the report, "are well known to be amongst those capable of being most economically brought into a highly productive state of cultivation.

EVILS AND REMEDIES.

We learn from the Report that not only

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several of the rivers and streams, the main ducts or drains of the country, not only *many* of them, but the *greater number* of them, have their channels encroached upon and choked up with artificial obstructions, in addition to natural causes, to an extent which would be scarcely conceivable in the sister country, where agricultural improvements and manufactures have made so much greater an advance. Dams and banks, we are told, originally erected for raising a head of water for small mills, and massive stone walls placed across river-courses, with a few small openings for the taking of eels, have been from time to time increased in size and height, to such an extent, that in many instances, their level is higher than that of much of the land on the banks of the river above them, which is thus rendered liable to flood on the occasion of every fresh in the river. In this way, the value of large tracts of land becomes annually deteriorated, and their crops, in some instances, are totally lost, whilst the annual value of the small mill or eel-weir frequently does not exceed a few pounds; and it often happens that a more valuable mill-power, and an equally efficient mode of catching eels, may be obtained in the same locality without producing any such injuries.

The subject of the removal of these obstructions, and the general improvement of Ireland, promises at length to be urged on with energy and practical method. One of the most zealous friends which Ireland ever boasted, the Earl of Charleville, has put his shoulder to the wheel, has drawn together the inhabitants of the central districts of Ireland, and explained to them the great importance of the question of Irish reclamation to the whole of Ireland. In a correspondence with Sir Robert Peel which appears in the *Leinster Express* of Saturday last, in the course of which the Premier states that there is no public matter in which he takes a deeper interest than in those connected with the internal improvement of Ireland, by means of the energetic co-operation of persons interested in that great object, Lord Charleville mentions that in one limited district alone, "the quantity of land to be recovered by reducing the river to its natural level, would exceed eighteen thousand Irish acres, mostly alluvial." This correspondence, and the speech of the nobleman referred to, are of more value than all the Conciliation Hall or House of Commons harangues of the last twelvemonth, and should be in the hands of every friend of Ireland.

In conjunction with the drainage of Ireland, the subject of railways cannot be overlooked. Whether as regards its primary reclamation, or the development of its commercial resources, no consideration can be more important than the means of a cheap as well as efficient intercommunication which must pave the way to extensive traffic, and to the general development of the immense natural capabilities of that island.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

From the appendix, No. 2, to the 5th Report of the Select Committee on Railways just published, it appears that to travel 100 miles by railway in England, costs on the leading lines, about 25s. by first class: 17s. by second class, in a carriage partially open, and without windows, and 10s. by third class in an entirely open carriage, travelling once or twice a day, often at inconvenient hours, at a much lower rate of speed, and with numerous stoppages on the road; while to travel the same distance on the continent, with second class carriages entirely closed, and third class carriages partially or entirely so, and travelling by the ordinary trains at the usual speed, the comparative fares are as follows:—

Railways	1st Class		2nd Class.		3rd Class.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Belgium	10	0	7	6	4	8
France	15	0	10	0	6	8
Germany	12	0	8	6	5	6
England	25	0	17	0	10	0

The first class fares in Belgium being thus exactly the same as the third class in England.*

To the enormous disproportion in the prime cost of construction is principally attributed this commensurate disproportion of fares. It, therefore, becomes a question of first importance as regards Ireland, which in traffic must for some time to come be far behind England, how to reduce this first cost of construction, especially in subsidiary and branch lines. Whilst it is to be acknowledged that the Ulster line has been constructed at a less expense, the Dublin and Kingston has cost more than almost any line in Great Britain—viz., £70,000 per mile. It has occurred to many persons interested in the prosperity of Ireland, that it would be the wisest economy, for Irish branch lines at least, to adopt either the principle sanctioned by Parliament on the Guildford Junction line—the employment of metallised wood instead of iron for the rails—or to lay down wooden tramways metallised by the same process; thus greatly reducing the prime cost, with the security of a perfectly durable as well as safe mode of transit.† It may be mentioned that by the Dublin and Cashel Railway Bill, the owners of adjoining lands will be empowered to construct branches to the main line.

It is well known that in the year 1831, a

* [Appendix to 5th Report from Select Committee on Railways, (p. p. 552.) page 5.]

† A detailed account of the process here mentioned appeared in the May number of this magazine.

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parliamentary committee, after examination of many witnesses of first-rate scientific eminence, reported in the most decided terms in favour of a system of steam-carriages on less expensive roads than iron railways: and held it as proved that carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads at an average rate of ten miles per hour; and that the weight, including engine, fuel, water, and attendants of each carriage, containing fourteen passengers, need not exceed three tons; that in economy such carriages would be superior to horse-carriages, and in efficiency scarcely inferior to railway conveyances, while they would tend to maintain many existing interests, including those vested in near 20,000 miles of broad road and highway, which railways threatened to destroy. Several difficulties, however, presented themselves as regarded the construction of roads, which, it is presumed, are fully met by the invention here referred to: and, although it may perhaps be too late to interfere with existing railway investments in England, the *tabula rasa* of Ireland appears to present a most promising field for enterprise in the extensive introduction of such a method.

On wooden roads or tramways, the durability of which is insured by the process here referred to, steam carriages can maintain a speed of thirty miles an hour; and while the first cost of a railway is from £15,000 to £70,000 per mile, that of a wooden line would not exceed one-fourth of the expense.

WOODEN RAILWAYS.

It is to be acknowledged that wood, even when metallised, will not secure all the properties of iron; and, accordingly, experience has shown that the flange, in ordinary use on locomotive wheels, threatens the abrasion of the wooden rail. This apparent difficulty has given birth to a new discovery, which has, as it were, grown out of the experience presented by the experiments made to test the purposes to which the present invention might be made subservient; and the patent bevel wheel of Mr. Prosser effectually supersedes the use of the flange, and not only protects the wood from this solitary peril, but gives a new security to the lives of passengers by railways, and the safety of goods.

A series of experiments made at the Adelaide Gallery, in London, upon a wooden railway, prepared of metallised wood, established the following results:—

In the first place as to the capability of sustaining pressure: a piece of prepared beech, three inches and a half by three inches and a half, was submitted to the pressure of 140 tons, upon a segment of an iron wheel four feet diameter and three inches in the tire, which indented it only three-eighths of an inch, of which, when the pressure was removed, it immediately recovered one-eighth; showing that its elasticity was in no way impaired.

Its capability of resisting pressure has been further demonstrated by an engine having passed over 177 yards of wooden rails, near Vauxhall Bridge, 28,000 times; on which short space there was a curve whose radius was 720 feet; and gradients of one in nine, one in twenty-four, and one in ninety-five; the steepest of which ascents the engine overcame without any previous impetus by the steam being turned on at the commencement of the incline. The brake, too, was constantly in use, without producing the least abrasion; and all this was done during the space of two months without even obliterating the saw-marks. The following scale is the result of experiments relative to its superiority over unprepared timber, in sustaining weight horizontally, at a bearing of two feet ten inches. A piece of pine, one inch by one inch, under an impress of six inches long, bore seven pounds more than the unprepared piece, similar in all respects; one and a quarter inch, by one and a quarter inch, 28lbs.; one and a half inch by one and a half inch, 70lbs. And in perpendicular pressure, the prepared wood has an advantage of twenty per cent.

The introduction of wooden railways would be not less advantageous to existing railway interests than to the public. Not only in Ireland, but in England, it will give facility to the construction of branch lines, connecting parishes, towns, and villages, which, under the present system, would be for ever deprived of easy access to the great lines, and would promote the interests of all classes by re-opening a communication by the existing highways of Great Britain. It is well known that many of the present railroads, to avoid mechanical difficulties and great expense, have been carried through barren and unpeopled districts; not only this, but vast cuttings, tunnellings, and similar expensive works, have been incurred to avoid gradients and curves, which the greater bite of a wooden rail would render totally unnecessary.

From such saving in expenditure, it has been calculated that fares of twopence and one penny would be amply remunerative; thus extending to all classes an advantage which has been hitherto confined almost exclusively to the middle and higher sections of society.

Before passing from this subject, a short description of Mr. Prosser's invention, to which we have already referred, may be excused. The rails of beech or fir, six to eight inches square, are let into wooden sleepers, and secured thereon by wooden wedges, forming one great frame or wooden grating of longitudinal and cross sleepers,

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The principal carriage wheels are flat, without flanges; but before and behind each carriage, are placed two bevel wheels upon axles, at angles of 45 degrees; by a deep groove in their circumference, they move along the upper and inner angle of the wooden rail, and thus guide the carriage with perfect safety, either on a straight line or the sharpest curve; and in the event of any accident to the main wheels, would carry the whole machine of themselves. An engine of this construction, weighing ten tons, running in wood, has more tractive power than one weighing eighteen tons running in iron; and a locomotive, running on wood, will wear longer than three running in iron. The converse of the advantage of iron wheels running upon wood has been successfully shown in the care of her majesty's special train, on the Great Western, where wooden wheels are made to run upon iron.

WOODEN DRAINS.

In this paper we have thought it useful to urge together two great objects, the affinity of which to one another will be strikingly increased by the application of the process here advocated. For it is highly probable that it will be extensively made use of in drainage as well as in railway operations, and those connected with house and ship building, and indeed in all works in which wood is generally employed, and for which the commonest wood is thus rendered equally applicable with the hardest and dearest. To employ wooden lengths, cut from the abundant forests of Scotch fir, as substitutes for tiles and stones, both for top and bottom, in ordinary drainage, will not appear Utopian, when the incorruptible qualities of paynized wood are taken into account. The advantages in point of cheapness and convenience will at once suggest themselves, and the suitableness of such a mode, and the prospective mutual benefit to the Scotch landlords and the Irish people which would accrue from its adoption, has indeed occurred forcibly to an English nobleman of great influence and practical acquaintance with agricultural operations.

To enter further into detail on this subject appears to us unnecessary: especially as we are given to understand that Mr. George Stephenson, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and various other eminent authorities, have given their sanction to the use of the process: while certain distinguished friends of Ireland are deeply impressed with the necessity of some modification of existing railway arrangements to meet the peculiar circumstances of that country.

CONCLUSION.

To sum up, then, the advantages of employing wooden lines:—they would act as auxiliaries to feed the great and central lines already formed; reduce the preliminary expenses by parliamentary contests; render unnecessary deep embankments, cuttings, and tunnels; insure to shareholders a handsome return on their investment; preserve to the inhabitants of towns, to innkeepers, and others, their traffic and existing interests; secure to landowners a home consumption for their plantations, to the Scotch landowner in particular, for his abundant firs, for which, and similar porous woods, the process of metallization is peculiarly adapted; prevent the possibility of accidents to passengers or property from the breaking of either wheels or axles; above all, would render available to the poorest class the *comfort* as well as the other benefits of railway travelling; and as regards Ireland, would not only give immediate employment to the people, but by its economy would leave scope for, while it would directly promote the developement of her unmeasured resources, open markets for her produce, unite her more closely with other countries, and increase the happiness and comforts of her inhabitants.

If we have been successful in directing the attention of the public to this important topic, we shall be more than satisfied; to more practical minds must be left the task of organising such experiments as may be necessary.

SCENES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

NO. II.—GIBRALTAR.

Few have visited this celebrated rock—the Fretum Herculaneum or Graditaneum of the Romans, the Estrecho de Gibralter of the Spaniards—without being struck with awe and wonder at the magnificence, the sublimity of nature's works;—no one can allow his eye to wander from the promontory of Calpe or Gibraltar, over two seas and five kingdoms—Seville and Granada in Spain, and Barbary, Fez, and Morocco, in Africa—without inwardly acknowledging the vastness of the workings of the Omnipotent.

On casting our eye over the kingdoms of Granada and Seville, the lofty ridges of the desert Del Cuervo, the mountains of Hagen Sanorra, and to the east the new town of Algeziras, the chain of mountains called the Sierra de Ronda, abounding in fruits and aromatic plants, meet our view. Near there stood Munda, celebrated in Roman history as the scene of the battle which took place between the sons of Pompey and Augustus, when they were disputing the empire of the world.

The name Gibraltar is derived from Gabel, an Arabic word, signifying mountain; and Tarik, a Moorish general, who conquered Spain, and disembarked near this place. The origin and foundation of the town are lost in obscurity. It is certain

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however, that the Phœnicians and Egyptians landed at Gibraltar; and the name of the Pillars of Hercules, by which appellation this place was known, is nothing more than a tradition preserved among the Phœnicians, who came to people this coast, and who brought their gods and religious worship with them.

Gibraltar is 5,200 yards long, and 1,500 broad; the perpendicular height is 500 yards, and the circumference, including angles and bays, 13,200.

We were highly gratified by the batteries, with which the rock is completely studded. On the side nearest Spain, the internal fortifications made since the time Gibraltar was besieged by the combined armies of France and Spain, are truly astonishing; the excavations effected by means of gunpowder in the centre of the mountain, and in the solid rock, form vaults of such height and extent, that during a siege, they are capable of containing the whole garrison. The most considerable of these excavations is the hall of St. George, which communicates with the other batteries established all along the mountains, and passable throughout on horseback.

Along the mountains several grottos or natural excavations create a feeling of astonishment and wonder. The grotto of St. Michael is four hundred and thirty-seven yards above the level of the sea. The cavern below is about seventy feet. To succeed in descending, a rope is fastened round the body. The grotto contains columns of chrystallizations and stalectites, imitating all the orders of architecture. About a hundred paces further on is another beautiful cavern. The regularities of the caprices of nature in the second excavation are remarkable, and give it the appearance of a temple. From the entry of this grotto, we see the whole of the bay of Gibraltar, and command a view of the country houses and gardens, which the inhabitants have formed, one above another, on the side of the mountain.

Gibraltar, which is more a military colony than a commercial one, was taken from the Spaniards in 1704, and was ceded to the English by the treaties of Utrecht and Seville.

There are three religions tolerated in Gibraltar—English, Catholic, and Jewish; still tranquillity and social harmony exist with the inhabitants.

The marriage ceremony of the Jews here is worthy of remark. The hall of the house of the betrothed, where the union is celebrated, is generally highly ornamented. At the end a stage is erected, on which seats are placed, one for the bride, and others for the mother and married sisters. The other women who are invited sit round the saloon. The bride then enters with her mother and sisters, her face covered with a long veil, through which her features are distinguishable. The bridegroom enters, accompanied by the rabbi and the bride's father. A cup of wine is brought, which the new-married couple drink. They then pass it to the rabbi, who performs the marriage ceremony, then passes the cup to the father, who, to show that no one can share the affections of the two lovers, breaks it in pieces in the presence of the whole company.

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ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XI.—MONEY, THE COINAGE, AND MODES OF TRAVELLING.

I am not about to enter upon any elaborate inquiry, or to write an unfathomable essay on political economy, and the interminable bullion question. And, yet, methinks I hear you inquire, "What, then, means this superscription—'Money and the Coinage?'" It imports simply the literal and confined sense of the words, and has no allusion to their more extended signification. It is not my purpose, or my pleasure, to bewilder my readers with a deep discourse on "specie," "the currency," or "the circulating medium," but only to mention the various, now absolute, coins which were in circulation during the eighteenth century.

I remember the fag-end of some popular ballad of bygone days ran thus:—

"Pick him up, pick him up,
He fell out of yonder boat,
We shall get a guinea, or
A one-pound note."

What means this? A "guinea," and a "one-pound note!" things which now exist not. We still have an imaginary piece of money called a "guinea," but this is made up of a sovereign and a shilling, being equal to twenty-one shillings. But in the last century, a guinea was a coin of gold, somewhat larger than our present sovereign, but, save that it was flatter, of a similar appearance. The latter coin was not then in existence, its value being represented by a thin piece of paper, issued by the Bank, and called a "one-pound note," or by the lower classes, a flimsey. Then there were "half-guineas," "seven-shilling-pieces," and "quarter-guineas," all gold coins, and, descending lower still, silver pence. The size of these pence was rather smaller in diameter, and very considerably thinner than our "four-pences," the obverse bearing an effigy of the king, while on the reverse was inscribed the figure I, surmounted by a crown, both inscriptions being surrounded by the usual legends. These, I believe, continue to be used to pay what is called *Maundy money*, an annual gift of the sovereign to poor people.

"Tokens," or promissory coins, were also very widely circulated, being coined and issued during a scarcity of money, or in consequence of the depreciation of the coin of the realm, by private individuals under authority of the government. These coins were generally copper, and consisted principally of pence and half-pence. The legends and inscriptions were various, according to the tastes or trades of the proprietors, and it is believed that upwards of two thousand varieties were coined between the years 1787 and 1798. They were issued by iron-masters and other tradesmen employing a number of hands, who found that they, at the same time, facilitated their payments, and became a desirable means of advertising. The issuers were, of course, compelled to pay the value of their coins, whenever they were presented.

The offences of counterfeiting, and of clipping and defacing the coin of the realm, were very frequent in the last century, and both crimes were, with the characteristic severity of the time, punishable by death. Stealthily exporting coin to the continent during the war, also subjected the offender to heavy penalties, but was, nevertheless, ingeniously and very frequently practised by the guards of the Dover mail, some of whom realised a considerable fortune by it, the price of a sovereign on the continent being 22s. 6d., and, in many instances, a much larger sum is known to have been given, reaching at one period twenty-eight shillings. One of these speculative offenders against the law was detected through the very means by which he had hoped to realise a fortune. In his anxiety to make an extensive exportation he had over-estimated the strength of the mail to such a degree, that, in passing over Shooter's Hill, it gave way beneath its heavy burthen, and what were supposed to have been mail-bags filled with letters were discovered to be sacks of shining sovereigns. The money was forfeited, and carried to the mint, and the offender arrested and carried to Newgate.

What an unintelligible language is that in which our grandfathers talk to us of the days of their youth! The reminiscences of their favourite dresses are obscured by such obsolete words as "robins," "hoops," and "ruffles;" they tell us of the "hays" and "cotillions" which they used to dance, and, to crown all, relate to us their adventures during a perilous voyage of some day or two's duration, in a Margate "hoy." And what was a "Margate hoy?" Alas, for the elucidation of the manners and customs of the olden time! deeply do I grieve to say, I am unable to convey a faint idea of those Argos of the eighteenth century, but, from the narratives which I have heard, of the dangers of the deep, and, above all, of the mighty perils which terrified the voyager from the vicinity of old London Bridge, I am inclined to believe that a passage down the Thames was by no means the commonplace, every-day occurrence which steam-packets and cheap fares have since made it, and so far from being a pleasant trip of some half-a-dozen hours, was then a hazardous passage, occupying, at least, the four-and-twenty, and sometimes several days.

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Nor was travelling upon land more secure or expeditious than that upon the river. Independent of the dangers arising from highwaymen, or ill-paved and ill-lighted roads, the vehicles themselves were so clumsy and unwieldy, that if a passenger were, by special good fortune, enabled to come to his journey's end without an accident of some sort, it was an occurrence so rare as to be viewed almost a miracle, and afford him subject of boast and conversation for a week. So perilous an affair was a stage-coach journey considered that, in the early part of last century, a lady published to the world the journal of her tour from London to Exeter—a distance of some hundred and seventy miles—which she traversed by the fastest conveyance, the "flying coach," in *four days!* The coach started from London at three o'clock in the morning; at ten o'clock, the passengers were permitted to alight and take—hear it, ye fashionables, with appropriate horror!—their *dinner*, at a road-side inn, and at three in the afternoon the day's journey was concluded, and the coach left in the inn-yard for the night.

The vehicle was as unwieldy and shapeless a mass as could well be made to answer its purposes, suspended above four huge wheels, and dragged (not drawn) along by three sorry nags, on the foremost of which rode the postillion. On the box sat the coachman and guard, with their cocked-hats and loaded carbines; upon the roof lay the outside passengers, and a "basket," projecting from the back of the vehicle, contained travellers of an inferior class; and thus jogged on the old stage-coach of 1720, at the rate of something less than four miles an hour.

The "flying machines" of 1760 were superior, traversing the roads to the admiration of all beholders, at the increased speed of six miles an hour, and whirling along, at this dizzy rate, their eight inside and ten outside passengers, travelling by night as well as by day, and, in fact, surprising our worthy grandsires by their size, their speed, and the boldness of their achievements. Yet a journey by a stage-coach was still fully as dangerous as it was fifty years before—nay, the increased speed with which long journies were performed made them more perilous. The height at which the stage was mounted, and the weight of the outside passengers, rendered it liable to be easily overturned upon the rugged and uneven roads, and it was not until the commencement of the present century that accidents became less frequent, and a stage-coach was thought a safe, cheap, and rapid mode of conveyance.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ARGYLE.

Arms. Quarterly; first and fourth gyronny of eight, or. and sa., for Campbell. Second and third argent, a galley or lymphad sa., sails furled up, flag and pennants flying gu., for the lordship of Lorn. Behind the arms two honourable badges in saltier, namely, first, a baton gu., semée of thistles, or ensigned with imperial crowns, p. p. r.; thereon the crest for Scotland. The other badge a sword, p. p. r.; hilt and pommel, or. These badges are borne as hereditary grand master of the household, and justice-general of Argyleshire.

Crest. A boar's head, fessewise couped or., and above, the words, "*Ne obliviscaris.*"

Supporters. Two lions, guardant, gu.

Motto. *Vix ea vostra voco*—"These things we scarcely call our own."

The family of Campbell is one of the most distinguished in Scotland, and its head, the duke of Argyle, has long been regarded as the most powerful subject in the kingdom. Gillespick Campbell, eight centuries ago, acquired by marriage the lordship of Lochow, in Argyleshire. From him descended Sir Colin Campbell, of Lochow, who made great addition to the estates, and was renowned as a warrior. He obtained the title of more, or great, and from him the chief of the family is still called in the Gaelic, Mac Callum More. In 1280 he was knighted by Alexander III., and was one of the nominees in 1291 of Robert Bruce, in the contest then waged for the crown of Scotland. He was slain in a conflict with his warlike neighbour the lord of Lorn, at the *String of Cowal*, where a great obelisk is erected over his grave. For a series of years desperate feuds continued between the two houses, which, at length, were terminated by the marriage of the first earl of Argyle with the heiress of Lorn. Sir Colin married a lady of the name of St. Clair, and had issue, Niel, his successor, Donald, the progenitor of the Campbells of Loudoun, Dugald and Arthur, who having sworn fealty to King Edward, afterwards went over to Robert Bruce, and Duncan, who was likewise one of the supporters of Bruce. Sir Niel Campbell having succeeded Sir Colin, was knighted by Alexander towards the close of his reign. He dreaded Edward, and faithfully adhered to Robert Bruce, and fought in almost every battle from the fight of Methuen to that of Bannockburn. The

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king had so high a sense of Campbell's merit that he gave him his sister, lady Mary Bruce, in marriage, and granted to them and her son John, all the lands which belonged to David de Strathbogie, earl of Athol. When the victory of Bannockburn had established the independence of Scotland, Sir Niel Campbell was one of the great barons in the parliament which met at Ayr in 1315, and fixed the succession to the crown. By the lady Mary he had three sons, Colin, John, and Duncan. The first son, Colin, succeeded him on his death in 1316. In that year he accompanied the king to Ireland, to assist in placing his brother on the throne of that kingdom. Passing through a wood, in 1317, the Scottish army received positive orders from Robert to march in order of battle, and on no pretence to leave their ranks. Two English yeomen, however, discharged their arrows at Sir Colin, who pursued them to avenge the insult. Observing that the king followed, and struck his nephew so hard a blow with his truncheon that it almost knocked him off his horse, at the same time exclaiming, "Return, your disobedience might have placed us all in jeapardy." In 1334 Sir Colin assisted the steward of Scotland, in the recovery of the Castle of Dunoon from the English, which gave the first turn of fortune to King David Bruce, and Campbell was in consequence appointed heritable governor of that fortress. He married a lady of the house of Lennox, and had three sons and a daughter, Archibald, John, Dugald, and Alicia. He died in 1340, and was succeeded by his eldest son. To him succeeded his eldest son, Duncan, who was raised to the dignity of a lord of parliament by James II., in 1445, by the title of lord Campbell. In the preceding reign he had been a member of the privy council, the king's justiciary, and lord-lieutenant of the county of Argyle. He married lady Marjory Stewart, the daughter of Robert Douglas, of Albany, regent of Scotland, by whom he had three sons, Celestino, Archibald, and Colin. He afterwards married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Stewart, of Blackhall, natural son of Robert III, and by her he had three more sons. His lordship was one of the hostages for the redemption of King James in 1424, and his annual revenue at that time may be stated to be 1500 marks, a larger income than that of any other of the hostages. He died at the close of 1453, and was succeeded by his grandson Colin, the son of his second son Archibald, Celestino having died young. Colin, second lord Campbell, was created earl of Argyle in 1457, and appointed master of the king's household in 1464.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF LAFITTE.

PICKING UP A PIN.

The late M. Lafitte first went to Paris in 1788, and the most ambitious hope which he dared at that time to cherish, was that he might obtain some humble situation in a banking-house. He waited on M. Perregaux, to whom he had a letter of recommendation. M. Perregaux, the affluent Swiss banker, had then just established himself in the hotel formerly belonging to the celebrated Mademoiselle Guimand, which she had disposed of by way of lottery, and the banker had won the prize. Into that beautiful residence M. Lafitte entered, poor, modest, timid, and embarrassed, and by that door through which all the follies of the preceding century had passed. He was ushered into the banker's private room, and his request was made known. "It is impossible to find a situation for you in my establishment," said M. Perregaux, "at least for the present. My offices are all full. At some future period, should I have occasion for any one, I will see what I can do; but, in the meantime, I would have you look for an engagement elsewhere, for it may be a long time before I have a vacancy." Thus repulsed, the young applicant withdrew. Crossing the court-yard, sad and downcast, he stooped to pick up a pin from the ground, which he carefully placed in the sleeve of his coat. Little did he suspect that an act so insignificant would decide his future fate, and make his fortune. It was, however, seen from the window of his apartment by M. Perregaux. The Swiss banker was one of those who knew the value of little things, and who formed his judgment of men from observing minute details, which the vulgar would regard as unimportant. What he had seen was to him a pledge of order and economy, and it assured him that the young man possessed qualities which would render him valuable. He who had picked up the pin became an excellent clerk, gained the confidence of his employer, and eventually reached the highest prosperity. That same evening he received a note from M. Perregaux to this effect:—"There is a situation for you in my house; you can enter upon it to-morrow."

IMPORTANCE OF ECONOMY.

An editor of the *Bien Social*, whom business had caused to be with M. Lafitte for a short time, was the witness of an incident which deserves to be mentioned. One of the sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, known to a multitude of unfortunates at Paris, to whom she is a benefactress, waited on the banker, as she was in the habit of doing on many benevolent persons, to solicit in behalf of the poor. He received her very graciously, and with the air of a

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man who is glad of something to distract his thoughts from affairs which had put him out of humour. "What can I do for you, my good sister?" he inquired. "Sir, I came to you," she replied, "to petition for my poor neighbours; they are very numerous, and at this moment (it was then the depth of winter) their distress is great." "Indeed! you came at the right time," said the financier; "for just now I am angry with that gentleman for wasting my wafers," pointing with his finger to a young man seated at a desk, who smiled, but who was evidently ruffled. The applicant feared it would be her lot to go away empty-handed; and that her visit might not be wholly useless, she applied herself to extenuate the error of the clerk, whose fault was that he had not made one wafer serve to seal two letters, when M. Lafitte presented her with a bank-bill for 1,000 francs, to be applied to the relief of those whose cause she had pleaded, at the same time saying, "My good sister, if in my lengthened career I had not exactly economized in everything, it would not be so easy for me to day to contribute to the excellent object which you have in view, and which your good will enables me to assist. Pray look in upon me again from time to time." The sister withdrew. He who traces these lines may say, "*What I saw I have written.*"

The WIFE MARKET, and the OLD MAID'S COMFORT.

Towards the close of the last century certain sage politicians felt great alarm at a threatened, or, at least, dreaded, decline in the population of the country. To remedy the evil, labourers were encouraged to marry. The course taken was so successful that it is now many years since any apprehension could seriously be entertained that our workhouses, even if the fine Elizabethan union houses had not been erected, would remain unpeopled.

At all events there is now no longer any state necessity for drawing young people into matrimony, and therefore those females who do not find partners to their liking, might be permitted to remain single. There is, however, a mean, ill-natured disposition to sneer at the elderly maiden, as if the prudent spinster—who declined rashly committing herself to a state which might not only be painful to her, but which would inflict long suffering on the helpless ones to whom she might become a parent—were a less estimable character than the foolish slave of passion, who braves all consequences for the gratification of the moment, or, as she elegantly terms it, who "gives up all for love."

On this subject Jean Paul Richter, in his "Daughter-full House," has touched with great humour and feeling. The picture is graphic, and the imagery ingenuous and striking:—

"The minister's house was an open bookshop, the books in which (the daughters) you might read there, but could not take home with you. Though five other daughters were already standing in five private libraries as wives, and one under the ground at Maienthal was sleeping off the child's-play of life, yet still in this daughter-warehouse there remained three gratis copies to be disposed of to good friends. The minister was always prepared, in drawings from the office-lottery, to give his daughters as premiums to winners, and holders of the lucky ticket. Whom God gives an office, he also gives, if not sense for it, at least a wife. In a daughter-full house, there must, as in the church of St. Peter's, be *confessionals* for all nations, for all characters, for all faults; that the daughters may sit as confessoresses therein, and absolve from all, bachelorship only excepted. As a natural philosopher, I have many times admired the wise methods of nature for distributing daughters and plants; is it not a fine arrangement, said I to the natural historian Goeze, that nature should have bestowed specially on young women, who for their growth require a rich mineralogical soil, some sort of hooking apparatus, whereby to stick themselves on miserable marriage-cattle, that may carry them to fat places? Thus Linnæus (his *Amæn. Acad.* —The Treatise on the Habitable Globe), as you know, observes that such seeds as can flourish only in fat earth are furnished with barbs, and so fasten themselves the better on grazing quadrupeds, which transport them to stalls and dunghills. Strangely does nature by the wind—which father and mother must raise—scatter daughters and fir-seeds into the arable spots of the forest. Who does not remark the final cause here, and how nature has equipped many a daughter with such and such charms, simply that some peer, some mitred abbot, cardinal-deacon, apanaged prince, or mere country baron, may lay hold of said charmer, and in the character of father or bride-man, hand her over ready-made to some gawk of the like sort, as a wife acquired by purchase? And do we find in bilberries a slighter attention on the part of nature? Does not the same Linnæus notice, in the same treatise, that they, too, are cased in a nutritive juice to incite the fox to eat them; after which, the villain—digest them he cannot—in such sort as he may, becomes their sower?

"O, my heart is more in earnest than you think; the parents anger me, who are soul-brokers; the daughters sadden me, who are made slave-negresses.—Ah, is it wonderful that these, who, in their West-

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Indian market-place, must dance, laugh, speak, sing, till some lord of a plantation take them home with him—that these, I say, should be as slavishly treated, as they are sold and bought? Ye poor lambs!—And yet ye, too, are as bad as your sale-mothers and sale-fathers:—what is one to do with this enthusiasm for your sex, when one travels through German towns, where every heaviest-pursued, every longest-tilled individual, were he second cousin to the devil himself, can point with his finger to thirty houses, and say: 'I know not, shall it be from the pearl-coloured, or the nut-brown, or the steel-green house, that I wed; open to customers are they all.' How, my girls, is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any breast; and does it wax or shrink, then, like a Chinese ball, to fix itself into the ball-mould and marriage ring-case of any male heart whatever?—'Well, it must; unless we would sit at home, and grow old maids,' answer they; whom I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them, to address that same old maid in these words:

"'Forsaken, but patient one! misknown and mistreated! Think not of the times when thou hadst hope of better than the present are, and repent the noble pride of thy heart, never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honour, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadmired heroine; in thy last hour, when all life and the by-gone possessions and scaffoldings of life shall crumble in pieces, ready to fall down; in that hour thou wilt look back on thy untenanted life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes will be there; but in the empty dusk, one high, pure, angelic, smiling, beaming figure, godlike and mounting to the godlike, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her—mount thou with her, the figure is thy Virtue.'"

Reviews.

A Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean. By John H. Allan, member of the Athenian Archæological Society, and of the Egyptian Society of Cairo.

A work, more rich in illustration, more elegantly got up, and more interesting to the general reader, seldom comes within our notice.

The author embarks at Liverpool in the *Oriental*, and describes in a lively style the squalls which take place, and the consequent mishaps which befel the passengers on their way to Gibraltar. From thence he conducts the reader to Venice, introduces him to the seat of the Doges, leads him in a pleasing way to Smyrna, where everything of note—from the fig-tree to the temple of Appollo Didymaens—is brought to his notice. Alexandria, which opens the fourth chapter, is not less interesting than those which precede it: Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, with the False Pyramids and ancient castles, are full of interest.

The volume is illustrated by 88 lithographic drawings and 96 wood-engravings, not one of which that does not reflect the greatest credit upon the artists, Messrs. Allan and Gilks. For specimens of the illustrations on wood see the articles entitled—"Scenes on the Mediterranean." The accompanying woodcuts have been kindly proffered us by Mr. Allan. We strongly recommend the "Pictorial Tour" to public attention, as it is decidedly the best work, both in point of illustrations and literary qualifications that has been issued from the press.

Miscellaneous.

Life in Germany, as it appears to an Englishman.—"What now, amongst the Germans, strikes every liberal lover of his country, every man who has no motive but to see the truth and spread of it, especially in our own beloved country? He sees a simple, and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and consequently a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept, by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition. He sees, wherever he goes, in great cities, or small towns, everything done for the public enjoyment. Public walks, beautifully planted, and carefully accommodated with seats at convenient distances for the public to rest at leisure. He sees these walks laid out wherever it be possible. Old town-walls and ramparts are converted into promenades, commanding by their elevation the finest prospects over town and country. The whole of city or town is encircled by them. Thus the old as well as the young can ascend from the heat and dust and hurry of the streets, and enjoy the freshest air, and the most lively and yet soothing scenes in the streets below on one hand, or gaze into the green fields

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and hills around. It is delightful to see on fine days the greyheaded fathers of a city thus seated on these airy walks beneath their favourite limes, and enjoying their chat together over old times, while within a few steps of home their eyes can still wander over those distant scenes whither their feet no longer can carry them. If there be an old castle in the suburbs of any of their towns, it is not shut up, but its gardens, and its very walls, and courts, and fosses, are laid out in lovely walks, and the whole place is made the favourite resort and enjoyment of the whole population. There a coffee-house or cassino is sure to be found; and there beneath the summer trees, old and young, rich and poor, sit and partake of their coffee, wine, and other refreshment, while some old tower near is converted into an orchestra, and sends down the finest music for the general delight. He sees all sorts of gardens, even to the royal ones, and all sorts of estates, kept open for the public observation and passage through them; he sees the woods and forests all open to the foot and spirit of the delighted lover of nature and of solitude. He sees all public amusements and enjoyments, as theatrical and musical representations, the very highest of this kind, kept cheap and accessible to all. There are no operas there with boxes let at £300 per annum, with seats in the pit at half-a-guinea each. Twenty-pence is the price of gentility itself; and for five-pence may be heard, and in a good place, the finest operas performed by the finest singers in the country. For four-pence may be attended the finest out-of-door concerts of Strauss or Lanner in the capital of Austria itself. He sees education kept equally cheap in school and university, kept within the reach of all for the free use of all; and the school so systematised as to answer the various requirings of every varied class or profession. He sees the church kept cheap, and the churches open and free to one man as well as another, without pews and property, where all should be open, the common meeting-place of the common family before the common Father. He sees no church-rates imposed on stubborn and refractory consciences, but a voluntary contribution, left to the voluntary attender of divine service. He sees musical and singing societies encouraged amongst the people, where the working classes, when the labours of the day are done, can meet and enjoy a refining treat. He sees these civilising and refining influences extended over the open-air enjoyments of the Sundays and holidays of the common people in city and country."—*W. Howitt.*

Sam Sly's African Journal.—This entertaining vehicle of information, which we have often had occasion to quote, has no equal for sly humour in that quarter of the globe which has the advantage of publishing it. The following passages from a whimsical sketch of Cape Town, are very rich :—"Then the number of black faces and hands, and shoeless feet, or 'Images of God cut in ebony,' that bespoke an African soil, when in England we had only been accustomed to see a straggler now and then, out of his element at the road-side, sunning himself as well as he could, near a wall, or begging, or in the hall of some retired Bengal Indian, behind a carriage, or flourishing the drum-sticks over the big drum in St. James's Park. We were much amused at the incessant and universal crowing of cocks, in every direction, and at the uncommon quantity of curs, blinking in the sun, of every description, not two alike and none of a decided character, but all mixed and all mongrel—too idle and cowardly to fly at you, and too suspicious to wag their tails and make your acquaintance. It was strange to see so many heads in red kerchiefs and conical-shaped straw hats like funnels, or inverted whipping tops—to see such a number of Malay boys like little old men out short, in the full complement of habiliments with their grandfathers. To see twenty oxen in one rudely-constructed waggon, with little or nothing in it, and a mere gipsy's tent at the end, or like an elephant linked to a mouse. It was strange to find uncovered ditches running up the principal streets, to hear no bells or music, and to mark the apathy and indifference of every one, in so bright a region. It was queer to perceive so many women and girls sitting on their haunches at doorways with nothing to do, and labour so much in request. It was laughable to see gentlemen and giants on horseback in green veils, and others on foot all in white in November, like a miller powdered with his own flour.

The Gatherer.

Value of Solitude.—"A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth of the highest mind; and, therefore, must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests."—*Novalis.*

Consumption of Tea and Coffee.—One of the most remarkable facts in the diet of mankind, is the enormous consumption of tea and coffee. Upwards of 800,000,000 of pounds of these articles are annually consumed by the inhabitants of the world.

Too True.—It was a saying of Mr. Fox's, that "truth requires time before it can soak into English heads;" a fact of which Ministers seem fully aware.

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The Doctors of the Day—A poem in support of Hydropathy is preparing for the press. It opens with the following invocation, and compliment to the faculty:—

"Goddess of health, whose favour all implore,
Whom all, except physicians, must adore;
Thou, whom with more than common mortal state,
'Twas Lady Hamilton's to personate.
Now lend a suppliant thy willing aid,
To sing how crime has flourished as a trade,
How men as doctors have been raised to fame,
Who rather should have borne the butcher's name.
How more expert than India's murd'rous Thugs,
They still have sold their life destroying drugs.
Teach me to paint the weakness of mankind,
Through countless ages obstinately blind.
Help me in proper light to show their case,
And wake to common sense the human race."

De Fellenberg's School at Hofwyl.—"As we returned from the garden with the pupils, on the evening of the first day, we stood for a few minutes with Vehrli (the preceptor who has the charge of them), in the court-yard, by the shore of the lake. The pupils had ascended into the class rooms, and the evening being tranquil and warm, the windows were thrown up, and we, shortly afterwards, heard them sing in excellent harmony. As soon as this song had ceased, we sent a message to request another with which we had become familiar in our visits to the Swiss schools; and thus, in succession, we called for song after song of Nageli, imagining that we were only directing them at their usual hour of instruction in vocal music. There was a great charm in this simple but excellent harmony. When we had listened nearly an hour, Vehrli invited us to ascend into the room where the pupils were assembled. We followed him, and on entering the apartment, great was our surprise to discover that the whole school, during the period we had listened, had been cheering with songs their evening employment of peeling potatoes and cutting the stalks from the green vegetables and beans, which they had gathered in the garden. As we stood there they renewed their choruses till prayers were announced. We were greatly charmed in this school by the union of comparatively high intellectual attainments among the scholars, with the utmost simplicity of life and cheerfulness in the humblest menial labours. Their food was of the coarsest character, consisting chiefly of vegetables, soups, and very brown bread. They rose between four and five, took three meals in the day, the last about six, and retired to bed about nine."—*Minutes of the Council on Education.*

Literary Treasures.—A copy of the second edition of Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," 1594, was sold on Wednesday week, at Messrs. Sotheby's, for £106. This edition was *unknown* to Malone and his contemporaries; the only other copy said to exist, was left to the Bodleian library by the late Mr. Caldecot. It is not a remainder of the first edition, but a distinct re-impression. Malone gave £25 for his copy of the first edition of 1593; it would fetch seven times that sum now. A copy of the "Sonnets," of 1609, was sold at the same sale (title and dedication wanting, but supplied by Harris), for £33, a higher price than has been given before for a perfect copy. Garrick's copy of the first folio was knocked down for £86; bought at Garrick's sale for £34 2s. 6d., and by Garrick himself, when books were cheap, for £1 16s, or as many shillings. The original selling price was £1. A kind of cup or rummer made from Shakspeare's mulberry tree was sold on the same day for £30. This was "Tom Hill's" cup.

How to serve a Poor Friend.—"If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff-box is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt to his back. Put something into his pocket."—*Tom Brown.*

THE PRIZE COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET.

The excitement which has lately been created by the prize comedy, "Quid Pro Quo," induced us with many others to go with the determination to be pleased, but we are sorry to say that we came away with the painful impression that if this "prize comedy" be indeed a prize, the ninety-seven rejected ones must have been more than blanks. It was the judgment of Mr. Farren, we believe, that led to the *rejection* from the Haymarket of Mr. Farren's admirable comedy of "Mothers and Daughters:" the *imprimatur* of Mr. Farren and his co-critics has led to this lamentable exhibition of a *poor farce in five acts* as a prize comedy. We shall return to this subject.

ON THE FAILURE OF MRS. GORE'S COMEDY.

(For the Mirror.)

The house was crammed—each box was full,
But sadly was the audience bored,
And mighty Webster found that *Bull*
Was rather wild from being *Gored.*

CORRESPONDENTS.

The conclusion of "Henry de Lorraine" arrived too late for the present number.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

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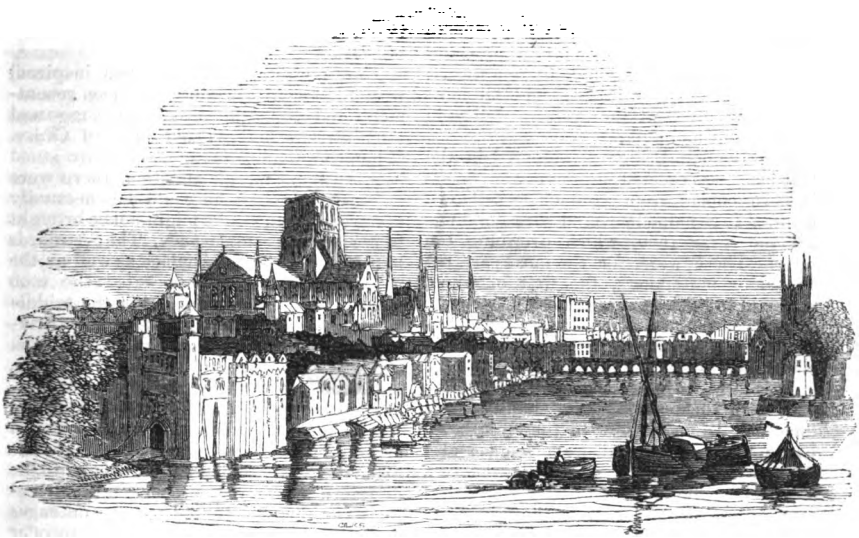
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 26.] SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1844. [VOL. 1, 1844.



Original Communications.

VIEW OF OLD LONDON.

The Surrey Zoological Gardens have lately changed hands, and under the new proprietor, Mr. Tyler, they have been greatly improved. Renovation appears in every part, and each step we advance, something strange or beautiful, or both, fails not to meet the eye.

But the grand feature of the present season is the picture or model of Old London. This was a happy thought: the beautiful site of these grounds offers the means of producing artistical effects, such as, perhaps, were never before attempted in any part of the world. When we look on the vast sheet of water found there, we have a representation of a river, more perfect than the noblest pencil could ever furnish. If, then, a tasteful arrangement be made on its margin, there is nothing to prevent a most animated representation being brought before us of all the principal cities in the world. The lake cannot fail to perform its part well; admired as the Tiber last summer, it is equally great in the character of old Father Thames in the present year. On its banks we see London, not the London of to-day, but the old city, such as it was before the great fire in 1666, with the ancient cathedral of St. Paul's, or Powles, as it was formerly called, with its square tower; with the bridge, sustaining a palace and numerous houses. So crowded and so irregular the erections seem, as here presented, that doubts may be entertained of the accuracy of the exhibition; but we have no reason to call it seriously in question, if Sir William D'Avenant be a good authority. Writing of London about the period intended to be recalled, he says:—

"Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheelbarrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh! the goodly landscape of Old Fish Street, which if it had not the ill-luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founders'

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perspective; and where the garrets, perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity, are so narrow, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. Is unanimity of inhabitants in wide cities better expressed than by their coherence and uniformity of building, where streets begin, continue, and end, in a like stature and shape. But yours look as if they were raised in a general resurrection, where every man hath a several design, differ in all things that can make a distinction. Here stands one that aims to be a palace, and next it one that professes to be a hovel; here a giant, there a dwarf; here slender, there broad; and all most admirably different in faces, as well as in their height and bulk."

The London Bridge represented in the Gardens, was erected in the year 1178. It is here copied from Hollar's well-known print. It remained covered with buildings till the year 1560, which overhung the river. These were, for the most part, occupied by pin-makers, the first of whom was said to have been a Spanish negro, who introduced the art. The remains of a drawbridge in the middle, protected by an ancient tower, were then still to be seen.

It is always interesting to contrast the past with the present. The London here imagined is no more. In the fullness of time must that on which we now gaze also pass away. Will a modern Isaiah heave a sigh, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary? The mountain of Zion is desolate, the foxes walk upon it." Or, will the fanciful imagining of a poet of our own time, be murmured over the sad reality,

"Here London stood, and gloried in her might,
And lived in peace and joy, and wealth and guilt:
Where are thy merchants now, thy dearest pride?
The great men of the earth?"

"Their name is passed;
Their arts have perished; and their land is wild,
As it had never been a land of men!"

HENRY DE LORRAINE, THE LAST DUKE OF GUISE.

(Continued from page 372.)

The haughty spirit of Henry was mortified beyond measure at finding himself in such company, and the scene before him so different from that which had been described, and from all that he had imagined. Del Ferro's absurdities were every day more startling and extravagant. Not only was he an impostor, but he was so brutally ignorant of all which a real ambassador from France must have intimately known, that one day passing through the streets, he threw himself on his knees, as he said, before the picture of the king, his master. While really bending before a portrait of Henry IV, with a long white beard, he supposed it to be that of Louis XIV, then a boy. On another occasion, this person, so fond of prostrating himself, acted a very different but not less ridiculous part. To give importance to a a procession in which the duke moved, he preceded him with a drawn sword, cutting at every one that came in his way, and wearing, wrote the Duke, "a black perriwig, such as is worn in our theatres by furies, made of a horse's tail."

The unutterable disgust thus inspired, was not slow in ripening into deep resentment, and crimes the most fearful suggested themselves to the inflamed mind of Guise. When so pitiable a being as Gennaro stood between him and his ambition, there were no means by which he could be effectually removed that the duke might not be brought to regard with complacency. The Spaniards hated the rebellious populace as well as the nobility, but the nobility hated the mob more than the Spaniards. For the middle classes—the merchants, lawyers, and thriving shopkeepers who were called the "black cloaks," they were sick of the revolution, but could not agree on the means of putting an end to its disorders. In short, there was no point of union. All was confusion and discord. The lower classes who furnished the only soldiers at his command, he described to be very proper for insurrections, but they committed so many outrages that it afterwards became necessary to offer their heads as a sacrifice to public hatred. He was for a time popular with all classes, but seems to have been heartily ashamed of his admirers.

At length the succours which he had been promised from France, arrived, and it was proposed by the commanding officer who brought them, to put the supplies now forwarded, not into the hands of Guise, but into those of Gennaro. This he attributed to the underhanded doings of that wretched person, against whose ignorance, brutality, and treachery, he now loudly exclaimed. He got a body of men some thirty or forty thousand strong, to call upon him to place himself at their head as their king. It was, however, necessary to compel Gennaro to resign. This he was soon bullied into doing. While hating Guise most sincerely, he pretended he was but too happy in surrendering the power he had been trusted with, into the hands of De Lorraine. When that was done, the latter assumed the title of "Duke of the Republic, Protector of the liberties, and Generallissimo of the armies of Naples;" that of king, though the object dearest to his heart, he did not dare to claim. Even the distinction of duke was too much in the eyes of his friends. The

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French fleet withdrew after a contest with a Spanish squadron, and left him to deal with a discontented nobility and mutinous troops, as he might, without any means but his own, and no prospect of finding any. He met the dangers to which he was exposed, with characteristic determination. Those who opposed his authority, he got rid of expeditiously by slaying them with his own hand. On this desperate course he was admonished that it involved him in great danger, his answer was sufficiently arrogant. "*Odi profanum vulgus.* Naturally, I despise the mob. When God formed a man of my rank, he placed his stamp upon my features, that groundlings can only look upon me and tremble."

Yet still he lived in dread of assassination. One desperate man assailed him with a poniard, but failed in his object. An attempt was afterwards made to poison him, and thus the duke protector, with all his courage, found it no easy task to defend himself. Gennaro, who dared not to manifest hostility, did not scruple to plot his murder. This was his position, when one of his adherents, Augustino Mollo, waited on him one night, and said,

"I have brought you something that will relieve you from the designs of Gennaro for ever. Here is a vial apparently of clear and beautiful water. Get him to swallow this, and it will carry him off in three or four days, without his having the least suspicion of his fate, as it is perfectly tasteless."

The duke was not above availing himself of the unworthy means suggested for dismissing the poor demagogue from life. On the following day, he contrived to get him to swallow the whole of the draught. It made him sick, but occasioned no other inconvenience beyond an illness of a few days' duration. The duke wished him dead, and had no conscientious scruples about the manner in which he should be disposed of; his sole anxiety was that it might be accomplished in such a way, that France should not suppose he had fallen the victim of attachment to her interests.

In this deplorable condition he remained for some time, the chief of a nation without power, supported only by the most desperate; who were likely to prove the most faithless of mankind. His army was composed of regiments formed of banditti. Of this force he numbered 3,500, the oldest of them was under forty-five years of age, the youngest about twenty. They were tall, with long curling hair, and had coats of Spanish leather, with sleeves of velvet or cloth of gold. Their lower garments were made of scarlet cloth, adorned with gold lace. They had each two pistols stuck in their velvet girdles, a cutlass, and a firelock, with a cap of cloth of gold or silver.

These men, though fierce in appearance were not to be depended upon. One of them, Paul of Naples, defied his authority, and plundered some of the citizens. Guise acted with his wonted resolution on this occasion. He caused the offender to be seized and put to the rack, when he confessed that he had plotted against the duke's life. He was thereupon condemned and executed.

Gennaro, the timid trembling Gennaro, had got the tower of the Carmelites filled with his friends. This gave De Lorraine great uneasiness, and he could find no means of disposing of a rival whom he scorned to recognise as such. He however believed that he was gradually conquering the difficulties of his situation, when a celebrated Italian astrologer, named Cucurullo, waited on him to solicit a passport, that he might leave Naples.

"Why, Curucullo," demanded the Duke, "would you withdraw?"

"The stars," replied the astrologer, "hitherto favourable to you, now change their course; and are about to shine on the Spaniards, your foes."

"Show me your calculations?"

"Duke, they are here," said Curucullo, laying before De Lorraine a sheet of paper, and explaining the courses and the aspects of the heavenly bodies.

"Thou hast studied thy wits out of thy head," said Guise, and he then proceeded to show the astrologer from his own *data*, that the danger was past.

"In eight days," Curucullo solemnly replied, "thou wilt be a captive."

The duke affected to laugh at the warning, and gave the desired passport. Curucullo withdrew, and the duke, exulting in his growing power, conducted an expedition against Nisita, opposite Mount Pansilippo. He was thus engaged, when he read the following note from Augustino Mollo.

"Naples is worth more than a wretched shoal. Return, the city will be presently attacked."

Guise remained one night longer before Nisita. Before the dawn of another day, his kingdom had passed away. An attack on it was made by a sally from all the castles, April 6th, 1458, headed by Don Juan of Austria and the new viceroy, the Conde D'Onata, and all gave way before him. Guise attempted to retake Naples, but in verification of Curucullo's prediction, was made prisoner. The Spaniards threatened to execute him, but this was prevented by Don Juan. Gennaro was beheaded with little ceremony; Guise was sent to Spain, where he remained four years. Mademoiselle de Pons proved faithless. He eventually gave himself up to dissipation. As one of the gallants of the court of Louis XIV, he shone among the votaries of pleasure, and died in 1664.

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CHILDISHNESS OF NAPOLEON.

Mrs. Abell, formerly Miss Balcombe, was a child living with her parents and family at Briars, in St. Helena, when Napoleon Bonaparte arrived there in 1815, and he became their inmate. Her recollections of him give a more lively picture of the childishness which he occasionally used to assume, than we remember to have seen from any other hand. The pleasure of teasing could hardly be more luxuriated in than it was on one occasion, when the young lady, having been refused permission to go to a ball about to be given by Sir George Cockburn, at her request, Bonaparte obtained her father's consent. He questioned her as to what dress she was to wear. What followed shall be told in her own words:—

"I now ran up stairs to bring my dress down to him. It was the first ball-dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it. He said it was very pretty; and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa, and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sisters were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said, "Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game.' I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon. The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espiglerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavoured whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slily held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so, I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered, but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done. He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the pagoda; and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner room, and locked himself in. I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock. I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was, that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me. At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas! my beautiful dress being in them. I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all, when, to my great joy, I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress. 'Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress; I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud.' General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him. I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled. He said he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before."

THE PRIZE PLAY.

Nothing can be more perfect than the unanimity which prevails on the subject of the new prize play. All the critics concur in pronouncing it to be wanting in plot, and abounding in low, hackneyed, inefficient caricature. Mr. Webster wishes it to be borne in mind that *he* did not choose the play. Not he, indeed, such trash would never have been put on the stage by him! The committee, or *Seven Sages*, who made choice of it, say no blame should attach to them; had there been a better play, that better play they would have preferred; but ninety-seven out of the ninety-eight candidates aver a much better play was actually submitted (saving the alliterative sameness of the sentence) to the said seven sages.

These gentlemen, it seems, had twenty meetings. That was not too many. To read nearly five plays on each occasion, and to discuss their merits, was no light matter. We do not dispute their fitness, though what rendered Mr. Young, who was never seen but in tragedy, a particularly good judge of comedy, we have yet to learn. A play-licenser who had been accustomed to a fee of a guinea or two for merely reading a song, would not for a trifle read

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ninety-eight five-act plays; and for gentlemen actively connected with the daily press to do so attentively—for them to find the necessary time to spare, about as many years would be required. It ought not to cause much surprise that parties so hardly tasked should, like a locked-up jury, deem it more prudent to come to a verdict than to continue the inquiry *ad infinitum*. So the thing was settled, and Mrs. Gore got the money, we suppose, though the manager was hardly satisfied that he had his *Quid Pro Quo*.

It must be admitted that the business was managed more rationally after all than could be expected from the original plan, which, it will be remembered, was to have the plays read in a sort of congress, at which actors, male and female, were to assist, Mr. Webster to have the casting vote. The judges seem to have tried to get at a general knowledge of the pieces offered. They are only to be blamed for placing themselves in so ridiculous a position. From the first the idea was a foolish claptrap piece of humbug. Does any one believe that with moderate encouragement—the chance of a reading within a reasonable time, instead of being contemptuously neglected for weeks and months, that there would have been any falling off in the supply? It is the unfeeling delays, the favoritism, and, last, not least, the butchery committed on plays, even after they are accepted, that has degraded the stage. Let these matters be reformed, and no other premium need be offered for dramatic authorship.

TITLES OF BOOKS.

Some book titles affect a punning strain, as in Theodore de la Guard's "Simple *cobbler* of Aggawam, in America, willing to *mend* his native country, lamentably tattered both in the *upper-leather* and *sole*, with all the honest *stitches* he can, for

> "When boots and shoes are torn up to the lefts,
> Cobblers must thrust their awls up to the hefts."
> (1647.)

Others attempt to edify by exhibiting droll orthography, as in John Gower's scarce poem of "The *Cow*-ragious Combat," (1645).

The titles of religious works are frequently very fanciful, sometimes ludicrously so. One of the rarest works of Caxton's press is called "The *Chastysing* of God's Chyldren, profytable to man's soul, and right *comfortable to his Body*, specially in Adversitie." The title of one published in 1658, runs thus:—"A Wise Virgin's Lamp burning, or God's Sweet Incense of Love to a gracious soul waiting for Him, found in Anne Venn's closet after her death." Not quite so serious a title is that of another, called, "Room for Miracles, or Miracles from Roome, a cart-load for a penny, exposing the Wonderful Fopperies imposed by the Popish Church, to which is added a Lump of Holy Reliques worth Nobody knows what, as a cast into the Bargain." (1673.)

What lawyer can read without a smile such titles as these:—"Law is a bottomless Pit, exemplified in the case of John Bull, Nicholas Frog, and Lewis Baboon, who spent all they had in a Law-Suit"; "The Trial of a Black Pudding, or the Unlawfulness of eating Blood," (1652;) "The Debate between Pride and Lowliness, pleaded in an Issue of Assize."

Black-puddings are noticed again in "A History of the Generous Usurer, Mr. Nevill, of Thames Street, who allowed his Maid a Black-Pudding for Dinner." (1641.) An epicure will be pleased with the title of "A Learned Dissertation on Dumpling, with a word upon Pudding." (1726). Medical men will be amused with the title of "Banister's Historie of Man, sucked from the sap of the most approved Anatomists, for the Utilitie of all Godly Surgeons." (1578). Readers afflicted with the gout may seek consolation in a book published at Philadelphia, entitled "The Honour of the Gout, demonstrating that it is one of the Greatest Blessings which can befal Mortal Man." (1732). Husbands and wives may feel interested in "Strange and terrible news from Cambridge, being a true Relation and Trial of some Quakers who bewitched Mary Phillips out of the bed from her husband, and having transformed her into a mare, rode her from Dinton, towards Cambridge: with the manner how she beeame visible again in her own likeness and shape, with all her sides rent and torn as if they had been spur-galled." (1659). Then there is John Gode's "Discourse of the great Crueltie of a Widow towards a Young Gentleman, and by what means he requited the same, set forth in English verse."

The literary, musical, and dramatic world may wince at such titles as these: "Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, containing an Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, and Jesters." (1579); "The Penniless Parliament of Thread-bare Poets." (1608). A foreign musician fancied that the violin was the subject sung of in a little book called, "The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle." (1814). Not long since, a policeman collared a poor scholar whom he overheard say, "I have been seeking *The Life of the Duke of Wellington*." The mottoes on books are frequently quaint and amusing. Thus "Robert Record's Whetstone of Wit" (1557), has these lines:

> "Though many stones do bear great price,
> The whetstone is for exercise."

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The following is from "The Secret History of Betty Ireland:"

"Read Moll Flanders, the German Princess scan,
Then match our Irish Betty if you can;
In wit and vice she did 'em both excel,
And may be justly called a Nonpareil."

From a desire to screen the printer or publisher from detection and prosecution, a certain class of works have frequently fictitious signatures and evasive sentences on the title-page. Thus a rare tract in defence of the Puritans, and entitled *Certain Articles collected by the Bishops out of an Admonition to Parliament*, is

"Imprinted we know where and whan,
Judge you the place and name him if you can."

A book on baptism, with plates, has the curious alliterative title of Daniel Featley's Dippers Dipt. (1644.)

I shall conclude with three singular titles, namely, *A Pill for the Author of Cranbrook, or the Doctor bled with his own Lancet, by Pedro Pilgarlick*, which is followed by *A Poetical Battery of twenty-two guns (eight-pounders) loaded to the muzzles, and discharged at the Whimsicalities of Cranbrook, by Theophilus Thunderbolt.* Lastly, is a political publication, entitled "The Scots Nutcrackers to break cracked-crowns, and new-mould Sceptres, after the fashion of the Northern Blue Bonnets, with an account of the State of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland. London: printed for H. B., and sold in the Old Bailey, 1648."

J. H. F.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Hark—to the sound!
Without a trump, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

Starved children with their pauper sire,
And labourers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons, hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

The good, the bad come hand in hand,
Linked by that law which none withstand;
And at their head,
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout—sent upwards to the sky,
Of "*Bread!—Bread!*"

That word their ensign—that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain:
That the sole boon for lives of toil,
Demand they from their natural soil:—
Oh, not in vain!

One single year, and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and haggard brow,
Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes: their sole desire,
Rude comforts near their cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

But Hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh Truth and Virtue low,
And Pride elate:
Wild Hunger, stripped of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

For mark, what comes:—To-night, the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
And wine will run
In floods, and rafters blazing bright,
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun;

And plate carved round with quaint device,
And cups all gold, will melt, like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks, from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamps of bloody hands,
And trampling feet!

And *Murder*—from his hideous den
Will come abroad, and talk to men,
Till creatures born
For good (whose hearts kind Pity nursed),
Will act the direst crimes they cursed
But yester-morn.

So, Wealth by Want will be o'erthrown;
And Want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood.
Sweet Peace! who sitt'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the little to the great,
Canst *Thou* not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud?

Between the pomp of Crœsus' state,
And Irus, starved by sullen Fate—
'Tween "thee" and "me—"
'Tween deadly Frost and scorching Sun—
The Thirty tyrants and the One—
Some space must be.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore—
Turk's bowstring—Tartar's vile ukase—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore?

Oh, God!—Since our bad world began,
Thus hath it been—from man to man.
War, to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame—from crime—despair,
Man's puny life!

THE DEATH OF SIMON DE MONTFORT.

Though Magna Charta was conceded by John, it was not cordially approved by his son. On this subject we had lately occasion to speak in the *Mirror*, and what was then stated is remarkably confirmed in Mr. Blaaw's work on the baron's war. The charter was all but abrogated in the time of Henry III, when those who had won determined to maintain it by their swords. Under Simon de Montfort they defied the

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king, and in a battle fought at Lewes the royalists sustained a severe defeat.

The victor was for a time the hero and the idol of his land. A Latin poem, written by a monk, thus glorified him:—

"May the Lord bless Simon de Montfort, his sons and his comrades, who have so nobly and boldly fought, in compassion on the sad fate of the English, when they were so unspeakably trampled under foot, and nearly deprived of all their liberties, and even of life, languishing under their hard Princes.' 'Blessed be the Lord God of Vengeance, who sits on His high throne in heaven, and by His own might treads upon the necks of the proud, making the great subject to the weak. He has subdued two kings and their two heirs into captivity, as transgressors of the laws, and has given over to ignominy all the pride of their warfare, with their numberless followers.'"

This day of joy and triumph was brief. The warlike Edward, in the cause of his royal father, soon proved himself more than a match for De Montfort and his friends, and the battle of Evesham annihilated their hopes, and deprived them of their valiant chief. We condense Mr. Blaaw's narrative of this great historical event.

At day-break, on Tuesday, August 4, after mass had been celebrated, absolution was again freely dispensed among the baronial soldiers, as on the eve of the battle of Lewes, by the same bold prelate:

"The Bissop Walter of Wurcestre assolled hom alle there,
And prechede hom, that hii adde of deth the lasse fere." *Rob. Glouc.*

The barons were preparing to mount their horses and leave Evesham, in pursuance of their plan, when there came into view, issuing from the folds of the hill in the very quarter where they looked for young de Montfort, a large army, advancing towards them in battle array, divided into orderly squadrons, and bearing in their van the emblazoned banners of their expected friends. The sight gladdened their eyes and hearts for a time, but it was to Prince Edward they gave this fatal welcome. The heraldic ensigns were his trophies snatched from the Kenilworth captives, and his approach had been purposely so contrived as to cut off all communication between the father and son, and thus to appear in the direction most likely to give effect to the delusion.

When de Montfort, in order to reconnoitre the royalists, ascended a hill, or, as some say, the Tower of Evesham Abbey, where he had been hospitably entertained, he was so struck with admiration of their improved discipline, that the natural pride of a soldier led him to exclaim with his usual oath (alluding to a relic of the chivalrous champion of Spain recently brought to England), "By the arm of St. James they come on skilfully, but it is from me they have learnt that method, not from themselves." At first only one division of his enemy, that led on by the Prince, had been seen by de Montfort, a small hill intervening to conceal the Earl of Gloucester's advance by a different line. When the whole danger was revealed to him, it seemed at once so overwhelming, that he gave free permission for his friends to take to flight, venting his prophetic apprehensions, "May the Lord have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are in the enemies' power." While escape was still possible, a generous rivalry led each leader to persuade others to adopt that means of safety, which he rejected for himself. Hugh le Despenser and Ralph Basset, when urged to fly, refused to survive de Montfort, and the great leader himself, when his son Henry affectionately offered to bear the brunt of the battle alone, while his father should preserve his life by flight, steadily answered, "Far from me be the thought of such a course, my dear son! I have grown old in wars, and my life hastens to an end; the noble parentage of my blood has been always notoriously eminent in this one point, never to fly, or wish to fly, from battle. Nay, my son, do you rather retire from this fearful contest, lest you perish in the flower of youth; you, who are now about to succeed (so may God grant) to me and our illustrious race in the glories of war."

The enemy now rushed forward, but in spite of the great disparity of numbers, the barons maintained the contest for two hours:—

Simon de Montfort (says one account), "fought stoutly like a giant for the liberties of England," and even when all the weight of the enemy's force was made to press upon him personally, he resisted their assaults "like an impregnable tower," with his dearest friends crowding around as if to defend him with the ramparts of their bodies. One by one they dropped in death; Basset and le Despenser, the most faithful of all his friends, at length sank to the earth near him. * * "Never will I surrender to dogs and perjurers, but to God alone," cried de Montfort, when summoned to do so. His horse had been killed under him, but though weakened by his wounds he yet fought on with so much spirit, wielding his sword with both hands against twelve knights, his assailants, and dealing his blows with so vigorous an old age, that, if there had been but eight followers like him, he would, according to an eye witness, have put the enemy to shame. It is said that Prince Edward, before the battle, had been desirous of taking the earl and his son prisoners, but the barons of his suite were resolved on their death, and an angry

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multitude now pressed on de Montfort so fiercely, that, though fighting on to the last, sword in hand, and with a cheerful countenance, he at length fell when wounded by a blow from behind, overwhelmed by numbers rather than conquered. "Thus ended, by an honourable death, the inbred chivalry and prowess which had been ennobled by so many deeds in so many lands." "Thus lamentably fell the flower of all knighthood, leaving an example of steadfastness to others;—but who can prevent familiar treachery? they who had eaten his bread, had now raised their heels against him; they who loved him by word of mouth lied in their throats, not having their hearts right with him, but betraying him in his necessity." Such are the earnest comments of a French and an English chronicler on the event."

His son Henry fell on the same field; his son Guy was also severely wounded, and left for dead; and his banner-bearer, his esquires, indeed all his personal followers, laid down their lives in that fatal day.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XIII.—TOUR-MAKING.

The most erroneous interpretation of the word instruction which it is possible to conceive, was that which prevailed in the last century, and which understood education as signifying a knowledge of every vice and folly of fashionable life. It was this absurd but almost universal notion, that originated the practice of sending young men entering upon maturity, to "make the Tour of the Continent." The man who could not gamble, or swear, or fight a duel, or drink his dozen bottles of wine, was thought an inferior being; his education was not considered complete until he was taught these questionable acquirements; and, as London—bad as it was—did not offer sufficient opportunities of attaining them, the youngster, who had just quitted school or college, was dispatched to Paris, the grand centre of dissipation and debauchery, under the pretence of affording him opportunities of obtaining an insight into continental manners and customs, but really, as it proves, to initiate him into continental vices and follies. A clergyman, whose hopes of preferment in the church had been disappointed, or who was destitute of friends and patrons to promote his interests, was usually chosen as the "tutor" or companion of his travels, but it was, obviously, the immediate interest of the tutor to allow his protegé the free range of his inclinations, and thus ingratiate himself with the young heir to a coronet or an estate. The consequence was that the tourist was suffered to plunge into every dissipation—gambling at the common tables, intriguing with opera dancers, or dividing his time between the two and the theatres—whilst his parent was flattering himself, from the tutor's favorable reports, that his son was acquiring the polished manners of the continent, or the information and knowledge which were to fit him to assume the character of an accomplished gentleman, and to form, in after years, a constant and interesting fund of conversation.

The frequent demands for cash in many cases opened the eyes of a father to the extravagance of his son, and, when it was too late, the fatal infatuation which had induced him to afford such scope for his debauchery, became apparent. But—he was sent to see the world, and the world he had seen, so far as vice and depravity were comprehended in the term; and instead of measuring the height of mountains, sketching alpine scenery, or making notes of local customs, it was discovered that the young traveller had been allured, as might easily have been foreseen, into all the dissolute practices of the dissolute society to which his father's compliance with a fashionable and absurd practice had introduced him.

But, in many cases, funds were raised secretly and without any application to home, and the ingenuity of the tutor was constantly tortured to supply fresh schemes for obtaining money to be squandered away by his pupil. The estates which were to be his at his maturity, were mortgaged, legacies anticipated, reversions to property sold, and forthcoming annuities converted into cash; and the youth, who had been sent to the continent to complete his education, frequently returned to England, an irreclaimable spendthrift, an inveterate gambler, and a consummate scoundrel, with an admiration of foreigners, and everything that was foreign—a detestation of England and the English—and a constitution permanently shattered by excess and debauchery. As for the guilty tutor, who had connived at, and secretly aided, the vicious tastes of his pupil, he was generally appointed his chaplain—a sort of pensioner on his bounty, whose duty, so far from performing the offices of religion, was to join in every excess and intemperance of his "gay" patron and his dissolute associates.

CHAPTER XIV.—VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA.

Merrily beat the drum, gaily rang the bugles, and proudly strutted the heroes of the Royal London Volunteers, at the close of the last, and through two or three years of the present century, on a grand field day, when the entire corps of metropolitan Volunteers were to be reviewed by His Ma-

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jesty in person. Mark the gaudy uniform of yonder sergeant of the Stepney corps—how different to the undress in which he dispenses farthing rushlights and half-ounces of coffee from behind his counter. This quartermaster of the Islington Volunteers, who struts along with all the dignity of a second Marlborough, is a dealer in tripe and trotters, but glowing patriotism and sense of public duty tore him from his shop, and forced him to the field. How conscious are the noble heroes of the thanks which their country owes them for their valour in assembling weekly to shoot at targets, and threaten destruction to the foe. Talk of a French invasion!—Why, Bonaparte, daring as he is, and backed by his "grand army" of warlike millions, would scarcely dare to show his face when such redoubtable warriors are ready to oppose him.

"Huzza! huzza!" shout till your welcomes ring again, ye ecstatic urchins! another band of their country's brave defenders is added to the gaudy throng. Again the bugle sounds, and to its tune the valiant volunteers march off to display their martial spirit before the king. And now, ye gods of war and victory, speed them on their march, and preside over their evolutions in the Park, lest, perchance, they may betray their callings, and talk about business and "the shop!"

The long French war which occupied the latter half of the eighteenth century called into existence two grand provisions for the national defence—bodies of militia and volunteers. Every parish had its corps, and every corps had its peculiar uniform—grey, blue, red, or green. Then it was that the people were ardent for the glory of their country, and crowded anxiously to join the ranks of volunteers.

Many an honest tradesman owed his ruin to this warlike mania. First, came an outlay for the uniform—an expensive uniform it was, too; then, decked out in his full regimentals, he had to repair frequently to exercise; and thus the shop was deserted, and business dwindled down, till the ardent volunteer appeared in the "Gazette," not among the list of military promotions, but in that of bankrupts. Cheerful times they were though, nevertheless; with the sun shining, the band playing, and children screaming from very pleasure, while the dauntless sons of Mars went through their exercise. Sometimes an accident would mar the festivity of the day, and a clumsy tailor, who had never handled a weapon heavier than his needle, would ground his arms upon his neighbour's toe; sometimes, too, and not unfrequently, a tradesman, with a far better knowledge of his wares and trade than of the trade of war, has accidentally discharged his weapon through a luckless passenger. But, generally, the field days passed off without any serious mishaps, and then the patriots adjourned to some first-rate tavern, and enjoyed a substantial dinner after braving the perils of the field. The Artillery Company of London, which has survived the war, and now is tasting the sweets (and annual dinners) of glorious peace, was the most exalted of the London Volunteers, and in its ranks were enrolled the aristocracy of the city. Then there were the Light Horse Volunteers, and the Loyal Volunteers, equally distinguished for their valour in the field, and who might have distinguished themselves still more had they but had an enemy to contend against. But the French, probably from respect to their prowess, possibly from other causes, obstinately persisted in their refusal to pay our shores a visit, and, at the conclusion of the war, in the early part of the present century, the Volunteers were disbanded without having a skirmish with the foe, notwithstanding the many alarms of invasions and descents upon our coast, which had so frequently drawn them shivering — with cold, not fear — from their beds and counters.

It is but justice to state that when the danger appeared most imminent, the volunteers were most numerous. All classes were ready to become soldiers. A valiant grocer was at the head of the Shoreditch Volunteers; the attorney-general commanded those of the Temple. Ludicrous as some of the scenes connected with these heroes necessarily were, in the main they were a most important force, and really determined—as expressed in an address spoken by Mr. C. Kemble, in the uniform of the Westminster Volunteers, of which he was a member—to do their duty against an invading enemy, and

"When they marched to guard the sea girt shore,"

resolved to

"Return victorious, or return no more."

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSES.

English travellers sometimes characterise the Americans as a "trading, swapping, spitting race." Others consider their most strongly marked features to be inquisitiveness, public vain glory, and love of dollars. In both of these definitions there is a good deal of truth; but if I were called upon to describe the *universal* Yankee nation in laconic terms, I should say they are "a boarding people." Perhaps the appellation will more particularly apply to the New-Yorkers, and denizens of three or four other large cities; but it holds good, to a certain degree, for every section of the republic.

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In this particular, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, &c., are nearly alike.

It will perhaps surprise many persons to hear, but it is no less true, that half the inhabitants of New York hire accommodations at these houses. Married men and single men, old women and pretty girls, milliners and masons, cobblers, colonels, and counter-jumpers, tailors and teachers, lieutenants, loafers, *ladies*, lackbrains and lawyers; printers and parsons; "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," all "go out to board."

The New York boarding houses are of various grades, from the lordly Astor to the grub cellars near the North river docks. In Bond-street, and in parts of Broadway, there are the best of them; quiet, genteel, well ordered places, where people of self-imagined refinement and breeding can pass their time almost as pleasantly as in a private parlour, because the whole company is on a level, at least in these respects. Scattered over the city in all directions are boarding houses of different grades; some of them, perhaps, as well ordered, but mostly less exclusive.

Then there are *transient* boarding houses, which are chiefly occupied by emigrants; and here, decidedly, are to be experienced the best specimens of sharp practice. Prices are regulated according to the knowledge of the customers; anything they have to part with is purchased at the cheapest possible rate, and a great many mercenary advantages taken. I have known the keeper of one of those establishments in Pearl-street to pretend the utmost friendship and confidence to a stranger, till he (the lodger) unthinkingly told that he had succeeded in getting some property disembarked without paying duty! Then this worthy host, for a paltry reward, immediately informed the proper authorities, and had the goods seized in his own house.

The better houses seldom have "boarding" displayed on the door, but generally the name of the proprietor. Of course, in an establishment of this sort, conducted on anything like "a scale," many amusing and rare specimens of human nature may be met with. Suppose, for the entertainment of the *Mirror* readers, I give, at a venture, descriptions of the inmates of a New York boarding house of the better order.

It is breakfast time. That thin, sallow-cheeked, knowing-looking woman at the head of the table, is the landlady. She officiates at the coffee and tea urns, and, as each person appears to be prepared for a further supply, she sees that his or her wants are attended to. But, as the majority of her customers eat their breakfasts in five minutes, and none spend more than ten, she has a busy time of it during the first meal. Nothing an Englishman will remark so soon, on landing in America, as the rapidity with which the people eat; but those who sojourn any length of time in the great republic, will adopt the same locomotive system in self-defence. Mr. K., the gentleman at the corner, is a cunning New Englander; that is, he is from one of the six northern states—or in other words, a Yankee; and Mr. D., next to him, is from the same *wooden nutmeg* section of the country. L. is from the old country, and having no profession, has dubbed himself a civil engineer. W. is a *dry goods'* keeper in Greenwich street; and H., an elderly bachelor, who has a clothing store down town. A. is a Jewish gentleman of Chatham-street; S. one of a well-known publishing firm in Boston; and the next two young fellows are clerks in the Broadway. Mr. B., at the *lower head* of the table, is "a jeweller and a gentleman;" N., a salesman in a store near by; Dr. H., a dentist and physician; Mrs. H., his wife; an elderly woman, the mother of the landlady; and several others, *ladies*, &c., whom we feel delicate about mentioning. However, we must not neglect another gentleman, Y.; he is lately returned from Saratoga springs, where he has been reading American law: he had eaten his way to the silken dignity of the *bar* in London, but while he was doing so, he was reading novels; consequently, he was compelled to try a foreign country. But, now, having engrafted on judge Blackstone's commentaries, judge Lynch's maxims, he is bound for Philadelphia to try his fortune like an honest man; where, "I calculate, he will be in a pretty considerable fix, any way he can fix it; there is no two ways about that."

Here you have a fair specimen of the New York boarding house, selected at random; it is done merely for the purpose of giving the uninitiated reader an idea of the company to be met with there.

The rate of remuneration in these places, is from three dollars to six, and sometimes higher. In mechanics' boarding house, the customary price is somewhat less than three dollars. The dollar at present in America is worth 4s. 1½d.

J. B.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ARGYLE.

Concluded from page 396.

After serving his country in several high stations, he became lord high chancellor of Scotland. He married Isabel Stewart, eldest daughter and co-heiress of John, lord of Lorn, and, in consequence, added the *galley* to his achievement, with the designation of lord Lorn to his other titles. From this marriage came two sons and several

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daughters. The earl died May 10, 1493, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Archibald, who fell commanding the vanguard in Flodden Field, September 9, 1513, leaving by Elizabeth, his wife, who was the daughter of John, earl of Lennox, a large family. He was succeeded by his son Colin, who, in 1428, was appointed lieutenant of the borders, warden of the marches, heritable sheriff of Argyleshire, justice-general of Scotland, and master of the king's household. He married lady Jane Gordon, daughter of Alexander, earl of Huntley; and, dying in 1553, was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name, who was the first person of high rank that embraced the Protestant religion in Scotland. He became a strenuous advocate for the Reformation. His lordship was married, first, to Helen, daughter of James, earl of Arran, by whom he had one son; and afterwards became the husband of Margaret, daughter of William Græme, earl of Menteith, by whom he had, besides two daughters, a son who was named Colin, and who afterwards succeeded to the title as sixth earl. He died in 1558, and the title then came to his eldest son, Archibald, who, at the breaking out of the civil wars in Scotland, took part with queen Mary, and commanded her forces at the battle of Langside, 1568. After the assassination of the regent Moray, the earl of Argyle and others of the queen's party assembled at Linlithgow, April 10, 1570; and his lordship was then constituted, with the duke of Chatelherault and the earl of Huntley, her majesty's lieutenant in Scotland. When the regent Lennox fell in 1571, also by assassination, the earl was candidate for the regency, but failed. He was then sworn into the privy council, and the next year became lord high chancellor. His lordship's first wife was the lady Jane Stuart, natural daughter of James V. This lady, it is on record, was at supper with her sister, queen Mary, on the memorable ninth of March, 1566, when Rizzio was murdered. She stood proxy for queen Elizabeth at the baptism of James VI, afterwards king of England. After her decease, the earl married lady Johanna Cunningham, second daughter of Alexander, fifth earl of Glencairn, but had no issue by either of his consorts. On his death in 1575, his estates and titles devolved on his half brother, Sir Colin Campbell, of Boguhan (before mentioned). He was a member of the privy council, and lord high chancellor of Scotland. He was married twice. By his second lady, Agnes, daughter of William Keith, earl mareschal, and widow of James, earl of Moray, the regent, he had two sons, Archibald and Colin. On his death in 1584, the former came to the title. He was a military officer of great reputation, who, after distinguishing himself in arms at home, went into the service of Philip III of Spain, and gained additional renown in the wars against Holland. His lordship married, first, lady Anne Douglas, daughter of William, earl of Morton, by whom he had, with four daughters, one son. He afterwards married Anne, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis, of Brome, and had by her a son and a daughter. The earl died in 1638, and was succeeded by his son Archibald, who was created marquis of Archibald by letters patent, dated November 15, 1641. He resigned, into the hands of Charles I, the justiciary of all Scotland, which had been in his family for several ages, reserving only to himself and his heirs the jurisdiction of the Western Isles and of Argyleshire, and whatever other lands he possessed in Scotland, which arrangement was ratified by act of parliament, in 1633. During the civil wars, he was a most zealous supporter of the royal cause, and at the king's coronation at Scone, January 1, 1650-1, had the honour of placing the crown on his majesty's head. After the defeat of the royal army at Worcester, Argyle retired to Inverary, where he continued to act on the defensive for a whole year, till, falling sick, he was surprised by General Dean, and carried prisoner to Edinburgh. Having received orders from General Monk to attend a privy council, he was entrapped into being present at the ceremony of proclaiming Cromwell lord protector. On the restoration, the marquis immediately repaired to London for the purpose of congratulating the king, but his majesty refused to see him, and ordered him to be committed to the Tower, where he remained till the following December, when he was sent back to Scotland by sea, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. He was afterwards tried for high treason, and condemned to die, May 25, 1661. Two days afterwards he addressed a long letter to the king, vindicating his conduct, and imploring protection for his poor wife and family. He dined at noon cheerfully with his friends, and was accompanied by several of the nobility to the scaffold, where, after an interval of devotion, his head was struck off by the *maiden* at the market cross of Edinburgh. He had married Margaret, daughter of William, earl of Morton, and was succeeded by the eldest of two sons.

Archibald, the ninth earl, was in 1660 restored to the honours of his family as earl of Argyll. Refusing to subscribe to the Test act, he was tried for high treason, December 19, 1681, and sentenced to die, but made his escape from the castle of Edinburgh disguised as a page, holding up the train of Lady Sophia Lindsay, his step-daughter. He left the kingdom, but was subsequently captured in an unsuccessful attempt to invade Scotland in the beginning of the reign of James II, and was executed

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in the same place as his father, and in the same manner, June 30, 1685. He was married to Lady Mary Stewart, daughter to the earl of Moray, by whom he left, with other issue, four sons, Archibald, John, Charlotte, and Neil. The eldest, Archibald, was acknowledged earl of Argyle by the convention of estates in Scotland in 1689, before the reversal of attainder against his father, and he was created by the new monarch, after the revolution, to requite the services he had rendered in promoting that measure, lord Inverary, Mull, Morvern, and Tyry; viscount of Lochow and Glenillon; earl of Campbell and Cowall; marquis of Kintyre and Lorn, and duke of Argyle, to him and his heirs male whatsoever. His grace married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Lionel Talmarsh, of Helmingham, in the county of Stafford, by Elizabeth, countess of Dysart and duchess of Lauderdale, and left two sons, with a daughter. He died January 28, 1703, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John. This nobleman was born in 1678, and distinguished himself as a great military commander. By queen Anne he was created a British peer, November 29, 1705, as baron Chatham and earl of Greenwich; and advanced to the dukedom of Greenwich, April 13, 1719. In 1735-6, he was constituted field-marshal of all his majesty's forces. He was eminent in the council as well as in the field, and is thus spoken of by Pope:—

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

His grace married, first, Mary, daughter of John Brown, Esq., but by that lady he had no issue; and secondly, Jane, one of the maids of honour to queen Anne, daughter of Thomas Warburton, Esq., of Winnington, in the county of Cheshire. By her he had five daughters, viz., Caroline, Anne, Jane, Elizabeth, and Mary. On his death, in October, 1743, without male issue, his English honours ceased, but he was succeeded in those of Scotland by his brother Archibald, who had been created, October 29, 1706, a peer of Scotland, by the titles of lord Oransa, Dunoon, and Arase, and viscount and earl of Hay. He was at the head of the government of Scotland. He married a Miss Whitfield, but had no issue by her. He died April 15, 1761; his own immediate honours became extinguished, but those of his family descended to his cousin. This was John, descended from the Campbells of Mamiore, who now became the fourth duke. In 1720, he married Mary, daughter of John, second lord Bellenden, by whom he had five children, John, Henry, Frederick, William, and Caroline. On his death, November 17, 1770, he was succeeded by his eldest son. John (fifth duke) was born in 1720, and was created an English peer during the time of his father, as baron Sundridge, of Coom Bank, in Kent, December 19, 1766, with remainder to his brothers Frederick and William. He married, March 3, 1759, Elizabeth, relict of James, sixth duke of Hamilton, and second daughter of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coole, in the county of Roscommon. By her grace, who had been created a peeress of Great Britain, as baroness Hamilton of Hambledon, in Leicestershire, May 4, 1776, the duke had issue, two sons and two daughters; the former were named George William and John Douglas Edward Henry, the latter Augusta and Charlotte Susan Maria. He died May 24, 1806, and was succeeded in all his honours by George William, who was born September 22, 1768, and succeeded to the English barony of Hamilton at the decease of his mother the baroness, September 20, 1790. He married, November 29, 1810, lady Caroline Elizabeth Villiers, daughter of George, fourth earl of Jersey, whose previous marriage with Henry, marquis of Anglesey, had been dissolved in Scotland at her ladyship's suit. By her he had no issue, She died June 16, 1835, and the duke departed this life October 22, 1839. He was succeeded by his brother, John Douglas Edward Henry Campbell, the present duke, who was born December 21, 1777. He married, August 3, 1802, Eliza, eldest daughter of William Campbell, Esq., of Fairfield. Her ladyship died, having no issue, December 9, 1818. His grace was married a second time, April 17, 1820, to Joan, only daughter of John Glassel, Esq., of Long Neddry, in East Lothian, who died January 22, 1828. By her he had two sons and a daughter: George Henry, marquis of Lorn, born January 11, 1821; George Douglas, born April 30, 1822; and Emma Augusta. His grace entered the matrimonial state a third time, January 8, 1831, with Anne Colquhoun, eldest daughter of John Cunningham, Esq.

MADAME THIERRY.

One bright name is supplied to the list of accomplished women, by the late Madame Thierry, who is, unhappily, too soon withdrawn from the scene which her noble-minded virtue established. That sordid prudence on which some pride themselves, she disdained. Like *Desdemona*, she could love a man for his mind. M. Augustin Thierry, a distinguished French historian, was blind; the lady of whom we speak, the daughter of the admiral de Quérangal, smitten with admiration of his works, formed an ardent wish to soothe the sufferings of his life, and lighten his darkness with the perpetual presence of a friend; and, having become his wife, thirteen years passed away in a devotedness, the details of which it is

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affecting to read, and her loss to this frail and sightless man it is painful to contemplate. To the world of literature, Madame Thierry was known by her romance of *Adélaide*, and *Scènes de Mœurs aux dix-huitième et dix-neuvième Siècles*. She was attended to her grave by the most eminent literary men in the capital, with the veteran Chateaubriand at their head. Such a being really proves—

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."

Reviews.

SYSTEMATIC COLONISATION.

1. *Emigration and Colonisation: embodying the results of a mission to Great Britain and Ireland, in* 1839, 40, 41, *and* 42.—By Thomas Rolph Esq., late Emigration Agent to the Government of Canada. Mortimer, 1844.
2. *On the advantages of a Triform system of Colonisation in South Africa, affording a gloriously splendid prospect for the next generation of mankind.* By Edward King. Longmans, 1844.

Mr. Edward King's scheme, we learn from his pamphlet, was conceived twenty years ago; it was first submitted to Mr. Canning, who could see nothing in it: and, last of all, to Lord Stanley, who also attached to it the same degree of merit. The author now appeals to the puplic. The work is a psychological curiosity—in style and sentiment it is altogether *sui generis*—and the writer, indeed, conscious of a rare idiosyncracy, suggests that perhaps "the reader doubts either his sanity or his sincerity." We doubt neither. Disencumbered of a cumbrous and sentimental phraseology, his scheme advocates a colonisation under the paternal care of government, which shall secure to every colonist a fair share of the general produce; no national surplus to be acknowledged until after every member of the community has had enough. To quote the author's own description:—

"The system of colonisation which is here advocated, is called *Triform* system, becaus the Plus which may be obtained under it, would be TRIPARTED into RENT, INTEREST, and PROFIT.

"This idea of tripartition of Plus is not altogether new: it crudely and irregularly prevails now, in England. It is customary to regard land as being worth THREE RENTS; of which one, as rent, is for the landlord. The second, as interest, is for the capitalist or tenant, who usually bestows his time, skill, and labour; and in return for these last, takes maintenance for himself, wife, and family. The third is for labour, including tradesmen's bills, rates, and other contingent expenses. The Triform system of colonisation proposes to simplify and systematise the idea, so that it may be carried out very fully.

"In working out the Triform system of colonisation, there are, however, other important characteristic distinctions, besides that of systematising the division of the Plus. That system acknowledges, very fully, the rights of a man *to a sumptuous enough* (to which they are entitled as the sons of God), out of the total bounty of providence, *prior to, or before, the elimination of the Plus.* Until man's every necessity shall have been provided for, there can, by no possibility, be any Plus."

We say, then, that we need not doubt the sanity or sincerity of any one who would urge the abstract justice and propriety of the British government so guarding and controlling its "colonial estates" as that they shall return a revenue to itself in the shape of rent; an interest to the capitalist who invests his capital in their settlement and reclamation; and a profit to the settler who invests *himself and his labour* in the same field. But we confess that we are half inclined to doubt the sanity of any man who pretends to believe that any government that can sell its waste lands at 10s. or 50s. an acre, and so make a comfortable job of colonisation, will take the trouble to organise or superintend a new system. "Colonies," says Mr. King, "are infant kingdoms—baby nations—empires in childhood." Colonies, we know, are practically "infant jobs—baby catchpennies—bantling bubbles."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

But so it is.

The author would substitute christian co-operation for self-interest. Christianity having also been made a job of, Mr. King coins the word christism to signify the practical application of christian principles to colonisation. Mr. Wakefield's system of selling lands and labourers together he does not think very christian: as, not being awake to the virtues of supply and demand, he argues that English labourers being worth at least £200 each to a colony ought not to be transferred to a purchaser of land at £10 or £20 per head, paid out of an immigration fund, created by his own purchase money. "The immigrant himself," he affirms, "receives no benefit from this his own value. It dwelt originally in his own appetites and wants, bones and muscles; but on lauding it slipt out of himself; and by the legerdemain of self-interest it spread itself over, and settled into the circumjacent appropriated lands of the colony."

"Whether these colonising companies and

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the government are fully cognisant of these facts may be doubted; there can, however be, but little doubt that colonising companies, by this time, are practically aware that the value of all the appropriated lands of a colony, collectively taken, becomes enhanced at or about the rate of £200 per head, for every adult immigrant that they can obtain. Hence arises their clamour for more labourers, for the concentration of the population, &c. This, too, is probably the birth-place of the self-interest philanthropy of colonising companies. It may be questioned whether a government is fully patriotic in permitting individuals and companies to kidnap men and women, both labourers and small capitalists, throughout the three kingdoms, by flaring advertisements; or in keeping open an office, at the nation's cost, to facilitate their aim."

We believe the colonising companies and all governments understand these things very well. But as there is a surplus of souls and bodies in the labour market, it is very evident, according to the first principles of political economy, that we need not specify what must be so very evident. Our author calls political economy, diabolism; we wonder if Adam Smith ever suspected himself to be the prince of darkness!

Dr. Rolph, too, has his "Triform system" of colonisation for British America:—

"1. The unremunerative capital of England.

"2. The unemployed population of the United Kingdom.

"3. The unproductive lands of British America are the three elements to combine and carry on a most useful and most profitable scheme of colonisation. It is in their wise conjunction only where the difficulty lies."

The extract we have offered elsewhere, from Doctor Rolph's work, and the opinions there expressed, may lead some of our readers to suppose us unfriendly to the cause of emigration: but it is not so. Only while we would urge on one good work, let us not leave the greater one neglected. While the abundant elements of wealth exist in Canada, in China, at the Antipodes, they are not less abounding at home; let not colonisation, like Exeter Hall charity, make a *viaduct* of England to bear to a distance only the means of happiness. There are uncultivated domains belonging to England in all quarters of the world: and neither in China nor in England is there any deficiency of labour. Land, labour, and capital, therefore, on all sides may be profitably brought together, and perhaps no field promises better than that to which Dr. Rolph, with great energy, earnestness, and talent, has devoted himself.

Much of the volume before us is occupied with a defence of the defunct "British American Association," and we candidly admit that Dr. Rolph demonstrates that error of judgment, at the most, and not dishonesty of purpose, had a share in its failure; while the "pars magna" was unfortunate circumstance and uncandid opposition. It cannot be, in justice, doubted, that infinitely less principle is to be conceded to the "Right Honourable Nicholas Rigby" of the *Times*, whose "slashing articles," with a half-penny's worth of truth and an intolerable load of cruel assumption, have so often led by the nose the piggish multitude, and destroyed many a fair promise of useful enterprise.

There is *rather* too much of this volume on systematic colonisation—too many reports of speeches—and certainly too much of "my speech," and "my proceedings." The speech of Sir R. Broun, however (p. 255), at the meeting of the committee of inquiry at the London Tavern, is, apart from its bearing on the general merits of the Association, interesting as a composition, marked by fine taste and elegance of expression.

The Handbook of the Teeth. John Churchill.

This is an excellent little work, containing wholesome advices for the cure of diseases of the teeth, with a description of the different sorts of artificial teeth now in use. Mr. Brwone, the author of the treatise, appears to thoroughly understand his profession, and his practical experience, has induced him to offer this little work to public notice with the hope of directing the attention of all to the importance of keeping their teeth in a healthy state, and thereby to prevent them from premature decay. The object of Mr. Browne, will, without doubt, be fully accomplished, as the *multum in parvo* style in which it is written, enables him to put it, as regards price, within the reach of every one.

Miscellaneous.

Sporting Adventure.—Chasing the chamois in Switzerland is sometimes attended with startling accidents. An English sportsman, who had ventured to join the mountaineers in their venturesome labours, thus recounts one incident which he witnessed. "Our guide took us to a spot called *Le Monde Perdu*, a range of mountains said to be 7000 feet above the sea; they cannot be less than 13,000 feet high. They are covered, for several thousand feet, with a thick mantle of perpetual snow, and

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their summits are in general finely formed. To arrive at this *Monde Perdu*, we had to cross a considerable glacier. Its inclination not being great, the clefts were not wide, and were completely concealed by lately-fallen snow. Into one of these my friend unfortunately fell. I shall never forget my sensations, when, upon hearing Hoderas exclaim, "Der Her ish hineingefallen!" I turned hastily round, and where I had but an instant before seen my friend, saw nothing but an even surface of dazzling snow, with only his mountain-pole standing by the spot where he had disappeared. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe either the acuteness of my agony, or even the very nature of the feelings I experienced in that moment. It was not like a common death, where the means of destruction, or the inanimate corse, are visible, and the mind is, to a certain degree, satisfied, by tracing the connection between cause and effect; but here it seemed as if he had been at once mysteriously swept from the face of creation! I instantly ran up, though without the slightest hopes of his safety, as these crevices are usually several hundred feet deep. To my unspeakable delight, however, I found that he had stuck fast about six or eight feet below the surface. All glaciers, from being on an inclined plane, are crossed by clefts, or crevices, of various length, wide in the middle, and of course narrow towards each end. My friend had providentially fallen in just at the termination of one of these fissures; had he crossed it but a few feet on one side he must have sunk to an unknown depth, and, if not mercifully killed by the fall, must have perished by a miserable and lingering death between cold and hunger. There, however, he was sticking fast between two walls of thick-ribbed ice, without the power of moving hand or foot. I do not think it would have been an easy job for me and Hoderas to have extricated him from his cool lodging, but fortunately we had in Marchietti the very man for such emergencies. He was at some distance when we let him know what had happened. 'Can you *hear* him,' was the characteristic rejoinder of one not unaccustomed to such adventures? 'Yes.' 'Can you *see* him?' 'Oh! yes, he is only a few feet beneath the surface.' 'Oh! very well; wait, then, till I come.' And accordingly he came up at his usual pace, and having made steps on each side of the crévasse, descended within it, fastened a knotted handkerchief round my friend's hands, and then raised him up as easily as I would an infant."

A King's Speech in the Twelfth Century.—At a convention of his nobles in 1106, Henry I made the following extraordinary speech to them in reference to his brother Robert, whom he had dispossessed of his right to the English crown, and who at that time was on a friendly visit to him:—"You all know very well," he said, "that my brother Robert was both called by God and elected king of Jerusalem, which he might have happily governed; and how shamefully he refused that rule, for which he justly deserves God's anger and reproof. You know also, in many other instances, his pride and brutality. Because he is a man that delights in war and bloodshed, he is impatient of peace. I know that he thinks you a parcel of contemptible fellows; he calls you a set of drunkards and gluttons, whom he hopes to tread under his feet. I, truly a king, meek, humble, and peaceable, will preserve and cherish you in your ancient liberties, which I have formerly sworn to perform; will hearken to your wise councils with patience; and will govern you justly after the example of the best of princes. If you desire it, I will strengthen this promise with a written charter; and all those laws which the holy king Edward, by the inspiration of God, so wisely enacted, I will again swear to keep inviolable. If you, my brethren, will stand by me faithfully, we shall easily repulse the strongest efforts the cruellest enemy can make against me and these kingdoms. If I am only supported by the valour and power of the English nation, all the weak threats of the Normans will no longer seem formidable unto me." The harangue of Henry to his nobles had the desired effect, though he afterwards broke all his fair promises to them. Robert, who at first had made a show of gaining the kingdom by force of arms, drew back much disgusted. His brother followed, and gained a victory over him, took the duke prisoner, put out his eyes, and condemned him to perpetual imprisonment.

The Gatherer.

Ghosts in the Olden Time.—The ancients, with their attachment to methodising, supposed every man to be possessed of three different ghosts, which, after the dissolution of the body, were differently disposed of. They were distinguished by the names of Manes, Spiritus, and Umbra. The Manes, they fancied, went down into the infernal regions, the Spiritus ascended to the skies, and the Umbra hovered about the tomb, as being unwilling to quit its old connexions. Thus Dido (Virg. Æneid iv. 384) threatens Æneas that after her death, she will haunt him with her Umbra, while the news of his torments shall come down to her among the Manes below.

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The Statue of Lord Byron.—There has been much misrepresentation on the subject of the statue executed by Thorwalsden of Lord Byron. It cost, not £30,000, but £2,000. This sum was raised by subscription, and *paid* for the statue; a fact which disposes of the imaginary reverting right of the artist's executors. and all the fanciful proceedings ascribed to them. The statue was never removed from the London Docks, where it was originally deposited.

The Queen and the Jeweller.—The following is a copy of a note sent by Anna, Queen of James I, to George Heriot, the wealthy jeweller:—"*Ane presept of the queen.* —Geordg Heriatt, I earnestlie dissyr youe present to send me tua hundrethe pundes vith all expidition, becaus I maun hest me away presentie. ANNA R."

A Novelty,—On the statue of the Duke of Wellington being elevated in front of the Royal Exchange, on the 18th instant, it was mentioned by Mr. L. Jones that that was "The first equestrian statue ever raised during the life of the person represented. Never had either king or subject the opportunity of seeing himself so represented before."

The late Mr. Campbell.—Application has been made by Mr. Campbell's executors to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for the purpose of ascertaining whether permission could be granted, on application, for the interment of his remains in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey. The answer was in the affirmative.

Mr. Dickens.—This gentleffia leaves England with his wife and family, to take up his abode for a time in Italy. He proceeds, in the first instance, to Genoa.

King Charles's Bible.—At Broomfield, near Chelmsford, is a bible which belonged to King Charles the First, the date A.D., 1529, Norton and Bill, printers. It is a folio, bound in purple velvet; the arms of England richly embroidered on both covers; and on a fly leaf is written, "This bible was King Charles the First's, afterwards it was my grandfather's, Patrick Youngs, Esq., who was library keeper to his Majesty, now given to the church at Broomfield, by me, Sarah Atwood, August 4th, 1723." The bible is perfect, but there is no signature to sheet I; the pages run from 84 to 87, there being no 85 and 86.

Great Minds command Respect.—"If common-place men, hurried by vulgar perplexities into a display of passionate fear, extort from us a pitying smile: on the other hand, we regard with awe a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny is sown—which can accelerate neither the good nor the evil, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, that will spring up from it."—*Göethe.*

Anecdote of a Spanish Grandee.—Carlos IV, in friendly conversation, one day asked the duke of Medina Celi of how many cities, towns, and villages he was the owner. "Nine hundred ninety and nine, sire," was the reply of the grandee. "And why not," rejoined his majesty, "purchase one more, to make it up the even thousand?" "Because," rejoined the lordly vassal, "the expression of nine hundred and ninety-nine is so much more vast than that of one thousand."

Slavery in England.—In the twelfth year of Edward III, a general commission was issued to manumit the slaves. The greater part of the peasants in some countries of Germany had acquired their liberty before the end of the thirteenth century; in other parts, as well as in all the northern and eastern regions of Europe, they remained much longer in a state of vassalage. Particular instruments for the manumission of slaves in England are extant of the age of Henry VIII; and instances of predial servitude have been discovered as late as the time of Elizabeth.

Hints for Talkers.—He who will never condescend to remark "how *very* hard it rained last night;" that "the dust was very troublesome in the park;" or that the "thermometer stood this mornlng in the shade, at 72o;" will justly be considered a morose fellow, and will be as much avoided by good company as the man who never ventures into a more questionable proposition. He who cries "Plsh!" when he hears that frugality is a virtue, or that Joseph Hume sometimes talks without book, must be content to pass for a free-thinker; and he who will not stoop to vent an occasional Joe Miller, must make up his mind to sit often mumchance, and to find no favour for his most brilliant *bon mot.*

The Monks and the People. — Dr. Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, has collected from the MS. leger-book of Vale-Royal abbey some curious particulars relating to the hostility which the natives of Dernhall manor for a long time displayed towards their monastic proprietors in the fourteenth century. In the year 1321, says Dr. Ormerod, "the monks who ventured to pass their consecrated limits, were pursued by the Winningtons, Leightons, and Bulkeleys, and saved their lives only by flight; and, in the same year, the leger-book records a still more atrocious instance, by which it appears that the Ollingtons murdered John Boddeworth, a monk of the abbey, and played at football with the head after the perpetration of the deed."

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GENERAL INDEX.

Abraham and Isaac, 91,
Abyssinians, Effects of Rockets on the, 76
Accidental Circumstances which caused the Discovery of two Electric Currents, 98
Adulteration of Sugar, how tested, 174
Advocate of the Industrious Classes, 237
Agricultural Chemistry, Letter VIII, 5
Agricultural, Royal Society of England, 138
Alarm of George III, 91
Algiers as it is, 20, 52
Almanack for 1844, 7
Ancient Monument, 210
Annese Gennaro; or, Entertainment for a Duke, 101
Appalling Themes for Eloquence, 107
Architecture of the Middle Ages, 273
Art of Incantation, 21
Art of Letter-Writing, 117
Art-Unions, 294
Archery, 136
Astronomy, a Discovery in, 19
Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister, 302
Autograph of Shakespeare, 108

Bablake Hospital, 241
Baccio Bandinelli, 92
Bacon's Weaknesses, Lord, 330
Bankrupt's Prayer, 140
Bartholomew's Hospital, History of St., 343
Beckford, the late William, 294
Bell and Mr. Bunn, Mr., 191
Benighted Traveller, the, 41
Bernadotte, the late king of Sweden, 206
Bituminous Lake, 143
Blood for Blood, 249
Bloomfield, the Noble House of, 40
Blue Immortal Stocking, the, 34
Boccius Light, 23
Bokhara, Plan of Dr. Wolff, the Missionary for seeking British Captives at, 13
Blacklayer's Arms Terminus of the South-Eastern Railway, the, 369
Bristol, Redcliffe-street in, 97
Bromley's Baakruptcy, 67
Browning of Gun Barrels, 30
Brutal Folly, 89
Bunn and a Bell, a, 200
Burdett, Death of Sir Francis, 62
„ Anecdote of, 79,

Canada, Nova Scotia, &c. 124
Canadian Muskanungee Fishing, 238
Capel, the Loyal Lord, 322
Capello, Story of Bianca, 54
Cardinal Wolsey, Contemporary Satire on, 184
Campbell, Life of the Poet, 386
Census, the Irish, in 1841, 40
Celibacy, the Horrors of, 55,
Charles Kemble's Readings, Mr., 348
Chaucer, Passages in the life of Geoffrey, 107
Chemical Manure, 120
Childishness of Napoleon, 404
China, Seeds collected in, 126
Choice of a Wife, on the, 12
Christ Church at Turnham Green, 192
Christ's Hospital, Hall of, 17
Christmas Morning, 6
Clifford, the good Lord, 191
Cobham, the good Lord, 45
Common Sense, Triumph of, 51
Commissioner's Lay, the, 158
Concordium, the, 36
Coningsby, or the New Generation, 354
Conolly, Captain, and Colonel Stoddart, 143
Correspondence of Sir Francis Drake, 30
Cosmoramic, Dioramic, &c., Exhibition, 237
Crown, the Queen's, 81
Cuckoo, the, 355
Cultivation of the Tea Plant by the English, 359
Cures by Yeast, 105
Curiosities Extraordinary, 39
Curious Particulars respecting Flora Macdonald, 378
Customs and Curious Ceremonies in Arrakan, 88

Damascus, a Coffee-house at, 126
Dead Guest, the, 274, 291, 306, 324, 340
Death of Simon de Montfort, 406
Deaths of Aged Persons, 264
Decorations of the New Houses of Parliament, 305, 322
Deeds of Blood, 131
Defence of Vegetable Diet, 266
Deformity Corrected, 380
De Lorraine, Henry, the last duke of Guise, 358, 370, 402
Desponding Lover to his Harp, 39
Diorama, Notre Dame, &c., 379
Discourses in Astronomy, 19
Doings of the Puritans at Winchester, 269
Doomed One Spared, the, 277
Dr. Dodd's Execution, 79
Drama, Mr. Sneeze and his, 2
Dreadful Death, a, 286
Dreams, 310, 328, 345
Dry Rot in the Potatoe, 350
Duels, Condemnation of, by James I, 180
Durham, the Noble House of, 8
Dwarf, Charles Stratton, the, 149
Dwarfs, a Tribe of savage, 142

Earthquake, the, 215
Edmonton Union, the, 66
Eglintoun Tournament, 76
Electrical Magazine, 43
Elliston Papers, the, 234
Embankment of the Thames, 340
Emperor and the Comedian, the, 301
England's (Young) Little Library, 43
„ Income and Property in 1778
English Life in the Eighteenth Century, 163, 178, 198, 216, 245, 260, 299, 315, 327, 375, 394, 408

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Entomological Society, 30
Epigram on the Covent Garden Demonstration, 191; on the Decision against Long Hours, 192
Evelyn's Petition, Benevolent Appeal, 280
Exchange, near Completion of the New Royal, 1
Excursions, 349
Excursions in the Vicinity of London, 365
Expence of Redemption from Purgatory in Spain, 286

Fairy Rose, the, 87
Filing Letters, a new mode of, 196
Forewarned; anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, 110
Forsaken Beauty, the, 254
Fortune's Frolics, 125
Frederick the Great, anecdote of, 255
French Church in Edward-street, Soho, the, 263
Funerals, Ancient, 158

Gambling in the Eighteenth Century, 198
Gardening Hints, 27, 75, 135, 170
Gastronomic Enthusiasm, 78
Gatherer, 15, 31, 47, 62, 79, 94, 110, 126, 143, 159, 175, 191, 207, 223, 239, 255, 272, 286, 319, 336, 351, 367, 399, 415
Genius of Solitude, the, 125
George IV's Statue and Nelson's Pillar, 27
George I and Sophia of Zell, 165
German Liberal, Reflections of a, 37
Gibraltar, 392
Gleanings in Middlesex, 194
Gluten Grain, 93
Grandmamma's Grace before and after Meat, 13
Grecian Head, 158
Green Goose Fair at Bow, 284

Happiness? what is, 155
Herne Church, 33
Highwaymen and Robbers in the last Century, 217
Hofwyl, Dr. Fellenberg's School at, 400
Holt, Lord Chief Justice, 92
Hong Kong, present state of, 173
„ Burford's Panorama of, 302
Honours anciently rendered to the Dead, 102
Hugo Victor, 62
Humbug, the Prize Play, 34

Ice-houses, 142
Idiot Worshippers, 367
Importance of Economy, 396
Indian Tragedy, 26
Insects, New, 143
Intrigue and Love, 167
Irish Highwayman, the, 141
Ireland; Drainage, Railways, &c. 388

James II, Statue of, 113
John Perrott, the Banker of fourscore years ago, 114
Juvenile Literature, 152

Kafirs, Doings of the, 109
Katherine of Berain, the Mother of Wales, 347
Kernan's (Dr.) Lectures, 73
King-street Exhibition, the, 291
King's Speech in the Twelfth Century, 415

Ladrone and Malay Pirates, 37
Lafitte, Anecdotes of, 396
Laissez Faire and Young England, 340
Lament for the Ladies' Hoop, 22
Last Moments of Casimir Delavigne, 13
Lamma Stark, a Family Picture, 9
Last of the Gang, the, 182
Late Hour System, 187
Late Hours of Business, 30
Lavatories and Cloisters at Peterborough, 16
Lead, Injurious Effects of, 185
Legend of Naples, a, 282
Lenten Fast and Promotion of Festivities, the, 269
Life and its Duties, 136
Life in Germany, as it appears to an Englishman, 398
Lincoln's Inn New Hall and Library, 50
Lincoln, St. Mary's Conduit at, 257
Literature in Spain; Al Hakem, 117
Local Historians' Table-Book, 188
London Gin Palace, a, 233
London, Relics of, No. XVII, 22
London Bridge; Triumph of Ethelred, or the Fall of, 190
Lotteries of the Last Century, 263
Lord Mayor's New Year Stories, 28

Mahomet's Birthday, 361
Malmaison, the Bells of, 73
Man never satisfied, 255
Manchester Keepsake, 349
Marlborough, the Duchess of, 14
Married Man, the, to a Fair Friend, 100
Matrimonial Ambassadors to Queen Elizabeth, 258
May, a Poem, 310
Mediterranean, Scenes on the, 392
Mesmerism, 13
„ in the Fifteenth Century, 110
Metallo-Chromes and Anion Deposits, 242, 259, 279, 297, 308
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year, 25
Miracles of Nature, 69, 100
Mission of Dr. Wolff, 313
Modest Merit (Mr. Buckingham's Circular), 90
Mother and Child, the, 30
" Mothers and Daughters," 41
Mouse Tower, the
Mysteries of London, the, 303

Napoleon's Sacrifice of Life, 238
Napoleon, History of, 296
Natural History, 93
Naworth Castle, History of, 346
Necromancers and Jews, 35
New Calamity; an Author writing too well, 202

Digitized by Google

Nelson, a practical Quiz, 84
New York Boarding House, 409
Nicholas, the Emperor and his Empire, 361
Noble House of Durham, the, 80
" " Langdale, 25
" " Bloomfield, 40
" " Harrington, 57
" " Harwood, 72
" " Harrowby, 88
" " Hawke, 104
" " Liverpool, 121
" " Sandwich, 137
" " Bute, 154
" " Pomfret, 169
" " Arden, 185
" " Lonsdale, 201
" " Byron, 216
" " Macclesfield, 232
" " Canning, 249
" " Somers, 265
" " Cardigan, 281
" " Aylesford, 297
" " Richmond, 312
" " Ailesbury, 329
" " Bedford, 369
" " Abinger, 376
" " Argyll, 395, 410
Notes on Buchanan's Memoirs, by the late Mr. Beckford, 341

O'Connell, Mr., Merrymaking, 183
Odes, Birthday, of the 18th Century, 245
Oldfield, Mr. and Mrs. Bracegirdle, 150
Old London, Surrey Zoological Gardens, 401
Old Players and Old Playhouses, 151
One risen from the Dead, 83
Opening of the Tomb of Henry the First, at Quedlinburgh, 14

Palace Yard, Elegy on, 373
Parisian Occurrences, 93
Parisian Venus, the, 231
Parliamentary Wages, 83
Partiality of Animals for Wine and Spirits, 164
Parricide, the, 243
Pasiglot System; an entirely new practical and theoretical introduction to the French Language, 381
Patent Valletan Light, 211
Patent Removable Window Sash, 316
Payne's Process for Metallizing Wood, 317
Paraselenæ, seen at Highfield-house, Lenton, Nottinghamshire, 298
Penitential Petition of Judge Jeffrey, 55
Peregrine Pulteney; or, Life in India, 321
Peterborough and its Cathedral, 129
Philosophy of Respiration and Digestion, 133
Physiological Mystery, 12
Picking up a Pin, 396
Pictorial Geography, 381
Pictorial Tour in the Mediterranean, 398
Pilgrim's Remonstrances, the, 253
Plague of Locusts, 31
Plan of Wolff, the Missionary
Player's Accident, the, 94
Play Licensing, or Court Folly, 253
Plot without Treason, a, 276
Polytechnic Magazine, 157, 236
Population of Spain, 46
Portfolio, the, 156
Portland, anecdote of the Duke of, 46
Post-Office, the, 91
Practical Observations on the Prevention, Causes, and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine, 332
Prayer by the late Mr. Beckford, 363
Praying to Saints, 210
Predecessors of the Human Race, the, 372
Press-gangs, 327
Prize Play, the, 400, 404
Promotions in the British Army, 90
Progress of a Political Lawyer, 94
Prose English, 318
Puss in Boots and the Marquis of Carabas, 76
Pudding on the Hills, 268
Pulpit Costumes, 21
Punishments, Criminal, of the Last Century, 299

Quid pro Quo, 400, 404

Railroads, march of, 177
Rebellion of 1798, a Scene from the, 52
Records of Israel, 270
Retreat from Moscow, 229
Revolt of the Harem; Moorish Ladies, 282
Rhymes for the Times, 90
Riembarn, the saintly Murderer, 98
Rising of the North, by Barry Cornwall, 406
Run in the Western Highlands, Letter VI, 58
Russian Barbarity, 77
Russian Emperors on their Travels, 277

Sabbath Thoughts, 294
Sackville, Lord George, not Junius, 103
Saint Simon, the Duke de, 158
Sale of a Cloak and Robe, 78
Sam Sly's African Journal, 399
Scandinavian Usages, 231
Scenes at Taunton, 75
Scenes on the Mediterranean, 361, 392
Scene in the East, a, 119
Scientific Societies, 11
Scientific Meetings, 42, 60, 236
Seasons, the, 166
Sefi, the Blood-shedder, 214, 226, 250
Self-Conceit, 387
Serfs in Russia, 125
Servants in the Netherlands, Treatment of, 77
Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, 122
Shakespeare, Autograph of, 108
Sharing of the Earth, 210
Sheridan, the Actor, 235
Singing in Churches, 73
Slave Hunt, the Egyptian, 229
Slavery for Ever in the United States, 374
Soap Contest, the, 92
Society, a Mysterious, 207
Southey's Portraits of Jeffrey and Scott, 78

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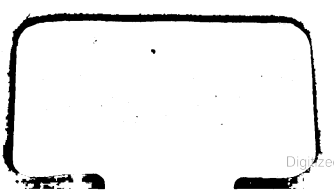
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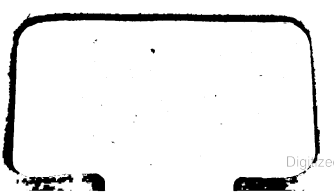
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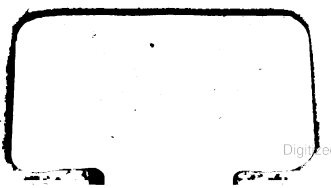

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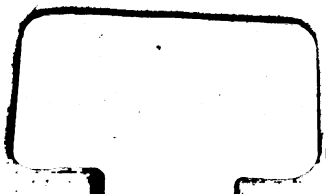
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